

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

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Science and Arts

1879



W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON & EDINBURGH

Edinburgh :
Printed by W. & R. Chambers.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 832.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

A NEW HEALTH-RESORT.

DAVOS, or Davos-Platz, as it is sometimes called, is a new and very peculiar health-resort high up among the mountains of Switzerland. One often hears about it without a clear understanding of its character. Our curiosity being excited, we happily fell in with a gentleman who had been several times at Davos-Platz, and could give every requisite information on the subject. What he told us corroborates the statements made in one or two small works which profess to be a guide to invalids. Our present purpose is to make known what is confidently asserted respecting this out-of-the-way wintering-place for health-seekers.

The common idea entertained of a lofty hill-residence is that, from its exposure, it must be insufferably cold and disgusting in winter. There will be hideous storms of wind, rain, and snow. The ground will be plashy and wet. For warmth, you will have to sit constantly near a fire. Anything like comfort is out of the question. To go to such a place for the sake of health is to fly in the face of all experience, and little better than madness. Our own notions corresponded with ideas of this kind. We had frequently wintered at a charming spot in the Riviera, where at mid-winter are seen groves of orange and lemon trees dotted over with their yellow fruit in endless succession, and where the weather in December and January has usually quite a summery feeling. Surely, to persons of a delicate constitution, nothing as winter-quarters could be better than this? The conclusion so formed was perhaps hasty. Allowing for specialties, there may be two good things differing materially from each other.

We are all apt to form opinions on a narrow experience, and fail to recognise that there is no general rule for condemning places raised thousands of feet above the sea-level. In the torrid climate of India, the loftily situated residences on the Himalaya Mountains excel as pleasurable health-resorts. In our own mountainous country,

the real drawbacks in the climate as concerns invalids are damp and changeableness, to which, in all places near towns, may be added its contamination with soot, coal-smoke, dust, and a variety of foul odours. Comparatively few are privileged to breathe pure air. The greater number of people are inhaling an atmosphere partly composed of the breath which has done duty in the lungs of their neighbours. They have air at second-hand, or it may be third or fourth hand. Some for the sake of mutual warmth and convenience, gulp in air loaded with perhaps twenty per cent. of impurities. Public authorities are becoming quite aware of these deadly atmospheric conditions in towns, and are doing all they can to provide a remedy by substituting wide open streets for foul narrow lanes, and by various sanitary regulations.

There is one thing which neither magistrates nor doctors can set to rights, and that is the English climate, which has latterly become a queer jumble of the old-fashioned seasons, all mixed up in a way that defies calculation, and which science does not seem to be able to explain. Whether spring, summer, autumn, and winter will ever come round again as admiringly depicted by Thomson a hundred and fifty years ago, no one can tell. Ordinary health-seekers with money in their pocket are able to shift about, a week here and a month there in the so-called summer months, whereby they contrive to rub on in spite of wind and weather, always hoping that things will be better next year. It is a very different matter with those who have the misfortune to be liable to complaints in the lungs or in the air-tubes, known as consumption, bronchitis, and so forth. For them the sudden atmospheric changes, in which cold moist air performs a principal part, are extremely dangerous, and often prove fatal in spite of every precaution that can be taken.

It is not the cold, but the damp, that is to be dreaded. The cold in a Canadian winter is enjoyable and harmless, because it is a dry cold, and the air is calm. The killing thing with us is damp associated with cold. There are some

places in Great Britain where the air is drier than in others, but these are exceptional. Persons of a robust constitution do not usually experience any annoyance from the damp, and would perhaps laugh at the idea of being injured. Those liable to suffer are the aged and the infirm, who are not strictly on their guard. A momentary indiscretion may finish them. The inhaling of a single breath in stepping over the door in a cold damp day, especially after sunset, is apt to carry them off. Newspaper obituaries present melancholy instances of sudden deaths from this cause. It would almost seem as if the practice of going out to ridiculously late dinners had been contrived in the interest of undertakers and grave-diggers.

These few observations bring us to the subject of Davos. The climate of that health-resort is said to be entirely different from that of the British islands, or of the wintering-places on the Mediterranean; the leading peculiarities in the air being exceeding dryness and lightness. The worst thing that can be said of this Swiss mountain retreat is the difficulty of getting to it, though in these days of railway transit this objection does not amount to much. The chosen route to reach it from England is by way of Paris, Basle, and Zurich; then to Landquart, on the Zurich and Coire line of railway. At Landquart, diligences or hired carriages take the traveller to a certain height up the mountains, after which he may possibly be carried forward by carriages sledge-fashion. The time on the road from Landquart is seven and a half hours. At the ridge of Davos-Kulm, the first glimpse is obtained of the green pastoral valley in which the village of Davos is situated. There are other routes than that just mentioned. For all needful particulars we must refer to the handy guide, 'Davos-Platz, a new Alpine Resort for Sick and Sound in Summer and Winter, by one who knows it well' (Stanford, London, 1878). Consisting of only a mere hamlet a few years ago, Davos now embraces six or eight hotels, twenty to thirty villas and chalets, and shops, for the accommodation of strangers. The hotels act as pensions or boarding-houses, at a fixed rate per diem. Some of the villas ready furnished may be hired for the season. The village has seven or eight doctors, and religious services are conducted by clergymen of different denominations. There are daily posts and parcel expresses. Letters and newspapers from London are delivered on the third day. Telegraphic communication is established, but messages are costly. German is the native language, but French and English are spoken at the hotels. Literature being scarce, visitors should bring books with them.

The height of Davos above the level of the sea is five thousand one hundred and five feet. As this is six hundred and sixty-nine feet higher than the top of Ben Nevis, one is apt to have an appalling idea of the cold and stormy weather to be experienced. But, as already stated, altitude is not a safe criterion in judging of climate. Davos

is about ten degrees farther south than Ben Nevis. It is not an exposed mountain-top, but is well sheltered by heights from fierce gales of wind. Both from geological formation and distance from the sea, the climate is singularly dry. The great elevation of course gives lightness. That is a matter of immense importance to certain classes of invalids.

Mr John Mackenzie, the gentleman above hinted at as having given us some information on the subject, has in addition furnished the following account of his personal experiences:

'Having,' he says, 'been a great sufferer for many years from chronic dyspepsia, I tried to get relief in various places in England and Scotland; sometimes reaping more benefit in one place than another, but always in the doctor's hands, living for months at a time on farinaceous food, visiting hydropathic establishments, taking the usual course of baths, and following the regulations prescribed in these places. The only benefit I received was temporary, for as soon as I returned to the usual routine of everyday life in Edinburgh, all the old symptoms came back. About the end of the summer of 1876, while considering where I should spend the winter, I heard something of the wonderful hygienic properties of the air at Davos, in Switzerland. I wrote at once to Herr J. Coester, proprietor of the Hotel Belvidere at Davos, and received so satisfactory a reply, that I resolved to winter there, and left Scotland on the 1st November, accompanied by my wife and daughter.

'I chose the route via Dover, Calais, Paris, Basle, Zurich, to Landquart, which terminates the railway part of the journey; from thence we proceeded by diligence on the following morning as far as Klosters, which terminates the picturesque valley of the Prättigau. From Klosters the journey in winter is performed by one-horse open sledges; but there is always the large postal diligence, divested of its wheels to form a sledge, for delicate visitors, seats for which can be secured by telegraphing a day or two beforehand to the post-office. We had not applied for seats, so had to content ourselves with one of the open sledges, of which there are always a sufficient number. On this occasion there were ten; and the effect of these in single file winding up the steep roads and round the sides of the mountains, accompanied by the cracking of whips and the peculiar cries of the drivers, was very novel and striking.

'The greater part of the journey from Klosters to Davos is through a forest of stately pines; and in many parts the gradients are very steep, until the Davos-Kulm is reached, when the road descends through a belt of pine-forest into the Davos valley. When the lofty mountain-ranges which inclose this Alpine retreat come prominently into view, the whole scene forms a grand panorama of mountain and valley scenery, with the Landwasser flowing rapidly onwards from the little placid lake which forms a striking object at the base of the lofty pine-clad Seehorn, situated at the north-east end of the valley; while the south-west end is closed in by the high rugged-peaked Tinzehorn, about nine thousand feet above sea-level.

'Before noticing the usual routine of daily life amongst the majority of the visitors, it may interest those who have not been to Davos to know a little of the usual kind of weather which prevails during the winter months. All the way

from Landquart to Davos the weather had been remarkably mild, with bright sunshine, and an all but cloudless sky, although the winter season had fairly set in (13th November). From the 13th to 18th inclusive, brilliant sunshine, with one of the deepest of blue skies; followed, however, by a change to sleet and snow, which continued for two days, succeeded by frost. From 24th to 26th, cloudy; 27th to 30th, six degrees of frost during the night; and on 1st December, eight degrees of frost during the night; while during the day the heat was like a fine summer's day in Scotland. During the whole of December the weather may be set down thus: Two exquisitely fine days for every three more or less overcast, which, notwithstanding, would be considered here fairly fine days, the air, although cold, being free from moisture. It is not uncommon during the winter to have a fortnight's continuance of the most glorious weather that can be experienced in the most favoured climate in Europe, the blazing sun, in which few can venture out without sun-umbrellas, giving the impression rather of a tropical than an Alpine climate, which idea is only dispelled by seeing the whole surroundings covered with dry crisp snow. Even during snowy days, patients in moderate health are to be seen taking their usual outdoor exercise, such as walking, sleighing, skating, &c.; the snow, from its dryness, appearing to fall off them as harmlessly, to use a homely expression, as water off a duck's back. The most striking features of this climate are its extreme dryness and absence of wind; giving at once a healthy tone to the whole system, provoking a keen appetite, and imparting a vigour and buoyancy of spirits that are often too apt to lead new arrivals to fancy that their ailments have entirely left them, and not unfrequently lead the incautious to overtax their strength; thus undoing the benefit they had gained. This is an evil that cannot be too carefully guarded against.

'There are now plenty of interesting walks in the valley and along the lower slopes, where daily exercise can be taken without ascending the mountains, until the visitors get somewhat acclimatised.

'The hotels and *pensions* are all situated on the north side of the valley, and have the full benefit of the sun, and to most of the hotels are attached extensive verandahs, favourably placed; these are much frequented by invalids, as they form a protection alike from sun and snow.

'The hotels and *pensions* are all most substantially built, with great thickness both of outer and inner walls, one measured being found over three feet at the ground-floor, slightly diminishing towards the upper floor; and all are provided with double windows. This substantial mode of building will readily explain how it is that the houses in these high altitudes are so easily kept warm and comfortable. The usual cylindrical porcelain stoves, so general over most of the German states, are now in use in all the hotels at Davos. In the public rooms the temperature is seldom below 60° Fahr.; and this warmth is so thoroughly diffused through the building, the usual risks from draughts and change of temperature are rarely experienced even by the most delicate.

'Davos can now boast of numerous shops and

stores, where everything of a useful as well as ornamental description can be procured. There is one good chemist's shop, and a second expected to open this season, good grocery and provision shops, wine-merchants', bazaars, good tailoring, dress-making, and millinery establishments; indeed every useful craft is fully represented, including the boot and shoe making, which is one of the specialities of Swiss productions. This year two educational establishments have been added; shewing the progress in development of this village, and the energy displayed by the medical authorities and hotel proprietors in endeavouring to render Davos not only a health-resort, but a place where delicate parents can be accompanied by their children with the assurance that their studies need not be neglected. The only want experienced by the English-speaking visitors is a comfortable reading-room or club with a moderate supply of useful books, periodicals, magazines, and newspapers, the only circulating library there at present being incomplete in this respect. The introduction of such an institution would be hailed as a great boon by all visitors, and to any enterprising person would no doubt prove remunerative.

'Nor are the spiritual wants of the visitors overlooked. At the present moment, active efforts are being made to raise subscriptions for building a small Episcopal church. Hitherto, divine service has been held in one of the large rooms of the Belvidere Hotel, conducted by clergymen appointed by the Colonial and Continental Church Society. This short account of my experiences would be incomplete without expressing my appreciation of the attention and comforts we met with during two winters' stay at the Hotel Belvidere. This hotel was built for English visitors; and from the fact of the proprietor, a German, speaking English fluently, and having a knowledge of English tastes and habits, accommodation there is, by many, eagerly sought for, and it is therefore desirable to secure rooms before the season commences. A large addition has during the past summer been made, increasing the accommodation by about double.

'From the increasing interest evinced by many of the highest authorities in the medical profession in England and Scotland, with many of whom Dr Ruedi, the only English-speaking doctor in Davos, is in frequent communication, this Alpine retreat is destined ere long to become one of the foremost of the numerous health-stations on the continent for the cure of those diseases that formerly a southern climate, such as the south of France, the Riviera, or Italy, was considered better fitted for; for it is now demonstrated that in nearly all phases of consumption in its early stages, hemorrhage, dyspepsia, nervous derangement, prostration from overwork either physical or mental, Davos possesses advantages over these, not only in the peculiar dryness and invigorating properties of its atmosphere, but from its sheltered position, and consequent immunity from winds and other atmospheric disturbances which more or less affect every other part of Europe. Although the southern climate is perhaps equally favourable for consumptive patients, it lacks the great advantage of an Alpine climate in not bracing up and invigorating the system, thereby greatly increasing the danger of returning to our variable climate.

'Numerous cases might be given, did our space permit, of complete and partial cure of consumptive patients, and of the great benefit that has been derived by nearly all who have wintered in Davos. The most delicate need not hesitate to winter there, as the comfort of patients is so carefully and efficiently provided for, and every luxury readily obtainable. Hundreds each autumn arriving in Davos with comparatively shattered constitutions, return to their homes in the spring either completely cured, or at anyrate with invigorated health and spirits; all testifying to the pleasure of a winter residence in this charming retreat, not only from its wonderful salutary effects, but from the pleasant intercourse with the residents and the kindly feeling of their fellow-visitors.'

We cannot conclude our notice of Davos without an allusion to some painful circumstances lately developed in connection with the residence of strangers at Swiss hotels. We specially refer in the first place to the gross incivility, with unprovoked assault, by the landlord of a hotel on the top of the Righi; and secondly, to the shameful persecution of a Russian lady of rank and her son by the landlord of a hotel in Uri—both cases being reported by the London press as a warning to travellers. To make the matter worse, it does not appear that the Swiss police or judicial authorities do anything to check these unjustifiable barbarities. We have likewise heard of very arbitrary proceedings on the part of the Swiss postal authorities towards strangers. We cannot say that within our own experience while travelling in Switzerland we had ever the misfortune to experience any incivilities from hotel-keepers, or others. The circumstances just mentioned, however, would shew the necessity for visitors at hotels in that country being on their guard. Perhaps, in case of a lengthened residence, it would be safer for them to select hotels of which the proprietors are Germans or French.

W. C.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE terrific outbreak in Ireland known as the rebellion of '98, seems to have attracted less attention from the students of literature than many other events of importance in our national history. Not only are the tales in connection therewith scanty; but it may be doubted, with all our spread of education, if an average school boy or girl could give anything like a connected or distinct account of this crisis, or could name a volume containing a full history of it. It is almost certain that these school-boys and school-girls would be found far better posted up about the Spanish Armada or the wars of Charles I. But for all that, it was a terrific outbreak, as we have said, and few countries have passed through greater trials than did England and Ireland then; and while anything at all bearing on politics or faction is utterly foreign to our story, yet the reader will pardon us for saying, and agree with us when we say it, that so fierce and sanguinary was the

struggle, so bitter the passions aroused on both sides, that so far from wondering at the jealousy which has certainly existed between the two nations until this day, it redounds highly to the honour of both, and speaks much for the intrinsic goodness of heart of both, that so much has been forgotten and forgiven.

The great struggle was over; the rebellion was crushed; all knew that whatever chance there might be of armed resistance in the future, it was hopeless now. The guerrilla-like strife which for several years disturbed various parts, was but the strife of desperate outlaws, and the Whiteboys and Rockites were only dangerous to individuals. The search for those concerned in the revolt was yet pursued, and martial law prevailed—or what was called martial law, which seemed to consist chiefly in the absence of all law, and involved absolute submission to the will of the nearest officer, or—if he were very scrupulous—to that of the most active magistrate in the neighbourhood who worked in concord with him. In every village in the disturbed districts, soldiers were quartered; and as money was freely spent, plenty of informers were found to betray the plans of their friends and the hiding-places of the fugitives. Some of the latter, however, appeared to possess charmed lives, and could not be captured. These were but few, it is true; yet on this foundation a sort of belief in the fidelity of the Irish populace has been reared, which has obtained a credence perfectly astonishing, when we recall the indisputable fact that every movement in Ireland has been accompanied with the betrayal of its chiefs, from the times of Lord Fitzgerald down to the latest Fenian scare.

At the village of Knock-na-boreen—to give it its full title; but commonly called, as it will be called here, Boreen—which was about fifteen miles from a small seaport, and situated in a 'proclaimed' district, a detachment of military was quartered, consisting of one officer of the regulars, with half a score of men from his own regiment, and some twenty militia; and owing to the scarcity of officers, his next assistant was his sergeant-major, a very steady trustworthy man. With the easy ways of such times, and the entire disregard of everything like private rights or feelings, this officer—Lieutenant John Westbury—was directed to make the house of one Mr Decroy his headquarters. This was not bad for the officer, as there was nothing in the shape of an inn to be found at Boreen beyond a couple of the poorest shebeen houses; but it was particularly unpalatable to the family on which he was thrust, as Mr Bernard Decroy was alleged to have taken a part in the rebellion, and to have fought more than once against the English troops. At anyrate he was a fugitive—it was commonly supposed that he had escaped to France—and a reward was offered for his apprehension. It will easily be imagined that an officer in the position of Lieutenant Westbury was not very warmly welcomed in the disaffected districts. Fear alone restrained the inhabitants from open violence; but the looks of all, women as well as men—the women perhaps even more than the men—warned him how little good-will was felt towards him by his unwilling hosts; and so it was in this case.

Mrs Decroy remained at the house with her elder daughter, a widow with two young children, and an unmarried daughter. There was also a son, but he was a surgeon in the Turkish service. When Lieutenant Westbury introduced himself with a brief apology for his intrusion, he felt that it would puzzle the best judges to decide whether Madam—as the country people called the old lady—or Mrs Claridge the widow, or Miss Kate Decroy, looked coldest upon him. There was no help for it, however, and they were obliged even to tolerate him at dinner, lest he should make an unfavourable report of them, and cause the government to hold them in still greater suspicion; quite an undesirable aggravation, as they were already ranked with the thoroughly disaffected. It was well for the inmates of Boreen House that Lieutenant Westbury was a quiet, grave, and kindly man; and in spite of his bearing a scarcely healed wound from a rebel pike, and in spite of his having a reputation for alertness and bravery, he knew how to make allowance for the feelings of those who had lost in the strife, and for the still keener feelings of their kith and kin. He was not the first officer who had entered the doors of Boreen House; but he certainly was the first who had ever thought it needful to offer a word of apology or regret at being compelled to intrude upon the family. Thus he had produced a good impression on his first arrival, although he was not aware of it.

At all hours of the day and at all hours of the night, mounted messengers were arriving and departing, so that at first the Lieutenant and his man Friday the sergeant-major, were much employed in receiving and writing reports; and although this had quieted down a little, there was still a sufficiency of such business. These patrols or messengers it need hardly be said were strangers; for there was no cavalry at Boreen, and the small party there served to act as an intermediate station between the larger towns and to scour the immediate neighbourhood. Although this latter was bleak and bare enough, and although there was some broken and rather hilly ground there, it was yet devoid of anything like woods or extensive mountains which could afford hiding-places to any large number of men.

Upon a certain night a horseman rode in with tidings which roused the Lieutenant, and sent off the whole force—save a small reserve in charge of a corporal—through a pelting rain, away out on the moors; whence they returned wet, weary, and splashed with mud from head to foot, about ten o'clock on the next day. The coldness which marked the slight intercourse unavoidably held between Westbury and his hosts, prevented the slightest inquiry on their part or explanation on his, had he felt himself at liberty to give one. But it was very well known in the village, and as a matter of course must have been known at the House, that the military had been out co-operating with other detachments, in the hope of surprising some criminals or patriots—the terms were exchangeable; and there was a vague rumour that Squire Decroy had not escaped to France after all, but was expected to be among the prisoners.

Lieutenant Westbury was evidently dull and weary at his post. Being a temperate man, he had not one very obvious resource too often sought by soldiers, and civilians also, in those days. No

library, no club, no society indeed, was there in Boreen; and, as explained, his attempts at intimacy with the other members of the House were most unsuccessful. Even the plan which almost uniformly succeeds failed in this instance, and although he made presents to the children, and sought to be friendly with them, he failed to conciliate their relatives; and the little book he gave to Miss Norah, and the puzzle he gave to Master Bryan, were each returned to him with thanks; and after this he felt the case was hopeless. It was soon after the expedition referred to, that Westbury returning from the village about twilight, and finding the hall door open, entered and saw Miss Kate talking to a woman of very poor appearance. She might have been a beggar, so tattered and threadbare was her raiment, yet she did not impress the Lieutenant as being a mendicant.

'I am very sorry, Biddy,' said Miss Kate, moving with a slight bow, to allow the soldier to pass—'I am very sorry to send you away like this; but I do not think we have a penny in the House. The times are almost as bad with us as with yourselves. But come round in the morning, and our letters may bring us some remittances.'

She had spoken so openly that there was no reason whatever for any pretence on Westbury's side of not having heard her; so pausing, with a slight bow on his part, and a quiet smile—his smile was always quiet and grave—he said: 'I trust, Miss Decroy, you will pardon me if I express a wish to prevent an incident which I am sure will annoy you. My purse is at the service of this poor woman, if you wish her to be relieved.'

'You are very kind, or no doubt mean to be so, sir,' said the girl haughtily and coldly; 'but Biddy can wait until the morning, and you, perhaps, would be less inclined to assist her, if you knew who she was.'

'I hardly think that would make any difference,' said the officer. 'As it is, I do not care who she may be, and merely wish to enable you'—

'The fact is,' said Kate Decroy, with dryness in her tone, 'her husband was a rebel, who was very properly shot by our gallant soldiers in the skirmish at the Bog of Drome; and having four children, all infants, Biddy is as badly off as she deserves to be—for she is a rebel too.'

'I do not war with women and helpless children, Miss Decroy,' said the soldier, and the colour mounting to his cheek, shewed he felt the taunt in the young lady's words. 'She is in distress; you pity her'—

'I believe you speak the truth there,' said the girl, colouring in her turn, as she replied to the first part of his speech. The officer was fair and Saxon, although somewhat weather-beaten and sun-browned; the girl had that olive Spanish-like complexion, so often, so unaccountably often seen in Ireland; but her clear skin, dark as it was, shewed the mantling blood quite as distinctly as did the Englishman's lighter cheek. She continued: 'I believe you *are* a soldier, and not a savage. But Biddy can wait.—Can't you, Biddy?'

'An' shure me an' the childer can wait,' returned the woman; 'an' iv it's for a wake, we'll be continted, Miss Kate.' It's as ye plase intirely.'

The officer had taken out his purse, which was one of those long netted affairs at one time

so popular, and through which the money shone. Though it was not exactly a bloated purse, and though it contained more silver than gold, the glance which Biddy threw, in spite of herself, at the treasure was so painfully eloquent, and there was such a sad though resigned expression on her poor coarse face, that Kate—crimsoning more than before—said: 'Biddy only wants a trifle for something for one of her children, who—who she thinks is dying.' There was a little catch in the breath here, which in a less resolute person might have been turned into a sob. 'And it is very bitter to us to find'—

'Do not say any more,' exclaimed the soldier. 'Why be so unwilling to let me aid you in charity? I will give Biddy a trifle to help her.' As he spoke, the Lieutenant had moved the ring of his purse, and the quick eye of the girl saw that he was taking out a piece of gold.

'O no!' she said, with a little laugh; 'poor Biddy's idea is of something very different from that. Two shillings is what she craves, and if you really wish'— In her impulsive manner, she had stretched out her hand to stay the officer, and had touched his wrist. Recollecting herself, she drew back; while Westbury extracted the required amount and a trifle besides. 'Here, Biddy,' he said; 'here are four shillings. You need not mind taking them even from a soldier; pray consider the money as a gift from Miss Decroy, by my hand.'

'Sure, it's a kind thing for ye to do, anyhow,' said Biddy, with a profusion of courtesies. 'An' a good heart in a sojer, or a kind word from wan, bates me entirely.'

This grateful speech on the part of Biddy provoked a smile from both her hearers; and as Westbury turned and left the hall, he exchanged for the first time a kindly glance with Miss Kate Decroy.

As the Lieutenant entered his little room wherein was arranged his solitary tea equipage, his colour was higher than before, higher than even Miss Decroy's had been, and he smiled a half-pleased, half-vexed smile as he dropped into his chair. 'Upon my word,' he muttered, 'I am making an absolute fool of myself here. And what is worse, I am doing it with my eyes open. A boy might perhaps deceive himself; but there is no excuse for me. Here is a girl, a most malignant Roman Catholic—as I am expected to term all such—and a bitter rebel, who would cheerfully lay her head on the block, if by so doing she could insure the decapitation of every man in my regiment; a girl who tells me every day, in everything but words, how she hates, how she abhors me and my country; and yet—and yet—and yet, hang me if I am not falling in love with her every hour of my life! Oh, it's too ridiculous; it's absurd!'

Absurd the position might have been, if the Lieutenant's own description were true; ridiculous enough, no doubt; but he might have taken heart, on reflecting that the sensation was by no means uncommon to mankind. His solitary tea equipage was set out, as already hinted; and the sigh with which he sat down was really in keeping with the ingubrious reflection he had just made.

The equipage referred to was not altogether in harmony with a modern arrangement, inasmuch as a bottle of whisky and another of brandy

formed part of the provision. Such additions were expected in those days; and it would not have told so much to the credit of Lieutenant Westbury then, as it may do now, to say that he did not touch either of them; although he could take his tumbler after a weary march across the neighbouring bogs, or after a long patrol in the rain which so often refreshed the vicinity of Boreen.

The room in which the Lieutenant was sitting was a mere slip of a place, entered from the hall, and lighted by one window which looked upon the road, if such a name could be bestowed on the waste land in front of the House. Immediately adjoining was his bedroom, which was exactly similar in size and shape, so that it was not a hazardous conjecture to suppose that one room had at some earlier date been converted into two by the simple expedient of running a partition down its centre. Excellent as this device might be, it had the effect of rendering the second room very dark, it being dependent entirely on the borrowed light which was afforded by a window in the partition which transmitted a portion of the rays from the outer window.

It was now almost dark; and so, in accordance with custom, a lamp was taken into his bedroom, the light of which shone through the partition window into the sitting-room; but directly afterwards Miss Kate Decroy entered, bearing the lamp by which the Lieutenant sat and read of an evening, and as was her wont, she inquired if he wanted for anything. Thus far the courtesy of the House extended; but Westbury had soon seen that it was almost perforce; there was no cordiality in it. It was commonly Miss Kate, or her sister Mrs Claridge, who made the inquiry, for in the 'bad times' which had come upon them, they and many others who were considered of some little importance in their neighbourhoods, were reduced to straits which oftentimes entailed absolute hardship. The Lieutenant made the stereotyped reply, and as he did so, thought with a twinge of envy of the fluent flippant tongues of his brother-officers, how they long ere this would have established quite a brisk interchange of compliments and smart sayings. And yet, he doubted it, as he covertly glanced at the composed face, high forehead, and arched brows of Miss Kate. For a wonder, she lingered for a few seconds after putting down the lamp—which was very different from her usual custom—and after a little hesitation, said: 'You could not have shewn me a greater favour, sir, than by compelling Biddy—or rather myself—to accept your loan to-night. She was my nurse, and my sister's nurse; so from infancy we have been accustomed to look upon her as one of ourselves; and even in these terrible times, nothing is so painful to us as our inability to'— She hesitated again here, and a suspicious brightness swam in the eyes, that were bright enough already.

Of course the Lieutenant laughed at the idea of his having conferred any favour at all, and hoped he should often have the pleasure of helping Biddy, whom he declared he had taken quite a fancy to.

At this Miss Decroy smiled and left the room.

Then the Lieutenant discovered—as it is common with men in such cases to discover—how excessively clumsy and ill-chosen all his words

had been; that he had better have used any set of phrases than those he had actually employed. And then too, he remembered that he had once had Biddy before him on a charge of hurling the most treasonable expressions at Corporal Chessley, who, with a file of men, was bringing in a suspected peasant. 'I never saw her look so beautiful,' was his concluding reflection. 'A heightened colour becomes her wonderfully.' The Lieutenant took a book; but he could not read; the print was too small; the light was too strong; the story was uninteresting; he had read it before; there was something wrong somewhere. So at last he decided he would get out his chess-board, and by the aid of a problem or two and his cigar-case, would pass as quiet an evening as his men would allow. 'Though,' he muttered, as he lighted his cigar at the lamp—the reader knows there were no lucifers or vestas or vesuvians in those days—'I warrant I shall have first the sergeant-major, then the corporal, then the old major again, with the most important and exciting intelligence, directly I get comfortably settled.'

He moved the lamp to a distance, as its too close glare seemed to interfere with his train of thought; then arranging his board so that it was midway between the light, from the inner room and that of the lamp he had moved, began his study. At first, with knitted brow, with eyes steadily bent on the board, he tried the solution of his problem, and moved and removed his pawns and knights and rooks, as a studious chess-player does; but gradually he fell off, and intervals of several minutes occurred in which he gazed thoughtfully at the opposite wall, and aided by the mild fumes of his cigar, meditated upon some subject which might have been interesting enough, but was not chess. From time to time he roused himself, and applied himself vigorously to the knotty problem, until again he leant back in his chair and gazed vacantly across the room.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of intense surprise, and glanced hurriedly, even alarmedly, round the room, and then up at the window of the inner chamber. All was silent, and but for himself, motionless. The light shone steadily through the window, as it had done all along, and not even his eager listening could detect the slightest sound. Yet the Lieutenant was aroused by something. He rose, and his sternly set features bore an expression widely differing from the abstracted air they had so lately worn. Stepping to a little sideboard at hand, he took from thence a brace of pistols, at the priming of which—flint and steel, then, we must remember—he glanced with habitual caution, then left the apartment. There was no communication by door between his sitting and his bedroom; each was entered from the hall, through which of course he had to pass to reach the inner chamber. He threw a swift keen glance around him as he left his sitting-room, lingering for an instant with a special searching look on the lobby or passage which ran to the rear of the House, and up the broad flight of stairs which, with their massive but decaying rails, took up so great a space in the hall.

All was quiet. He could see distinctly around him, for a great iron lamp swung from the roof there, and flared away all the evening. He threw wide open the door of his bedroom; paused for an

instant, as though he expected some one to rush out upon him; then with a pistol in readiness, entered. All was quiet there also. The lamp burned on its table; his bed was trimly made; even a torn sheet of letter-paper which he had left on the table was undisturbed. He was certain of this, for he remembered, with a curious exactness, precisely how it had looked when he left it there. After a searching glance round the little room—it was so small, it required no considerable examination—he left it, and returned to his former apartment, the knitted sternness of his brow not relaxing until after he had replaced his pistols, resumed his seat, and again lighted his cigar.

'It is very strange,' he soliloquised at length. 'I suppose I must have fancied it. Perhaps I grow nervous, sitting here by myself. And yet, I don't know; I don't think I could have made a mistake. I swear I saw the shadow of a man fall across my chess-board in a direction in which my shadow could not possibly fall. It must have come from my bedroom window. Had I but had presence of mind enough to look up there at first! Yet there's not a man in the House but myself; and even if there were, what could he possibly want in— No! It is impossible. Of course I must be in error; I must have been half dozing. Yet, if I did not see a man's shadow fall across the table, I can never again trust my eyesight!'

The Lieutenant sat and smoked thoughtfully, until he had received the nightly report, and it was time to retire for the night. Enough of his previous discomposure hung about him to make him take his loaded pistols into his bed-chamber, and see very carefully to the fastenings of his door; and this having been done, he slept undisturbedly until the morning.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE IN BOMBAY.

No European who has visited Bombay can have failed to remark the peculiar and primitive way the Parsees have of disposing of their dead. It is admitted by all, that among the different nations of India this little community of enterprising and intelligent people are foremost in casting aside superstitions and uprooting prejudices. They have taken the lead of civilisation and enlightenment in India, and they are of all others the least fettered by mischievous prejudices and idle superstitions. It seems, therefore, quite surprising that they have yet persevered in a custom which is calculated to shock enlightened minds, and which no one can contemplate without a sense of horror. Surprising as it may be, it is nevertheless a fact that they expose the dead bodies of their co-religionists to be *devoured by vultures*. A glance at the ceremonies performed over the dead body of a Parsee before it is conveyed to the Towers of Silence, and the mode in which it is left to be devoured by these vultures, may be interesting.

It may be premised that the Parsees are the followers of the prophet Zoroaster, who flourished in Persia, and who, according to the Babylonian historian Berosos, founded the dynasty of the kings of Babylon two thousand years before Christ. At the present day the Parsees are erroneously

termed fire-worshippers; but the true spirit of the Zoroastrian religion is to worship the great Creator through his elements. The pith of their doctrines of faith consists in three words: Manashni (good thoughts), Gavashni (good words), Kunashni (good deeds). In no sense are they idolaters. At the same time many of their ceremonies are strange to those not intimately acquainted with their religion; those connected with the disposal of their dead being peculiarly revolting, though still defended by many upon certain sanitary grounds.

A corpse is considered by the Parsees a very sacred thing, and the touch of an ordinary mortal is supposed to contaminate it. Immediately after the vital spark has left the human frame, it is taken charge of by two nassasálars (a body of men who are specially ordained to perform funeral rites, and paid by the community at a fixed salary). By them it is cleansed and clothed in white unsullied garments, after which it is placed on two flat stone slabs on the ground. The female relatives and friends gather together in the hall where the remains, with all but the face covered, are laid. The male relatives, friends, and all those who wish to shew respect to the dead, clad in their white flowing robes, sit on benches on the verandah—and if the verandah is not large enough to accommodate all, on the sides of the street. When a Parsee of note dies, it is not unusual to see a whole street lined with co-religionists, sometimes three or four rows deep. They generally gather together about an hour before the time announced for the remains to be carried to the Towers of Silence. The women sometimes indulge in loud lamentations, particularly if death has overtaken a young person; but the men maintain a grave and respectful silence.

About an hour before the time for taking the remains away from the house, the nassasálars transfer the corpse from the slabs, and place it on an iron bier, which is usually quite new, except in the cases of very poor persons. After the transfer of the remains to the bier, two priests standing at the foot of the corpse commence repeating the funeral service, every one else maintaining the strictest silence. During two pauses in the service a dog is brought in and made to look at the face of the dead person. The reason or philosophy of this extraordinary performance is not very clear. At the end of the service, the priests make a very low obeisance and retire. The pent-up feelings of the women generally break out at this moment, and a scene of the most piteous lamentations ensues. The men outside then come in, and after looking at the face, make a deep and reverential obeisance; some men going down on their knees with the face touching the ground—most of them muttering prayers, subdued but fervent, for the soul of the dead. The face is now covered up, this being the last glimpse the female relatives are permitted to have of the dead. The bier is then lifted off the

ground by the nassasálars, and brought out of the house, where two others join them, and take each of the four ends on their shoulders. The men outside rise and remain standing, performing a reverential obeisance as the bier passes them. The mourners then fall in, and the funeral procession, led by the priests, moves on. After the cortège has proceeded about a hundred yards, the high-priest comes to a stop; but some other priests with the relatives and intimate friends of the family follow the funeral all the way to the Towers of Silence.

The highest hill in Bombay, on the Chopati side of it, is selected by the Parsees as the site of these Towers—the last resting-place of their fellow-religionists, the top of the hill being surrounded by a wall, within the precincts of which none but the Parsees have free access. (Occasionally a European is permitted to enter the gate; but he is not allowed to proceed further than a certain distance, and the view he obtains is a very indistinct one.) To facilitate the ascent of funeral processions, a flight of countless stone steps is built from the bottom of the hill to the very gate of the wall which gives admission to the ground. As one enters the gate, he is bewildered by the magnificence and the grandeur of the scene that bursts upon his sight. The whole of Bombay lies at his feet, and the most beautiful gardens imaginable lie in front of him. The distant view of the sea adds to the enchanting spectacle. The first thing that engages the attention is the 'Sagari,' a small stone building where the sacred fire is kept, and where Parsees often go to say prayers for the soul of their deceased friends or relatives. In the distance are visible the white walls of the seven different Towers, erected at irregular but considerable distances from each other. After the Towers are once consecrated, none but the nassasálars are allowed to enter; but when a new one is built, it is open to the Parsees for inspection; and the ceremony of consecration is performed in the presence of all those of the community who choose to attend.

On the top of the wall of the Tower which is being used for the time being, may be seen huge vultures to the number of from forty to fifty. Inside the iron door—which is on a level with the surface of the top of the hill—is a flight of a few steps downwards. The arrangement in the interior of the Tower is perfectly simple. There are stone slabs arranged—a little distant from each other—in three concentric circles; the slabs of the innermost circle being intended for the bodies of children, are smaller than the slabs of the second circle, which are exclusively used for the bodies of females; the outermost circle having the largest slabs, being intended for the remains of males. In the centre, is a well of immense depth; and the surface is built so as to slope gently from all directions towards the well.

When the funeral procession arrives at the summit, it proceeds straight to one of the seven Towers that is in use at the time. After a short halt, for the purpose of allowing the relatives to take a last look at the deceased, two nassasálars proceed slowly with the bier towards the iron door. One of them opens the door with a key, and they disappear with the earthly remains, and close the door after them. They then deposit the dead body on one of the

stone slabs, tear the garments in which it is enveloped with a hook; and issuing out of the same door with the empty bier, proceed to a place where they wash themselves, change their clothes, and undergo a purificatory ceremony. Directly the nassasálars emerge from the iron door, the vultures on the top of the wall descend, and after about ten minutes reappear. Then everybody knows that nothing but the skeleton is left of the lifeless remains deposited within the walls only a few minutes ago. When the nassasálars enter again with another funeral, they drag the skeleton and everything with a hook to the well in the centre; and so the bones of the members of this united and unique community mingle together in death. Of course, the height of the hill, combined with the height of the Tower walls, renders it impossible for any one else to obtain even the faintest glimpse of the inside of these Towers. The nassasálars alone witness what must sometimes be a horrid and revolting sight inside this awe-inspiring place.

Meanwhile, the men forming the procession—immediately after the nassasálars enter the iron door—turn their backs, and retrace their steps towards the 'Sagari,' where they wash and say their prayers, and return to their respective homes in carriages or bullock-carts, provided, according to their means, by the relatives of the deceased. It is popularly believed that the vultures are gifted with such fine instinct that they will not touch a body if there is the slightest spark of life in it, however latent that spark may be.

Some years ago, when the affairs of the community were managed by the Punchyat (five headmen), the nassasálars, it is believed, had strict orders to kill any person who came to life again after being taken to the Towers. It is even believed by many that some murders have in this wise been committed; the sole justification for such barbarity being a strong conviction that anybody coming out of the place of the dead would bring with him the curse of pestilence and other visitations of Providence. It is also believed that those who have been able to climb over the wall and make their escape after resuscitation, have exiled themselves from Bombay, never daring to acknowledge their identity, for fear of being killed. It is needless to say that whatever may have happened in the past with impunity, it is different at the present day, as the English government would recognise no reason why a murder committed in the Towers of Silence should not be punished with the same severity with which a murder in any other place would be visited.

The only reason the Parsees can bring forward in favour of this custom is, that on sanitary consideration, it is the best mode of disposing of their dead, and renders the living secure from the risk of impure water and vitiated air in the vicinity of graveyards. Moreover, they maintain that it is less objectionable than burial, which has the disadvantage of involving a more protracted process of destruction. But it must be admitted that the reasons for persevering in a custom at once so shocking and barbarous, are very weak; and though most educated Parsees of the present day recognise the fact, it is difficult to make a sudden transition, and throw off the fetters of a custom which has come down to them from generation to generation for so

many hundreds of years. A unanimous and powerful effort alone can abolish a custom, the contemplation of which fills the European mind with horror.

RUPERT'S REVENGE.

THE funeral was over; the will had been duly read, and the various relatives taken their departure, having paid the last tribute of respect to the deceased. The servants were discussing matters now in the kitchen; whilst the two sons in their sable garments held converse in the dining-room overhead.

The late Mr Charles Conway had lived to a good old age; but his end had overtaken him one might say unawares. He was seventy-three; but a more hale hearty man was not to be found for miles round; and when the tidings were made known that he had suddenly dropped down dead, the shock was considerable amongst his many acquaintances. There had once been a large family circle at the Grange; but death had narrowed it, until only the father, his eldest son Stephen, Rupert the third son, and Helen his only surviving daughter, remained. Mrs Conway had been dead for many years. Perhaps, had she lived, matters might have been different. As it was, the domestic horizon had been too often overcast with clouds, and jealousies arisen which had created a gulf between those who by nature ought to have been nearest and dearest.

To a certain extent his children had all disappointed Mr Conway. Outwardly, there was no fault to find with the steady though somewhat sullen slow-spoken Stephen. He had never defied the parental authority, never dipped unduly into the family exchequer, never forgotten himself in any obvious manner. In fact, while every one was obliged to confess that he was exemplary in his actual conduct, still scarcely a creature really liked him. He was wont to boast that he never had owed a penny in his life—he might have added, nor given one away; for innate meanness—carefully concealed under a studied manner—was his chief characteristic. He was a short spare man of about seven-and-twenty at the time of his father's death, with a thin-lipped, ominously close-set mouth, and pale blue eyes of the sharpest, shiftest description. Dressed in his mourning habiliments, he looked smaller, even more foxy than usual; and there was an evil light in his face as he sat opposite Rupert, discussing with great energy the lately opened will.

Rupert was three years younger; a tall well-made young fellow; the apple of his father's eye—despite the disappointment he undoubtedly had been to him—ever since his earliest days; for Rupert had been a reckless good-hearted lad from the first; never out of mischief and scrapes, but so winning, so warm-hearted and affectionate, that it was seldom old Mr Conway could find it in his heart to reprove him with the severity he but too richly deserved. While his crimes were restricted to boyish pranks perhaps the lenity did no harm; but when Rupert went out into the world and repeated his follies on a larger scale, Mr Conway began to realise that a firmer hand would have been truer affection; and instigated ceaselessly by Stephen, who remained at home to

manage the small property belonging to the family, he made an effort to draw the reins so tightly that not unnaturally the high-spirited Rupert rebelled. Stephen viewed with silent wrath several occasions on which his father had disbursed considerable sums to set his brother straight again; but true to his nature, he made no open comment. He waited with a patience worthy a better cause until the little drops of poison which he skilfully administered by insinuations and plausible sorrow over Rupert's extravagances should do their work in undermining him finally in his father's affections.

'I would pay his debts sir—of course I would,' he would remark in his slow hesitating voice, when Mr Conway conversed with him upon the subject of Rupert's delinquencies. 'In fact you must do it; you will always have to do it. You can first mortgage the outlying fields; then the meadows; and if need be, the house itself. Pay his debts by all means sir!'

Mr Conway would then grow furious, and vow violently that he would never pay another shilling for Rupert. He would cut him off without a penny, and leave all he had between Stephen and Helen. At which threat Helen would intercede for the prodigal, and generally succeed in counteracting for a time the evil influence of Stephen.

Helen was a sweet-faced sensible girl, and being devotedly attached to Rupert, promised to prove a considerable obstacle to Stephen's schemes. So he cast about in his evil mind how she was to be removed; and about a year previous to his father's death, an event happened which suited him exactly. She fell in love, and fixed her affections upon a man for whom her brother Stephen chanced to have a peculiar aversion. Mr Conway did not care for the match; but Helen's heart was set upon it, so the marriage took place, and Stephen reigned at last alone in his glory with his old father, who gradually became more and more under his influence.

Helen—or Mrs Marchmont as we ought now to call her—had gone abroad with her husband to join his regiment in India, so there was no one to speak a kindly word for Rupert, no one to remind him of her, when in a moment of peculiar irritation against his youngest son, Mr Charles Conway made his will. A will had been originally made, in which, though Stephen as the eldest son was to succeed to the Grange, Rupert and Helen were both justly remembered; and probably Mr Conway would have declared it to be the expression of his real wishes, if an ordinary death-bed had been accorded him; but the summons had come like a thief in the night. No one heard his last sigh; no one was near to receive his last word. Suddenly the stroke had fallen; and whether in the darkness of that dread hour his thoughts had strayed to his favourite though cast-off child, no one would ever know. At all events, the will—a subsequent one, and made in a moment of anger long since past—was that to which his two sons had just listened, and which his old friends were now discussing the cruel injustice of. Everything was left to Stephen. Stephen had not schemed and plotted for nothing; he was master of the Grange, possessor of a snug balance at his banker's. And Rupert—why, Rupert had just got what he deserved—nothing.

Rupert was stunned by the contents of the will, but not a hard word escaped his lips. 'I cannot think he meant it,' he said huskily. 'But I shall never blame him for it.'

'And pray, whom do you blame?' inquired Stephen hastily. 'I should think you ought to blame yourself.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Rupert briefly. 'At all events, this is no longer the place for me to be in. I have a few odds and ends lying about which I shall ask you to send to me.—I mean to return to London this evening.'

'You needn't be in such a hurry,' responded Stephen, uneasily conscious of his share in depriving his brother of his inheritance. 'You'd better stay a day or two, till things settle down a bit; and after finding out what claims there are, I will see if I can't give you a hundred or so to start with.'

'Not a penny from you!' said Rupert. And true to this determination, he bade adieu to his old home that afternoon, with his heart heavy within him, and his pockets empty, but strong in his resolve to face life bravely, and to forget, if he could, the sharp stab of pain which had been inflicted upon him that day.

Mr Stephen Conway made great capital out of his proffered generosity to his brother, representing to his friends that he had gone so far as to offer to share everything equally with him, and insinuating that a very liberal arrangement was to be effected by-and-by; which as Rupert never came back to deny, people generally took for granted had really taken place. So the old Squire's unjust will gradually ceased to be censured, as his son had, according to his own shewing, acted so well about it.

Three months afterwards, Stephen Conway, on opening his daily paper, read therein a terrible shipwreck of an outward-bound vessel. She had been struck by another vessel, coming in an opposite direction, with such force, that in an incredibly short space of time she had sunk, and all on board, with the exception of three of the crew, perished. Below was a list of the passengers, and amongst them was the name of Rupert Conway, a second-class passenger, bound for New York. Perhaps in his inmost heart Stephen experienced some remorseful sensations when he read of his brother's death. Perhaps just at first he regretted having by evil means deprived him of his inheritance. Whether he did so or not, no one could tell. At all events, the self-reproaches must have been very evanescent, for the new master of the Grange soon shewed himself amongst his neighbours with anything but a sorrowful countenance.

By-and-by, rumours began to get afloat that Squire Conway meant to marry; and his choice was well known to lie between a certain Miss Judith Butler and her cousin Alice Butler. The only charm the former possessed consisted in the fact that she owned the sum of ten thousand pounds; while the latter, who lived with her, had only as her fortune one of the fairest faces in the world, to which might be added a sweet and charming disposition. Judith was twenty-four; Alice only just eighteen; and could the money but have been transferred, Squire Conway would not have hesitated for an instant in making his selection. However, had he been even inclined

to overlook her poverty, and forego the substantial benefits to be derived from a marriage with Judith, Alice, who had never been blind to his true nature, would most unhesitatingly have refused him. Rupert—poor reckless dead Rupert, had been her love. They had vowed to be true and faithful, the day he left his home to seek his fortunes; and even though she believed him to be drowned in the depths of the sea, she felt, or fancied, that it would not be possible for her ever to care for any one again. About a year after the tidings of Rupert's death had reached him, Stephen married Judith. Even as Judith Butler, she had never been careful to conceal her arrogant temper and vain appreciation of herself and her position; but as Mrs Stephen Conway, all restraint was at an end. No sooner was she installed in the manor-house than a thousand faults were found with it. The furniture was not fit for her; and the whole place, she declared, must be done up properly, or it would be impossible for her to live in it at all.

Stephen had been able to get the better of his father, and by deep-laid schemes to oust his brother and sister from their rightful inheritance; but he was utterly incapable of managing his wife. She spent her own money and his with a lavishness which he could not control; and if he attempted to reason or remonstrate, he was met with a burst of violence which he seemed powerless to fight against. Before many months were over, he bitterly regretted his marriage; but as it was irrevocable, he tried to redouble his own meannesses, in order to counteract Mrs Conway's reckless extravagance.

The old Grange was transformed from a plainly furnished comfortable abode into a sumptuously decorated mansion; vast mirrors reflected back Stephen's knitted brow and anxious face when he entered the drawing-room, where Judith, stretched upon a sofa with a novel in her hand, was generally to be found. Console tables, couches, cabinets, silken hangings, all were added, as Judith's fancy dictated; and when Stephen, in amazed wrath, ventured to remark upon the uselessness of such possessions, her reply was invariably: 'I suppose I may spend my own money as I choose.' Nor had Mrs Stephen any intention of wasting her splendours on the desert air. Her friends must see them, or what was the use of having them? So invitations were freely issued, and accepted in the friendliest way imaginable; and Stephen, with suppressed rage in his heart, presided at banquets which he felt his income was quite unequal to provide. So three years passed by, Mrs Stephen still entertaining, gadding about wherever there was any gaiety to be got, and decking herself out in the most expensive clothes she could think of.

Stephen's misery was plainly written in his face; his body seemed shrunken, his lips thinner, his eyes keener than ever. Things were not going well with him; and as if, he thought, to add to his expenses, news came from India that Mr and Mrs Marchmont had perished in the Indian Mutiny—been both cruelly massacred; but that their only child Maude, a little girl of four years old, was being sent home to the care of her only relation, Mr Stephen Conway. Mrs Stephen hated children—she had none of her own—and not even little Maude's desolate position and fair little face

touched her hard unwomanly heart. Some kindly hands had clothed the little orphan in black garments, and had confided her to the charge of a family who were themselves coming to England; and Maude was brought down to the Grange, where she was duly delivered over to the tender mercies of her aunt Judith and Uncle Stephen.

Maude had been accustomed to nothing but the greatest love and affection; but with the keen instinct of a child, she seemed intuitively to understand that no kindness was possible from her aunt Judith; and she shrank from her so palpably as at once to rouse the evil temper which, truth to tell, seldom slumbered within Mrs Conway's breast.

'That child hates me,' she said to Stephen the day after Maude's arrival.

'What nonsense!' rejoined Stephen, gazing at the child, who with wide open eyes was listening to the conversation.—'You love your aunt Judith, Maude, don't you?'

'No!' replied the child; 'I don't love her!'

'There! I told you so!' exclaimed Judith triumphantly.—'Well, there's no love lost, you nasty little wretch! And since you hate me, you had better keep away from me.'

From that time, Mrs Conway's treatment of the child was uniformly careless, often cruel, and constantly unkind. Stephen knew it, and but for the question of expense, would have sent Maude away; and he shut his eyes to the severity and harshness to which, infant as she was, she was subjected. Maude's only happy time was when Alice Butler came over to the Grange. Alice was her champion, her defender; and to her she clung with childish despair, when persecuted by her aunt Judith for some childish misdemeanour.

When Alice's aunt, with whom she had hitherto lived, died, but for Maude's sake she would have gone out into the world to earn her own living; as it was, Judith begged of her to come to the Grange. Stephen echoed very gladly the invitation, which, for the child's sake only, Alice accepted. She was not to be idle. Judith was too indolent, too much occupied with planning fresh finery for herself and attending entertainments, to have time or inclination to look after her household; and into Alice's clever hands the reins of domestic government were to be given. Alice was sensible, thrifty, and a capital manager. So Stephen trusted a great reform might date from the time she came to them. And as far as the actual household bills went, and as far as a wonderful increase of order, regularity, and comfort went, the change was quite beyond even his expectations. However, Mrs Stephen, being now relieved from the tiresome duties of looking after servants and housekeeping, launched out more furiously than ever; bills undreamed of by Stephen were run up in every direction, and ruin slowly but surely advanced towards the master of the Grange. His wife's ten thousand pounds were gone, squandered; and his own resources—the portions that should have been Rupert's and Helen's—were fast becoming less. Stephen writhed under it, resolved upon retrenchment in the darkness of the night, schemed and planned until uneasy slumber overtook him, and the morning's light found him thinking it over still.

Mrs Stephen was deaf to reason; and often Stephen meditated upon how he could rid himself

of her altogether. But if there was one thing in the world he dreaded, it was an open scandal; and if he provoked her, he knew she would revenge herself on his tenderest points; and he had been just a little too unguarded to her on the subject of a few incidents in his life. About this time he went to London, and there, by the merest accident, heard of a wonderful investment in a Welsh mine. A vein of lead had been discovered in it; and as soon as it could be got into working order, the lucky shareholders who contrived to secure an early interest in it were safe to make a fortune. It was by the greatest favour Stephen managed to become possessed of an allotment. While he was in town, the shares advanced in a marvellous manner, and he was fully persuaded that his fortune was to be made by investing every available shilling in the brilliant scheme.

But he was a cautious man, though he desired to make a rapid fortune; so he journeyed down to the mine, surveyed it for himself, handled the precious lead, which was said to be the purest ever seen; satisfied himself it was not only *bond fide*, but far better than he had dreamed of. He hurried back to London, arranged a loan upon the Grange, the outlying fields and meadows that were once to have gone, according to his prophecy, in paying dead Rupert's debts; and then he invested in the lead mine. All the world seemed to be running after the Cwm Clwyd lead mine. The shares went up to a fabulous premium, and for a few brief months Stephen lived in a sort of fool's Paradise. Judith's extravagance would be a mere drop in the ocean when he had realised his coming thousands. What did it matter that for the present ready-money was rather a scarce commodity. Stephen had heaped all he could lay hands on into the mine, and all he was waiting for was for the mine to be brought into proper working order and the lead to be realised. Judith was duly informed of the coming golden shower, and on the strength of it felt herself more independent of Alice's good offices; for when Stephen became so rich, she would have a proper house-keeper, a proper establishment. Maude should be packed off to school, and Alice might then look out for a situation elsewhere.

Meanwhile Stephen lived in a perpetual state of anxiety for both the post and the papers. The first seldom failed to bring him good tidings from his friend in London; the second occasionally contained glowing paragraphs of the Welsh El Dorado in which his heart and hopes were centered. One day, however—a cold foggy one in November—another letter came for Stephen, the direction of which caused him to grow deadly pale, for it was in the handwriting of his brother Rupert!

The reported list of casualties turned out to be erroneous. Rupert had not been drowned; but he had apparently struggled fruitlessly with destiny in America, and was coming home. Blood was thicker than water, he wrote, and he wanted to forget old scores and to shake his brother by the hand again. Once he got back, he hoped he would have better health. He had met with an accident and was a bit of an invalid. Until he got stronger, he wanted to stay with Stephen. Nothing would recover him like his native air. He was pining to see the old place again. It was six years since he had gone away—six years since he had told Alice he cared for her. But there was no

mention of her in his letter, nothing beyond the idea that was conveyed to Stephen that he was coming back a beggar to foist himself off upon him. Stephen chafed wildly under this unlooked-for infliction. Rupert would come back, and bit by bit the true state of the case would come out—that he had never had a shilling of his father's; and all Stephen's plausible statements would be exploded.

Mrs Stephen counselled that the door should be shut in his face—audacious fellow that he was!

Alice trembled with a great happiness. To know he lived, to think she was to see him again, was enough for her true woman's heart. What did it matter if he was a beggar, or an out-cast! He was throned there, beloved, perhaps all the more fervently because of his misfortunes.

It was but a scant welcome that awaited the wanderer when, about the end of December, in the midst of a severe snow-storm, he arrived at the Grange. Stephen plainly told him he could do nothing for him; and Mrs Stephen elevated her eyebrows superciliously, and scanned his shabby garments with a hardly concealed sneer. He must not be seen by any of her fashionable friends, she told Stephen; and Stephen quite agreed with her.

Alice's greeting was quiet and gentle, like her sweet self. She was hardly changed since he had last seen her; perhaps a little graver, that was all. His quick eager glance saw she was outwardly the same. He had still to discover whether absence had made her heart grow colder. A few days, and he was reassured on that point. She was his still; and their old vows were taken again. Despite the chilliness of his brother, and the want of common courtesy on Mrs Stephen's part, Rupert seemed determined to stay on at the Grange for a time. He stayed long enough to see the way in which Helen's child was treated; to see the petty slights and annoyances daily practised upon Alice, the petty warfare and the petty triumph which was embittering her existence, and from which he longed so inexpressibly to relieve her.

At last Stephen intimated to him that Judith intended to have some friends shortly, and that his room would be required.

'All right,' replied Rupert. 'Then that means that I am to depart? So be it, Stephen. But I do not regret having come, small as has been your welcome.'

'I wonder what sort of welcome you wanted?' rejoined Stephen gruffly. 'I'm not the sort of man to kill the fatted calf for prodigals.'

'No; I don't think you are,' agreed Rupert. 'However, I mean to make a home for myself—a home in which Alice has promised to be mistress, and I shall then relieve you of Maude.'

'Very fine talking indeed,' answered Stephen. 'You'd better make sure of bread-and-cheese for yourself first. As to marrying Alice, that is simply ridiculous; Judith won't allow it.'

'We shan't ask Judith,' rejoined Rupert. 'But don't let's quarrel, Stephen. We may as well part friends—mayn't we?'

'I am sure I don't care,' was the brotherly response; and in this mood he once more said good-bye to his brother Rupert.

Two days after Rupert had taken his departure, the Cwm Clwyd bubble burst. Water had, they

said, not only got into the mine, but had submerged it. The shares were not worth the paper they were written on, and Stephen Conway was ruined—not ruined with any hope of retrieving something out of the wreck, but ruined entirely—house and lands swept away at one fell swoop. Judith would not believe it. She stamped and stormed, declaring it was some vile conspiracy against them. Stephen could not have been such a fool as to have risked everything. But Stephen said it was even so—ruin stared them in the face. And as he pondered upon their dark dismal future, he remembered how he had plotted and schemed against his own flesh and blood—how Rupert had gone forth into the world penniless through him; and even so lately he had let him go away again when he fancied that the wealth he so craved for was about to fall upon him in a golden shower.

In the midst of his despair, Rupert returned again—returned to heap coals of fire upon Stephen's head—for Rupert had now a strange story to tell. Stephen listened to it like a man in a dream, realising only one thing—that Rupert, whom he had injured, had come to save him; that Rupert, whom he had robbed of his birth-right, was a rich man now, and out of his abundance was only eager to forget his wrongs, and to prove that a brother indeed is born for adversity.

This was Rupert's story. The vessel in which he left England had been wrecked, and he had saved the life of an American trader, a man of immense wealth, who out of gratitude had taken Rupert by the hand and given him employment under himself; how the bond between them had steadily strengthened; and finally, how he had died, leaving his wealth to Rupert—little under forty thousand pounds. 'Enough to save the old home, and plenty to spare too,' said generous Rupert.

Rupert and Alice reign at the Grange now, and Maud rejoices in freedom from Aunt Judith's tyranny at last. Stephen has set up on a farm, and thanks to his brother's generosity, is regaining some of the money he lost, though his captious irritable wife still does her best to prevent him. But Stephen is a better man than he used to be; his hard heart was fairly touched when, after all his unkindness, his brother rescued him.

As for Rupert, he has resolutely blotted out old scores. Life is too short to remember them, he says; and he sticks to his opinion that blood is thicker than water. He has won his hard selfish brother's heart. His triumph has been in saving him. And surely in all family feuds the outstretched hand is the noblest, the injured the happiest in forgiving; for after all, life is but a short affair. 'A few more tears, a few more sighs, some pleasure, much pain, and then injured and injurer pass away for ever. Is it worth while to hate each other?' We may not have Rupert's fortune, nor may we have a brother like Stephen, but how few families are exempt from 'family feuds.' How many are now separated who really mourn over the separation, long to be reconciled, thirst to see the once familiar face; to hear the voice that once made earth's sweetest music, but which has vanished, yet is blessing some one still in the world; some one who perchance cares for them

less than we still do, though we 'have a quarrel, and are not on speaking terms now!'

Oh! saddest of all things is a family feud. Death is very bitter; but if our darlings leave us with fond farewells, is it so hopeless as the death in life of an earthly separation? If we must have our revenge, let it be like Rupert's.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS believed that never since the world began did two lovers make love in exactly the same way as any other two lovers. Whether he was right is equally beyond proof or disproof. Certainly, no question has been put in such a variety of ways as the most momentous one a man can ask or a woman answer; how it is put depending upon time, place, circumstances, and the temperament of the individuals concerned.

A curious marriage proposal was made by a reverend bachelor who entered the matrimonial state on his death-bed. When in his seventy-third year the minister had a severe attack of paralysis, which left him so weak and helpless that, feeling his end was not far distant, he proceeded to set his worldly affairs in order. His parish being an exceedingly small one, and having been always a most liberal man, he had not much money to leave, which circumstance, had it not been for one reason, he would not have minded. For the last twenty years he had had as housekeeper a steady sensible woman, who had served him honestly, tended him like a daughter during his illness, and for whom he had quite a fatherly regard. It was on her account that he mourned his poverty. It would have been a matter for thankfulness could he have left her as much as would have supported her comfortably and respectably in her old age—she was now about forty-five. After weighing and considering the matter for some weeks in every possible light, a way out of the difficulty suddenly flashed upon him; and knowing the precarious state of his health, he resolved to execute his purpose at once. He called his housekeeper, and when she entered the room, he made her sit down; and after telling her how anxious and sorrowful he had been because he had no money to leave her, he continued: 'Of course you are aware that there is a Ministers' Widows' Fund, so that if the husband dies, his wife will have an annuity during her life. Now, supposing you marry me, although I am almost at death's door, you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this?'

'Master dear, you must be doting! What would people say!'

'I was never more serious in my life, Mary; and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till the evening to think it over, and then bring me your answer.'

In the evening, Mary told him she 'would take him.' So ten days after they were married, and three days later the good old man died; but his

widow still enjoys her share of the 'Widows' Fund.'

A young officer was dancing a set of Lancers in a crowded drawing-room with an extremely pretty girl, to whom he made himself most agreeable. After the dance was over, he took her to a chair, and seating himself beside her, began to mourn his celibacy.

'It is exceedingly easy to remedy that,' said she.

'I don't think so at all; in fact I do not know a girl who would marry me.'

She laughed, and replied: 'Just go and ask some one here to-night, and I venture to say you will be accepted by the first.'

'Ah! I am not so sure about that. But—will you—take me?'

'With pleasure.'

And a few months later they were married.

A big good-natured doctor was desperately in love with, and had been twice refused by a fair-haired little woman. But instead of the disappointment curing his love, it only made the passion grow more intense. After the last refusal, he told her that if ever she changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable, and he would be proud to be her husband. Some months later he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady-love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horse. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him, she reined in her horse, stopped, and called out: 'Won't you stop, Dr Hill?' He raised his hat, and replied: 'I shall be happy to do so;' then waited for her to speak. She was gazing at the ground and blushing deeply; but quickly looking up, she filled the doctor's honest heart with surprise and gladness by saying: 'Dr Hill, I have been closely watching you lately, and seeing nothing but goodness and noble-mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband, I am willing to marry you.'

Mr Smith coming all the way from Australia on the look-out for a wife, saw a young governess on board a Glasgow steamer, whom, from her kindness and attention to some children under her charge, he fancied would suit him. So he went and introduced himself, and taking a seat beside her, said: 'I am fifty-three years of age; have an income of a thousand a year; am a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks; have a good house near Melbourne; and all I want is a good wife to complete my possessions; would you mind taking me?' She quietly replied: 'I have no objections.' And a few weeks later they were made one.

A young man of about twenty-three years of age, with neither money nor the prospect of getting any, came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do would be to marry a 'rich wife' and live on her money. Among his many acquaintances was a widow lady about twice his age, with three children, but with a steady income of two thousand a year. Her, he resolved to marry; and in order to cultivate her friendship, he took her presents of flowers and fruit, and gave the children books and rides on his horse. The lady kindly received his atten-

tions, gave him the liberty of her house, and treated him like a younger brother in every respect. The young fellow interpreting her kindness to suit himself, and believing he had nothing to do but ask her, ventured one evening on the subject in the following manner: 'I wonder very much why you don't remarry, Mrs L—.'

'Simply because no one wants a widow with three children.'

'I know one who would be proud to have you and your dear children,' said the wooer, feeling the worst was well over.

'Indeed, you are most flattering this evening.'

'No; I am not flattering. I love you, and would be proud to be your husband.'

She looked coldly on him; then replied: 'You mean you would be proud to own my money sir, I have been vastly deceived in you.' Then pointing to the door, she continued: 'Leave my house; and while I live, never dare to re-enter it.'

When Lord Strangford sat down to criticise a book of travels by Miss Beaufort, he little dreamt that before long he would write to the young authoress: 'I was thinking the other day about a communication from the Emperor Akbar to the king of Portugal, which contained a request for copies of the holy books of the Christians, and in which the following sentence occurs: "In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to human affection." For many years I have felt and known this, though I never said it till to-day to any one. When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person.' Surely never was a declaration made in quainter fashion, saving perhaps by the Scotch beadle who led the maidservant to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, stammered: 'My folk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?' Or the lugubriously humorous Irish lover who took his girl to see the family vault, and then and there asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones!

Louise de Savoie popped the question to Bourbon, but had to take 'No' for her answer, the Constable curtly declaring that the disparity of years between them, and his own feelings, rendered the union impossible.

If ladies sin against propriety in taking the initiative, they can hardly be blamed for bringing a shilly-shallying or over-bashful lover to the point, when a good opportunity presents itself. Such an opportunity sufficed to end what had been a somewhat tedious courtship. The young man paying his usual evening visit, asked his lady-love how she got along with her cooking. 'Nicely,' replied she; 'I'm improving wonderfully, and make splendid cake now.'

'Can you?' said the young fellow, ignorantly rushing on his fate. 'What kind do you like best?'

'I like one made with flour and sugar, with lots of raisins, currants, and citron, and beautifully frosted on the top,' responded she.

'Why, that's a wedding-cake!' cried he.

'I meant wedding,' said she; and there was nothing left for him but to say he meant wedding too.

Equally cleverly cornered was the Western man whose girl told him she was a mind-reader; whereupon he naturally inquired if she could read

what was in his mind, eliciting for reply: 'O yes! You have it in your mind to ask me to be your wife; but you are just a little scared at the idea.' It is plain the notion did not scare her, any more than it did the Galloway girl, who when Jock, coming into the kitchen while she was preparing breakfast, said: 'I think I'll marry ye, Jean!' answered: 'I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would!' and so concluded the bargain; not even stipulating, like another ready lassie on accepting as sudden an offer: 'But ye maun gie me my ducs o' courtin' for a' that, Jamie.' That right of courtship is one out of which no woman ought to allow herself to be defrauded.

Little as faint-heartedness in a lover may be to the liking of fair lady, it is sufficiently flattering to be condoned; but when any Caleb in search of a wife chooses to sue by delegate, he assuredly deserves to fail ignominiously. Love is not to be won by attorney; and oftentimes the attorney has thrown his client overboard, and carried off the prize himself; as happened when William Grimm went courting in his brother's behalf. Hooker escaped that risk by leaving everything, even the selection of the lady, to Mrs Churchman, who found him a wife, and achieved a son-in-law herself at the same time.

Proposing by proxy is the rule, not the exception, in Greenland. Time was when the Greenlanders won their wives by capture; but since their conversion by Danish missionaries, they have become the tamest of wooers. Now a candidate for the holy state goes to a missionary, and tells him he wants a wife.

'Whom?' asks the missionary, and learns the woman's name.

Sometimes the man answers: 'Yes; she is not unwilling; but thou knowest womankind.' Usually the answer is 'No.'

'Why have you not asked her?' inquires the missionary.

'It is difficult; girls are prudish; thou must speak to her.'

Accepting the office, the good man sends for the girl, and after a little conversation, says: 'I think it is time to have thee married.'

The girl declares she has no mind to wed.

'That is a pity,' says the missionary. 'I had a suitor for thee.'

Of course the damsel is curious enough to want to know who the suitor may be, and of course her curiosity is satisfied. 'He is good for nothing,' she exclaims with a toss of the head. 'I won't have him.'

'But,' the go-between urges, 'he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill, and moreover he loves thee.'

Still pretending to be obdurate, the girl answers that she will not consent to the match.

'Well, well; I will not force thee; I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow,' says the missionary, making-believe there is an end of the matter.

The girl does not go; she stands silent for a little while, then in a low voice sighs out: 'Just as thou wilt have it.'

'No; it is as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee,' replies the clergyman.

Then with a deep groan, the maiden says 'Yes,' and the matter is settled.

Tyrolean lassies are by old custom spared the necessity of giving tongue to their 'Ay' or 'No.' The first time a young man pays a visit as an avowed suitor he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and offers it to the object of his affections. In any case she will not refuse it point-blank; that would be too gross an insult; but should the wooer not be agreeable to her, or his declaration come a little too prematurely, she declines the proffered wine, pleading that it looks sour, or that wine disagrees with her, or that the priest has forbidden her to touch it, or any other excuse feminine ingenuity may suggest. If she likes the lad and is equal to owning it, she empties the glass, taking especial care not to spill any of the wine, for if she does so, or the glass or bottle be broken, it is a most unhappy omen. 'They have spilt the wine between them,' say the peasants when a marriage turns out badly.

Dumb declarations are in vogue too among the Boers of South Africa. Mr Anthony Trollope tells us that when a young Boer goes in quest of a wife he puts on his best clothes, sticks a feather in his cap, provides himself with a bottle of sugar-plums, and a candle—a wax one if possible—mounts his horse, rides to the house holding the young woman he would honour, hangs the reins on the gate, dismounts, and enters. His smart gear, his feather, and his candle bespeak his errand. To make the point quite clear, however, he offers the candle to the daughter of the house. If she takes it, it is lighted; the mother sticks a pin in the candle to shew how long the young people may remain together without interruption, and she and everybody else retire. Mr Trollope says a little salt is sometimes put in by somebody, to make the wick burn slowly; but when the flame reaches the pin, mamma comes in, the 'freying' is over; and a day or two afterwards the pair are made one.

They manage these things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple come to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room, in a big white-oak rocking-chair; she on the other side, in a little white-oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-hound is by his side, a basket of sewing by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a myrtle-tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window at the turnip-patch. At last he remarks: 'This is mighty good weather for cotton-picking.'

'Tis that,' the lady responds, 'if we only had any to pick.' The rocking continues. 'What's your dog's name?' asks she.

'Coony.' Another sigh-broken stillness.

'What's he good for?'

'What is who good for?' says he abstractedly.

'Your dog Coony.'

'Fur ketching 'possums.'

Silence of half an hour.

'He looks like a deer-hound.'

'Who looks like a deer-hound?'

'Coony.'

'He is; but he's sort o' bellowsed, an' gettin' old an' slow, an' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail.'

In the quiet ten minutes that ensue she takes two stitches in her quilt; a gorgeous affair, made after the pattern called 'Rose of Sharon.'

'Your ma raisin' many chickings?'

'Forty odd.' Then more rocking, and somehow the big rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair are jammed side by side, and rocking is impossible.

'Makin' quilts?' he observes.

'Yes,' she replies, brightening up, for she is great on quilts. 'I've just finished a gorgeous "Eagle of Brazil," a "Setting Sun," and a "Nation's Pride." Have you ever saw the "Yellow Rose of the Parairy?"'

'No.' (More silence.) Then he says: 'Do you love cabbage?'

'I do that.'

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be at all aware. Then he suddenly says: 'I've a great mind to bite you.'

'What have you a great mind to bite me for?'

'Kase you won't have me.'

'Kase you ain't axed me.'

'Well now, I ax you.'

'Then now, I has you.'

Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and next day the young man goes after a marriage license.

Some of our readers may already have seen the following, but it is so good that we cannot resist giving it. A bashful young peasant was greatly captivated by the charms of a pretty girl in his own station in life; he was exceedingly anxious to ask her to marry him, and had often resolved to do so, but for so far his courage had always failed him when the opportunity arrived. However, one night he resolved to hear his fate in spite of his modesty, so he started off to spend the evening with her. When he arrived, to his joy her parents were from home, and she was seated knitting at the kitchen fire with a big gray cat lying at her feet. Jamie sat down beside her, but not a word could he say, till at the end of half an hour he inwardly resolved to 'finish this business;' so, acting on a 'happy thought,' he placed the cat upon his knee and stammered forth: 'Pussy, ask Lizzie will she marry me?'

Lizzie blushed and smiled, but managed to say: 'Pussy, tell Jamie I'll take him.'

EXTRAORDINARY CANINE INTELLIGENCE.

THE dog whose intelligence we are about to note was well known to the writer, who therefore can vouch for the authenticity of the narrative.

Several years ago, Edward Cartwright, then head-gamekeeper to the late Mr Charles Chaplin of Blankney, Lincolnshire, had in his possession a handsome black retriever dog answering to the name of Moss. This animal, owing to his remarkable docility and sagacity, was a special favourite both with the gamekeeper and his wife; hence Moss, instead of being quartered with his canine brethren in the adjoining kennels, had the free run of the best parlour, being—in the absence of children—regarded and treated as the household pet. One winter, the mistress of the house was confined to her bedroom by severe illness for several weeks. During this period the keeper used to spend the long evenings in his wife's cosy bedroom; Moss, as a privileged individual, invariably accompanying his master. On one occasion, after thus spending the evening up-stairs, Mr

Cartwright, on descending to the parlour, found that he had left his hat and slippers in the bedroom. Turning to the dog, who had followed him, the keeper said: 'Hey Moss, fetch my hat and slippers down-stairs.' In obedience to the command, Moss bounded off at once; and in the course of two or three minutes returned, carrying the hat in his mouth, with the slippers inside the hat. This latter circumstance considerably puzzled Mr Cartwright. Who had put the slippers inside the hat? He knew the utter improbability that it had been done by his wife, whom he had left in bed unable to move without assistance. As for the servant, she had been busy setting the supper table, and was not out of his sight for a moment, whilst the dog had gone up-stairs and returned. It was clear that neither mistress nor servant had so thoughtfully arranged the slippers inside the hat for the convenience of the dog. Who then had done it? That was the mystery. On returning up-stairs, Mr Cartwright mentioned the matter to his wife, who forthwith explained the mystery. She described how that sitting propped up in bed, she observed Moss enter the room, the door being left ajar; and after sniffing at the slippers which lay on the hearth-rug, he turned quickly to the hat, which stood on a seat in a window recess, and sniffed at that. Then he looked towards the bed, and seeing his mistress, he took up one of the slippers, dropped it suddenly, and commenced whining, as much as to say: 'Why don't you come and help me?' After a moment or two he appeared to realise the fact that no assistance could be rendered by his mistress; so raising his forefeet on to the seat, he seized hold of the hat, placed it on the floor, took up the slippers one by one, and *dropped them inside*. This done, he took the hat in his mouth, wagged his tail with an air of triumph, and trotted off to deposit the articles collectively, and not one by one, at his master's feet; thus literally fulfilling the adage of 'making his brains save his heels.'

SOCIETY SATIRES.

THE MANAGING MAMMA.

SHE walketh up and down the marriage mart,
And swells with triumph as her wares depart:
In velvet clad, with well-bejewelled hands,
She has a smile for him who owns broad lands,
And wears her nodding plumes with rare effect
In passing poverty with head erect.
She tries each would-be suitor in the scale—
That social scale, whose balance does not fail;
So much for wealth, so much for noble blood,
Deduct for age, or for some clinging mud.
Her daughters too, well tutored by her art,
All unreluctant in her game take part;
Or weakly passive, yield themselves to fate,
Knowing full well resistance is too late.
Thus are her victims to the altar led,
With shining robes and flowers upon the head.
There, at the holy shrine, 'mid sacred (?) vows,
She fancies heaven will bless what earth allows,
And sells her child to Mammon with a smile,
While Mephistopheles approves the style!

H. K. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 833.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

KENNEDY AT THE CAPE.

KENNEDY, the well-known Scottish vocalist, whose professional exploits along with those of his family we some time ago commemorated in an article styled 'Singing Round the World,' lately and unexpectedly paid us a visit. We had lost sight of him, and did not know where he was. 'Here I am once more,' said Kennedy, 'just arrived from the Cape.' 'The Cape! Have you been singing at the Cape?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'I have been singing the Scottish songs of Ramsay, Burns, and Tannahill, not only in the Cape Colony, but in Natal and other places in South Africa, among the Boers, Kaffirs, and Zulus; a famous excursion, the best I ever had.' 'Were all your family with you?' 'No; only my son David, and two daughters. Two of my sons have gone to Milan, to be educated as Italian Opera singers; no fear of them doing well.' 'And what do you propose to do next?' 'We are on the wing for Calcutta; intend to do India; there will be plenty there who would like to hear a good rousing Scottish sang to mind them of Langsyne. Good-bye; I must be off. My son, David, will send you his account of what we did at the Cape.' And so, gleefully, with a shake of the hand, Kennedy left us to go on his way singing. His life, we thought, must be vastly amusing. It might almost be said of him as of a well-known migratory bird:

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

David's book, entitled 'Kennedy at the Cape,' is no great affair, but though plain, it is by no means an uninteresting narrative. There is something original and daring in the idea of a family-party going off to sing professionally in a country in which only a few widely scattered spots are reclaimed from the wilderness, and where travelling is still for the most part on an exceedingly rude scale. The roughing experienced in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, was nothing in comparison with what had to be encountered in South

Africa. Yet, the party had no misgivings. They sailed from Dartmouth in one of the large and excellent steamers, on board which were several companies of soldiers bound for the Zulu war, and arrived at Cape-Town one bright sunny morning in March. Strange scene on landing. 'What a mixture of nationalities—all shades of colour, ranging from the deepest negro night, through twilight of half and quarter castes, to pure white European.' The grandeur of Table Mountain, towering over all, had an overpowering effect on the feelings.

With a groundwork of Dutch and Malays, there were so many English and Scotch among the inhabitants that the Kennedys were pretty sure of a cordial reception. They gave eleven entertainments, that were highly relished. 'The Scottish element,' says David, 'was very strong in our audiences; and we were told we had been the means of uniting our countrymen together, welding them, as it were, while under the warmth of Scottish sentiment and song.' A capital hint this for a method of curing social discords! Make everything pleasant with a fine old heart-stirring lyric! In all their wanderings, the Kennedys shrewdly look for places where there is a tolerable number of Scotch. They accordingly did not make a tour in the western district of the Cape Colony, 'thinking it would be altogether too Dutch for the Songs of Scotland.' Having finished Cape-Town, they sailed eastwards to Port-Elizabeth, in order to reach the far-off Diamond Fields, where they had every reason to expect an eminently successful run of entertainments.

Port-Elizabeth, or Algoa Bay as it is sometimes called, was found to be a nice town, new, well built, flourishing, with numerous mercantile establishments. So strong a force of Scotch here, that the Kennedys were never done shaking hands with old acquaintances. David says: 'I had no sooner landed than I met two young Scotch friends, both of whom had recently come out, and had got situations almost immediately. Here there is quite a colony of young Scotchmen,

many of whom have come out on three years' engagements. I was told the young men of the "Port" were very fast; and fastness here is an unpardonable sin. A young man is sent about his business pretty smartly if he misconducts himself. Steadiness is even more an essential here than in the old country. In South Africa, the man who cannot hold up his head respectably sinks like a stone.' Five concerts here in a very fine hall.

On the vocalists went northward to Grahams-town, named after the son of Graham of Fintry, the friend of Burns—distance eighty miles, chiefly by a narrow-gauge railway. At this town, the difficulties of travel commenced. A cart and a pair of horses were purchased to carry forward the party over hill and dale, the roads very bad, and often hardly any roads at all. Here and there they lodged for the night at a small inn, or at the farm-house of a Dutch Boer. With a short halt at King William's Town, they made a side-journey to a sea-port called East London, where they sang one night to a densely crowded house, the house consisting of a wooden building with a corrugated iron roof. Returning to King William's Town, the Kennedys pushed on a distance of thirty-two miles to Alice. Here, the only hall that could be obtained was a large store, the counter of which formed a platform. The seats for the audience were composed of planks resting on paraffin cases. The English clergyman lent a piano for the occasion. Near Alice is the mission educational establishment of Lovedale, which was found to be doing much good among the native Kaffirs.

As regards the Kaffirs, who were met with everywhere, they are given a good character for their industry and willingness to work for wages. The chief drawback on their advancement in civilised usages is polygamy, which is only another name for a species of slavery. The girls in a family are sold to be wives; the price paid for each being usually a couple of cows or oxen. The household servants are mostly young men, in negro nudity, or with but very scanty clothing. These dingy Kaffirs are handy fellows, clever at learning a business. They are useful as joiners, blacksmiths, printers, and other tradesmen. Specimens of their printing and book-binding at Lovedale received a bronze medal at the Paris Exhibition. Let us hope that through discreet missionary exertion, this promising race of blacks will be put in a fair way of attaining a creditable position among civilised communities.

The journey was now in an inland or northerly direction, at the rate of about thirty miles a day. At Burghersdorp, the vocalists gave an entertainment which was well attended. To accommodate the audience, chairs were borrowed from the stores, benches from the churches, lamps from the hotel, with tables for a platform. Of this place the author says: 'It possesses the most wonderful person we ever met—an editor who would not take payment for the advertisement in his paper, saying he would not do so, as he had been so delighted at having us visit the town.' Something, however, almost as wonderful occurred. A Dutch Boer refused payment for a night's lodging, saying he had been sufficiently requited by the singing of two or three Scottish songs.

The party made a short stay at Bloemfontein,

the chief town of the Orange Free State, virtually an English town in a Dutch Republic. Proceeding onward, they came upon an encampment of Doppers, a sect of severe religionists who have seceded from the Dutch Reformed Church. 'The Doppers are Old Testament Christians, and believed they were doing a good work in rooting out the Kaffir Canaanites from the land. Their manners and dress are as peculiar as their faith'—a coarse, sour, corduroyed set of people, not pleasant to have any dealings with. A curious account is given of the Nachtmall, or Holy Fair, of these gloomy ascetics, at which there seems to be an incongruous mixture of camp-cookery, feasting, religious observance, and mercantile transactions. Next day, by a stretch of fifty miles, the Kennedys drove into the far-famed Kimberley, in Griqua Land, the capital of the South African Diamond Diggings.

Kimberley, which is under British administration, dates from about 1871. It is situated on a bare desolate moor, four hundred and forty-four miles from Port-Elizabeth, and six hundred and fifty miles from Cape-Town. Kimberley is built entirely of corrugated iron. 'Streets and squares, with churches, hotels, banks, newspaper offices, canteens, theatres, shops, are all of iron. From centre to outskirts the town is a cluster of dwarf iron buildings. The house-tops present the depressing appearance of a closely packed crowd of umbrellas in a wet day. The houses are all of one story: a tailor, for instance, doing a flourishing business in a hut of half-a-dozen feet frontage; a doctor seeing patients in a consulting-room six feet by three.' The market square shews a vast variety of stores, full of native and imported articles. One store was occupied by scores of huge elephants' tusks, and rugs made of skins. A large trade is done in the shops. 'One butcher in fourteen and a half months killed fifteen thousand sheep and twenty-five thousand bullocks; in a miscellaneous store, I was told that sometimes three hundred pounds was taken before breakfast.' The Kennedys lived at the Queen's Hotel, which somewhat resembled a booth at a country fair, but was comfortable and well managed with a long dining-hall, along each side of which were small bedrooms like the berths in a steamer's saloon.

The account of the great diamond mine, which has been the attraction to the spot from nearly all the countries in the world, is the best in the book. We can present only a few particulars. The mine is an enormously large dug-out hole, bearing a resemblance to the crater of a volcano. 'It is shaped like a bowl, has sloping sides of light-coloured rock stretching down to the blue diamondiferous soil at the bottom. Such is the expanse of the mine, that in the first hasty glance you may actually fail to note for a few moments that it is alive with human beings; but there are more men than would people half-a-dozen villages. The claims lie clearly spread out like a map—an expanse of small blocks, which do not look to be thirty feet square. You see the blacks busily toiling, shovelling on the edge of a steep precipice here, climbing up naked pillars of earth there. Square pools of water gleam in several places, and walls of dark-blue clay cross and recross the whole bed of the mine. Round the margin of this deep bowl circles a fringe of steam-machinery, working the buckets that run up and down on wires, and

convey the "blue," or diamondiferous soil to the surface.'

Repeated visits were made to this extraordinary scene. The mine, we are told, is three hundred feet deep, and three-quarters of a mile in circumference. The Dutch farm on which it was discovered was bought originally for six thousand pounds; and it could not now be purchased for four million pounds. The blue clay in which the diamonds are found is so hard that it has to be picked, quarried, and blasted like a rock. When brought to the surface, the blue is carted off and spread out, to be desiccated by exposure to the action of rain, or by having water, a dear article at Kimberley, poured upon it. Being then washed in troughs, the diamonds fall to the bottom. Great numbers of Kaffirs are employed. They work well, but amidst temptations, are said not to be particularly honest; for they are sharp at secret-ing diamonds in their mouth and selling them to brokers; but such tricks when discovered are dealt with very severely. The gathering together of thousands of people eager in pursuit of gain is not quite pleasant to think of. But there is a redeeming feature in this exhibition of mammon-worship. The diamond mines of Kimberley are a vast agency of civilisation among the native races. They learn the language and the usages of the white men, and they carry away with them money and articles of comfort for their families. 'The people know,' says our author, 'that the diamond fields electrified a half-dead continent into prosperity.' Kimberley may not present a satisfactory picture of thrift or moral propriety; but let us leave the loafers, the tipplers, and the gamblers nearer home to throw the first stone.

Even though living in small houses of sheet-iron, the community is not devoid of taste. 'Not the least of the marvels of Kimberley is the manner in which some of the people have rendered the interior of their homes comfortable and charming; in some cases, ornamenting them with choice works of art, pictures, vases, recherche furniture, and invariably an elegant piano, on which you hear perhaps a sonata of Beethoven or the latest comic opera of Sullivan. We dined one evening at the house of a gentleman who entertained us with a repast that would have graced any club in Pall-Mall, and which was served by coloured "boys" in a quiet yet expeditious style that would have pleased the most fastidious gourmand.'

Situated far from the coast, in an arid desert, this curiously extemporised town, or more properly encampment, has many difficulties to contend with. Except, perhaps, butcher-meat, articles of ordinary consumption have to be brought hundreds of miles over bad roads by bullock-wagons. We are told that brown sugar has sometimes cost 2s. 6d. a pound. When the Kennedys were at Kimberley, eggs were selling at from 5s. to 6s. a dozen. Firewood is particularly dear; but it is never very cold; no fires are required save for cooking. Water costs 4s. for a large, and 2s. 6d. for a small barrel. Last year, when there was a drought, a small cask of water cost 10s. Milk and potatoes are always dear. The charges for washing linen are from 8s. to 10s. a dozen. Bread is sold at 1s. a pound. Furniture, clothing, luxuries of all sorts expensive, in consequence of the tedious land-carriage; for, says Kennedy, 'even the very town itself, in the shape of planks

and sheets of iron, has been hauled by bullocks over many a thirsty plain and toilsome hill to this far lone-lying spot.' Railway transit would remedy all this; but will the diggings last? If diamonds cease to be found, the town would probably disappear. We do not think there is much chance of any exhaustion of the diamond deposits, but apparently some apprehensions on the subject prevent the outlay of capital to secure railway communication.

The vocalists were favoured with a sight of several small bagfuls of diamonds in the rough condition in which they were dug from the mine. The value of a few put into their hand was said to be two to three thousand pounds. The Kimberley mine has proved the most productive of diamonds in South Africa. Up till the end of 1878, the yield was valued at L.12,000,000. All the 'Cape diamonds,' as they are usually called, possess a slight tinge of yellow, which distinguishes them from the old and purely white diamonds of India. Yet, the Cape diamonds, though of less value commercially, rival the Indian gems in lustre, particularly when displayed under an artificial light, and they are alleged to be equally hard. The export from the various mines in South Africa must be enormous. Other precious stones, such as agates, garnets, amethysts, and jaspers, are found in various localities. The whole, we believe, are sent to Europe to be cut and put upon the market. The art of cutting diamonds, which has been long monopolised by Amsterdam, has lately been successfully introduced into London. South Africa is also rich in iron ores, coal, and other minerals, wherefore it may be said to have a great future to look forward to. 'The Cape,' to give the country generally, that name, may be deemed one of the bright jewels in the English Crown.

The Kennedys, as they expected, found a strong Scotch element in Kimberley, and drew around them a circle of appreciative supporters. They performed in the Theatre Royal, which is used temporarily as a Scotch church every Sunday, a pulpit being fitted up on the stage. The songs of Burns were received with rapturous applause. The vocalists sang ten nights, and this was not long enough to exhaust the enthusiasm that had been evoked. In no other town in any part of the globe had the party been so successful. On departure, they were escorted by a cavalcade of Scotch friends for a distance of eighteen miles. When the 'good-bye' was spoken, 'the last link was broken with Kimberley, the most remarkable spot on the face of the earth.'

Elated, yet sorrowful, the vocalists went on their way towards Natal, singing at different places to respectable audiences. One day when the cart was crossing a deep 'spruit,' or gully, there was a violent jolt, which sent our friend, Kennedy *per* into the air. Before he fell, visions of an amputation and a wooden leg flashed through his brain, and he had sufficient presence of mind to avoid such a catastrophe. Carefully he rolled over, and escaped the wheel by a hairbreadth. A clever feat. We are reminded of the story of a gentleman, a vocalist, who prided himself on the excellence of his note G. Happening to be pitched with other passengers from the top of a stage-coach, his only consideration while flying through the air was that his G might not be damaged

by the accident. The first thing he did, therefore, on being able to sit up in the mud, was to sound his G, which he happily found to be uninjured. Kennedy was equally fortunate. He landed flat on his back in the water, and sustained no other inconvenience than that of being wetted and dragged with mud. At Durban and Maritzburg, where evidences of the Zulu war fell under notice, the singers had good houses. The last entertainment at Maritzburg was honoured by the presence of the Mayor and Town Council; and a number of enthusiastic Scotsmen publicly presented Mr Kennedy with an address and a splendid diamond ring—'an appropriate souvenir of a kindly colony.'

Returning to Cape-Town, the tour in South Africa was closed by a 'farewell performance to a splendid audience.' The party had travelled 1360 miles of colonial roads, and 1800 miles of colonial waters, 3160 miles in all. They had given 82 performances, singing in 24 towns. Including the voyages from England and back from the Cape, the Kennedys in a professional excursion of six months travelled 17,160 miles. We may be permitted to say in conclusion, that in their extensive and adventurous round they had communicated much harmless if not profitable enjoyment to many groups of exiles from the land of their birth and others; and that in itself must be a source of gratification, independently of the more solid rewards of exertion. But there is something besides. A professional tour like that of the Kennedys, by stimulating patriotic emotions, has a political significance in confirming colonial attachments to the mother-country. We accordingly look upon our old friend with his accomplished family as in a sense messengers of peace and goodwill throughout the widespread realms of Queen Victoria.

W. C.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

LIEUTENANT WESTBURY was out with his men early the next day, and once more returned tired and fretful from a fruitless tramp over dreary bogs and waste moorland. It was therefore to a late and solitary breakfast he returned. The only meal at which he joined the family was dinner (in these days the hour was half-past one), and the geniality and warmth displayed there were of such a character as to induce him frequently to wish that he might take that meal too, in solitude. Mrs Decroy, the head of the household, was simply unapproachable; she never even made a pretence of being civil to the alien soldier, never spoke to him save when compelled, and may almost be said to have looked, spoken, and acted as if to prove to the Lieutenant that she ignored his very existence. Mrs Claridge the widow was, like the second bear in the well-known nursery tale, a little better than the first bear, but only a little, inasmuch as she could more readily conceal her dislike, from her having the children by her side, and could easily feign to be so absorbed in them as to be unable to pay any attention to the stranger. As for Miss

Kate Decroy, the foregoing brief sketch of the behaviour of her mother and sister will prepare the reader to hear that what little conversation Westbury held with the family was through the medium of that young lady, who was nevertheless the hottest rebel of the whole, and ventured on such spiteful anti-Saxon speeches that the Lieutenant could scarce conceal a smile. It was well for Kate and her friends that it was a smile which her treasonable outbreaks provoked.

On this morning, as we have already said, Westbury returned tired and worried. The tramp had been unsuccessful as usual; yet his spies assured him—and there was an indefinable rumour afloat to the same purport—that a messenger from France had got through the lines, and had brought a supply of money to the fugitives, who were certainly in hiding somewhere in the district; and it was further said that a foreign ship was soon to be off the coast. His breakfast, late as it was, was duly served, partly by the occasional handmaid of the establishment, one Judith Reilly; but—as was always a point of honour with the family—one of the ladies came to see if all were to the Lieutenant's satisfaction. He had been long enough in the house to know that it was not the step of Judith he heard approaching the door, and his eye brightened as the lock turned; but it would have amused any third party to have seen how immediately the expression of his face changed when the cold stern features of Mrs Claridge met his eyes. In answer to the stereotyped inquiries, Westbury returned the stereotyped answers; and much to his relief, the lady left him without saying a word about the little overnight loan to Biddy. He had been afraid they would mention it, from their fastidious reluctance to accept the slightest favour from the hands of an English officer. He was very desirous of asking after Miss Kate; and he argued that to express a hope that her absence was not due to ill-health could scarcely be deemed going any very great lengths in the way of friendly intimacy; yet he could not do it. There had been such a total absence of the least pretence—to say nothing of the reality—of friendly intercourse, that his courage failed him.

More than once Westbury rose from the table and took a searching glance at the inner window, speculating as to what shadow it could have been that fell across his chess-board on the previous night, and trying to recall exactly how the rays of the two lamps affected the objects in his room.

'Pshaw!' he said at length. 'I must have made a mistake; and there's the end of it. Now I come to think of it, I was very dull and drowsy, and perhaps I dozed a little—"perchance," as Shakspeare says, "I"—Umph!' The tone of the conclusion of the Lieutenant's reverie was scarcely so assured as that of the commencement, and was rather that of a man who accepted a solution, none better being obtainable, than that of one who has much confidence in it.

It was his habit each morning to go round to the various houses at which his men were billeted

to see that all was right, and to see them mustered by the sergeant-major. This ceremony took place on a ragged green patch at one end of the village, and strangely enough—or so it seemed to the English portion of the little corps—attracted no idlers, as it would have done in most places. A few children came, but not even these always, and indeed on the rare occasions when any of their elders assembled, their looks and mutterings were not reassuring to the military. Accourting himself for this duty, the Lieutenant was leaving the House, when he met Biddy at the door. The door often stood open, and so far as Westbury could see, every person in the village considered that he or she had a perfect right to pass its threshold at any time. Her aspect was weary-looking and bedraggled. Her rusty black dress, which was as short as an ordinary petticoat, was almost covered with mud, while her shoeless and stockingless feet and limbs were nearly as though they had been plastered with clay for moulding. She had evidently been wet through, and the streams of rain which had run so plentifully down her face, had produced just the reverse effect to that which water is generally intended to have—it had made her dirtier instead of cleaner.

Biddy gave a perceptible start as Westbury came suddenly upon her from his room at the side of the hall. 'Good-morning, Biddy,' said the soldier kindly, overcoming his dislike to the woman for the sake of her patroness. 'You must certainly have been out on the moors to-day, like myself.'

'The mures! Is it the bog-counthry ye mane?' exclaimed Biddy. 'Och! it's meself ye wouldn't find there. It's afther a neighbour's cow I've been all this blessed mornin'! an' a swate dance she's threatened me to; that's all, yer honour.'

'Quite enough too, I daresay, Biddy,' said Westbury good-humouredly, and passed on.

His brief inspection duly made, the officer returned to Boreen House, after a discussion with Sergeant-major Dickles, wherein the latter gave it as his opinion that the rebels must be aided by the Evil One himself, or they never could escape such excellently laid plots as were set on foot to capture them. Indeed, Westbury himself, as he walked away, began to think that if the Prince of Darkness did not assist the men of the bogs, they must have some potent allies somewhere, and his mind involuntarily recurred to Biddy and her travel-stained appearance. He thought of her until he began very much to doubt her story about the neighbour's cow, and to wish he had detained and searched her. He was still pondering over the perplexing affair when he reached his quarters, and in a few minutes was with the family at dinner. Miss Kate was there, and looking better than ever. There was no doubt about that, for there was a glow and freshness on her cheek which can only be given by exercise in the open air; and while the Lieutenant felt that he admired her more, he also made up his mind that she had been for a ride on the moors that morning, and then, somehow, the image of Biddy Quin connected itself with the fancy. Westbury sat near to Madame Decroy; and before they left the table, the old lady, who had not spoken a single word to him, beyond the one or two sentences which rose inevitably during the course of the meal, took occasion to deliberately produce her purse, and with a

formal acknowledgment of his kindness to Biddy, proffered a guinea in repayment of the loan. The Lieutenant had not sufficient change, and Mrs Claridge was appealed to, but she had only gold; and then Kate was asked. As she happened to have three shillings in silver, and the old lady had one, the required amount was made up, which with a few more formal words of thanks, was handed to the officer. With a little confusion, Westbury accepted the money, stammering out a few words as he did so; and at the same moment he glanced almost instinctively at Miss Decroy, who he found was watching him closely. The colour rose in the girl's cheeks as her eye met that of the soldier, and altogether there was a strange and disproportionate amount of awkwardness over this trifling incident.

It was not until he had returned to his own room that the Lieutenant was struck by the strangeness of there being money in the House to pay him—and a good deal to spare—that morning, when there had been none on the previous night. He was quite sure no letter had come, for the military had a practice in those days of carefully noting everything which came through the post-office. Then how did they get the money? This was a more serious question to him, as the commander of the detachment, than it would have been to an ordinary stranger; and again the image of Biddy presented itself, as he recollected her splashed and drenched appearance, her start at seeing him, and the scarcely satisfactory explanation she had volunteered.

The day had cleared up a little, and the sun peeped out now and then; so Westbury left the house and sauntered to and fro on the waste land adjacent, pondering over these things, and thinking a good deal, it must also be owned, of Miss Kate Decroy. While he was thus engaged, his next in command, the sergeant-major, came up. That worthy was on his way to the House with some return or report which it was his duty to make daily; but seeing his officer enjoying a cigar in the open air, had crossed over to him.

'Well, Dickles,' said Westbury, 'so we have had another useless trip. Our old luck.'

'We shall catch them yet, sir,' returned the sergeant-major. 'We pretty well know who to look after now.'

'Is there anything fresh, then?' asked Westbury.

'You won't think it altogether fresh, I suppose, sir,' returned the other, 'because it's not a new thing with the party in question. But O'Flynn and Mullany have both come in, and they say it's certain that a messenger has got through with a large supply of money'—

'Of money!' ejaculated the officer.

'Certainly, sir,' returned Dickles. 'Rebels or no rebels, they can't get on without that; but the question is: Who took it to them? Well sir, the answer to that is, old Biddy Quin. You must know her, sir; she is often at the House. Well sir, O'Flynn has heard of her being seen by a cotter at daybreak this morning five miles on the road to Tareilly [this was the seaport previously spoken of]; and Mullany saw her nearly as far out upon the bogs at ten o'clock.'

'Well,' said Westbury, 'how do they connect this with the money?'

'Easily, sir,' replied the sergeant-major. 'She

that the Frenchman, or whoever he was that brought the money, and who dared not come through the lines; and she walked twenty miles this morning through all that rain. She knew where to find the rebels, although we don't; and she did find them, and gave the supplies.'

'But the money was in English gold and English silver,' said Westbury, half-musingly.

'Very likely, sir,' returned Dickles. 'It is as easy for them to get that as any other gold, I suppose. But have you had any information, sir?'

Westbury laughed off the question, but was fain to turn away to hide the annoyance he felt at having been outwitted by those whom it was his duty to secure.

Dickles lingered after his official business was ended; and the Lieutenant, who knew the man's ways, was certain there was something yet to come; and he was right.

'There is one thing I think I should mention, sir,' said the sergeant, 'and that is, that Mullany swears he saw Mr Decroy yesterday.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the Lieutenant.

'So I should have said, sir,' continued Dickles. 'But who knows? Mullany—he is a rank bad one, I know; but he is the cleverest spy that ever lived—says he believes the Squire is as often in Boreen House as out of it.'

'In Boreen House!' echoed Westbury. 'The man must be drunk or crazy! Why, we have all heard that Squire Decroy escaped to France.'

'Quite true, sir,' said the other; 'we heard it; but the report may have been only a blind. He says too'—The non-commissioned officer stopped rather abruptly here, and threw a curious sidelong glance at his superior.

'What does he say?' demanded the Lieutenant.

'He says,' resumed Dickles, 'that he believes Miss Kate Decroy rode out on the moors this morning, and brought some money and letters into the village; for the priest has got the needful to-day, and he hadn't a brass farthing yesterday. The same with the family at the House. And besides, news has come into the village that never came through the post. Mullany thinks that they considered Biddy more likely to be suspected than the young lady, and so they each brought some, for fear of accidents.'

'Humph! That will do, Dickles,' returned Westbury. 'I will think over what you have told me.' The officer was perfectly justified in giving this promise, as he could think of nothing besides; and long after the sergeant-major had left him, he continued his solitary patrol, and was obliged to admit, on piecing together all the scraps of evidence, that the spy's conjecture was very likely to be the correct one.

The day wore on as other days before it had waned, and at the accustomed hour the Lieutenant saw Miss Decroy. He could not help regarding her a little more earnestly than usual, and he thought she seemed hardly to meet his gaze with her usual steadiness. He spoke to her on some indifferent subjects; but she did not appear to be disposed to enter into any conversation, and soon left him; and then his long dreary evening began again. Many men in his position, especially at that period, would have forced themselves on the family circle; and they had the power for good or evil so much in their hands, that it would have been difficult to isolate him, if he had chosen

otherwise. But though Westbury strove to do his duty loyally to king and country, he had refrained from unnecessarily intruding upon the privacy of the family upon whom he was quartered. In some respects he was as shy and timid as a girl—when he met the frank fearless eye of Kate Decroy, he felt that he was stupidly timid—and so are more soldiers, and sailors too, than is commonly supposed.

The lights were placed as usual, and Westbury's solitary evening commenced. Again he read, and again he placed his chessmen; but now he did it more as part of a set purpose, and the furtive glance he threw from time to time at the inner window, through which the bedroom lamp was shining, told what was in his mind. It was in vain. No sudden shadow on this evening fell across the table, and the most attentive listening could not detect the slightest sound calculated to disturb. At last, tired of the fruitless watch, he rose, and moving the curtain of his outer window, looked out upon the open country. The weather had changed, and the night was beautiful. The moon, now at the full, shone brilliantly in the centre of a deep blue sky, on which scarce even a spot of fleece could be seen; and beneath her rays, even the waste and broken land which stretched away to the barren bog district, took a softness and beauty which was not its own by daylight; and the few trees, black and stunted as they appeared by day, were now silvered by the moonbeams, and thrown into picturesque light and shade. 'All's quiet to-night,' muttered the soldier; 'and I am growing nervous with moping my evenings away like this. I will step outside for half an hour.' In another minute he had kept his resolve, and, cigar in mouth, was sauntering slowly from the village.

He had not gone a furlong before his quick eye—which even in his leisure moments did not neglect the watchfulness which years of danger and trained vigilance had made habitual to him—detected a female figure, black in the bright moonlight, coming towards him. In those days and in that place, the chances were that those abroad at such a time were on no specially loyal errand, and he therefore prepared to accost the comer. As he did so, he felt the pistols in his belt. Not a needless precaution; for the cloak and hood of a woman were then often used to disguise some desperate outlaw, one perhaps on whose head a price was set. As the figure approached, it hesitated, and seemed inclined to turn back or move from the road. This at once decided Westbury, who walked swiftly forward; whereupon the stranger, perceiving that flight was useless, advanced slowly towards him. As they drew near, the officer challenged: 'You walk late. Where do you come from?'

'Is it then such a crime for an Irishwoman to be abroad in the moonlight?'

'Miss Decroy!' exclaimed Westbury. 'Pray, forgive me if I have startled you, or been harsh in my speech.'

It was Miss Kate Decroy; and as though she felt that anything like concealment was beneath her, she partially threw back her hood and gazed full and steadily at the officer. But the steadiness was only for an instant; the moonlight enabled Westbury to see her eyes fill, and to note that the traces of recent tears were on her cheek. He raised his

cap, and turned to leave her, as unwilling to intrude on her distress, whatever it might be; but on second thoughts, he returned to her side: 'Pardon me, Miss Decroy, if I am intrusive. I assure you I do not wish to be so. It would be folly, it would perhaps be wrong for me to pretend that I do not see you are in grief, perhaps in trouble, in some trouble which I can at least assist in removing.'

She turned her face towards him, and shook her head.

'These times are so disturbed,' he continued, 'that I can easily understand how from many sources troubles may arise; especially to—to'—He deemed it best to leave this sentence unfinished, and to begin another. 'I hope you will believe me when I say that if my influence can aid any of the family at Boreen House, or if any exertions I can use—or'—Neither did he find it easy to finish this sentence, so, like its predecessor, it remained incomplete.

'I know what Lieutenant Westbury would say,' returned Miss Decroy; 'and he would add that if his purse could aid the almost beggared family there, it should do so. You are very kind. I mean that,' she continued in a somewhat changed tone, 'we all know it; and in spite of all we may shew to the contrary, we appreciate your generous, your delicate kindness very much; and are thankful that you of all men have been selected to—if we were to have'—Miss Decroy appeared in her turn to labour under a difficulty in finishing her sentences, and they walked on in silence for a few yards.

'It would give me great pleasure,' said Westbury at last, 'if you would allow me to be of any service whatever to you. I wish you to believe, Miss Decroy, that even the fulfilment of his duty by an English soldier is compatible with feelings of—of admiration for the patient heroism of those who have to endure the reverses and sorrows which—as I have seen in more than one country—always follow war.'

To this somewhat lengthy speech, Miss Decroy gave no immediate reply, but turned and looked at Westbury with a more wistful and searching glance than he had ever seen her wear before. He thought for a moment she was about to make an appeal to him; but the expression changed, and then the face was averted.

'I can only again thank you for your sympathy, Mr Westbury,' she said. 'I am not so unjust as to identify the individual with the wrongs—But this is growing rebellious,' she added with a laugh, as though glad of an excuse for changing the hazardous key in which the conversation had been pitched; 'and I must not forget after all that you are a king's officer.'

By this time they had arrived at the House; and although for an instant a wild thought flashed through Westbury's mind, and he wished he could summon up courage to ask her—under pretext of the extreme beauty of the night—to extend her walk, yet he could not summon up the requisite courage. The opportunity was gone, and they entered.

Never before had the little room in which Westbury usually sat, looked so lonely, so dolefully dull and void, as it did to-night; his books, his chess-board, even his cigar-case had lost all charm for him; while, as we have before said, he

was too temperate a man by taste and habit to find solace in a resource which is often but too freely used. 'I shall have that old Dickles here directly, I suppose,' said the officer, musingly; 'and I wonder what mare's-nest will be provided for to-morrow morning. Some loyal farmer—or farmer who wishes to be thought loyal, not that the class is very numerous—or some spy will shew that he earns his money; anything will do. A report comes in, and three hundred men will be set to practise bog-trotting for half a day.—Ay, ay, there's old Dickles, punctual as—Confound it, and the guard too! What's up now?' The officer rose from his seat as he spoke, with all the listlessness and sarcastic jocularity banished from his face; for the slightest incident varying from the regular routine was enough to startle, and might be the forerunner of serious movements.

Sure enough, as he listened he heard the tramp of soldiers; there was no mistaking their measured tread; and he could hear that the party divided and marched past on each side of the House. He then heard the sergeant's voice in the hall; there was a tap at his door, and then Dickles entered.

'Anything astir, Dickles?' demanded his officer. 'I fancied I could hear you had some men with you.'

'Yes sir,' was the reply. 'There is news of very great importance; and I thought I had better bring the next guard up with me, before they went on duty.'

This was a force of ten men, as Westbury of course knew.

'Well, what is the news?' said the Lieutenant.

Dickles carefully closed the door before replying, and stepped nearer to his superior, and even then he took the precaution to lower his voice as he said: 'It is beyond all doubt, sir, that Mr Decroy has been seen in the village this afternoon. Mullany passed close to him. He was disguised, but Mullany knew him.'

'Mullany! You can't expect me to believe all that such a fellow chooses to invent!' exclaimed Westbury. 'See what useless chases he has led us over and over again.'

'You are right, sir,' assented Dickles, 'quite right; and there's not a man in the company would believe him on his oath. But he is on the scent this time. O'Flynn isn't quite so bad as him, and he has got the news from some quarter. A decent fellow too, who came in with potatoes and so on to sell this afternoon, says he is almost certain he met him.'

'But why did not Mullany arrest Mr Decroy, if he knew him?' asked Westbury, 'and so get the five hundred guineas. Surely he would arrest his own father for half the money.'

'Not a doubt about that, sir,' said Dickles, with considerable emphasis. 'But he says there were two of them together; and even if there weren't, he's too much of a coward to run the risk of a fight where he hadn't five to one on his side.'

'Well, what do you propose for us to do?' asked the Lieutenant, after a little pause.

'I brought the men up, sir, to surround the House, because Decroy may be in it at this moment.'

'In this house!' exclaimed Westbury.

'Yes sir, it's not impossible. If he is, and takes any alarm, he'll try to escape; but I have sent two men to each side, four to the back, and two are inside the front-door at this moment. As we are not certain about it, and as the family might be alarmed, I thought you would perhaps prefer to go over the inside of the House yourself.'

'Thank you for your thoughtfulness, Dickles; I should prefer it,' returned the Lieutenant. 'I will be with you in a moment.' And as he spoke he rapidly buckled on his sword-belt, which he had thrown off on entering the room, and took up his pistols. Stepping from his room into the hall, he found, as Dickles had told him, two of the militia, leaning with grounded muskets at the door, so that no one could pass without their permission; and clustered in the hall, in a state of wonder and alarm, were Madame Decroy, Mrs Claridge, Miss Kate, and Biddy Quin. At sight of the officer the soldiers recovered their arms, while the group in the hall turned inquiringly towards him. He then, as briefly as was possible, informed them of the search it was his painful duty to make.

FROST-PHENOMENA.

SOME few people may perhaps have remarked and remembered an unusual meteorological phenomenon which occurred in London last Christmas night. We had had several weeks of hard frost, and the cold on Christmas morning was rendered more piercing than ever by a bitter east wind, though indications of an approaching thaw were not wanting. About the middle of the day, snow began to fall; but in the evening this changed to rain, which froze as it came down; and by ten o'clock not only were the pavements covered with a sheet of slippery ice, but walls, lamp-posts, railings, &c. were all glazed in like manner. Every object upon which the eye rested glittered and sparkled, looking as if it had received a sudden coating of glass; while from every roof and ledge hung a fringe of icicles, some of them as much as a foot in length. In the morning, the whole fairy-like appearance had vanished.

This sort of thing does not often occur in England, and when it does, it lasts but a few hours at the outside; but in certain latitudes, the requisite meteorological conditions sometimes continue for days and even weeks together, and then the results are most disastrous. The rain continues to fall, and to freeze as it falls; and the crust of ice grows thicker and thicker, until tall trees and miles of telegraph wire are broken down by the enormous weight. Fortunately, the phenomenon is generally arrested before it attains this extreme degree of development; and when it does occur, seems to be almost entirely confined to the steppes of Southern Russia.

It may be remembered that during the winter of 1876-7, frequent references were made in the newspapers to the state of the South Russian telegraph lines, many of which, especially those in the governments of Kherson and Taurida,

were rendered perfectly useless for weeks by just such an accumulation of ice as we have been describing. A German gentleman, Herr Bernhard Bajohr, happened to be journeying from Nicolajew to Berislaw about the middle of December, when things were at their worst; and as the phenomena are seldom seen so fully developed, even in Russia, as they were at that time, it may be worth while to give some account of what he saw. His road lay between two telegraph lines; one the Indo-European, the other that of the Russian government, so that he had ample opportunity of observing and comparing the different effects produced upon the two. But before describing these, we must say something as to the meteorological conditions required for the formation of this peculiar ice-incrustation.

In long-continued and severe frost, the earth is frequently chilled to a considerable depth, and to such a degree that it absorbs the warmth from the lowermost stratum of air, which becomes icily cold in consequence; while the trees, buildings, &c. within the cold stratum naturally share the surrounding temperature. This cold stratum may be from twenty to forty feet in thickness, while the air above is many degrees warmer. If rain fall from these warmer regions, though there will not be time for it to freeze during its short passage through the colder air, yet directly it touches the ground or any other ice-cold substance, it will congeal at once, and cover it, whatever it be, with a glaze of transparent ice, as noticed above. Herr Bajohr observed that when the ice first began to form upon the telegraph wire, it was in the shape of a cylindrical roll, which instead of hanging from the wire, or being crystallised round it, as one would have expected, merely rested upon it, the wire touching its lower circumference only. As rain continued to fall, the cylinder increased in size, until its diameter measured from half an inch to three inches. This was the first stage of development; but then the intensity of the cold abated somewhat, and the rain which was still falling, instead of freezing the moment it touched the roll of ice, had time to trickle over it, and form long rows of icicles, remarkable for their regularity and uniformity. This was the second stage, and the heavily laden wires looked like nothing so much as gigantic combs.

It is not often that the third stage of development is reached; but it does sometimes happen that when icicles and cylinder have attained their full size, the rain ceases, the sky clears, and the sun begins to shine. Its rays are much too feeble to melt the ice; but they pass through it to the more sensitive black wire within, whose temperature is so much raised that it melts the particles of ice in immediate contact with itself; its cohesion with the heavy roll of ice above is destroyed, and the latter, unable any longer to maintain its balance, twists round so as to describe a semi-circle and exactly reverse its position. The icicles now stand up in the air above the wire, while the roll hangs below it; and if there should be more rain, a second row of icicles will be formed opposite the first, producing a striking resemblance to the

backbone of a fish, which is rendered still more perfect if there happens to be any wind blowing in the direction of the telegraph line, as in that case both rows of icicles will be slightly inclined towards the wire in the same direction. This last stage of development may also be attained without rain, should the sun have sufficient power to melt some of the ice; the water from which will then trickle down to the under-side of the roll of ice, and there form icicles in a similar manner. As the sun gains in power, the wire increases in temperature, and melts away more of the ice from within; the icicles, borne down by their own weight, drop lower and lower, until the wire reaches the extreme points of the upper row, when of course the whole congealed mass soon drops off.

Herr Bajohr noticed that the effect produced by this phenomenon on the two lines of telegraph differed considerably, that of the Russian government suffering far more than the other. The posts of the Indo-European line are of iron, and the conducting-wires are thick and strong; and though the wire was considerably stretched, it had on the whole borne well the immense strain put upon it. Here and there, where the line made a bend, the post at the angle, firmly fixed though it was, had sometimes given way, and wherever this was the case, several of the neighbouring posts had also succumbed. But the government line, with its oaken posts and four thin wires, running parallel with the Indo-European line, presented a much more dismal appearance. The oaken posts, somewhat crooked to begin with, had not all proved strong enough to sustain the weight of the four heavily laden wires, and in some places had broken down altogether; while, where they remained erect, the wires were either broken, or completely weighed to the ground by the burden laid upon them. All the posts, both iron and oaken, were covered on the windward side with a crust of ice several inches thick, reaching from the ground to the insulators, where it joined the ice on the wires; and in this way insulation was destroyed, and each post was converted into a conductor, down which the electric current passed into the ground. This was especially the case directly the extreme severity of the weather abated and the ice became less dry. But the iron posts had this marked advantage over the wooden ones, that whereas the latter kept their coating of ice for weeks, these others threw it off directly the sun began to shine. Being black, they absorbed heat more readily, and by melting the inner surface of the ice, soon caused the whole to crumple up and fall off.

In conclusion, it remains for us to say a few words as to the effects of this remarkable frost-phenomenon upon the vegetable world. Trees are everywhere scarce in the steppes, their cultivation being attended with very great difficulty; nor is this to be wondered at when one considers the various climatic influences to which they are subject. During the winter of which we have been speaking, every tree, every branch, every smallest twig was incrustated with ice one, two, or three inches thick; and accordingly the trees in the town of Kherson, chiefly white acacias, lost nearly all their branches, while many of the smaller ones were completely crushed to the earth.

Of the fruit-trees, all of which looked as if they were made of glass, some suffered more, some less, according to the character of their growth. The apple-trees and apricots for instance, with their spreading horizontal branches, were for the most part quite broken down; while the more erect-growing pear-trees and cherries had maintained their balance better and suffered much less in comparison.

CHRYSA LIS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

‘NOWHERE to go, old man? Come down with me. It will be dull enough certainly; but nothing is so dull as Christmas by one’s-self in town. Will you come?’

‘I think so. It’s very kind of you to ask me. I never felt so thoroughly “blue” in my life. Isn’t it always so?’ continued Lewis Hogarth, as he took his friend’s arm and turned with him out of damp muddy Pall-mall into the comfortable warmth of the Junior Carlton. ‘If we have waited and hoped for anything through year after year, it seems of no value when we have it at last; and we almost wish to be back to the time when we were hoping and waiting, without the unpleasant feeling of satiety.’

‘Yet such an acquisition as yours is scarcely likely to lose its charms so quickly, Sir Lewis,’ said his companion, laughing.

George Wynne was a somewhat older, graver man than the friend he had just invited to his home; a little on the wrong side of thirty; of middle height, and unpretending appearance, with one of those calm true faces which bear an expression of strength and self-reliance, and unknowingly inspire trust. The other was tall and dark, scarcely handsome perhaps, but with a certain nobility of countenance, and a winning manner which earned him many friends.

He gave a pretended shudder at the last two words. ‘How sick I am of the sound of this new title of mine! I seem to hear nothing else. My groom repeats it in such an exasperating manner, that I threatened to discharge him yesterday. I tell you, Wynne, I am thoroughly tired of it! If this money had come to me five years ago, you know what a godsend it would have been; but now, what does it matter? Last year I came into enough to set up a yacht and keep my hunter, without feeling myself in hourly danger of being obliged to cross the Channel and end my days as one of the *vauriens* of Bonlogne. I really was contented.’ And now, a fortnight ago, in the midst of a delightful cruise among the Greek islands, I am called home to England to attend my uncle’s funeral; arrive too late, owing to being nearly smashed in a railway accident on the way to Paris; am received by a weeping aunt and five ditto maiden cousins, meekly requesting three months’ time to turn out of that gloomy ghost-haunted structure, where my ancestors glare at one from every corner, and the

rate carouse behind the wainscot. To be overwhelmed with piles of accounts and musty letters, made to interview grim-looking keepers and bailiffs, all Sir Lewis'ing me! Lectured upon my duties as a landlord, and patted on the head by scores of horrid old villagers, who told me how I had grown, and how they remembered me in petticoats! It was really too much. Of course I couldn't stay down there; and as all my friends have made up their parties for this festive season, I am left in the lurch, and the fog.'

'And you are coming down to enliven us,' said George Wynne. 'We shall be very quiet; only my brother-in-law and three children, and my sister.'

'But I thought your sister'—

'You are thinking of the married one, poor Florence. You do not know my younger sister. Well, I shall expect you at the station to-morrow, 2.25 train. At present I have an engagement, and must run away.'

The new baronet was left looking out over the miry pavement, where a few men hurried along in overcoats, and water-proofed women, exhibiting a good deal of thick boot, struggled on through the driving rain from their visit to the Christmas-decked shops.

'Cheerful season!' muttered Lewis, for to him the festival was little else than a name. Early left an orphan, he had only been as a guest, an outsider in its social gatherings and happy reminiscences; so it all seemed very wearisome and dull. And as he looked back over his checkered life, he wondered what would be the end. He thought of the bright days of his boyhood, the sad struggles with poverty which were his when he grew to man's estate; the careless, useless life when he had partially surmounted them, rendering of no avail the talents God had given him, because the love which had lighted him onwards was quenched by the chill hand of death; of the pure desire and purpose that love had given to his life, and which for years after its loss, had made him wayward and careless. And now that his mind had regained its balance, now that he was once more ready for the conflict, the rusted talents needed no brightening, the new-found energy was useless, for a life of ease and pleasure lay before him. What he wanted, he could stretch out his hand and take. So it was that, ten days before Christmas, he accepted his friend's invitation to accompany him to the little fishing-village down on the south coast.

The next day, in the misty evening, the two drove up to the lodge-gates of George Wynne's home. It had originally been a farm-house, but enlarged from time to time; and with the ancient lichened walls still standing, and the square tower some ancestor of ambitious mind had set upon one wing, the structure had gained such an imposing appearance, that it was now called the Castle. At the gate, the old lodge-keeper came out to welcome them. Wrinkled, toothless, her scant gray hair blown about by the rough sea-wind, she was an unpleasant picture, and reminded the baronet so forcibly of the persecutions of his own tenants, that he turned to the other window of the carriage. He started as he did so, at the utter contrast of

what he saw. In the dark setting of the window-frame, with the shifting light of the carriage-lamp dancing about her, stood another woman, with a face such as Lewis had never seen before; such a face as a painter might have striven in the old days to give to the Magdalene of his imagination, of which the holiness, almost divine, of expression was pervaded by a patient sadness from some deep past grief, the shadow of which still remained; a strangely beautiful picture in the wavering light. Transfixed with astonishment, Lewis sat staring at the apparition, while an exquisite smile deepened over the fair face, chasing away the sadness.

'George!' she cried, dispelling his half-formed idea that the vision was only a creation of his brain.

George Wynne turned. 'Ivy!' he exclaimed. 'You here?'

She stretched a little white hand through the open window and clasped her brother's. 'I am so glad to see you,' she said.—'And you,' she added to Lewis; 'though George of course forgets to tell me the names of any friends whom he invites!—I shall be home in time for dinner, George. I came to see old Mrs Brown's little grandchild.' She drew the crimson shawl closer about her head, and disappeared into the darkness, followed by the old woman's muttered blessings.

'She looks well, dame,' said George quickly.

'Ay, sir. "God's angel" the little one calls her. We could not have well spared her.'

They drove on. 'Wynne, who is she?' asked Lewis breathlessly.

'My sister,' he answered. 'I have been anxious about her. She was very ill last summer. Poor Ivy!'

'What a lovely face!' Lewis continued. 'I never saw any one so beautiful.'

'Yes,' George answered abruptly. 'How cold it is!' He drew up both windows, and was silent till they reached the house.

Arrived at the castle, Lewis Hogarth dressed in his low old-fashioned room, with a conflicting medley of sensations. It was years since he had last been there; but his thoughts were not busy with any phantom of the past; they were now filled with the unexpected beauty of his friend's sister, to whom, when he first heard of her existence, he had not given a second thought.

He found his way down-stairs a little before dinner-time, into the long drawing-room, with dark oak rafters and modern furniture, gay with all the traces of woman's handiwork and presence; and before the door leading to the conservatory, half-hidden by the heavy curtains, stood his hostess, Ivy Wynne.

He came in quietly; and she, absorbed by a book in her hand, did not notice his entrance. For a moment he watched her silently. The face, which he had but half seen in the misty twilight, was far more lovely, now that the form of the head was visible, with its wealth of golden waves. Presently she looked up. 'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I did not hear you come in.' She closed her book, stepped from the shadow of the curtains, and came towards him.

But as the girl advanced, a great horrified surprise came over the baronet. A mist seemed to come before his eyes, and hide the face he had but one moment before deemed so fair. In its

stead came a crooked misshapen figure, limping with ungraceful, halting motion. Was this the woman—this the woman who for two hours had filled his thoughts?

'George has told me your name,' she said gently, taking no heed of the behaviour of her guest. 'I hope he has also told you who I am?'

'Yes, yes,' he stammered; 'it is—I have—I mean it is a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance.'

She pointed to a chair, and moved away to her own, a kind of lounge beside the fire. Then he realised the truth. This woman with the glorious eyes and perfect face, with that almost divine holiness of expression, was—a cripple!

CHAPTER II.

Christmas morning, bright and clear, with the sun shining on the snow-laden branches of the great laurels, and washing the silver frost-work from the window-panes. The yule-log burning in the little morning-room, with its holly wreaths and vases of hot-house flowers lifting their delicate petals in surprise at the keen blast which stirred them. One window was open, and through the sere Virginian creeper stems which clustered round it, three little children were sprinkling crumbs on the snow-carpet, printed by the robins' tiny feet as they hopped to and fro gathering their Christmas bounty. They were pretty children, golden-haired, gray-eyed, like their dead mother. Lazily watching them, Lewis Hogarth stood at the other window, drumming the panes, looking out now and then vaguely at the white distance, so peaceful and still, save when at intervals was heard the low sough of the sea, which stretched away to the right hand, and the first tones of the church bell which came across the fields.

Sometimes in the course of our lives there comes a season—an oasis in the desert as it were—of rest, when the past grows dim and distant, and future there seems none; when in the present we are so content that all the rest may go, so long as we can drift on aimlessly in the same sweet calm. In one of such pauses Sir Lewis Hogarth had been spending the past ten days. It seemed as if some spell were cast upon him, as though some fascination, till then unknown, fettered his senses. Only on this Christmas morning he had awakened to a knowledge of its cause. Why or how he could not tell, but he knew that he loved Ivy Wynne, with a love strong and tender, such a devotion as the Catholics of old time gave to their patron saints; such a love as he had deemed over for him years ago. He had forgotten all besides, utterly contented in that lonely ancient country-house, made bright by the face of its mistress. Those old gray walls, so marred and weather-worn, the thick rough growth of the climbing leaves that bore her name, the sweet pure face—all these things passed through his mind as he stood there, thinking, thinking; for he knew that ere long he would be called upon to make a choice which, in a measure, must have an influence over his whole life. On that first evening, in the shock of his discovery of the fearful blemish Fate had cast upon the woman he since had learned to love, he sought to avoid her. It seemed so terrible—that lovely face and crooked

feeble form, that angel smile and those ungainly movements; till, when he was next morning for the second time alone with her, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw her as she was; he realised the beauty of the character her brother had been describing to him; he understood the veneration in which she was held by those around her, and then he found himself talking to her as though their friendship had lasted years. And soon she had heard more of his life and thoughts and hopes than any one else in the world. To her he had unlocked the secrets of the hidden past, and noted the tears gather in her eyes as he told of his dead love. For the past, she pitied him; for the future, she spoke to him as no one else had done, of his duties to the old home, which he affected to depreciate. He had never in the course of his wanderings seen another woman like her; he forgot the bent figure and ungainly walk, as the light changed and softened in those wonderful eyes. And now the glamour had been thrown over him, and he knew he loved her.

During those few days much of the sadness had gone from her face—perhaps for the joyous season. As the bells were still pealing, she appeared dressed for the Christmas morning service. 'Children,' she said, 'are you coming with me to church, or will you stay with the robins?'

'Aunt Ivy!' cried the youngest, a little one of four years old, running up and clinging to her with the love and confidence of all children towards her—'Aunt Ivy! where do the robins go to church?'

A great tenderness came into her eyes, a yearning look of motherliness towards the motherless child, as she led her back to the window. 'Up there, May, in the great holly-tree. Don't you see the berries? The fairies have decked them with white feathers in the night.'

'And they have church there, and God listens to them?'

Ivy smiled. 'No doubt,' she said.

'And Alfred says the robins don't go to heaven. Is it true, auntie?' continued the little one, pleading for her favourites.

'I don't know, dear. It is time to go to church. Run up to nurse.'

'But auntie, my little canary was all stiff, and wouldn't eat, and nurse said it was dead; and Alfred shut it up in a night-light box and put it in a hole. It had broken its leg, and could only hop on one, and I hope it will be well in heaven.'

'So do I, darling,' murmured Ivy, as the children sped away. She went to the window and rested her head against the panes for a moment, watching the birds, which had ended their morning meal, and had flown back to the great holly-tree, glowing red through its burden of snow. Lewis went to her, and as she lifted her face, her eyes were shining with tears. 'Children say strange things—don't they?' she said, smiling.

'Yes,' was all he answered, but he longed to take her in his arms and bless her, and tell her all she was to him. Perhaps something in his voice did so, for she turned away and left him.

In the afternoon, Lewis had strolled out with the other men down to the fishers' cottages upon the cliff; but they were soon involved in a discussion on farming implements, which in his state of

mind was not congenial; so he wandered back alone through the winding village street, where the children's merry voices proclaimed it Christmas-time; all happy; and in his heart was a strange unrest, a doubting of the future. The door of the old gray church was open; some sudden impulse made him enter, and go up the holly-decked aisle and sit down in the old square pew where he had sat that morning at Ivy's side. There was a trembling swell of music upon the silence, solemn chords upon the organ, the deep heart-soothing melody of Mendelssohn's grand angels' song, *Rest in the Lord*. The organ throbbed and quivered, rolling its volume of sound among the wreathed pillars, then ceased suddenly, dying away into silence.

'I did not know I had a listener,' said a soft voice close to him.

'You!' he said, starting up. 'Was it you playing?'

'Yes. Why not?'

'Only because, I never heard anything like it,' he replied. 'How and where did you learn?'

'Here,' Ivy replied. 'I had a few lessons, and taught myself the rest. It is my greatest happiness, I think,' she went on softly; for she too had grown to trust him and talk—as she did so rarely—of herself. 'Whenever I am vexed or impatient, I come and play here.'

They were walking slowly homeward now, over the powdery snow. 'Are you ever impatient?' he said. It appeared to him impossible that earthly passions should have place in that nature, which seemed so near to heaven.

'Very often,' she answered smiling; 'more often than I like to say. You, a man, would not understand what absurd little things trouble and fret me.'

'But, to-day?'

'You share the sin of curiosity, I see,' she answered. 'If you wish, I will tell you. I shall be glad, for it is a subject upon which I cannot speak at home. It is the future that troubles me,' she went on quietly. 'I see a change approaching in the distance, coming nearer every day, and I know that my home will soon be my home no longer.'

'But your brother?—'

'You forget,' she interrupted. 'Sisters cannot be always first; it would not be right they should; but—he has been all the world to me.'

'Is George going to be married then?' Lewis asked.

'Some time, I suppose.'

'But surely he would never wish you to leave him?'

'O no; but—women are so different, you see. I suppose a dozen men could live together in that old house without a disagreement, yet two women could not. I have been first so long in the house—and it would never do.'

'But where shall you live then?'

'Oh, here,' she answered. 'I could not leave the dear old village.'

'But you will not be happy?'

'Yes,' she answered. 'I shall grow used to it; and with use will come—content.'

The steadfast smile in the gray eyes as she raised them, shining through a gathering mist of tears, haunted Lewis Hogarth for many a year after, when that Christmas Day had passed for-

gotten among the crowd of others which followed it, when by none but him were remembered all its pleasure and its pain.

MORE SINGING MICE.

SINCE publishing our notice of these tiny musical creatures, we have received several communications from obliging correspondents, which bear out our former remarks that the faculty of singing is natural to certain kinds of mice.

In reply to those who consider the singing an evidence of disease, it might be mentioned that in a specimen examined by Frank Buckland, no traces of disease could be discovered. One friend remarks that the ordinary mouse is so strongly attracted towards the sounds from a piano when being tuned, that although perfectly wild before, it will get as near the piano as possible, and will sometimes be found in it. Mice have also been observed to dance round the piano in their own peculiar fashion, as long as the tuning lasted, and as if they enjoyed it immensely. We offer the following additional facts and testimonies, as a further help to the study of this interesting subject.

A correspondent in India writes as follows: 'One day I was roused early in the morning by the exquisite music of some unknown animal. The melody proceeded from a hole in the next wall, and was very agreeable at that time; but I could not discover who the singer was. I could not recollect to have previously seen any creature lodged in the hole whence this harmonious song flowed. The notes bore a close resemblance to the vajantri music, and I made no hesitation in concluding that that was the source from which ancient Indians derived this music; for that sound produced the same flow of sounds on a small scale as the vajantri pipes of the Hindus. What can this creature be, I said to myself, which sings so sweetly in the wall? Can it be a snake? Afterwards I often heard the same music without seeing the singer. But one evening, soon after the lamps were lit, three mice came out from the wall, and one of them sang the same tunes in my presence. The mice were small in size, as I thought on account of their tender age. Subsequently I often heard their music, until the time of my departure from the place. . . . Singing mice I now conceive are quite common throughout India.'

The next account comes from a lady in Limerick: 'Some time since, we were much astonished, one evening at dinner, to hear a singing or rather chirrup through the room. At times it seemed in the air, then on the floor, and even at the same time from each end of the room. We could find no cause. One suggested the house was taken possession of by crickets; another laughed and cried out: "A real ghost." After we had retired from the room, the servant called me, and shewed me a number of tiny mice under the table, singing most cheerily, and eating the crumbs that had fallen. They ate and sang and washed their faces. Seeming so much at home, I kept quiet and watched them. Their appearance was peculiar; the body was shorter, and of a darker colour than the mice we commonly see in houses. The ears

were larger, and the face longer—particularly the nose, which was long and narrow—the eyes large and bright. They sat up and sang such a clear thrilling, joyous song, much like that of the canary, but very much weaker, their little throats throbbing all the time.

We have the following interesting particulars from a lady in Dublin: 'Being a great lover of birds, and indulging my fancy to a rather considerable extent, I pay the usual penalty, that of being subjected to frequent inroads of mice. It is no unusual thing to see five or six running about my bird-room almost tame, picking up the seed scattered from the many cages hung around. Some years since, my mother, a delicate old lady, who lived very much in her own room—which was directly over that in which I kept my birds—complained that she was frequently awakened during the night by the constant warbling of my canaries. This I knew to be impossible, as, being a very light sleeper, I should have heard them myself, as the birds were kept in my dressing-room, which opened on my own bedroom. This was going on for some time, and though I moved some of my singing-birds, still my mother complained. At length, one evening my housemaid called me, saying that one of the birds had got out of his cage, and was singing behind a large chest in the room; that she had lighted a candle to look for it, but could not find it, though she heard it singing, and she feared it had got into a mouse-hole. I went up at once, and most distinctly heard the warbling, and felt quite puzzled, as I knew no bird would sing in the dark and under such circumstances. The note was not that of a canary; but as I had several foreign birds, I thought one of them might have escaped; but on looking at the cages I found all right. I returned to the drawing-room really astonished, saying the notes must have come from the ghost of a dead canary.

'I generally read and work in my bird-room, to enjoy the society of my feathered friends; and in a few days after I had heard the strange song, I was reading, when I was attracted by the same notes, but much louder, and evidently coming from more than one vocalist. On looking, I saw three mice picking up the seed, and at the same time singing as sweetly, though *not quite so loud*, as a good canary. They seemed larger than the common mice, and darker. They were so tame they scarcely minded me, and remained until they had eaten as much as they wished. They became daily visitors, and every one in the house heard them. Strange to say, they first appeared in the upper rooms. As our house was isolated, they could not have come in from a neighbouring house. They disappeared as mysteriously as they came, which I attributed to the presence of a small Spanish greyhound, a great mouser, whose mode of dealing with them was to pounce suddenly on them and to swallow them whole. I cannot say how much I missed the little warblers. I considered them a great acquisition, quite as much as any singing bird. I have never since seen or heard a singing mouse, and was ungrateful enough to have forgotten the pleasure they had given me, until reminded by the article in your *Journal*. I feel quite positive that the song is *not* the result of disease, as I never saw fatter, sleeker, or more merry mice; and there must have been a number of them, as they were heard in

several parts of the house, and remained about a year.'

A business man in Edinburgh detained in the office a little later than usual one evening, had the pleasure of hearing one of these little creatures perform. 'Having occasion,' he writes, 'to remain a little late one evening, my attention was attracted by what seemed like the singing of a canary at a distance. Being somewhat puzzled to account for this, after some search we found the song proceeded from a mouse under one of the desks, apparently in search of food, as a piece of bread placed near it speedily vanished. The mouse gave another short song, took himself away, and has not since been heard of. The song was somewhat of a monotone, but sweet withal; a continuous sort of trill, now and then somewhat piping.'

A correspondent kindly sends us the following curious anecdote: 'Some years ago, in my school-days, myself and four brothers had a tutor. My father fitted up a room for us, which we called our school, wherein we had a piano, upon which it was the rule of our tutor to give myself, brothers, and two sisters lessons in music every day. You may suppose from this that the piano got some fearful thumping daily from five very rough lads alone. During our lessons some of the higher (treble) notes of the piano began to stick—that is, they would not rise after being pressed down. Our tutor said this was caused by dampness, and recommended the instrument to be wheeled round to the fire at nights to cure these sticking notes. But after trying this plan several times, with no result towards its object, our tutor was determined to give the piano a thorough cleaning, and in doing so found, to our great astonishment, under the treble notes two mice-nests, one of which had five young ones. The nests were made chiefly of silk, taken from the ornamental wood-work in front of the piano, in which we had often been surprised to find holes; and my mother on several occasions accused myself and brothers of pushing our fingers through the silk and making these holes. Now the building of these nests must have been going on while we were practising on the instrument, as we had heard several times something, as we fancied, inside the piano making a gnawing noise, little dreaming at the time that it was musical mice who were at the bottom of it all!'

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

BY ONE LONG SINCE RELEASED.

THAT bright and joyous season of the year, when even the hearts of criminals are made to feel its exhilarating influence, had come round. Long and anxiously had Christmas Day been looked forward to by many, as a day which would give us some little enjoyment. Enjoyment, do I say? Yes; enjoyment; for such is the extraordinary nature of man, that the very smallest change from ordinary existence will give new zest to life and make it for a time more endurable. Thus with us poor prisoners. Christmas Day had come round again; and even as the lively bells outside sent forth a merry peal, ushering in the festive morn, so did their sound strike up within us all the better thoughts and pleasurable feelings of our hearts. The surly turnkey for once unbanded in his ordinary stern reserve, and opened

his lips to return a civil answer when the prisoner—forgetful at the moment of that janitor's unrelenting severity—passed the compliments of the day.

Everything conspired to make us happier than we had hitherto been. The sun shone forth in unclouded majesty, and though its rays descended not so low as our wall-encompassed yard, yet we could see it shining clearly on the surrounding lofty buildings. The weather too was remarkably mild; more like a morning in May; so that there was nothing to chill the warmth of feeling we each experienced.

This year Christmas came upon a Sunday, which thus caused us the loss of a holiday; for had it fallen upon a week-day, that week-day would have been a holiday. Christmas Day is ordinarily a day of rejoicing. But when it comes on a Sunday, much of the old-fashioned rejoicings and festivities is put aside till the following day by persons who are free to do as they please. In prison, however, not so. The boon of a Christmas Day when it falls on a Sabbath consists only in the extra fare that is then given. It stays not the ordinary dreary, monotonous toil which would begin as usual on the following morn. But this did not trouble us much then. The happy day had come which was to give us some change from the diet we had been living upon so long; and though it was only *one* meal extra, still it was known to be such as many outside would be glad to jump at. In fact this was the anniversary of roast-beef, potatoes, and beer, to be served out to the prisoners in addition to the usual allowance; and most eagerly was the day looked for weeks previously. The same indulgence would be given on New Year's Day; but generally Christmas was considered the most enjoyable.

By this time I had got so accustomed to my hard but clean barrack-bed, that I could ordinarily sleep very well. On the present occasion, however, many thoughts had kept me awake through much of the night—thoughts of those belonging to me; for young as I was, I had got a wife—and thoughts of those too whose agency had brought me there. Had *she*, my poor partner, any Christmas dinner? Had *they*, rich as they were, better fare in prospect? And if they had, could they eat it with the same health and strength that I, their prisoner in jail, now possessed?

As the first dawn of day peeped through our windows, every one got up and dressed in his coarse but clean attire. Then on the door being opened, all took a brisk walk in the yard, with a more cheerful countenance than I had noticed for a long time. Little 'Bobbie'—a bird we had caught weeks before, and let loose again—came flying down from his post on some high turret which had the sun's rays upon it, to look for a few extra crumbs; and as he pecked away at a quantity that was soon thrown to him, it seemed as if he too hopped about more lively than usual, while his chirping notes appeared more musical. Such was the welcome accorded to the little bit of new life which on that day came to enliven our poor hearts.

The officers also, dressed in their best, walked into the place with a more bland and animating expression on their features. Even K—relaxed his usual scowl, and something like a smile could be seen on his face! Every one seemed to feel

that it was indeed a day of joy—though, alas! not so to too many—and frequent blessings were heaped upon the heads of those who thus caused the wretched prisoners to participate, if ever so slightly, in the general hilarity of the season. Within our prison, there happened to be not one under 'severe punishment'; and consequently all, save the sick, could share in the additional comforts and pleasure of the day.

To me, the first salutation, was from Old Sam, echoed by others: 'A merry Christmas to you, Blank!'

'The same to you, old boy! and you too, mess-mates!' was my reply, as like salutations passed around, and conversation, principally about the extra dinner, became general.

'Is it settled, Sam?' asked one of the newcomers, addressing the old man, he being considered the oracle of the ward, and in his capacity of wardman, knowing the most. 'Is it settled that we are to have the extra dinner to-day?'

'Certain sure,' was the reply. 'I heard Mr K—give directions about it not many minutes ago. It'll be sent out to bake, afterwards cut up in front [the front offices], and then brought down here in tins.'

'But is the beer going to be allowed?' queried another.

'Ah!' replied Old Sam. 'You'll find it come in here by gallons, and regularly served out, as is always done at them times. I knowed all about it long ago, though I wouldn't say nothing then, as in case you should be disappointed.'

'And pray, Sam,' said I, 'how came you to know so much beyond every one else?'

'Because,' he replied, 'I ferrets out everything; and if I hears half a word, I'll find out t'other half if I can, when it's for my good in any way to do so.'

Satisfied, however, in our own minds, without placing too much dependence on what *he* might say, we patiently waited the dinner-hour. All was carried on as usual until that time. The service in the chapel was performed in accordance with the ceremonies of the day, and it struck me there was more earnestness in attending to it by the prisoners than usual. Perhaps it was because there was a little of something new to be heard in addition to the ordinary daily routine of official religious worship. And this again shews how beneficial, variety even in such matters, would be. But whether or no, great attention was now paid to what was uttered from the pulpit.

After coming from chapel, the prisoners went to their respective yards, where they had full liberty to exercise themselves as they pleased till the dinner-hour. Now, I must observe here that the dinner-hour originally was noon; but a few weeks previous to this date it had been altered to one o'clock. To-day, however, the customary allowance for dinner was served out at noon, so that the extra Christmas fare should be a supplementary meal at two P.M. What we had for the common food at twelve o'clock was the usual bread and soup, nothing more. This was hardly touched by any one, most of us saving it for some other time. Then began our preparations for the great feast. The table was neatly laid; plates and knives and forks were placed in good order; and the chimes of a neighbouring clock outside were

impatiently listened to as we counted the quarter-hours. With regard to our having plates and knives and forks, I must explain that they were allowed to be sent in by friends from outside; the cutlery, however, being collected in a bag by the wardsmen after every meal, and given to the turnkey at his office in the central lodge. At length the quarter-hour before two sounded, and then we saw come down from the front a huge wicker concern, lined with tin, and called the bread-basket. This was filled with the best, or so considered best, white bread, and a pound of it was served out to each man. By the time this was done the church clock outside struck two, and then several large tin dishes, laden with separate allowances of the baked beef and potatoes, appeared. The sight and smell of them were almost a feast in themselves, for nothing of the kind had we caught glimpse of for many a long day. Boiled food of the same description, it is true we had had; but then it was neither of such good quality, quantity, nor cooking.

The first lot of beef and potatoes passed us by, followed by a large can of beer holding about six gallons. This went through the middle lodge to the correction or felon side; and so did the second and third arrivals, much to the increase of our longing desires. Presently it came to our turn; and each of us soon had a pound of solid good beef, the same quantity of potatoes, and a pint of porter. Need I say with what zest we quickly sat down in our places to enjoy this unwonted feast! Picture it if you can, my readers. I have it all before me now as I rewrite these words from the fading original. Yes; the whole scene is in my eye now, and all I then felt, with all I have since gone through, and the many other Christmases spent in many strange places, amid many wondrous scenes and peoples, civilised and uncivilised, since that hour when, with other prisoners, I greedily fell to on the really good fare before me. Oh, with what relish was it eaten! No gourmet could have plunged into the daintiest dish with more gusto than did we tackle the tempting and ample supply before us. Nor did we—hardened and reprobate as doubtless all prisoners are considered to be by outsiders—forget to quietly ask a blessing, and also thank the generous donor of that feast. To me, it seemed there never could be better food. Indeed, I sincerely hoped that all I knew might have as good.

The health of those who had given us this treat was pledged in a manner which no one need have been ashamed of. It came from the hearts of men made happy for a time in the midst of their misery, by the bounty of others. And if those kind persons could have seen the joyous countenances around that table, it must have diffused intense pleasure within their own benevolent hearts.

It may seem strange to say so, and yet hungry as we had felt, not one in the ward could manage the whole quantity of meat belonging to him. I was satisfied before half had been eaten, and consequently reserved a portion for my supper and the next day. No doubt the beer in a measure lessened our appetite, for I have often since noticed such to be the case, especially when it was porter or stout. However, in our ward it was found that with our ordinary food added, we

had a sufficiency to last us comfortably for three days.

During the time we had been enjoying our dinner, in came the governor and chaplain, the latter with a benevolent expression playing about his face on seeing us so happy, as he said. The governor also made some pleasant remarks, and promised us the indulgence of a larger fire than usual in the evening, and to a later hour. By this time I had got to the head of our table, not exactly by seniority though, as on account of convenience for my duty as yard-washer and attendant, and through the friendly courtesy of my companions. Thus from my seat, and without disturbing myself, I could easily look upon the others as they busily plied their knives and forks. It was a curious and an interesting sight. All appeared as ordinary common individuals, and to my gaze, not one then had any of the look which habitual or professional criminals generally possess. Yet there were two or three noted characters seated at that board, though only, this time, here as misdemeanants. Next to me on my left was poor A—, the talented scholar, teacher, thinker; and now, whatever previous wrong he had done, an earnest-minded, good man. Adjoining him was B— C—, the well-known 'smasher' or utterer of base coin, a short man, with a sunburnt laughing countenance. He had endeavoured to 'palm' a piece of money, but failed; and when taken, swallowed the bad half-crown, at risk of suffocation. Ultimately, under the doctor's hands, the spurious coin was recovered, and brought in evidence against him.

Opposite to me was Old Sam, grown gray in crime—reckless, hardened by a career so truly wonderful and horrible, even to suspicion of murder, that what I learned of him would be a startling history by itself. Yet even he was not *all* bad. He too was in prison as a misdemeanant for coining, and so serious was his offence, that he had got three years.

Among others around the Christmas table was a gentlemanly looking man who had got a sentence of six months' imprisonment first, to be followed by seven years' transportation. His offence was perjury while in the police force, and trying to get a conviction against an innocent person to whom he owed some grudge. He had a rather unpleasant time of it; though to the credit of prisoners be it spoken, that after a first hard fling at such men, they abate their indignation, and as all there are in a measure alike—criminals real or assumed to be—they try to be quiet and agreeable. This policeman had another to join him while I was there; and they both quarrelled fearfully, letting out many a secret as to the doings not only of themselves, but the Force generally and the orders given them. Another character before my eye at that Christmas table was a half-silly, dwarfish young man, more like a boy than one grown up. A foundling, he had never known the tender care of parents nor the guiding voices of the good. Ever in some trouble, which was often forced upon him, I pitied him, and wished I were a rich man, to have taken him by the hands when both of us were free.

One more was a surly morose fellow, who knew several in the ward, and was an out-and-out 'shake-buzzer'; that is, an expert thief from ladies

alone. He mentioned a case which I could not doubt—for in there a sort of freemasonry prohibited lies among each other—in which he was the real culprit, while another man was transported for it. He was in look so like the other man who was coming quietly along at the time, that when he stole a lady's gold watch and her purse, the innocent man was pointed out by the bewildered lady, and despite his assertions to the contrary, was found guilty, and sent away!

Besides these, we had three or four more of a quiet and gentlemanly appearance in manner and tone; one of them very reserved and even haughty in his bearing. No one in the ward knew him, and I never heard who or what he was. I fancied he must have been high in position outside; for even in talking occasionally with me he would speak abrupt and with a curt-ness not very pleasant to bear. If the officers knew his offence, it was studiously kept from us. His sentence of six months was without hard labour. If alive and chancing to read this, he will remember me, not only from one particular conversation we had, but from the special events of the evening following that Christmas dinner.

The afternoon was spent in talking and walking, and at supper (tea-time) our gruel was scarcely touched. How could it be, the horrid stuff, after such a 'feast for the gods' as we had but just enjoyed! Then came lock-up; and as soon as the wardroom door was closed upon us and darkness had set in, a huge fire was made in the chimney grate, the wooden forms placed around, and the whole of us seated in circle before the cheering blaze. All that was now wanted, apart from freedom, according to Old Sam, was tobacco, which delicious weed the sly fellow pretended he had not got, though I had seen a quid secretly stowed away in his mouth. The next thing was for one or more of us to spin a 'yarn'; and here I might moralise and advise to some possible good, were I not limited to space. Enough then to say that, though nearly every one there could tell many an 'owre true tale' of strange interest, and though it is well known that the professional criminal delights to boast of his deeds, yet on this occasion, and indeed nearly all my stay there, never a time but what all talk was hushed when I proffered, or was entreated to relate a something concocted in my brain from some of the works I had read—*Ivanhoe*, *Rob Roy*, the *Talisman*, and Walter Scott generally, Dickens, then beginning his fame, James, and Fenimore Cooper. Sometimes the *Arabian Nights* or Bulwer's earlier novels were all more or less put under contribution by me. And it was curious as well as interesting to note the different tastes of my companions. Indeed I could not help psychologically studying them under this aspect of their minds, for it gave me an idea of what might have been their careers had each been always able to do as he now penitently wished.

I have often thought of this scene on that, to me, most sadly memorable Christmas evening, and have wondered whether any of my then companions are alive, and what has been their fate. I could have inquired, or sought out perchance in the criminal records, as to one or two who, I feared, were too surely doomed to continue in such a life; but the theme was too painful for me; and after my release, I dreaded

anything approaching the subject, except to lay out in narrative form the many notes I had made while there, and which I may perhaps yet offer to the public. But if any of them are alive and chance to read this, they will remember the scene and the narrator.

Not till midnight, as the church clock in the free street outside told us, was my tale done; and we went to our rest, all more, or less thankful to heaven for what we had received, and grateful to the benevolent donors for our feast.

A FOLDED LEAF.

A FOLDED page, old, stained, and blurred,
I found within your book last night.
I did not read the dim dark word
I saw in the slow-waning light;
So put it back, and left it there,
As if in truth I did not care.

Ah! we have all a folded leaf
That in Time's book of long ago
We leave: a half-relief
Falls on us when we hide it so.
We fold it down, then turn away,
And who may read that page to-day?

Not you, my child; nor you, my wife,
Who sit beside my study-chair;
For all have something in their life
That they, and they alone, may bear—
A trifling lie, a deadly sin,
A something bought they did not win.

My folded leaf! how blue eyes gleam
And blot the dark-brown eyes I see;
And golden curls at evening beam
Above the black locks at my knee.
Ah me! that leaf is folded down,
And aye for me the locks are brown.

And yet I love them who sit by,
My best and dearest—dearest now.
They may not know for what I sigh,
What brings the shadow on my brow.
Ghosts at the best; so let them be,
Nor come between my life and me!

They only rise at twilight hour;
So light the lamp, and close the blind.
Small perfume lingers in the flower
That sleeps that folded page behind.
So let it ever folded lie;
'Twill be unfolded when I die!

J. E. PANTON.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full *Christian* name, surname, and address, legibly written.
- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
- 5th. Poetical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 834.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

At the close of the year we hear many people talking about the rules which they intend to adopt for the better ordering of their lives during the ensuing twelve months. They have determined to relinquish bad habits, and to give up those practices which militate against their moral or material welfare. In short, they purpose effecting a complete reform in their conduct, which is to be put in force at the commencement of the new year—but not a moment before. They cling to the doomed habits with a tenacity that is strangely inconsistent with their professed determination to get rid of them. But we all know what little reliance is to be placed upon the professions of these individuals, who have a crop of good intentions annually, that never or rarely ripens into action.

Year after year they tell us the same story, and lay before us their programme of good intentions for the new year, pointing out with pride and satisfaction the chief items in it, and reiterating with fervour their firm determination to perform everything promised. And how does it all end? Perhaps for a week or a month the good resolutions are observed; and then our eager self-reformer grows tired of improvement, and reverts to the old order of things with a sigh of relief. It is not in the nature of a sincere man to talk much about what good intentions he has formed with regard to himself or others; and experience teaches us that little value is to be placed upon the professions of those who are anxious to let the world know that they are very conscientious and ardently desire improvement. As a rule, we find that these people are both lazy and improvident. They belong to that class of which Mr Micawber was an eminent example; and like that distinguished character, they are constantly in difficulties and troubles. In fact, they live in hope, and suffer in consequence.

To men of industry and action, it must be singularly unpleasant to hear these announcements of contemplated self-reform from individuals who

have not a grain of resolution in their character. It is such a mockery of sincerity and earnestness, that it cannot fail to provoke disgust in those who 'reverence truth above all things.' And yet how common it is to find young men at this time of year parading their list of good resolutions, for the purpose of edifying and favourably impressing their friends! The pipe is to be given up; foreign languages are to be learned; and other equally praiseworthy intentions are expressed. And acted upon in how many instances? Alas! in very few indeed. The pipe soon asserts its sway again, and the foreign languages remain as foreign as ever.

But it is sad when we consider that this disposition to form such resolutions as we have indicated is a sure sign of moral weakness, and of moral weakness too that leads to irremediable disorders. A hopeful young man imagines that he makes up for whatever laxity he may have been guilty of in his past conduct, by resolving upon improvement in the future. And thus he goes on year after year making resolutions only to break them, and unconsciously—but surely and inevitably—destroying that sense of moral rectitude within him, without which a man is the helpless prey of his own wicked passions. He fools himself into the belief that he will amend in time; and that he will be able by a determined effort to retrieve his past follies. But the years creep on; and while he is putting off the day of amendment, the bad habits are growing stronger, and the power of giving effect to good resolutions is losing force and vitality.

'Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay,'

is his motto; but the poet has added a pregnant warning to those that put their trust in such foolish anticipations.

There are few spectacles more contemptible than this professed self-reformer when he has reached an age at which reform is almost hopeless. He is then a miserable vacillating wretch, full of hatred towards those who have been successful in life, and bearing a strong enmity

to prosperity in general. He considers that the world has ill-treated him; that he has been misunderstood; and that if he had enjoyed fair play, he would have made his mark in the world. Probably he deems that he is a neglected genius, and tries to feel a lofty scorn for those successful mediocrities who look with pity and contempt upon his threadbare coat and shabby hat. He has a fine show of reasons to account for his ill success in life, most of which spring from a fact of which he is extremely proud—namely, the difference between him and the rest of the world—which difference is, from his point of view—usually a very lofty and poetical one—altogether in his favour. Thus he may be one, according to his own report, whose passions will not brook control; whose nature is wild and untamable; and whose ideas are altogether opposed to the miserable conventionalities which regulate ordinary people's lives. It is difficult to persuade such a one that he is but a conceited fool with a lazy disposition and a vicious nature. He is beyond reproof. Years of intellectual torpor and moral turpitude have destroyed the capacity for understanding truth or for appreciating good advice. How finely Pope has answered those who thus desire to escape censure by professing to be overmastered by strong passions. He has the following in an essay contributed to the *Spectator*: 'The strength of the passions will never be accepted as an excuse for complying with them; they were designed for subjection; and if a man suffers them to get the upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own soul.'

It would be far better that those who cannot keep good resolutions should refrain from making them; for there can be little doubt that in the process of making and then breaking them, the moral fibre of a man's character becomes flaccid and relaxed. Our moral nature is so constituted that any trifling with it is fraught with injurious consequences; and those who think that they may abuse it with impunity find out—when achievement is nigh hopeless—that they have destroyed its vitality, and that they are no longer in possession of that heaven-born sense which is our best guide through life.

It cannot be too frequently urged that success is the reward of labour, and that it is a vicious and mischievous fallacy to suppose we can obtain it by any other means. A modern writer has beautifully expressed this idea; and of the many noble sentiments which Mr Ruskin has given the world, perhaps there is not one so pregnant with deep and penetrating wisdom. In the *Stones of Venice* the following passage occurs: 'Now it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.' This grand truth cannot be too earnestly taught and promulgated; every child in the kingdom should know it by heart, and learn to see and understand its beneficent meaning. But it is to be feared that many of those who have given up the best portion of their lives to vainly hoping for improvement without making any actual effort to attain it, are past the period when such truths can have much effect. They are wholly lost to the world of action, and live in an atmosphere of dreams and chimerical anticipations. They are

the chief creators of those airy structures called 'castles in the air,' and are content to enjoy the empty pleasure derived from living in such fanciful edifices. No doubt they are of a mind with Pistol when he sings:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me.

Yes; if wishes would prevail, it would be a very lazy world indeed to live in!

We cannot contemplate without a feeling of sadness the position of those who, having thus postponed the day of reformation, find themselves at last face to face with the bitter reality. They are rudely awakened from the moral lethargy into which they have sunk; they have neglected to make good use of Time; but Time has played sad havoc with them. 'Old Age has clawed them in his clutch,' and writhe and struggle as they may, there is no escape from *his* grasp.

In fine, people should reform, if it be necessary to do so, at once, and without parading their intentions before the eyes of the world. They should go to work silently, and with a firm determination to carry out, no matter how trying or hard it may be at first, those virtuous designs which they deem necessary for their welfare. They should not look for applause from the world; their highest reward will in due time come for the good they have done for themselves or others; meanwhile they will enjoy that which assuredly is a sweet and precious possession—the consciousness that they are worthily fulfilling the object for which they were brought into this world.

A more odious form of conceit than this bragging about self-reform does not exist, and no effort should be spared in order to stamp it out. Let those then who wish to improve, labour to that end in silence and in sincerity; success is sure to crown their efforts. And to those who flaunt their good resolutions in the eyes of the world—resolutions which are merely for show and not for use—we would recommend the following proverb: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.' In short, let *facta non verba* be the motto of all.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '08.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

MISS DECROY turned as pale as death; as did her sister, who sank into a seat, apparently overcome by the shock; but Madame Decroy said in her firmest, nay sternest tones: 'Search, sir! I ask no immunity for my house. I wait the day when it shall be given to the flames, as have been so many houses in which their owners dared to find shelter. Your chiefs have been patient longer than I expected.'

Kate turned her pale face and scared eyes appealingly to her mother, as if to remind her how unwise it was to irritate a soldier; but the look was unheeded. Merely bowing in answer to Madame Decroy's remarks, Westbury addressed himself to the sisters, and hurriedly explained what he proposed to do. On the information he had received, he was compelled to search the

House; he had no alternative; but he wished to do so with as little inconvenience as possible.

The House was broad and deep; it stood upon a large square of ground; but it was not lofty, nor had it many apartments above. Nor were there any underground kitchens or cellars. Westbury said he would go up with no one but the sergeant to examine the rooms, and that upon their return his men should go into the rooms and offices beyond the hall. No assent was given, but no objection was made to this plan, which was forthwith carried out. The two militia-men again 'stood at ease' at the door, so that the front of the House was efficiently guarded; and as has previously been explained, the sides and rear were also under surveillance.

All was silent and dark above. Not only was there no one to be discovered, but there were no signs of any one having recently been there; no chair was out of place, no bed disordered, as would have been the case had any fugitive been disturbed from his easily broken slumbers. In fact, Dickles spoke for both when he said: 'I don't believe there's no one here, sir.'

Relieved more than he cared to shew, Westbury descended, the men rousing themselves when he appeared, as though they felt that now indeed they should be wanted.

'You will take the men with you, Dickles,' said the officer, 'and go over the rooms at the back.—Shut the door, men.'

The door was closed, and the men came forward. Now, the great staircase spoken of sprang from one side of the hall, and at its foot a passage ran straight to the back of the house; but half-way a strong door shut off the rear premises, and this door, either from habit in the troublous times, or for the more prosaic reason of its keeping out the draught, was always kept shut. Of course it was now opened: and the sergeant, still bearing the light, led the way, closely followed by the soldiers. As the last man passed the door, Westbury advanced to close it. The great lump which swung and flared in the hall, threw its glare upon the staircase and upon the door, as Westbury swung it to. He pushed it close, but as he did so, recoiled with an exclamation of momentary surprise and alarm, for the shadow of a man, huge and distorted, as shadows often are, fell upon the door just in front of him. It was gone in an instant. For another instant the Lieutenant, recovering himself, thought the startling shade was his own; but at once he knew it to be impossible, and glanced swiftly round.

The group was still at the stair-foot; and as Westbury turned his face, with a now stern expression upon it, he could not help seeing a wild look, a look of consternation, on each of the faces which met his own. Again was the hue of Miss Kate's cheeks pale to ghastliness; and as the officer threw a rapid glance around the hall, their eyes followed. He approached the ladies. 'You will remember that I have not yet searched the dining-room,' he said. (This was on the side of the hall opposite to his little sitting-room.) 'I must do this. You can see that I have no choice.'

Madame Decroy bowed without speaking, then moving forward, herself threw wide open the door of the chamber. There was a light burning there, but the room was empty. No living thing

was to be seen or heard within it. After a brief but close search, Westbury came into the hall baffled and not a little disconcerted—the women eagerly watching his every movement.

Presently, upon hearing the returning steps of his men, he glanced up the broad stairs, as if hesitating whether again to ascend them or not. In fact, he was upon the point of doing so, when a short gasping exclamation startled him, and he saw Miss Decroy reel as though about to fall. She had fainted; and Westbury springing towards her, caught her in his arms just as Dickles and his satellites re-entered the hall to report that all was quiet at the back of the house. This incident led to confusion for a time. Westbury carried the insensible girl to the dining-room, an act which enlisted the sympathies of Madame Decroy and Mrs Claridge in his behalf. He would fain have lingered longer with them; but duty compelled him to withdraw for the purpose of dismissing the men, Dickles giving it as his final conviction, that O'Flynn was as bad as Mullany; and that Squire Decroy had not been within a day's march of Boreen for a month past; and that in point of fact he *must* be in France, as every one had always believed him to be.

As the outer door swung after his subordinate, Westbury turned and moved irresolutely towards his sitting-room; then glancing across the hall, and seeing that the door of the dining-room was open, he mustered up sufficient courage to inquire after Miss Decroy. He found her sufficiently recovered to sit up. She smiled faintly when she saw him; but with this smile there was, as there had previously been, an expression which was difficult to understand—a terror, a wildness, which in some strange way was reflected on the faces of her mother and sister. Westbury said a few words expressive of his regret at having thus disturbed them; but Madame Decroy interrupted him: 'Not a word of apology is needed, sir; we are and ought to be thankful that fortune has placed a gentleman of humanity and delicacy in your position. We are your grateful debtors.' There was an old-fashioned formality about this brief speech, which to a great extent agreed with the old lady's style, and the Lieutenant felt that he was on a better footing with the family than he had ever been before.

Secretly satisfied with this advance, he left them, to pass a solitary hour or two in his own room undisturbed, if Fate should so permit, and no more alarms should occur that night. Taking down one of his few books, he sought to compose himself for a quiet but ineffectual spell at reading. The shadows haunted him—worse because they *were* shadows, and nothing more. He could not help thinking that there was something very mysterious about the affair. Twice repeated; there was the strangest part! Perhaps he ought to report it. But then, what had he to report? Was he to say he had seen a ghost? And if not, what was he to say he had seen? The Lieutenant affected to laugh a little laugh aloud as this idea crossed his mind; yet he was perfectly aware even while he did so, that he felt it to be an inexplicable and ominous business, which was in reality anything but a laughing matter.

Read as hard as he would, concentrate his mind as he might, his thoughts would soon wander, and

instead of the pages of his book, he beheld the distorted outlines of the gigantic shadow which had twice thrown itself so strangely before him. 'I believe—I am sure,' he at length exclaimed, 'that it was the same shadow. A plague upon the thing! Now that I recall it, I am almost sure I could recognise the outlines!' So strongly did the idea possess him, that he was at last fain to give up the attempt at reading as hopeless; and not wishing again to intrude on the family, sought to compose his nerves by another saunter in the open air; and so once more he found himself patrolling the road outside. Nor was he alone in this task; the moon was now fitful; at one moment obscured by clouds, leaving the night utterly dark, the next shining brilliantly, for she was near her full, and rendering everything around nearly as visible as by day. By these glimpses of light, he saw here and there the men who watched the road through the village, a watch which of course was maintained all night long; while in the centre of the miserable hamlet, a dull light, which shone dimly through the red parlour-curtain of the poor hostel, shewed where the headquarters of the detachment kept their vigils.

As the moon vanished behind a huge cloud, her last rays shewed him—or he imagined so—a group of three or four persons standing beneath a tree on the road-side. He advanced towards the spot, and now he certainly heard a step in the darkness coming towards him. His hand moved towards the hilt of his sword; but he smiled at his precaution the next moment, as he recognised the broad figure of Biddy Quin.

'Good-evening, Biddy,' said the officer. 'Was there any one with you just now?'

'Wid me, yer honour?' returned Biddy. 'Sure, an' there's not a soul to be seen betwix this an' the houses on the hill, an' it's meself that's walked all the way in.'

'What! since I saw you at Boreen House?' said Westbury.

'Av coorse. An' why not?' said Biddy. 'Wid a night like this, an' that blessed moon, it's a short half-hour there. I'm glad to see yer honour, for it's ungrateful ye've been thinking me, by reason of me niver tellin' ye how thankful me an' the childer was'—

'Oh, never mind that, Biddy,' interrupted the officer. 'I have been repaid, you know; you must thank the ladies at the House, not me.'

But Biddy's eloquence and gratitude were not thus to be extinguished, and she persisted in enlarging upon the officer's generosity, walking towards the village all the while, until, to get rid of her, Westbury turned abruptly towards the House, and left her in the midst of her florid thanksgivings. Even then he did not fairly escape until he was standing in the hall, for the woman followed him to the door, and as he somewhat rudely shut it in her face, he heard these last words: 'An' it's meself an' the two sick childer will niver forgit'—

Half amused, half annoyed, Westbury repaired to his room, having had a far shorter stroll than he had intended; while Biddy—who might naturally be supposed to feel hurt at having her full flood of gratitude rolled back upon herself—went away with actually a smile upon her face. This smile was not altogether one of forgiveness; there was a triumphant and very knowing look with it; and

strangely enough, Biddy, who had been but five minutes before so anxious to get home to her children, and had walked slowly and heavily, as a woman tired by a long and hurried walk would do, now strode swiftly off, at a pace indeed that many a man might envy; and what was also strange, she retrod the road she came.

The next morning dawned in rain—a steady persistent rain, which continued with little intermission throughout the day and indeed for several days to come. No soul who was not absolutely compelled to be out was seen in the half-liquid street of Boreen; even the pigs, which had seemed to defy every variety of weather previously, now deigned to seek the shelter of cart-sheds, or what was still better and more customary, the interior of the cottages. Yet bad as the weather was, Westbury gladly welcomed the hours when he went his rounds, muddy and rain-beaten though he speedily became; for the *ennui* of sitting alone all day was now becoming intolerable. Sleeping, smoking, and reading he had tried, and exhausted them all, pretty nearly exhausting himself as well. There was a short break in the monotony when the household met at dinner; but even although Westbury fancied there was a little more kindness in the tone in which he was addressed, and although he endeavoured to start some kind of conversation by inquiring after Miss Decroy's health, yet no great extension of the sitting came of the attempt. Indeed, when he shewed some desire to prolong his stay with them, the same half-wild, half-terrified expression, which he remembered so well from the previous evening, came over the young lady's face. Puzzled by this, and quite unable to divine what he was doing to cause such a change, the Lieutenant withdrew, and passed a few more dreary hours in his sanctum.

On that night, happily—so he thought of it—Miss Kate was his visitor. The impulse was beyond his power to resist. 'Ah, Miss Decroy,' he exclaimed, 'you are like a ray of sunshine breaking into the dull cell of a prisoner.' This was the first time he had ever ventured upon anything so florid; and he looked so confused at his own temerity, that the girl gave way to the unwonted enthusiasm of the moment in a silvery laugh.

'Why, I thought it was only we Irish that were romantic and poetic in our language,' returned Miss Kate; 'but that seems quite a delusion. I never had so complimentary a speech directed to me before.'

'I really must beg your pardon,' said Westbury, still more confused. 'I feel I ought not to do so; but—but I could not help it, Miss Decroy, and that must be my excuse. I had been so uneasy and dull here; within and without, all so wretched, that when you appeared it was as if the sun or moon were rising'—

'Nay, nay,' interposed the young lady; 'this is growing more poetical still. In spite of appearances, I shall have to believe that you are as truly an Irishman as—as Biddy Quin herself. The comparison may be allowed to prove that I am native and'—

She stopped here; and Westbury having broken the ice, mustered fresh courage. 'Pray, finish the quotation, Miss Decroy. But you must forgive me if I say one thing more.'

The girl looked an inquiry and her permission.

'The greatest prejudice I have noticed since I have been in the country, Miss Decroy, is the universal prejudice of its people in believing that the English are prejudiced against *them*.'

'That a prejudice!' exclaimed the girl, her large dark eyes opening to the widest in her astonishment.

'Certainly,' returned the Lieutenant quickly; 'and a most mistaken one. There are hosts of Englishmen who admire Ireland, and—and the Irish people, more than they can easily express—more than the tongue'—

'I am sure I shall never cherish the equally mistaken prejudice as to the English being matter of fact or prosaic,' interrupted Miss Decroy, as she moved towards the door. 'I feel that the Milesian reputation for flowery discourse is obtained on false pretences, and must be restored to the Saxons.' With this she was gone; and had a veritable sun-beam quitted the room, it could not have seemed more changed and dull to its occupant.

More rain, more yawning; a visit from the corporal with his report; nothing afresh; more rain—it had never left off raining—more yawning, until at last ten o'clock came. There were no chimes in Boreen, no booming church clock to announce the time; but that it was ten o'clock Westbury knew, by referring to his bulky watch; and heartily glad was he to find it late enough to justify him in going fairly to bed. Rising, therefore, with one tremendous yawn, which seemed to expend the reserved force of fifty that he had recently checked and strangled, he was moving slowly towards the hall, when his ear caught the unusual sound of a horse approaching. Another instant and he could hear the plash of hoofs through the rain-pools; then—as he knew from the first it would be—the rider halted; there was a short pause, during which he heard voices, and then came a heavy knock at the door. As he was standing in the hall, and knew right well of what kind the visitors must be, he did not hesitate to open the front-door; and there sure enough stood Dickles, his gray greatcoat streaming with wet, his forage-cap soaked. Just behind him was a horseman, a soldier also, as his capacious cloak testified. 'Despatches, sir, from C—,' said Dickles briefly. The rider threw up his hand in a military salute, then shaking the wet from his huge cloak as he moved it, handed a packet to the officer.

'Do you go on farther?' asked Westbury, as he broke the seal, noticing that the soldier gathered up his bridle-rein, as a man about to start.

'Yes sir,' replied the trooper; 'we mean to have 'em to-night. I don't mind a good wetting once more, to catch the thieves, for I've had many a soaking for nothing through them.'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' said the officer, and then hurriedly glanced over his letter.—'Turn the whole of the men out at once, Dickles,' he continued; 'lose no time. Call for me here in half an hour.' The trooper, who had lingered for a moment, threw up his hand to his soaked cap again, and then plashed off through the mud and rain.

'I thought as much, sir,' said Dickles, with something like a groan. 'Mullany said the French sloop was to be off the coast to-night or to-morrow, and there's to be a regular rush for

her. But the chain will be complete this time, and we shall have them. I gave the men a hint, sir, and we shall be here within the half-hour.'

'Do you know the route?' asked Westbury.

'Yes sir,' replied the other; 'a little different from our former ones. I expect the detachments from Loughie and Five Hills will take the bog lines, as we are to keep the lower road. Mullany has gone to Loughie.'

'Be sharp, Dickles!' said the officer, as he closed the door gently, to avoid disturbing the house. As he did so, a slight creaking noise attracted his attention; he paused with the door in his hand, watchful and listening. The sound was not repeated; he had hardly supposed it would be, for he had distinctly recognised it as the soft closing of a window. 'They are on the alert,' muttered Westbury as he returned to his room. 'It's as well our expedition takes place to-night; if it were to-morrow, we might not be first upon the road.' His preparations were soon made; he buckled his cloak with a sigh as he heard the ceaseless patter of the rain; for he had had quite sufficient experience in traversing the by-roads in Ireland, to know what was before him.

PRE-HISTORIC RECORDS.

THE caves, tombs, and gravel-drifts of the earth, which are of all objects the most uninteresting to the casual observer, have in our days become strangely eloquent. At the touch of science they have lent a voice to the dumb past. Raising the veil of antiquity, they have unrolled page after page of ancient history, written neither with pen nor pencil, but stamped on the rude implements of war or the chase, imprinted on the few threads of decaying tissue that inwrap the crumbling skeleton, engraved on the bracelet of bronze or silver that encircled the slender wrist of some pre-historic beauty, or chased on the brooch of gold that clasped the mantle of some renowned but forgotten chieftain.

So exact are the deductions to be drawn from these mute records of the past, that they have been divided by Sir John Lubbock in his *Pre-historic Times* (London, Williams and Norgate) into four well-defined ages—the drift age, the age of polished stone, the age of bronze, and the age of iron; each of these marking an advance in knowledge and civilisation which amounted to a revolution in the then existing manners and customs of the world. The drift age or Paleolithic period is marked by deposits of rude stone implements; to it succeeds the Neolithic, or age of polished stone, in which the same stone implements were in use, but of a superior class, highly polished and well finished.

The wandering savage who lived by the chase and cut up his prey with the rude unpolished flint knives of the Paleolithic age, was coeval with many extinct animals which then ranged over the wide forests that in those early times covered our own country in common with many portions of the continent. In the caves of Derbyshire and elsewhere, many of the rudely chipped knives and arrowheads of these ancient hunters are found, the rudest occupying the lowest strata; shewing that even in that remote age man had the same tendency to improve as now, and that the practice

of even these rude germs of art led to a gradual perfecting of them. Some of the remains of the ancient Nimrods of that remote and, but for these stone records, unwritten age, have been found in caves and sepulchral tumuli; and of all the living races of men they resemble the Eskimo most closely. With them are found the remains of such extinct animals as the cave-bear, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros; and they appear to have been driven along with these animals towards the north, through the action of some geographical change whose magnitude we have now no means of gauging.

The Neolithic era marked the dawn of a new and higher civilisation. In many parts of the country, notably at Hardham in Sussex and in Kent, many collections of polished stone implements have been found, such as stone axes and adzes, chisels, gouges, small saws, hammers, awls for boring, stone picks for turning up the soil, pestles, mortars, querns, and spindle-whorls. Needles have also been found, which imply a knowledge of the art of sewing; and cups and various other vessels of rude earthenware, which shew that these old-world folks could ply the potter's craft with a considerable degree of dexterity. The bones found shew also that they no longer depended for a precarious subsistence altogether upon the spoils of the chase, but that they were herdsmen and fishermen as well. They possessed the horse, a small short-horned ox, two kinds of swine, goats, and horned sheep, with dogs of a large breed. In architecture they were unquestionably far behind, for their dwellings seem to have consisted of pits roofed with wattle. The remains of these ancient Neolithic builders are plentifully scattered over the country. They were all built or rather scooped out upon one plan. There was a circular shaft for an entrance, going down to a depth of from seven to eight feet, five to seven feet wide at the bottom, and narrowing to three at the top; and round this was a chamber or cluster of chambers. In these huts are found a variety of the polished stone implements mentioned above, bones of the domesticated animals, and shreds of pottery. In north Kent there are a series of vertical shafts sunk in the chalk; but these seem to have been rather flint quarries than the homes of our Neolithic forefathers.

In the north of Scotland, modified perhaps to suit the greater inclemency of the climate, the Neolithic dwellings are somewhat different, and take the form of massive circular huts or burghs, as they are called. In these are found the same stone implements and the same bones of animals. The flint of which these stone implements are made was obtained by quarrying for the flint nodules in the chalk. Many of these mines with the mining tools still remain, with great quantities of chips and splinters; which shew that the flint implements were partially at least manufactured on the spot where the flint was obtained.

In some instances, caves seem to have been used as dwellings by the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe; and where not employed as a shelter for the living, they seem to have been frequently selected, when within reach, as a resting-place for the dead. In these cave-mausoleums, numerous skeletons of both sexes and of all ages are found. Where no cave was to be had, the

dead, as our readers are already aware, were buried in barrows or cairns; numerous broken implements were laid beside them; and from the quantities of calcined bones found in some of these graves, it is believed that in the case of a chief, human sacrifices may have been offered. From the number of these tombs and the plentiful remains of Neolithic dwellings scattered over Britain, we are led to the conclusion that our country, in common with Europe, had in those days a somewhat large and tolerably civilised population, who had flocks and herds, who practised agriculture, and who were hunters and fishermen.

In the pile or lake dwellings of Switzerland, which are assigned to this era, many interesting discoveries have been made. Three kinds of wheat—one an Egyptian variety—have been found; also two kinds of barley, two kinds of millet, the remains of fruit such as apples and pears, peas, flax, and weeds. For their cattle and swine the lake-dwellers seem to have laid up winter fodder in the shape of acorns and beech-nuts. They made cloth of their flax, and could even weave it into an ornamental pattern. From an examination of the human remains found in these curious lake-dwellings and in the sepulchral caves, the most eminent geologists are of opinion that our Neolithic ancestors were of the same race as the Basque-speaking peoples who are still to be found in the north of Spain and in the south of France.

However acquired, the possession of Bronze marks an era of advancement. The dwellings of the people who used it were better, and their circumstances more comfortable, than those of the Neolithic tribes they succeeded. They had axes and sickles of bronze, gouges, chisels, hammers, and knives; and as a natural consequence, all the products of their labour were superior and better finished. They could weave well, a tough and strong fabric, and their clothes were formed of several pieces sewed together. Their cloth is almost invariably of linen; no woollen cloth belonging to this period having been found either in France or Switzerland; but in a wooden coffin discovered in 1861 at Ribe in Jutland, the remains of a body were found inclosed in a cloak of coarse woollen cloth; a woollen cap covered the head, the lower limbs having been wrapped in woollen leggings. Under the cloak was a woollen shirt, girt round the waist by a long woollen band. A bronze dagger in a wooden sheath had been laid beside the dead hand; and in a small box were a few necessary articles for the long journey towards the spirit-land, consisting of another woollen cap, a comb, and a knife—the whole inclosed in a bull's hide. Another coffin contained the paraphernalia of an ancient belle, a brooch, a knife, a double-pointed awl, and a pair of tweezers—all of bronze, two studs, one of bronze and one of tin, and a javelin head of flint; while a third coffin, that of a baby, contained a small bronze bracelet and a bead of amber. Sir John Lubbock considers that these bodies belonged to the close of the bronze period. Bodies wrapped in woollen cloth have also been found in Britain, as at Scale House barrow near Rylston in Yorkshire. It is, however, worthy of remark that it is only in the exceptional cases in which the body is turned into adipocere (an unctuous waxy substance), that woollen cloth is found; in normal circumstances

that fabric would disappear far more rapidly than linen.

The bronze remains found in the Rhone Valley prove that the art of metal-working once acquired, was carried by these early races to great perfection. They were acquainted with the processes of casting, tempering, stamping, and engraving metal. With this discovery of a new art came a simultaneous improvement in the potter's craft; the rude cups of the Neolithic age disappear, and are succeeded by vessels of an endless variety of form and ornamentation, some of which are extremely beautiful. Some of the vases are inlaid with tin, others are marked with the same patterns employed to decorate the Etruscan vases of Italy; while others found in the pile-dwellings of the lake of Bourget, have representations of men and animals. The collections of bronze jewellery are also abundant and curious. They consist of bracelets, armlets, long hairpins with decorated heads, rings, earrings, girdles adorned with pendants, brooches, buttons, studs, and torques for the neck. War being in these early days as common as it appears to be in more modern times, we find well-stored armouries, comprising battle-axes, arrows, and clubs, lances and short swords, as also helmets and shields of thin plates of hammered bronze. Their graves resemble those of their Neolithic predecessors, with one important difference—dead bodies were burned as a rule instead of buried, the ashes, inclosed in urns, being placed in the tombs.

In the lake-dwellings of Eastern Switzerland the implements found are of bone and stone; but in those of Western Switzerland there are rich accumulations of bronze implements and utensils; while in the upper layers of debris, iron begins to appear; shewing how in its turn the bronze was supplanted by a metal still more universally useful, and destined to be the type of a grand era of enlightenment and progress. Almost as interesting and instructive as the lake-dwellings of Switzerland are the Danish kitchen-middens or shell-mounds, refuse-heaps which have accumulated round the tents or huts of the primitive population. Many of these have been examined; and rude flasks, sling-stones, axes, flint fragments, and the bones of various animals, have been obtained from them.

In primeval times, many animals were abundant in our own country and all over Europe, which seem gradually to have disappeared. Some of these enumerated by Sir John Lubbock are the cave-bear, the cave-hyena, the cave-lion, the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the musk-ox, the Irish elk, the wild-horse, the glutton, the reindeer, the auroch, and the urns or wild-ox. Simultaneously with these or with some of these were human beings, who harboured in caves, and whose skeletons are found in caverns mixed up with the bones of these animals, and with stone or bronze implements. About these cave-men there is necessarily much less information than there is about those of the Neolithic period; comparatively few skulls have been found which were in a state that admitted of restoration; and among these few, there are great differences.

With regard to the antiquity of man, Sir John Lubbock, after carefully examining the views of many eminent geologists, comes to the conclusion

that man certainly existed in Western Europe during the period of the mammoth and the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, and that the presumption is that he also existed in pliocene and even in miocene times; but the proofs of that—the remains of the earliest representatives of our race—are to be sought, he thinks, in warm, almost in tropical climates.

From the manners and customs of modern savages, much light may be thrown upon the early condition of pre-historic man. After considering the condition and progress of the Hot-tentots, Veddahs, Australians, South Sea Islanders, Eskimo, and others, Sir John Lubbock remarks that, in reading any account of the savage races at present existing in the world, 'it is impossible not to admire the skill with which they use their weapons and implements, their ingenuity in hunting and fishing, and their close and accurate powers of observation.' By all these qualities we may suppose pre-historic man to have been distinguished in at least an equal degree. The habits and customs of existing savages, however, while presenting many points in common with each other, present also many points of divergence, arising from independent development; and such was no doubt also the case in the most ancient times; the degrees of civilisation even in the stone age would differ much.

It is evident that man when he first spread over the surface of the earth must have been in a condition represented by the lowest type of savage. Then by slow degrees, by imitation, and by the teaching of experience, the capacity of lodging and clothing himself, and of improving his simple implements, would develop and expand, until man, physically one of the weakest and most unprotected of all animals, would, to quote from our author, 'by dint of that subtle force which we term mind,' make himself independent of nature, careless of the inclemency of the seasons, skilful to force from the stubborn soil the food which suited him, or the ores from which to forge the weapons which gave him power; till at last, 'monarch of all he surveyed,' he could cope in his native coverts with the shaggy lion, and be more than a match for the fierce wild-bull, and overtake in the chase the fleet stag or bounding antelope.

The wild-man, like the wild-beast, is always timid, always suspicious, always on the watch; and the condition of the savage woman is still more cruel. 'She shares,' says Sir John Lubbock, 'all the sufferings of her mate, and has also to bear his ill-humour and ill-usage. Even the possession of beauty, far from being an alleviation, is only an aggravation of the evils of her lot, by securing for her a hard thralldom to many masters.'

With growing civilisation, on the other hand, come security and confidence, and that sense of justice and honour which is the best protection of the weak; and with the increasing and ameliorating influences of science, a great improvement may still be looked for in the condition of our race. We stand perchance upon the threshold of a future, brighter than even the brightest dreams of our past; on the verge of a Utopia long deemed impossible, when the moral nature, unvitiated by an erring will, shall no longer fetter the eager soul to base aims and unworthy aspira-

tions, but shall leave it to its free scope and native regality of birthright and action. Then to the human race, still in its vast masses so ineffably degraded, a new and more mighty civilisation may unlock boundless stores of knowledge and power, and unseal fresh fountains of pure and unfailing enjoyment.

CHRYSA LIS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

It was evening; the candles on the Christmas-tree had dwindled down to little lumps of wax; a scent of frizzled fir-twigs filled the room, a litter of sweets and coloured paper covered the floor; and the children, their arms filled with new possessions, clustered round Ivy as she sat in her low chair, telling them the good-night story—and to-night it was the old story of Christmas that the sweet tones of her voice repeated, with many a quaint child-like conceit and comment of her own, told with unconscious heedlessness of any stranger's presence, though Sir Lewis had drawn near to listen to the familiar words.

When at last the children were dismissed, Ivy leaned back silently, her eyes gazing into the glowing fire-pictures; and he sat silent too, watching her. That sadness had come back to the fair face; not from the remembrance of that burden laid upon her for nigh twenty years, and borne so patiently, that it might not darken the lives of those around; nor from the approaching future of which she had spoken; nor from the thought of those who had once made the Christmas bright in the old home, whose voices and laughter had made the dark oak rafters ring, those who had forgotten Christmas joys and Christmas sorrows in the land beyond the 'wreck of time.' She was thinking of that strange influence the last few days had cast upon her life. Those who only knew her outward existence, her peaceful round of duties, her self-devotion for the happiness of others, perhaps thought—as it is so often thought of those who hush their sorrow to silence, and teach themselves contentment—that she had no hidden life. Yet the yearning for love which dwells in every woman's heart, had its place in hers—the longing for that joy from which she had deemed herself for ever shut out—and now—. Was it then to be wondered at that she, for the first time sensible of homage to herself, should have given her whole heart unconsciously to the only one who had looked with love, not pity, upon the beauty of her face? How would it be when he was gone, and she alone again, with the memory of this bright glimpse of blessedness all remaining?

At last she roused herself. 'Are you not going to keep George company to-night, Sir Lewis?'

He started. 'Half-past eleven! I had no idea it was so late.'

'Nor I.' She rose and unfolded one of the shutters and opened the vapour-bedewed window.

The night was cold, but clear, myriads of stars shining down upon the snow-whiteness.

'Good-night,' she said.

'Are you going to stay here?'

'Yea. I always wait for the bells.'

'The bells?'

'The chimes,' she answered. 'On this night they are always rung—as a farewell to Christmas, I suppose.'

'May I not stay too?'

'If you wish.'

He wrapped a shawl about her, and together they stood upon the balcony. There in the pale clear light, with that lovely fate near him, the prudence and calmness to which Lewis had schooled himself fled away, and burning words trembled on his lips. But when she looked at him, it was so calmly, so smilingly, almost as though she might have guessed his thoughts, and silenced them by the unspoken reproach. He turned from her abruptly.

'Take care!' she cried, stooping and lifting a little dark object from the ground at his feet.

'What is it?' he asked.

'A chrysalis,' she said. 'Does it not seem strange to think there is life in that—that it is only sleeping, and will wake!'

'It is very ngly now,' he said.

'Ah, yes,' she answered; 'but it will be beautiful some day. Perhaps, a lovely butterfly!' She touched the hard pupa-case caressingly. 'It is worth being ugly for a while, sometimes.' Then turning away, she laid the sleep-curwrapped insect carefully in a hollow of the balustrade, and stood by it silently, perhaps comparing its lot with her own. The action was eagerly noted by her companion, who with a sudden impulse clasped her in his arms.

'Ivy—darling!' he whispered. And she, startled, looked up once with glad surprise; then a great crimson wave flushed her face, as she tried to free herself from his embrace. 'No, no!' he said hurriedly. 'Ivy, listen!'

And then, while she stood passive in the dawn of that unlooked-for happiness, he told her of his love. Wrought up by the excitement of the moment, carried away by her beauty and the influence her presence wrought on him, he spoke. He told her that his happiness now depended upon her, that she must be henceforth the guardian angel in his home and life—and then awaited the response.

There was no answer; only her little hand closed more tightly upon his—then—through the night came the first clash of the Christmas bells. Something as she heard them seemed to shake her from head to foot, then very gently she freed herself from his hold.

'Sir Lewis.' The words were spoken so calmly, there seemed no likeness between her and the trembling girl but an instant before clasped in his arms, and with her low tones still came the song of the bells. 'Sir Lewis, I cannot but thank you for your words, to which I ought not to have listened—only love is so new, so'— She paused for a moment. 'I was surprised,' she continued; 'and you—you have not thought sufficiently over what you have said; you have spoken on the impulse of the moment. But I thank you; for whatever the future may have in store for me, I shall feel that I am not so utterly shut out from the happiness of God's creatures. But you have not counted the cost.'

'Cost!' he broke in. 'What cost?'

'You have told me,' she went on gently, 'of your beautiful home, of your position there, of

your social duties. You bear a title; you have a high place to fill. And I'—the tones faltered for a moment—'I am not fit for this. I ought not to bring a cloud on any man's life; and I will not on yours.—Hush! You think *now* you love me; but soon you would grow tired of hearing ridicule, or at least surprise, at your choice.'

'Hush, hush!' he cried. 'Why do you speak so! What do you mean?'

'Listen!' and she held out her hand. 'I believe you. Your words are sincere *now*; but will they remain so? Prove yourself. Go away to-morrow free, as you came; you will find in a very short time that you are wrong; if not, come back again next Christmas Day. Only go now, and do your best to forget me. If you value your happiness, you will.'

'Never!' he answered passionately. 'Ivy! Ivy! won't you hear me? Won't you give me one promise, one word of hope?'

She looked up for an instant, a whole world of love in her eyes. Then she stole in quietly through the open window, and left him alone with the stars.

The echoes of the bells died in the distance; yet he stayed, hoping she would return, confident in his own firmness of purpose and in the strength of his love. His waiting was in vain.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The days glided by, and weeks, and months, bringing no change to the peaceful little village, which counted its seasons by herrings and mackerel, its Sundays by holiday clothes—no other outward change. Only up at the 'Castle,' the life which had flowed on there so steadily was taking another course.

Christmas Day again—a wild blustering Christmas, with a strong wind, driving heavy clouds, which were now coming to earth in drenching showers of rain and sleet. The church was just the same, decked with the shining holly leaves. It was afternoon, and from the organ the deep notes sounded sad and slow. There was no one to listen, no one to go home with Ivy as she struggled back against the relentless blast, along the path she had trodden last winter with Lewis Hogarth by her side. Now, as she had predicted, she was alone—not for the moment, but for all her future life.

The day which was to separate her from her brother was drawing near, and Sir Lewis Hogarth was married! In so short a space he had proved—not himself, but the truth of her words. He had gone away in the full confidence that he would come back to claim her at the end of the time she had appointed; and for weeks, in fancy, that lovely face which had so fascinated him had dwelt with him night and day, till he one morning met some other friend of George Wynne's, who not knowing, spoke of her in terms which opened the baronet's eyes to the manner in which such an unfortunate marriage would be received by the world. Then he grew tired of his London life, and went down to his home.

In all the awakening beauty of the first days of spring, he realised the worth of his possessions; and ever and again, as he paced the stately rooms, he saw those graceless halting movements, that bent and crippled form; and as he regarded the

pictures of the stately women of his race, he contrasted with them the poor cripple he had asked to be his wife. He grew restless and unhappy. He saw now that what he had called love had been but a brief 'stound,' which had come with that awakening to pure desires and high endeavours which had been her work. He had committed himself foolishly, gone too far for a man of honour to retract; yet—'Do your best to forget me. If you value your happiness, you will.' And with scarce a struggle he succeeded in obeying her. Six months after, he married a beautiful girl of good family, living near. A suitable match, the world said.

And the woman he had loved had waited in trembling suspense, hoping vainly for a return of the happiness she, by her own act, had renounced; for with all her soul she loved him, with that great store of love hidden away all the years of her woman's life—loved him, so that the struggle to bid him leave her had been almost too hard—the battle almost too fierce for her to win the victory. And this was the reward of her self-sacrifice. Yet even when she heard he was lost to her forever, she bowed her head in thankfulness because, in all her gloomy afflicted life, she had known one happy hour! O God, who from the height of heaven lookest down upon Thy sinning, suffering creation, with how many years of misery must we pay for the one hour of joy! How many lives are there like this, unknown, unnoticed, crushed in the world's turmoil—ruined, dark existences!

Yet to Ivy, existence was not ruined, only dark. She never blamed him. He was right; he had only obeyed her. She went on her way amongst her poor and her home-duties just the same, never pausing to wail over her sorrows or to murmur at her lot; and no one but he who spoke them ever knew the words whispered in the light of the Christmas stars to the music of the Christmas bells.

Lewis Hogarth was not altogether happy, though he had a kind of liking for his young wife; but that Christmas Day, as his yacht, delayed by contrary winds, sighted the murky English shores, he could not conquer a strange regret for the year that was gone, for the deep clear eyes which had looked up to him so tenderly, for the hopeless love he had taught to one weary enough already with the trial of her life!

The day closed in. Ivy sat by the fire dreaming idly; the night fell; the children's Christmas-tree blossomed and faded, and she was left alone to wait for the bells. A servant came in with a message—a child at one of the fishermen's cottages was ill; the doctor was away. What should they do? She went to the window, opened it, and looked out. The rain was over, though the wind still blew roughly, extinguishing the lights, and tossing her hair in its wild, unholy glee. She longed for some movement, some change from her own dreary thoughts. 'I will go with you,' she said to the boy who had brought the message.

It was scarcely five minutes' walk from the gate; and her errand over, the child sleeping quietly, she set off home, followed by the mother's blessings, and escorted by the boy, who insisted on accompanying her. Suddenly, as they passed along the beach, it seemed to her as though some other voice

than the wind's sounded over the heaving waters, above the roar of the surf. She stopped. 'Did you hear a shout?' she asked the boy, who stood and listened. Three times that vague sound was repeated; then Ivy hurried forward round a point of cliff which, jutting out, obstructed her farther view. Again it came, that voice, whatever it might be. On she hastened, as fast as her feeble strength would allow, past the point, though there was scarcely footway between the chalk wall and the dashing surf. 'Do you not see,' she said breathlessly, 'out there by the Lion Rock?'

The boy strained his eyes in the uncertain light; and dimly, within almost a stone's throw of the shore, could be seen, through the clouds of foam flying over her, some vessel in distress.

'Give me the lantern,' said Ivy hurriedly; 'and run back; tell some of the men to come here, and some to get the boat—only go quickly.'

There was no need to urge speed; the boy, sailor-born, knew all the danger; and Ivy, alone upon that terrible beach, lifted the little light on high, to shew to those in peril that some one at least was watching them, that sooner or later help must come. The coast was an easy one; it was deep water everywhere till close in-shore, with the one exception of that reef of rocks called the Lion, almost hidden by the high tide, upon which the small vessel, owing to the violence of the wind and perhaps the insufficiency of her crew, had been driven.

On the deck of the little craft all was helpless confusion. The men, irritated by not reaching their homes by Christmas-time, as promised, had grown sulky and rebellious, and in the darkness of the night and the strength of the wind, had through their carelessness brought themselves into this peril. Two of them had been washed overboard into the seething waves; the other three remaining held on grimly to the ropes, occasionally giving those cries for help which had startled Ivy on her homeward way. And beside the ruined mast, with one arm clasped about a drooping figure clinging to him, stood Lewis Hogarth. Only that morning he had found fault with Fate; and now his past life seemed fraught with every charm as Death was menacing near. There, in those awful moments, his one thought was of life—life for himself and the girl beside him, the wife intrusted to his keeping, who in that short space of time he had learned to love with an intensity that had seemed impossible but a few hours before.

Suddenly another shout from the seamen: 'A light!' There, upon the shore, so near to them, shining like a star—a light! They were seen. Surely help would come.

'Courage, dear!' he whispered; 'it will soon be over now.'

Over it must be; but for life—or death?

A loud cheer from the beach, and over the dark waves sped a boat to the rescue—those on board the yacht eagerly watching as it bore up on its beneficent mission. With infinite difficulty and danger the rescuers drew near the rocks, and flung a rope to those waiting in such agonised suspense; and then steadily, one by one they were hauled on board.

On the beach the fishermen's wives had gathered, and some blazing wood they had lighted cast

a lurid glare over the ridgy surf; and farther flickered that little light which had first brought them the message of deliverance. This Lewis descried as he cowered in the stern, his wife resting half-unconscious in his arms, her hands clasped in prayer.

The landing was the greatest danger, for the force of the surf was such that the boat might be dashed to pieces, swamped, or overturned before they could reach the beach. The tide had turned, and was on the ebb. At last, after breathless watching, now on the crest of a great heaving wave, now in the darkness of an abyss, from which it seemed they would never rise, they came near, and while a cloud of foam blinded the stalwart rowers and made the watch-fire seem dim and distant, the keel grated on the pebbles.

The foremost men sprang into safety; those on shore rushed down to drag the boat above the fury of the waves, which tried remorselessly to suck her back.

'Go you, sir!' an old sailor shouted to Lewis. 'Leave the lady to me.—You could not stand with her,' he added as Lewis paused. 'There's no time to be lost. Go!'

Lewis sprang towards the shore, losing his footing in the treacherous surf, and was finally helped to land by the friendly hands of the fishermen, who, followed by the women, had crowded down to the water's edge. Then, as he stood trying to collect himself, to find words to thank them, a sudden mighty wave dashed over the foremost of them, bearing all down before it, lifting the boat like a shell, carrying with it the old sailor, and dragging the lady from his arms—then tore back with a hollow, rasping sound, leaving the two powerless human beings fighting in the foam for life.

The spectators stood paralysed. All was confusion. Then, a wild cry for strength went up to heaven, as the little light which had burnt so clearly vanished into darkness, and Ivy rushed down to aid. She heard an answering shout from the fishermen as they followed; but hours of horrible agony seemed to pass as she struggled amidst the waters, her hands clinging with desperate force about the drowning lady, her eyes blinded by the spray, her feet seeking vainly some firm hold, till she was dashed upon the cruel stones, and all was blank! The next wave, greedy to seize its victims, rolled up triumphantly, broke with a crash upon the shore, and rolled back disappointed. The fishermen had balked its fury.

Gently they unclasped the poor bruised hands, which had never loosed their hold; and Lewis clasped his wife once more, half-fainting, but living in his arms.

As soon as possible he left her for a moment, to inquire for her preserver, about whom the others had crowded.

There were broken exclamations, sobbing from the women, and murmurs from the men, as he made his way through them. On the rough beach, the light falling on her tangled golden hair, lay Ivy, white and still. Lewis sprang forward, pushing aside the women, and raised her in his arms.

'How comes *she* here?' he cried. 'How has she come by this?'

'It was she who gave the alarm—who sent for the boat!' answered a dozen voices. 'She rushed into the surf! It was she who saved your lady!'

She's badly hurt, poor Miss Ivy,' they cried angrily, as they pressed around their darling.

'God bless her, and spare her!' one old man murmured.

'She was an angel already!' a woman's voice answered; and Lewis, unheeding, knelt there in silent misery. Ivy dead!—for him—for him who had acted by her so cruelly, who had won her love, and thrown it aside as some worthless thing!

Suddenly, borne upon the wind, came the sound of the midnight bells, and with them life returned for an instant, as though the spirit were loath to leave so pure a shrine. Once more those sweet eyes were fixed upon him. 'Lewis!' she whispered, so low that only he could hear—'the bells! It is Christmas Day departing—'

For the second time, while those chimes pealed gaily, he held her in his arms; only now she rested there passively with a smile upon her lips. She did not bid him go. Ended now for ever were sorrow, and life, and love!

A NOBLE SAILOR.

A PERUSAL of the *Journal of Commodore Goodenough during his last Command as Officer on the Australian Station* (London: H. S. King & Co.), has given us much pleasure. Written in a plain and simple style, the book is nevertheless deeply interesting, abounding in graphic descriptions of foreign lands, and replete with sound and useful information. Regarded merely in the light of a pleasant book of travels, it cannot fail to be a favourite; but as a memoir of one of England's noblest sons, it acquires a double interest.

James Graham Goodenough was born December 3, 1830, at Stoke Hall, near Guildford, Surrey, and was son of Dr Goodenough, the Dean of Wells. From childhood he gave evidences of great mental ability, his implicit obedience and high sense of honour making him a general favourite with his instructors. The bent of his inclinations seems to have been directed from the very first to the sea, and at the early age of fourteen he entered the royal navy, through the influence of his god-father Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty. In July 1851 he passed his examination, and obtained a lieutenant's commission on board the *Collingwood*. During his subsequent career, his unhesitating submission to his superiors, his dauntless bravery, and gentle yet firm powers of discipline, won him the admiration and esteem of all; and so high was the consideration in which he was held, that promotion rapidly followed, and the year 1858 found him in command of the *Calcutta*, gazetted for active service in China. His letters and those of his fellow-officers give an interesting account of the taking of Canton and the Taku forts, where his gallant bearing won him the golden opinions of all. One of his companions speaks of his conduct in these terms: 'I am sure that those who served under him, whilst feeling pride at having been associated with such an officer, can have no better ambition than that they may in some degree resemble him.'

The following account of a banquet given at Nagasaki, in the governor's house, is interesting from the insight it gives one into Japanese manners and customs. 'Yesterday I went with the Admiral to call on the governor, and dined there. We

were placed on chairs on one side of a room, the governor and his suite seated on sofas opposite to us. . . . Servants brought cups of tea, then trays of sweetmeats, at which we nibbled. After cups of water to remove the taste, came very handsome Japanese trays with a broth of fowl and vermicelli, broiled pieces of fresh pork, bits of fish on separate japanned platters, and a shallow red cup of salt—very nasty. After pecking at these, came another tray with hard-boiled eggs, a cup full of capital lobster salad, and lobster floating about with tough mushrooms. Everything is delightfully clean after Chinese dirt. Just now all the party who were yesterday at the governor's were presented with their plates of sweetmeats from yesterday's dinner, nicely tied up with tinsel thread.'

On the return of the *Calcutta* to England, Captain Goodenough filled successively several trustworthy and honourable posts; and in May 1864 he was sent to North America to survey the country (then in a very disturbed state), and to obtain what information he could regarding the ships and guns then in use. Several short voyages to Malta, Genoa, Barcelona, &c. then followed in quick succession, until the year 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and Goodenough, ever first and foremost in works of mercy, offered his services in distributing the supplies of food that had been provided by the English nation. Of the assistance which he rendered, the superintendent of the work, Mr Bullock Hall, gives the following account: 'In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of Novembers, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow, sleet, and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken, and were sorely in sore need of encouragement, there came, in answer to our appeal, a man, the very sight of whom communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity which characterised him—here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush.'

Of the life during the war, Commander Goodenough's letters give an interesting and graphic account of many scenes and episodes, such as the following: 'In the village of St Menges we met a French lady, who had come in search of the body of her husband, who had fallen in one of the charges at the head of his regiment. She knew what kind of wound he had received, and in the village it was remembered that an officer of high rank wounded in that manner had been buried on the heights above Floing. Accompanied by the *maire*, she had the grave, containing forty bodies, opened. The body was found, and easily recognised by the peculiar wound and the white moustache. The poor *marquise* wanted to embrace the body, but was held back by the kind-hearted *maire*, and it was immediately buried in the churchyard in a place which she chose.'

Though there is much that we could dwell upon in connection with the earlier years of

Captain Goodenough's life, we will rather devote ourselves to the period to which the *Journal* mainly refers, namely the subsequent voyage to Australia dating from 1873—1875, when our author was promoted to the rank of Commodore, and appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Pearl*. From the hour of his arrival at the antipodes, Commodore Goodenough busied himself in a thorough investigation of Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands, ascertaining the relative dispositions and feelings of the whites and natives, and making himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country. His labours have thus been described by an eye-witness: 'He threw all his energies, and they were great, both physical and mental, into the work at Fiji. He would take nothing for granted; personal inquiries and inspection guided him. He went from place to place, seeing first one chief and then another, ascertaining the capabilities of the country, all the time with such a genial bearing, such courtesy and kindness to all, that all alike honoured, trusted, and loved him.'

Especially active in bringing about the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain, his efforts were rewarded in March 1874, when the reigning chiefs made an offer of cession to the British crown. On his arrival at Fiji, the Commodore received a visit from his sable majesty, Flocomban, king of Fiji, whom he describes as 'a dignified and well-mannered man,' and whose good-will he gained by an offering of choice cigars. At Tonga the *Pearl* met with a warm reception; and when the Commodore ordered the band to play for the natives' amusement, their enthusiasm rose to such a pitch that they insisted upon loading their distinguished guests with yams, fowls, and a turtle of Brobdingnagian dimensions, weighing upwards of four hundred and fifty pounds; after which, a Fijian war-dance, accompanied by tremendous waving of clubs and frantic gestures, broke up this unique 'soirée' in the South Seas.

At Montague Island, New Hebrides, our author passed a short time, and found the natives hopelessly addicted to cannibalism. There he endeavoured by the aid of an interpreter to rouse their better feelings, but the attempt was decidedly a failure. So, as our author says, 'There was no help for it but to say in a fatuous way, that man-eating was a bad thing, and to go away and look at the surroundings. There were three old skulls and fourteen lower human jaws near the end of the hut. A quantity of bones of turtle and pigs and fish hung from long strings in the hut, and pigs' jaws from the fences. I never saw a more curious and picturesque place, or one with so decided a flavour of heathendom. . . . The original dress of these people seems to be a broad belt of matting round the waist, while many have bamboo combs in their hair. They all paint the face red and black, and have for ornament round the neck a pearl shell, a plate atop of Holloway's Ointment pot, a tin cover. As a rule, the men and women are very ugly. One dirty grotesque-looking wretch came near us with a nose like one of the hideous Chinese lapdogs.' Our author also describes the idols in this place as very curious, consisting of a head, nose, and mouth, 'gigantic, and with little arms protruding. They are coloured red and white with arnotto and lime, eyes in concentric circles.

Commodore Goodenough was very desirous to visit the island of Santa Cruz (the scene of Bishop Patteson's death), but was dissuaded from doing so, owing to the treacherous character of the natives. However, he eventually resolved upon carrying out the plan, and on August 12, 1875, he landed at Port Carlyle. The natives at first appeared friendly; but on a second visit their behaviour was so suspicious that the Commodore became alarmed, and ordered his men to the boats. In a letter, the last he ever wrote, he describes the scene. 'I saw the native to the left fitting an arrow to a string; and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, thud came the arrow into my left side. I shouted "To the boats!" pulled the arrow out, and leaped down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows whiz past me. On reaching the boats the surgeon came at once and dressed the wound, burning it well with caustic.' Five days after, he adds: 'I am exceedingly well; my only trouble is a pain in my back, which prevents me sleeping. I don't feel'— Here the writing was interrupted, and not again resumed, as the Commodore shewed the first signs of fatal illness a few hours after these words were penned.

The wound was not at first supposed to be mortal, but in a few days symptoms of tetanus set in, and all hope was relinquished. The good Commodore received the intelligence of his dangerous state with the perfect calm of a man whose whole life had been one long preparation for death. He caused himself to be carried on deck, and while his men gathered round him in speechless grief, he spoke to them lovingly and tenderly, and besought them to follow in his footsteps. The next day he passed away to his rest, so peacefully that the exact moment of his departure could not be ascertained.

So perished a man whom England could but ill spare. Possessed of talents of the highest order, yet modest and unassuming; a strict disciplinarian, yet so beloved by his men that a single word or look was sufficient to enforce obedience; combining the energy of a man with the large-hearted sympathy of a woman and the pure simplicity of a little child, Commodore Goodenough was a rare specimen of a noble sailor and Christian gentleman.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

It is Christmas Day.

'Glorious Christmas! Everything is radiant to welcome you, from that tiny robin's throat to the vast sheet of snow that mantles the earth.' This grandiloquent speech proceeds from a young person, who is in that state of full content, which must overflow somehow on something, quite independently of any response. That young person is myself; and I am leaning as far as possible out of the large bay-window in our dining-room, during the few moments that remain before our guests will descend to breakfast. I should like nothing better than a race round the grounds, and dare not trust myself outside the door, lest the temptation should be too much for me. My feelings find some small vent, however, in the speech just made, which, to my astonishment, is answered by a strong

arm pulling me backwards, to receive a Christmas greeting from its owner, who proves to be my only brother Charlie.

'And a certain child's eyes have lately contributed more than their share of the "radiant" quality,' he remarks with provoking scrutiny of my face.

'Not at all,' I dissent, with a sudden anxiety for Tim's (my collie's) head, which is hanging peacefully over the arm-chair on which he reposes. 'Is not every one happy?' I continue, as though in vindication of some offence.

'Oh, every one of course'—with an odd smile—'from the over-fed robin to the over-fed bullock,' is the unsatisfactory answer.

The timely entrance of several people puts an end to our chatter.

Let me now introduce my mother, who heads the table I verily believe as graciously as woman ever did. But I will not dwell upon virtues, whose enumeration would only be found tedious, being content to let others discover them. I will only say she has a kind word for all, and is thoroughly in harmony with the day and season. Charlie is so like her, that one description would almost suffice for the two. He is fair and tall, with a presence too friendly to be strictly commanding. She is fair and tall, with a presence too sweet to be commanding. The same frank blue eyes mark both faces. Now a word for the last and least remaining member of the family. I need not say I am a girl; but am bound to say that in appearance, alas! I am behind the others. I certainly possess a shade of my mother's bright hair mixed with my more ordinary brown; eyes to match; and the rest is perversely defiant of rule.

Breakfast is over, and all—about twenty in number—go their separate ways, or the way some one else chooses them to go. I am preparing for the 'round' I before denied myself, when—'Hudn't you better come with me, Ethel, for a grand turn?' a voice calls out. 'It will do you a world of good.' The voice belongs to Herbert Leicester, whose father was an old friend of my mother; consequently the son, though not of many months' acquaintance, has soon managed to establish a very friendly footing amongst us, presuming somewhat, with masculine assurance, on bygone times.

I hesitate a minute—only one, however—and then consent. The desired circuit gives place to a ramble with a pleasant companion. We have a long draught of the fine clear air, and return home feeling equal to anything—luncheon included. On our way back we pass through the conservatory. It is really a charming contrast to the outside world. I stand still and wonder, as I compare them. He makes towards a noble bush of *Gloire de Dijon* roses, selects one, adds a fairy spray of 'maiden-hair,' and presents it to me.

'Not yours to give, sir,' I say, laughing, but holding out my hand for it all the same.

'Tis no matter to me whose it *was*,' he replies, with admirable carelessness, 'so that it *will* be yours. I should like to see it in your dress to-night.'

'Very well,' I agree, accepting it, 'though as a rule, I do not encourage theft.'

'Perhaps you will—some day,' he remarks, with amused significance.

I may here mention that we are to have a ball to-night—a real ball, not a scanty collection of relatives and family friends. We hope to gather about two hundred people together, and allowing for a third of them being agreeable, may surely, without over-confidence, expect some pleasure.

Almost before I know it, the day has stolen away; and we are all consigned to our various processes of dressing. This is my first ball; therefore of course I am attired in the orthodox white; and, with pearls on my throat and hair, am not altogether displeased—forgive me!—with the result. As I enter the ballroom, I am amused to see a pert sprig of mistletoe peeping forth and twinkling triumphantly from the centre of a succession of festoons, which decorate the walls. This was evidently our butler's finishing and surreptitious touch, he having inquired if any of that forward parasite should be introduced, and received a negative reply.

'Might not Miss Ethel like to see some?' he had persisted, with the proverbial obstinacy of time-honoured service.

'I think not,' my mother repeated, with a certain old-fashioned sense of propriety awakened at the mere question. However, there it is; and none but the holly-berries seem to blush for it. I also make another observation, which is, that Herbert Leicester is talking to Charlie a few paces off, and I am not a little disgusted at seeing his back—necessarily, I admit—towards myself. As I am so thinking, Captain Brand, who is standing at the door, speaks to me. He is a gentleman of about thirty, tall, refined, and somewhat insipid of looks, but who nevertheless sets no small value on the same. 'May I have the pleasure of the first waltz, Miss Coleson?'

I repress an inclination to have one more look in Mr Leicester's direction, and assent with, I fear, an ill grace. As we start together, I notice him turn round and watch us; accordingly, I avert my eyes; for I feel unreasonably vexed at this beginning of the night I have pictured so differently. The music is good, the men doing their best; the floor is good—a long straight length of polished oak—and my partner's step is undoubtedly good; yet I can see goodness in nothing until—we stop, and Herbert hurriedly crosses the room to me. However, I am determined to be chary of shewing my content to one who was, I consider, backward in promoting it; therefore, to his request for the next dance I give as simple a 'Yes' as was ever uttered by country maid.

But he is not slow to take possession of me, and commences at once: 'How unkind of you, Ethel, to escape me like that! I had only that moment been called away by your brother.'

'What does it matter?' I say, regaining my temper very quickly. 'There is all the evening before us.' This is no sooner said than regretted. But what can be expected of such an utter novice as I?

He sees no harm in it, however, but looks down on me with more pleasure in his eyes than I have ever seen there before. 'Yes,' he answers slowly. 'Will you give me as many dances as you can, Ethel?'

'O yes,' laughing off my fit of discomfort as best I can. 'I have heard you are a good dancer, you know!'—of which modification I am justly proud.

He smiles rather grimly, but relents upon noticing his rose comfortably ensconced in my dress. 'Let us begin,' he says; and for the second time I start, but with this difference—I can now see the perfection of everything.

The exquisite melodies of the waltz—Waldteufel's *Mon Rêve*—seem to adapt themselves exactly to this new sensation of enjoyment. How thankful do I now feel for my formerly much despised and abused dancing lessons! Herbert and I are waltzing—not either skipping or lurching, thank goodness. It is over, and he offers his arm for the after-promenade. We stroll into a sideroom; such crowds are moving towards the conservatory.

'Did you like the waltz?' he asks, with a swift glance of inquiry.

As he speaks, I catch sight of my face in a mirror, and am startled at the look of exuberant happiness thereon. 'Very much,' I admit, endeavouring to control both features and voice. 'You must remember this is my first ball.'

'Yes; and—What did you think of yourself in the glass just now?'

'What did I think?' I repeat, after my first surprise. 'That—that'—

'That you were looking rather pretty, on the whole?' he suggests, with a quiet touch of humour in the tone.

'I thought nothing of the kind'—with quick indignation.

'Did you not? I did.'

I have not yet attempted to describe this Herbert Leicester. I say 'attempt,' because I must certainly fail. However, mark the following: He is tall and imposing; pale delicate features, contrasting strikingly with so manly a build. His eyes are deep gray, constantly changing; that is their charm, for they look out of a face which might, but for them, be too grave. His hair is wavy and brown. My words can say no more. They cannot reach the myriad subtleties of expression and gesture, the language of body and soul! This last, by the way, is, I need hardly add, put in force with his late compliment.

As we return to the ballroom, our attention is fixed involuntarily upon the hapless row of 'wall-flowers.' To-night, they are few in number; we having purposely invited only the necessary inevitable ones.

Herbert lowers his head as he whispers: 'It is too cruel to have ranged their seats beneath the grapes'—with an expressive glance at the mistletoe.

I resist a strong temptation to laugh at his irreverence, while we pass on.

He writes down his name in my programme for as many more dances as he chooses, and then I am taken away by another partner; after which I busy myself in striving to atone for past neglect of introductions. It is wonderful how wary the gentlemen are in this respect. I am convinced that they nearly all imagine themselves far too perfect to be paired off with any but the loveliest of angels. But I have no mind to humour this delusion, and find that the best method of treating the most fastidious is to present them unexpectedly. Catch them up, carry them along ere they can resist, make the introduction off-hand and rapidly—and presto! the thing's done. The hours fly with wondrous speed, and it is now

supper-time. At this period I espy Captain Brand looking about vaguely, with an apparent lack of 'work to do;' and straightway I make for him, with the view of a final discharge of duty before the next dance, which is Herbert's. He greets me at once with a proposal to go in to supper with him. I am taken by surprise, but manage to rally.

'O no! I couldn't think of it yet. I must see after some of the strangers first.'

'But,' he persists, 'let us be last then. You cannot refuse that?'

He is quite right. I cannot; being scanty of resource, though most unwilling. (There certainly seems an unkind fatality in the arrangements to-night.) I assent; and shortly after, Mr Leicester claims his waltz. At its close—'You will have supper with me?' he says with a glad confidence, which somehow involves a foregone conclusion rather than a request.

In genuine disappointment I am obliged very laggardly to refuse. 'I am engaged,' I reply.

'May I ask to whom?'

'Captain Brand.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon.'

I look up at him, being puzzled at the impatience of his manner; and—inexperienced as I am—read something which makes my heart throb quickly. He is evidently annoyed. Why am I not sorry? Surely this contrary feeling must be quite wrong and most reprehensible. He appears to hesitate, makes some excuse, and leaves me.

A little later, Captain Brand and I follow the crowd. We succeed in finding two seats, which are near the door; and I soon discover that the waiters in passing would undoubtedly brush off any rashly fixed head-dress or other insecure appendage, which sufficiently accounts for the vacancy. Captain Brand having helped me, with solemn deference, to chicken and champagne, prepares to watch me attack them, his expression meanwhile assuming the character of solicitous vigilance.

'Don't trouble any further on my account,' I remark, smiling; 'and if you will now treat yourself equally well, I am sure we shall not do badly.'

He lifts his eye-glass in slight surprise; but obviously it does not enable him to perceive my object more clearly. 'Oh, er—thanks very much; but I will take mine later.'

Thereupon, I submit to fate, though feeling rather in the position of a caged animal—my appetite regulated by my keeper. I fancy too he is afraid of disturbing my operations by conversation, so we remain some few minutes in silence.

Presently: 'Do you not feel the draught, Miss Coleson?'

'No; thank you—not the least.'

'I wish you did, because I could then shut the door for you.'

I chance to meet Charlie's eye at this climax, and it is too much for me. I rise with somewhat precipitate haste, and happily confront the last batch of ladies for supper. They have brought themselves down—fie on the gallantry of Englishmen!—having waited till the last with, I fear, some of the 'sickness' of 'hope deferred.' I assign my place to one, and am about to depute Captain Brand to attend upon them, when he, anticipating

my intention, suddenly offers his arm to conduct me back to the ballroom. By this time my mirth has evaporated and we leave together. When outside, I appeal to his Christian charity, and he promises to return to the uncavaliered damsels if I will give him half this waltz. I consent; but happen at the same instant to glance at my poor rose, which is hanging its lovely head in death. You may think me wildly superstitious; but I am seized with an imperative desire to save it as far as possible. All thought of the charity I advocated is blotted out by this one idea.

'Yes; I will give you the waltz,' I say hurriedly, scarcely heeding his pleased surprise; 'but'—scanning an imaginary rent—'I must first run up and have my dress repaired.' What can I do with him meanwhile? A thought strikes me. 'I shall want a new flower,' pointing to mine; 'will you get me one in the conservatory? I will come for it directly.'

Up-stairs I place my treasure carefully in water, and leave it with a foolish farewell. According to agreement, I then join Captain Brand, who is in the act of gathering a crimson camellia. Its robust colour almost jars after the withered fairness of its predecessor. However, I cannot but accept it; and am not more reconciled upon seeing Herbert rapidly approaching us.

'I have been looking for you in the ballroom, Miss Coleson,' he affirms, his gaze full of displeasure upon the innocent cause thereof—the bright substitute. 'The next dance is ours, I believe?'

'Yes,' I answer; and he goes.

'Which does not account for his hunting you up during this,' adds my companion, who in his turn is apparently out of humour.

But my attention is with Herbert, and I do not answer. I notice that he hesitates, for the second time this evening, when a few yards from us, turns back, and—'Am I to look for you—here?' he inquires.

'No,' I reply quickly, 'in the dancing-room. —Are we not to try this waltz?' I continue, addressing the other.

At the end of it, seeing Mr Leicester stand apart, I order our steps in his direction, and am duly resigned to him. 'Thank you so much,' murmurs the gallant officer; 'that was a bright star in my evening!'

I smile, but mentally note that it will be the last, so far as I am concerned.

Somehow this waltz with Herbert lacks the pleasure of our first. I am half afraid, and wholly repentant of my former triumphant levity of spirit. Is he really offended? And if so, what can I do? Alas! it would be quite impossible and utterly absurd to express contrition for a doubtful offence to one who had never sought it; therefore, wrongly or rightly, I am silent. When at last it is all over, I go in a strange tumult to my room. Everything seems still, except my own heart. I lift the rose impatiently to my lips. 'Does he love me?' I plead of it over and over again, as though the senseless leaves could tell. I lay it at length reverently in a book, and go to bed, to toss restlessly about and then to dream. Love! Is it fair to banish Peace at one's first ball?

The next day several of our guests are obliged to leave us, amongst them Herbert Leicester. To

all appearances, we are on as good terms as ever; but there is a difference, although one only known to ourselves. The evening about which I had thought and planned so much, has left a dissatisfied morrow, and I find myself concluding with the air of a second Solomon: 'Well, I suppose "all is vanity"—"vexation" at anyrate!'

It is time for Herbert to start, and I meet him coming down-stairs. He motions me into a side-room. 'I suppose you will forget all about me, Ethel, quite comfortably?'

'Indeed, I shall not,' I assert, regaining my courage. 'I hope we shall soon see you here again.'

'You may be sure I shall come when possible,' he answers with a pleased smile.

'Luggage all down!' shouts a voice from below.

'Here's the rest of it,' cries Herbert in return, shewing himself, after a hurried good-bye. And so he goes, and my pleasure with him.

Nearly a whole year has passed, and we are again preparing for Christmas. Invitations are accordingly finding their various ways about. Need I say that one of them is addressed to 'Herbert Leicester, Esq.?' I have posted it myself, though with little hope, fearing that he may be from home. Captain Brand will not be of our number this time, because—I may as well say so at once—he and I have 'understood' each other; and the understanding to him was not satisfactory. Let me drop the subject henceforth.

A couple of days crawl by; and then, on the breakfast table, I see a letter to my mother, from Herbert. Without a thought, I seize it and master the contents. The result is a quite unconscious repetition of my first words in last year's 'grandiloquent speech.' 'Glorious Christmas!' I exclaim, 'you have brought him back;' and with heedless velocity, I rush up-stairs to find the note's legal recipient. She kisses me, and strokes my hair fondly as she questions: 'When will you learn, my darling, to build less joyously on the future?'

'Never, I hope; for it always outshines the present!'

'Pray God the present may one day be the best!' Her wish, in its sweet prayer, enters deeply into my heart, and brings with it a calmer happiness.

To-day has not time to crawl. I believe it actually skips past, so much must be done and arranged before its successor. The night alone is long; but morning comes at length. 'Let me see! He will be here at 6.5,' I announce to myself, my brows deep bent over the intricacies of *Bradshaw*. Nine whole hours and a quarter to pass! However, other guests claim my attention; and the house begins already to look tolerably well filled. At half-past five, the butler 'wishes to speak' to me. 'If you please, Miss, Mr Leicester is here; and shall I shew him to his room now, or will you or your Ma see him first? I just shewed him in your budwar, Miss, for the moment.'

'In my boudoir?' I repeat.

'Yes, Miss; there was people scattered about everywhere else,' he explains, without the slightest appearance of consciousness, though I feel certain there are grounds for such.

Well, I must admit the room was not an unusual resort of Herbert's, formerly. O for my mastery of *Bradshaw*! All seems in confusion. I wait a minute to steady my thoughts, and then: 'I will go to him,' I reply. I need not have been so careful to 'collect' myself; for he has certainly not done the same. As I open the door, he starts perceptibly and puts down a book, much resembling my especial scrap-album. It is opened; but the tenant of the page is in his hand. It is only—a dead rose.

'I—I beg your pardon, Ethel,' he begins; 'I must explain. I came here not in the best of tempers, yet determined to learn something for myself. I had received rumours of—of another man's attention to you, and your probable engagement; and now, by the merest chance, by taking up the first book near me in this room, I have come upon *this*'—holding up the rose. 'Does it tell me the truth? Has it a right to contradict those rumours?'

'I do not understand,' I protest, feeling in truth much dazed, but alas for that moment's veracity! understanding very fairly.

'Well, it was just this. I unclasped your scrap-book, which opened very naturally'—here he smiles—'on the bulkiest page. That disclosed the flower, which I looked upon with unreasoning disfavour, until it slipped, through my awkwardness, to the ground; and I read beneath, the date of last Christmas Day. Is it *my* gift, Ethel, or am I demented?'

'It is yours,' I confess, with my eyes on the ground, and becoming uncomfortably hot.

'Then you are mine!' he adds, with swift conclusion, taking me deftly in his arms. 'Tell me that yourself, darling, though the rose has said it for you.'

'You know my answer, so well,' I whisper, hiding my face on his shoulder.

'But I want it in words—just one word. Do you love me, Ethel?'

'Yes!'

Reader! can you wonder that I treasure above the sweetest flower blooming, my faded Christmas Rose?

* ANOTHER CORN-CRAKE ANECDOTE.

From a gentleman in Monmouth we have the following interesting anecdote:

'In a field in front of this house which was mowed for hay during this summer, three corn-crakes' nests were found. In one the young ones were able to run. After the mowers had passed, the old bird returned, and although naturally most shy, shewed much courage in exposing herself while gathering her little ones in a swath. Towards evening, we noticed that she was on the move; and my children and I watched her while she drew her little ones away, which she did thus: she ran swiftly across to the next swath and hid herself; she then called, and the five little black objects ran across the open space as fast as possible. She repeated this movement from swath to swath until she had taken them into the next field, up some portion of that, and into a third meadow to the safety to be found in standing grass. It was as pretty an instance of maternal love and instinct as I have ever witnessed.'

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

CHIME on, chime on, ye merry Christmas bells,
For well we love your dear familiar sound;
Voices long silent in your music dwells;

Loved forms long vanished seem to cluster round,
Their fond, true eyes reflecting heaven's own light,
They come, dear whispering spirits robed in white!

The lonely mother, by her childless fire,
At your sweet chiming lifts her drooping head,
While through her bosom steals the fond desire
To hold communion with her silent dead.
She hears your mellow song, and longs to keep
Her Christmas vigils where her treasures sleep.

Your magic voices guide the mourner's feet
To where the loved ones slumber side by side—
'Thou wert my first-born! O my love, my sweet!'
She fondly murmurs, while with loving pride
She smooths a tiny cross, and bending low,
Decks it with holly and with mistletoe.

'An ever joyous Christmas-tide be thine,
My little darling with the golden hair!
There is no weeping where thy bright wings shine—
No breaking hearts, no tresses blanched with care,
No weary counting of the long, long years,
No Christmas garlands wet with mothers' tears.

'Gone, gone! and yet it seems but yesterday.
Since, with dishvelled locks and cheeks aglow,
We laughed together, and in idle play,
Pelted each other with the drifting snow—
Since last I caught thee in my fond embrace,
And showered warm kisses on thy *living* face!

'For twenty years this little cross hath stood,
Kissed by the sun, and beaten by the rain.
'O she was lovely, innocent, and good!'
For twenty years hath been the sweet refrain
Chirped by the robins through the wintry hours,
Sighed by the zephyrs through the summer flowers!

'A wee blue dress, fruit stained, with brambles torn,
Crumpled and faded, in my chamber lies;
A little hood, that years ago was worn
To shade the glory of two deep blue eyes;
Two tiny shoes, in anguish stored away,
Just as my darling left them—plashed with clay.'

And such a host of tender memories steal
Through your sweet voices, O ye Christmas chimes,
That her poor sorrowing heart begins to feel
The loving rapture of the olden times.
She decks that tiny cross till nought is seen
Save the tear-blurred inscription, 'Mother's Queen.'

'Not lost, but gone before,' she whispers low,
For she has hung her last sweet garland now!
Low droops her head, and while her hot tears flow,
An angel's pinion passes o'er her brow,
And a loved voice is singing in her ear:
'A happy Christmas to you, mother dear!'

FANNY FORRESTER.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 835.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

Price 1½d.

PRANKS WITH THE MOUTH.

THE mouth is not to be played pranks with, but it often is so. The heedless practice of putting small articles in the mouth either for the purpose of holding them for a few moments, or for playing some trick, has been frequently attended with very serious consequences. Yet, the practice is common, especially among young women, who may be seen holding pins between their teeth while dressing. Medical attendants in hospitals have frequent cause to find fault with female patients of a humble rank for putting pins in their mouth when they have occasion to remove any part of their dress. From long and unchecked habits, they seem unconscious of doing anything improper, or which might produce unpleasant results.

Children of both sexes seem almost to have an instinctive fancy to put playthings in their mouth, and sometimes therefore give no end of trouble to parents and nurses. Notwithstanding every precaution, distressing accidents occur. A few years ago, a fine boy, son of a respectable man in our neighbourhood, swallowed a small piece of brass chain, with which he had been amusing himself by putting it into his mouth. The bit of chain lodged in the stomach, and though medical aid was resorted to, the poor child languished and died. Only a few weeks ago, as mentioned in *The Lancet*, a young boy in Devonshire died from having allowed a small tin whistle to slip from his mouth into the trachea, where it stuck, and baffled attempts at removal. Death took place from inability to breathe.

Remarkable instances are related of needles which had been accidentally swallowed, finding their way, point foremost, through the sides of the stomach, and thence to the exterior surface of the body, where they are drawn out. It is all a chance, however, that they make their escape in this harmless manner, and accordingly there is no excuse for women thoughtlessly, it may be perversely, putting needles in their mouth. Those who do so run a great risk of perishing in con-

siderable agony. Occasionally, female lunatics in their mad freaks unwittingly kill themselves by swallowing needles which they manage to secrete. A case has been mentioned to us of a most extraordinary degree of mad perversity. A female lunatic had such a morbid craving for swallowing small parcels of needles which from time to time she procured, that at length she destroyed herself. At a post-mortem examination, as many—if we mistake not—as three hundred and ninety needles in a less or more state of corrosion were found lodged in various parts of her body. In another case that has been recorded, the great French surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, extracted two hundred and fifty-four needles through the skin, to which they had found their way from the stomach.

In the narrative of memorable cases connected with Guy's Hospital, there is a curious story of a sailor named John Cummings, who, in a spirit of vulgar brag, and mostly when half-intoxicated, swallowed clasp-knives. In 1799 he had seen a French juggler perform the trick of assumedly swallowing knives of that kind as a public entertainment. The feat was so cleverly performed, that the spectators—or at least some of them—were under the belief that the knives vanished down the throat of the juggler, instead of being put by sleight-of-hand in some part of his dress. The sailor, in his simplicity, was one of the credulous sort; and to astonish his messmates, he began to swallow clasp-knives. He at first swallowed only four, which, fortunately for him, were expelled in the usual way, and no inconvenience ensued. He thought no more of knife-swallowing for six years. In March 1805, when at Boston, United States, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, and was ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of the day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

He paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized

with constant vomiting, and pain in the stomach. Taken to an hospital, he was by efficacious medical treatment, relieved, as he imagined, of all the knives he had swallowed. But in this, he would appear to have been mistaken. Portions of knives undissolved remained in his stomach. The amount of relief, whatever it was, did not cure the poor wretch of his folly. When at Spithead in December 1805, and somewhat tipsy, he resumed his boastfulness of being able to swallow knives, and to amuse the ship's company, swallowed nine clasp-knives, some of them of a large size. Again he became ill, and was in the hands of the ship's surgeon for several months, during which portions of knives were discharged. At length he was admitted as a patient at Guy's Hospital in 1807, and again he came to the hospital in 1808. There he remained, sinking under his sufferings, until March 1809, when he died in a state of extreme emaciation.

This extraordinary case is detailed in the 'Medico-Chirurgical Transactions,' Vol. XII. part i., to which we must refer for particulars unsuitable for our pages. At the post-mortem examination, as many as forty different articles, one of them a lieutenant's uniform button, were found in the stomach of the deceased. The bone hafts of the knives were partially consumed by the action of the stomachic juices. The edges of the knives were likewise similarly dissolved. Nature had evidently made immense efforts to neutralise and get rid of the indigestible substances. The account in the book is accompanied with an engraved picture of the forty articles—a weird assemblage of objects. Taking the case all in all, we should think that in the annals of stupidity and brag there is nothing at all to match it. Among tragical pranks with the mouth, it is unique.

An incident will be in general recollection connected with the late Mr Brunel, the eminent engineer, who planned the Thames Tunnel and the Great Western Railway. One day while diverting a child with tricks of sleight-of-hand, by causing a half-sovereign to mysteriously disappear and reappear, a stunning disaster occurred. The trick consisted in adroitly concealing the coin in his mouth, and pretending to bring it out at his ear. All at once, before he was aware, and to his dismay, the half-sovereign slipped down into his gullet. He tried to cough it up, without effect. There it stuck. Every surgical device was tried to get hold of it without avail. It became evident that if the coin could not be dislodged, fatal results would ensue. It was a matter of life and death. In the dire dilemma into which he had needlessly brought himself, Brunel's presence of mind did not desert him. He devised a wooden structure to which he could be strapped head downwards, in the hope that the half-sovereign would fall out of his throat by the force of gravity. It was a painful experiment, but life was at stake. He was fixed to the machine head downmost, keeping his mouth open. To his inexpressible relief, the coin dropped from its lurking-place and rolled to the floor. The case is memorable for the mechanical ingenuity displayed, and not less so as affording an admonition not to play pranks with the mouth—an admonition, however, which we fear will be of little practical value.

We have just read the following account of the

death at Heidelberg of Mr Adolf Sander, who was formerly in large practice as a physician in Elberfeld and its neighbourhood. One morning in 1874 while dressing he contrived in some way to get a shirt-button between his teeth. Unconsciously, while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were vain. It was ascertained that it sank into the right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting of blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfort-on-the-Maine to pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a violent fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved; and in a couple of months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavoured to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year unmistakable symptoms manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He spent the winter in the south of Europe, but returned almost worse than he went. He gradually wasted away, and died.

At present, as is pretty well known, there is a public performer in the art of sword-swallowing, whose pranks are watched with intense interest by crowds of people who take delight in witnessing feats of this description. By long practice from youth upwards, this individual has so trained his throat and stomach that he can swallow a naked sword, twenty-four or more inches in length, point downwards. There he boldly stands in front of a stage, drawn up erect to his full height, with a straight sword in his hand. He throws back his head, so as to make a clear way down his throat, and poising the sword with his hands over his mouth, lets it slip slowly down and down till nothing but the handle of the weapon is visible. In a minute or two he draws the sword carefully up again, and with a look of triumph waves it amidst shouts of applause, as having performed a valiant feat.

We learn that in the course of his performances, a doubt arose as to the reality of his sword-swallowing. It was sceptically imagined that the blade of the sword did not really go down the throat, but went up into the handle, in the nature of a juggle. To settle the point, Dr P. and a distinguished naturalist in the metropolis attended a performance, and after close examination, declared that the blade of the sword actually went down into the stomach.* How such should be without danger to life seemed incomprehensible. But the phenomenon was explained in this wise. Through long pressure, the stomach of the performer had been thrust down from its natural position to the lower part of the abdomen, thus causing a very abnormal condition of things, by which means the sword could be swallowed in its entire length. The whole thing was a violation of nature, and the wonder is how with such derangements it is possible for any one to live. Our informant, Dr P., says that the feat of sword-swallowing, however dexterously managed, and

* A detailed account of this was given in *Land and Water*.

however much the throat and other parts have accommodated themselves to the passage of the weapon, is extremely hazardous. With all the care that may be bestowed, the point of the sword may some day accidentally puncture, or absolutely pierce through the stomach, and death would of course be the consequence. To think of a man playing with his life in this way for the sake of gain and public entertainment!

On one occasion the sword-swallower got into a fix even more dreadful than that of Brunel. He professed to be able to perform a trick with a bayonet fixed on the end of a musket. It was an awfully hazardous prank, far beyond that of swallowing a sword. He held the musket aloft with the butt-end uppermost, and opening his mouth, allowed the bayonet to go down his throat. Having got it this length, he clenched the part of the bayonet next the handle with his teeth, and holding the musket with his hands, to prevent it from swinging to one side or other, walked about with it in this perilous attitude on the stage. Tremendous applause! Now as to what occurred. It reads like a hideous romance.

At a performance one day of the bayonet and musket trick, something was seen to go wrong. There was a stagger, a flutter. The observers were surprised, horror-struck. The swaying of the upraised musket had caused it to snap off, at the part of the bayonet where it was sustained by the teeth of the performer, the result being that the shaft of the bayonet was left sunk out of sight or reach in his throat. Anything more appalling than this can hardly be imagined. Perhaps in the agony of the moment the performer recollected the device resorted to by Brunel in similar circumstances. At all events, he instantly threw himself on his hands, and, with the aid of his assistants, stood with his feet uppermost against the wall. The effort was successful. By its own weight the bayonet descended from its place in the throat, and at length it was pulled from the mouth. A fortunate escape! The dexterity, the fortitude of this remarkable sword-swallower may be matter of admiration, his feats a wonder, but we may say with the old dramatist—

Scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Whatever feats of skill you are fond of shewing off, we should in a friendly way recommend you to abstain from playing any sort of pranks with your mouth.

W. C.

A SHADOWY STORY.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF '98.

CONCLUSION.

IN less than the appointed time Dickles arrived at the head of some two-and-twenty men, looking sombre enough in their gray overcoats; so without delay, and giving the command in a low tone, Westbury set off on his dreary patrol. The night was pitch-dark; it was long past the hour when the inhabitants of Boreen were accustomed to retire; and so far as the Lieutenant could judge, not a soul was aware of the departure of the detachment. Yet a feeling hung about him,

a curious conviction that, in spite of the utter silence and darkness, such was not the case; and as he left, he threw a last glance at the upper windows of Boreen House, remembering the suspicious creaking he had heard half an hour earlier. Now, however, nothing was to be heard or seen; and in a few seconds the last cottage was lost in the gloom, and the men plodded slowly along the miry road. When five weary miles had been traversed, the party were brought to a sudden halt, by a faint halloo at some little distance behind them. It was repeated nearer and nearer. Westbury was in doubt whether to answer or not; it might be a messenger for them, or it might be a messenger in connection with a very different party, and as by remaining silent he might discover something bearing on the object of the expedition, he did not return the hail. Directly afterwards, however, another shout followed, and this time they could hear '—th, halt!' The number of the regiment to which the handful of regulars belonged being correctly given, the halloo was returned; then the sound of a man plashing through the water in the hollow was heard, followed by a figure which came panting up the slope.

'Who goes there?' was the challenge given by Dickles.

'Be the powers, but it's "who goes there" indade,' said a voice. 'Sure it's meself; an' a mighty fine run I've had afther yeas all the way from the Big Rock of Drome, an' got drowned intoirely in the bogs.'

'Well, who are you, and what do you want with us?' interrogated Westbury.

'It's the Leftenant Westbury I'm wanting,' replied the man.

'I am Lieutenant Westbury. Now say your business, and who you are.'

'Me name is Mike—Mike Rooney, yer honour,' said the stranger; 'but ye'll know the man that sint me. I'm from Dennis Mullany; an' it's a dearly earnt half-guinea I'll have for this night's work.'

'Mullany!' exclaimed Westbury, roused at hearing the name of their principal scout. 'What does he say?'

'He ses,' resumed the man, 'that ye're not to go on wid yer men to the ronyvoo, but to go as quick as ye can to Hoggerty's Mill; an' then, if ye've luck, ye'll nab five or six of the proclaimed boys—rale golden birds.'

'Where is Hoggerty's Mill?' said the Lieutenant. 'Are you to shew us the way?'

'Sure, no, yer honour,' replied the messenger. 'I'm to get back to Dennis as soon as me tin toes will carry me.'

'Here's a man who knows Hoggerty's Mill, sir,' said Dickles. 'He says it's about three miles away, down a lane which turns off just here.'

'But how am I to know that this man is not deceiving us?' said the Lieutenant. 'Mullany may know nothing at all about him.' These words

were uttered in a very low voice, but the messenger's ears were quick enough to catch them.

'Be gorra! but it's roight intoirely ye are, sir,' said the man; 'an' it's meself that's the fool for not giving ye the token. See here now! here's Dennis Mullany's own stick. He saw me at Loughie; an' it's right straight across thim bogs from Loughie to this; an' there's not a boy in the barony but meself could cross 'em at noight. Ses Dennis: Give this to his honour, an' thin he'll know ye're from me. If ye don't, be me faith, ye'll be shot.'

'It's his stick, sure enough,' said Dickles, taking it from the man. 'I have seen Mullany with it a score of times, and we know he's with the Loughie detachment. I suppose it's all right.'

'There's the road, yer honour,' said the messenger, pointing in a direction at right angles with the track they were pursuing; 'an' now I'll be off, wid yer honour's lave.' He turned and walked slowly from them, as if waiting to see them off. The soldiers crossed the mury track which was called a road, and guided by one of their number, entered on a by-way far worse than any of the ground they had yet traversed.

'I don't half like this,' said the Lieutenant, as they started. 'I believe that fellow is still watching us, or listening to us from the bank where we left him. I will question him again.—Go on with the men, Dickles. I will overtake you directly.' So saying, Westbury recrossed the road, and Dickles heard him call to the scout; then the sergeant-major plunged fairly into the lane, and was soon out of reach of his voice.

The Lieutenant was right in his conjecture, for as he crossed the road he heard the messenger commence to run. He shouted to him; but the man did not stop, and Westbury dashed after him. Although a fast runner, yet being embarrassed by his heavy cloak, he did not gain much upon the man, who, however, was evidently close to him, though quite invisible in the darkness. This confirmed the officer in the belief that some treachery was afloat, so drawing a pistol from his belt, he cried: 'Stop! or I fire!'

'We'll see about that!' exclaimed a voice close—appallingly close—to him; and in an instant he was grasped by several men, while as swiftly a cloth of some kind was thrown over his head, effectually preventing him from giving an alarm. 'Bring him along,' said the voice. 'Take him to the Captain.'

'Better send two or three pikes into him,' said another voice, 'and have done wid him.'

'Hold your tongue!' said the first voice. 'This is the officer, and something like a prize.'

While this colloquy was proceeding, Westbury was being dragged over some rough ground, and too well knew that in the darkness there was now little chance of his men finding him, even if they made a search.

The journey did not last long; in about ten minutes they halted; the covering was taken from his face, and then Westbury could see that they were standing in front of some kind of building. He heard a door open, but all was so dark he could make out nothing distinctly. 'What force had you with you, and where did you expect to meet the other detachments?' demanded some

one, whose voice the Lieutenant had not previously heard.

'I daresay,' returned Westbury firmly, 'that you know quite as well as I do; but if you do not, you will not learn from me.'

'Do you know what will be the result of your not answering?' said the other.

'I don't know, neither do I care,' retorted Westbury.

'Then I have done with you,' said the speaker, and turned away. Some angry exclamations which followed, the clashing of weapons, and a stir among those around him, told Westbury that he was in imminent peril, and he momentarily expected to feel the thrust of the deadly pike. One man, with a leap and a yell, came so close that even in the darkness Westbury could see him plainly. 'This is for the English redcoat!' he shouted, and raised his arm. The next instant must have been the soldier's last; but a cloaked figure rushed between them, and a voice, a woman's voice, which sounded wonderfully familiar, exclaimed: 'No; ye don't, Pat! If ye harrum a hair of his head, be the powers, I'll set the boys on ye that will stretch ye low enough!'

'Pike him! Finish him!' broke from several of those around, mingled with oaths in English and Irish; but there was evidently a strong party opposed to violence, although in this case only, as it seemed from the words: 'Ye may pike ivery redcoat in the counthry, an' glad we'd be; but this is a dacent kindly man, wid a gentle tongue an' an open hand.' These were the arguments used; and it seemed to Westbury that blows were struck, so great was the confusion, as at last he found himself in the centre of a group, hurried away he knew not whither.

Not a word was spoken for fully two hours. He could not in the least recognise the country they were traversing; but as he could hear with increasing loudness the dull booming of the sea, he knew they were approaching the coast. Then they halted. Again he found they were close to some building; then two men seizing him by the arm, led him into a barn, for such it proved to be, and closed the door instantly behind him. The long shed was dimly lighted by three or four candles, which snaked and guttered in the draughts; and by their glare he could distinguish some ten or twelve men, all armed, while at a farther corner was a group only just visible in the gloom. Under one of the rude clay sconces, Westbury's conductors halted in front of some men who seemed to be of higher rank, and one of his guard said: 'This is Lieutenant Westbury, of the —th, captured to-night, on his march to the Boreen rendezvous.'

'What do we want of English officers here?' returned one of those addressed, in the harshest tones. 'I thought the boys from Drome knew better what to do with them.'

'So they do,' returned the man; 'but they won't allow this one to be hurt.'

At this moment, engrossed as Westbury's attention was by this conversation, he could not repress a start when a shadow—which even at that moment reminded him of the distorted figure he had twice seen at Boreen House—fell athwart the spot whereon he stood. 'So then, Lieutenant Westbury has been unfortunate enough to be taken in the toils,' said a voice.

The Lieutenant looked round, but only saw a cloaked figure in a slouch-hat, which so concealed his features that Westbury could not judge whether he had ever seen the figure before.

'Yes,' replied the harsh voice; 'and why they did not leave him on the bog is more than I can understand.'

'Never mind that, Connell,' said the cloaked figure. 'Enough blood has been shed without his.—I now promise Mr Westbury perfect safety. He must consent to remain under restraint'—

'You, Decroy! You, of all men!' exclaimed the other. 'I should sooner have expected to find *myself* guaranteeing the life of an English cut-throat.'

'That matters not; I will that it shall be so,' said Mr Decroy as we must now call him; 'and you will please to obey.—Mr Westbury,' he continued, addressing the officer, 'I meet you only to thank you, and bid you farewell. I leave for France within ten minutes—leave for ever, as I know too well; but I am glad to know that at parting I have been able to render you some slight service.'

'The "slight service" appears to be the saving of my life,' said Westbury, returning the hearty grasp of Mr Decroy's hand; 'and considering how often I have started out at night to catch you'—

'Oh, that is nothing,' interrupted Decroy, with a smile. 'It would be ridiculous to quarrel with a soldier for that. I am your debtor for all the kindness and delicacy shewn during your residence at Boreen House, where I believe I have more than once disturbed you. Although you are reputed a brave man, I believe you are frightened at shadows.'

'Why—— Was it then you who——?' exclaimed Westbury.

'It was,' said Decroy, interrupting him; 'and on the last occasion you nearly'—

'The boats are ready, Colonel,' announced a man, approaching them.

'Then we part now,' said Decroy; and turning round, he made a signal to the group which Westbury had noticed on first entering. Several persons now approached, and Decroy, stepping to meet them, returned leading a female figure as heavily cloaked as himself; yet in spite of this disguise there was something in her appearance which made the officer's pulse beat quicker. 'My daughter, on leaving her native land, would join her thanks to my own,' said Decroy with quiet dignity. The figure threw back its hood; and the bright eyes of Kate Decroy met those of the Lieutenant.

'I wish I could impress upon Mr Westbury how sorry I am for much of what must have appeared rude behaviour,' said the girl; 'but he will forgive me when I answer him that it was forced upon me. We are friends, I trust?'

'Friends!' exclaimed the Lieutenant. 'Friends! I shall never cease, Miss Decroy, to think of Boreen, wild and lonely as it is, or to remember those whom I had the honour of knowing there, and whom I—valued and esteemed more than words can express.'

'As a trifling memento of the Decroys, rebels though they were,' continued the girl, 'pray sir, accept this ring.' As she spoke, she drew from her finger a ring, in which a diamond sparkled, and presented it to Westbury with a suspiciously tearful smile.

The Lieutenant was about to speak; but was interrupted by Mr Decroy: 'Farewell, Lieutenant Westbury. For twenty-four hours, you will be held a prisoner here. Pray, do not attempt to escape, whatever apparent laxity may tempt you, for I assure you it will be hopeless. At the end of that time you shall be free. I give you into safe custody.—Sullivan! M'Nally!' [two men came forward in answer] 'Remember—your men, and your men only, guard Mr Westbury; and I look to you for his safety.—Farewell, sir!' With another grasp of the hand they parted. Miss Decroy took her father's arm, several other persons joined them, and in a few seconds more they had disappeared. Then the throng in the barn quickly thinned, until none but the Lieutenant and those who were evidently his guard—his protectors—remained.

He was kept in durance, as Mr Decroy had warned him; and had it not been for a fresh arrival, he would scarcely have heard a syllable spoken during his stay. This fresh arrival was no other than Biddy Quin, whose loquacity made amends for the taciturnity of the guard. She it was, as she speedily told him, who had interfered in his behalf when he was first in danger. 'The saints forgive me!' said Biddy naively, 'if I did wrong.' And being in a most communicative mood, she imparted information to Westbury which cleared up much that had been obscure. She told him how he had thrice nearly discovered the Squire. How the latter being anxious to see the Lieutenant, so as to recognise him, had entered his bedroom by a concealed door, and while looking through the inner window, had forgotten the lamp, and so had thrown his shadow on the table, thus causing the first alarm. How all the household gave him up for lost when Dickles brought the guard, as the Squire was actually in the dining-room when the sergeant-major entered the house. There seemed no possibility of escape; but when the Lieutenant had searched the upper rooms, and had sent Dickles and the soldiers to the rear of the House, the Squire, by way of trying one last almost desperate chance, had rushed up-stairs to the part already examined; but again had almost betrayed himself by his shadow, which was thrown just in front of the officer by the great lamp in the hall. The third escape was on the same evening, when the Squire was attempting to leave Boreen; for he and his daughter were with Biddy—who was to be their guide, being a marvel at threading fickle paths—when the latter came forward to meet him, and artfully—as Westbury could see well enough now—led him back to the village.

Biddy was also loquacious on other subjects of interest to the Lieutenant. Miss Kate Decroy, it appeared, was almost as active and fearless as Mrs Quin herself, and had really ridden out to the bog district to meet the messenger with the money and the letters, as the soldiers had guessed; and had been to meet her father and arrange for his coming to Boreen, when Westbury saw her on that well-remembered moonlight night. She told him too that the flight of Squire Decroy and his friends would have been more difficult, if not impossible, had not Westbury's detachment been set astray; and when the Lieutenant was unable to repress an ejaculation expressive of wonder at his movements being so accurately known, Biddy

laughed, and with a roguish look her eye whispered: 'Walls have ears, sure; an' windies above doors are better nor walls.'

'The creaking of that confounded window was for something after all, it seems,' groaned Westbury. 'But then, Mullany's stick?'

'Oh, the shtick, is it?' exclaimed Biddy. 'It was a lucky thought o' me to take that same whin I was in the quarters of the redcoats wid a message from the praste. I thought it might be handy some day; an' be me faith, it was!'

These and many other particulars Biddy revealed, now that the 'masher' was fairly away. She did not seem to have the least personal fear; and very frankly told Westbury that had it not been for his kindness to the family and to herself—although she made herself quite of secondary importance—she should decidedly have voted for his being piked, and if she had only given the word, it would have been done. Westbury had excellent reasons for believing her.

Although extending over but twenty-four hours, the period of detention seemed long and weary enough. No personal restraint was put upon the Lieutenant, and for hours together he saw no one but Biddy. Once or twice he cast a longing look across the few miles which separated him from Boreen; but Biddy, as if divining his thoughts, said: 'It won't do, Leftenant darlin'; there's more between you an' Boreen House than brown stones an' green turf.'

Westbury took the hint, and bore his captivity as best he might, until at midnight, as he was sitting alone by a small peat-fire, Biddy roused him by a touch on the shoulder. 'It's time, yer honour,' she said. 'Ye're a free man. Take this bit of a pass.—Arrah! don't frown at it now; higher officers nor you have been glad of the like; an' many a one would have given his gowld an' his lands for that scrap o' paper, when the pikes wor clashing round him. But ye're safe. Not a hair of yer head will be harmed this night; an' no boy from the Drome country will iver hurt ye in time to come—iv he knows ye. So, good-bye, Leftenant, an' heaven be wid ye!'

With this farewell Westbury departed; and as Biddy had foretold, he reached Boreen village unmolested. His return was very warmly welcomed by his men, especially by the usually composed Dickles, who was quite excited over it. He had of course been sought for, but in a wrong direction, as the French vessel ran in at a point some twenty miles from that at which her enemies expected her. Mrs Decroy and Mrs Claridge were specially gracious in their manner. Miss Decroy, they informed him, was from home for the present; a piece of news at which the Lieutenant was by no means surprised, as he had already considerable reason for suspecting as much.

In the short remainder of his stay at Boreen House, he saw no more ghosts or shadows, nor was he called out on any more expeditions. It was known without his own conclusive testimony, that the proscribed rebels had escaped, and he was soon removed from the district. Soon too his military career came to an end, for some eighteen or twenty months after his residence at Boreen, a fever attacked him, which brought him very low, and during his convalescence, the death of a distant relative made him heir to a moderate fortune. This decided him, and he resolved upon

retiring with such laurels as he had gained; and so, about two years after the events which we have narrated, he removed to the south of England, where at a quiet little watering-place, he sought successfully to gather health and strength.

There were of course many invalids there having the same object in view as himself, and there were many too who were not exactly invalids, but to whom the retirement and peace of S—, joined with its soft yet bracing sea-air, were of value; and to this latter class he decided that two persons whom he often met—or rather whom he often saw at a distance—belonged. In the delightful rides he was now able to take in a low carriage, he frequently noticed two ladies dressed in black; and often he used to speculate as to who they were, and why they always chose sequestered spots for their walks.

One day, during one of his quiet rambles through a favourite clump of elm-trees, he encountered the two mysterious strangers. Drawing aside, to allow them to pass, their eyes met, and each of the three uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. 'Mrs Decroy! Miss Kate Decroy!' 'Mr Westbury!' and then, with as much warmth as though they had been the oldest and dearest of friends, they shook hands. In a few minutes he had learned their history. Mr Decroy had died in France; and Mrs Decroy had been recommended a change to the south coast of England. It was about the time of the brief lull in the long war between England and France, so that she was able to comply with this advice. The two ladies were all frankness and geniality; and in the course of that single interview he felt that he had made, or regained, dearer friends than any others the world held for him. At parting, when he took Kate's hand, a heightened glow on her somewhat pale cheek, shewed that she saw how he had preserved a certain sparkling gift.

Daily they met, and the adventures at Boreen furnished inexhaustible themes for conversation: old Biddy; the nightly excursions; the daring rides through storm and over bog which Miss Kate was forced to take; and even the shadows—though a tear mingled with the old lady's smile over this subject, for she then spoke of her dead husband. Time ran on, and Westbury grew stronger; the drives in the carriage were often exchanged for rides on horseback, and still he felt no wish to leave the little place, even though winter had come and most of the visitors had fled. Mrs Decroy and her daughter also remained—to say this is doubtless to give an unneeded explanation—and indeed the elder lady made no secret of the fact that the economy of a winter residence in the little sea-coast town was as great an inducement to her as was the healthiness of the locality.

As time rolled on— But there! how vain it is to flutter about a flame into which every looker-on can see we are certain to plunge. To make a merit of brevity then, Westbury found opportunities of seeing Kate Decroy alone, and on one of these occasions he asked her to redeem his lot from loneliness; and after some slightly embarrassing references on the young lady's part to her very rebellious instincts, she consented; and we will add, as being the fittest place in which to say it, that these rebellious proclivities on the side

of Miss Kate were purely political, and during a wedded life of many years, never once extended to the domestic arena.

Their permanent residence was in England, and was indeed at the identical watering-place where they renewed their acquaintance, though they made various excursions to Ireland of tolerably long duration. Here they were received with extraordinary demonstrations of friendship and attachment, which at first were rather discomfiting to the gentleman; but he soon got used to them, and his liberality made him as popular as though he had really belonged to the 'ould family.' As for Mrs Westbury, and almost in a greater degree Master Westbury, when he visited Boreen, why, if mother and son had chosen to drive a Juggernaut car through the village, and a sacrifice or two had been needed to give due *éclat* to the procession, there would not have been—so it seemed to Westbury—the slightest difficulty in procuring volunteers. And then there was Biddy Quin, who was pensioned upon twelve pounds per annum, a most contemptible sum for so devoted a servant, or so Westbury argued; but his wife knew better—there was Biddy, we say, as devoted, as energetic, and not less talkative than ever; but holding up her head for all that, as one of the aristocracy, in virtue of her large fixed income! Very few of the incomes at Boreen, alas! were large, and very few of the incomes there were fixed.

And so it came about that whereas Lieutenant John Westbury's acquaintance with the Decroy family was at first of a very cold and shadowy character, he was eventually indebted to it for all the substantial happiness of his life, which was a long one, for both he and his wife lived well into the middle of the nineteenth century, beloved and respected.

SLAVE-LIFE IN BRAZIL.

BRAZIL being the only civilised country in which slavery exists in full force, but which even there, may, let us hope, be reckoned in a few years as a thing of the past, a sketch of slave-life may not be uninteresting.

The staple produce of Brazil for exportation is coffee, which is the result of culture on plantations, known as *fazendas*. When ripe for market, the coffee-beans are forwarded in bags to Rio Janeiro for sale and shipment. The real interest in the work on plantations is centred in the method of slave-labour, which though doomed to extinction, is still in full force. While such is the case, free labour cannot exist. Happily for Brazil, there was a law passed in 1870 destined to put an end to this vile system. It was declared that after 1871 the children of slaves should be born free; so at the present moment there are no slaves under eight years of age. An average *fazenda* in Brazil will have from two to three hundred slaves—men, women, and children. These live in a quadrangle or *quadro*, divided off into a number of small rooms, each room being inhabited by one or two slaves. The first bell rings about half-past three in the morning, when they get up and make some coffee. At four the second bell rings, when

they have 'to form;' that is, they are drawn up in line and inspected, to see none is missing. The field-labourers are then marched off, each one with a basket on his back. The work that these have to do is the hardest; toiling all day in the hot sun, hoeing the weeds between the coffee-trees, planting Indian corn, or picking coffee. They work in gangs of eighteen, each one with a *feitio* or overseer, who is himself generally a slave, and is provided with a whip and *palmatoria*. This latter instrument is made of wood, shaped like the palm of the hand, and fastened to a handle about a foot long. The wood is about half an inch in thickness, and has three small holes bored through it, and is a common mode of punishment, especially for the women and children! The 'field-hands' are out all day, stopping an hour and a half for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. But the slaves who work in the fields are not more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole number; the rest being carpenters, blacksmiths, machine-hands, or infirm patients. Though slavery still exists in Brazil, it is perhaps less unendurable than that which exists in certain other countries, inasmuch as a good man has the chance of getting on and ameliorating his position. He may become a *feitio*, and then he would have a separate place to live in; or he is put to work about the house or in the garden; while the most intelligent boys are made to learn some trade, and often turn out good blacksmiths, stone-masons, &c. At half-past seven the bell rings to leave off work. Until nine they can do as they like; then the second bell rings, and they are locked in for the night.

The punishment mostly used on *fazendas*, and one which the blacks stand most in dread of, is the stocks. Each plantation has two pair—one for the men, the other for the women; and it is most curious the dread the blacks have of them. They would much rather be beaten than pass one hour in them; and accordingly this punishment is reserved for the graver offences, such as stealing and fighting; in fact if it were not for this latter, the stocks would have very few occupants. But the blacks are very quarrelsome; hardly a day passes but two blacks have a set-to, which ends in one going to the infirmary and the other to the stocks. Most *fazendas* have a chemist's shop or *botica*, and two infirmaries, one for the men and the other for the women. A great many slaves suffer from rheumatism and heart-disease. The former comes from the exposure they have to endure. The slaves are also good hands at shamming; they look upon a week in the infirmary as a sort of holiday, and once or twice a year each man is seized with a pain in the head or in some part of the body, which gets wonderfully better towards the end of the week. The owners do not mind them shamming now and then; they say they work the better for it afterwards.

The holidays that are strictly observed are St John's Day (24th of June), Christmas Day, and the Thursday and Friday before Easter.

This last is more of a fast than a feast; but the former two are quite given up to jollification. A fat bullock is killed, and *aguardiente* or white rum circulates freely, while dancing is kept up the whole day—a weird wild kind of dance, imported from Africa, in which the central figure is the dancer; while around him in a ring are the spectators, now singing in a low monotonous tone, now shouting at the top of their voices; the only music being a kind of drum, made of a hollow log of wood, and covered with a piece of raw hide. Thoroughly they enjoy themselves; and these feasts are looked forward to and remembered with pleasure.

On most *fazendas* the slaves have Sundays to themselves, when they cultivate their gardens, while the women wash their clothes. If any of them choose to work on Sunday they get paid for it, while on St John's Day it is the custom to give a small sum to each slave. All are supposed to belong to the Roman Catholic Church. But their religion is an extraordinary mixture of Romish ceremonies and African fetishism. They pray to the Virgin, wear charms made out of old bones or snakes' tails, and devoutly believe in an evil spirit, who wanders about in the fields after dark seeking whom he may devour. On every *fazenda* there is a building which does duty for a church, with a large wooden cross inside. Every Saturday night at nine o'clock the cross is lit up by half-a-dozen candles, and a carpenter or blacksmith who has been taught to say 'mass,' officiates as priest.

Their food is simple, and consists of Indian-corn flour made with grease into a sort of pudding. *Feijon* is also an article of diet that is not confined to the slaves, but is used in every household in Brazil. It is a stew made of small black beans, with plenty of bacon in it, and sometimes the dried meat that is imported from the River Plate. In fruit the blacks are well off; oranges, bananas, and pine-apples grow wild all over the country. Coffee forms their chief beverage; and on wet days or very hot ones they are allowed the white rum of the country. This rum is made on the place from the sugar-cane, and is the only drink that can be had pure in South America.

The value of a slave depends upon age. A young mechanic would be worth from two to three hundred pounds sterling; a field-hand about two hundred, and a woman from eighty to a hundred and fifty pounds; so in self-defence the owner has to treat them well, just as a man would take care of a thorough-bred horse. They are handed down from father to son, and except in cases of failure, are not sold out of the family. Often the owner liberates in his will certain of his slaves. By Brazilian laws, no child can be separated from its mother under eight years of age, nor can they be set to work until then; while the owner has to keep a register of all births and deaths.

How wrong the system of slavery is, and what harm it does to a country, are evident to any one who has travelled in Brazil. There can be seen a fine country, endowed by nature with everything conducive to greatness, reduced to a worn-out and ruined state, and all owing to this wretched system. The freed slaves will not work while

slavery remains; and free labour will not come; while year by year the hatred between the slaves and their masters is becoming wider, and the crime of murder is becoming more and more rife.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

MY MYSTERIOUS PATIENTS.

Who could they be? There was an aristocratic and even distinguished air about them which told unmistakably of high-breeding. Who could they be, and what could possibly have brought them to Donjonville? These were the queries that buzzed about from mouth to mouth one Sunday after morning service as neighbours and friends jogged gossiping homewards, and they formed the staple topic of conversation at every Donjonville dinner-table that day.

The objects of all this curiosity and excitement were two strangers, a lady and gentleman, who had made their appearance that morning in the Government Chapel and, it is to be feared, had sadly distracted the attention of the congregation. For strangers of any kind were a rarity at Donjonville, but strangers of this class were almost unknown. They were certainly a remarkable-looking couple—undoubtedly husband and wife. The lady was very pretty, of tall and graceful figure, but fragile and delicate. The gentleman was tall, slight, and handsome, but he too was evidently not strong. Both were young, apparently under thirty. It was soon ascertained that they were lodging at Mrs Tofts's. Now Mrs Tofts, a round, motherly, apple-faced woman, whose gorgeous shawls were one of the sights of Donjonville, kept an exceedingly select and respectable lodging-house. She had been lady's-maid in a good family, and it was well known that she was very particular as to the sort of persons to whom she let her lodgings. To be a lodger at Tofts's was indeed a stamp of gentility which Donjonville 'Society' never failed to recognise. Moreover, as Mrs Tofts was a little woman who possessed even more than the usual appetite of her sex for gossip, it was fondly anticipated by the ladies of Donjonville that they would soon be acquainted with all that was to be known about the new-comers. Here they were destined to dire disappointment. Mrs Tofts, false for once to the instincts of her sex, stoutly refused to give any information whatever about her lodgers, declined even to mention their name, but gave her baffled questioners very plainly to understand that the lady and gentleman desired the strictest privacy and seclusion, and would rigorously deny themselves to all visitors. The curiosity of Donjonville was more than ever piqued by this rebuff, and finally in despair the strangers were set down as a standing mystery; a state of things which had this advantage, that it allowed boundless scope for speculation and conjecture, and provided a permanent problem, to the solution of which Donjonville Society could at any time devote itself in default of anything fresher.

I had then been settled for three years as a

doctor in Donjonville, and was beginning to get a pretty fair practice. Like everybody else, I had had my curiosity temporarily aroused by the arrival of these mysterious strangers, and by the impenetrable secrecy with which they endeavoured to surround all their doings. But my curiosity soon waned, and had almost died altogether, when it was awakened again by an unexpected incident.

I was sitting alone one evening, dozing by the fire after a more than ordinarily hard day's work, when I was roused by my servant, who informed me that a gentleman wished to see me in the surgery. I went at once, and found my visitor to be the mysterious lodger at Tofts's. He bowed to me, and said: 'I have come to consult you, doctor, on a delicate matter. My landlady Mrs Tofts was good enough to recommend me to you. I may as well say frankly at once that I desire all that I say to you to be considered as spoken in the strictest confidence. I have reasons, very strong reasons for keeping all that concerns myself and my wife from the tongues of the prying gossips of this place. I cannot, even to you, reveal my name or any facts whatever relating to my past history or that of my young wife. I am simply known to my landlady as Mr G——, and it is as Mr G—— only that I must be known to you. Now, under these circumstances are you willing to give me your professional assistance and advice?'

As I hesitated for a moment, he said quickly and with great earnestness: 'If it will be any relief to you, I can assure you most solemnly, on my word of honour as a gentleman, that I am guilty of no crime, and that it is only for sad family reasons that I decline to reveal my identity.'

There was something so noble and true in his face, that I was ashamed of my momentary suspicions, and said: 'Forgive my not answering your candid appeal to me at once, and believe me when I say that I do not for one moment suspect you of anything criminal. You have spoken to me frankly, and I tell you as frankly in return that I shall respect your desire for secrecy, that I shall ask no questions as to your past or present except such as may be necessary in my professional capacity, and that my assistance and advice are at your service.'

He held out his hand as I finished, and shook mine warmly.

'Sir,' he said, 'I thank you for your kindness and consideration. I have need of a friend here, and if I mistake not, I shall find one in you.' I assured him that he might rely upon me, and then he proceeded to tell me why he had called. His wife, he said, was shortly expecting her first confinement. She had never been strong, and he felt that her case needed special care and skill. He wished me to attend upon her. I promised to do so; and then lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he said with a strange nervous twitching of the face: 'And now, doctor, I have one more request to make. I—I am not strong myself; I fear that I inherit heart-disease. Will you examine me and tell me the truth?'

I consented, and found that his heart was in a very weak state.

'You have heart-disease,' I said; 'but it has not reached a dangerous stage—with care and quiet, you may live to be an old man. But you

must avoid all violent excitement—any sudden shock might do you serious harm.'

'Thank you,' he said, with a desperate effort to appear calm; but his voice trembled and his lips quivered as he spoke—'thank you. I am very grateful to you for your candour. You will call soon upon my wife?'

'I will call to-morrow,' I replied; and with that we bade one another 'good-night.'

The next day I paid my promised visit to my new and nameless patient. I found her, as I had expected, very weak and delicate, and I had serious apprehensions of her coming out of her trouble safely. As I was leaving the house, I was waylaid by Mrs Tofts. She was yearning to have the embargo so long laid upon her tongue removed, and she thought there could be no harm in gossiping with me upon a secret of which we were the sole repositories. The good woman confided to me that she had been deeply interested in her lodgers from the first.

'It's queer, you know sir,' she said, 'their givin' no name; but the gentleman assured me that he had good reasons; and as I could see he was a gentleman, and she a lady, born and bred, and as they paid handsomely in advance, I made no more ado about lettin' the lodgin's to them. For I will confess sir, that I took a fancy to that poor delicate young creature the minute I set eyes on her. There's some big sorrow sir, at the bottom of it all. They has letters addressed to 'em at the post-office; but only initials on 'em—"W. G." or "L. G." I know he's "W. G." and she's "L. G.," because I've often heard her call him Walter, and him call her Louie and Louisa. But I knows no more, and I wants to know no more, for I ain't one o' your pryin' sort.' And here Mrs Tofts bridled up and mounted her high-horse in a state of virtuous dignity. I told her that I knew no more than she did, and that, like her, I was under solemn promise not to reveal to any one even the little I did know.

I saw a good deal of Mr and Mrs G—— during the next few weeks, and the more I saw of them the more I liked them. There was a refinement about their manners and conversation which charmed me greatly. We were on terms of almost intimate friendship; but no allusion to the past ever escaped either of them, nor did they once lift the veil of secrecy which hid from me their name and antecedents.

It was about six weeks after Mr G——'s first visit to me that the summons which I had been daily expecting came. I hastened at once to the bedside of my patient, and never left it for many hours. It was a terrible and trying time, for her condition was critical in the extreme. And then, as if there were not sufficient strain upon my nerves in attending to the wife, there was the husband lying in wait to start upon me like a ghost, whenever I left the bedroom, with his pale, eager, wistful face, his anxious eyes, and his earnest questions: 'Doctor, how is she now? Is she better? Will she pull through?'

The child was still-born; and I shall never forget as long as I live the look of agonised disappointment on that poor young creature's face, when in reply to her request that she might see her baby, I was forced to tell her the bitter

truth—that it had never breathed. It seemed, when she heard that, as if all hope had faded out of her life. She wept like a child, for the child that was dead before it was born. She would not rest, however, until she had looked upon the face of her dead baby. I allowed her to see it, for I was afraid to thwart her wish. The nurse brought it to her and laid it in her arms as she sat in the bed propped up with pillows. I have never seen a more touching sight than that of this young mother looking down with unfathomable depths of yearning love in her sad eyes upon the little white waxen face of her dead first-born. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could induce her to part with the lifeless little body; she clung to it with desperation, and at last the nurse had almost to use force to get it away from her. Then, when it was gone, she moaned for hours, and would not be comforted.

All this time her husband was nearly distracted. For three days and nights he had not even sat down, I believe, for five minutes at a time, certainly had never slept nor changed his clothes. On the fourth day I had positively to order him to bed, for he was worn to a shadow, and with his haggard face and hollow cheeks looked almost as ill as his wife. As for her, she grew daily weaker and weaker. I knew that the end was not far off, yet I dared not tell the truth to him. All his happiness seemed bound up in her, and I dreaded the effect of any sudden shock upon his heart.

For a week I went regularly twice a day to visit my patient. I had paid my second daily visit one evening about eight o'clock, and had left her gradually sinking, but apparently likely to linger for several days. My day's work had been exceptionally harassing and fatiguing, and I went to bed early. At midnight I was roused by a violent peal at the bell. It was a message from Mrs Tofts to the effect that I was wanted immediately, as the lady was very much worse. In a few minutes I was standing by the death-bed of Mrs G—. I saw at once that I could do nothing, that a few hours—possibly a few minutes only, were all that remained to her of life. A strong paroxysm of pain seized her soon after I arrived, which I thought must inevitably have proved fatal; but it passed away and left her alive. She lay for some minutes with her eyes closed, to all appearance unconscious. Presently, however, she slowly raised her eyelids, and I heard her whisper in a low voice, but quite distinct and clear: 'Walter, Walter, dear!'

He was sitting with his face buried in his hands; but her voice reached him, and lifting his head he said: 'My darling! yes, I am here.'

In another moment his arms were round her, and a smile played over her white and wasted cheeks as he bent down and kissed her passionately. She had just strength enough to raise her arm and let it fall round his neck. I stepped back, and left them thus infolded in a last embrace. I cannot tell whether they whispered to one another or not; they might have done so without my catching the sound. At last I saw a sudden movement of the counterpane, as if it had been shaken by a strong shudder. I stepped softly forward and looked at her. I saw her open her eyes wide and fix them on her husband's face; her lips parted, as if she were striving to speak. He raised his head, and

for a moment they gazed at one another with such a strange mixture of passionate tenderness and wan despair in their eyes, that the tears came to my own and blinded me. When I looked again, his lips were pressed to hers, and her face was hidden from me. A few moments later I saw the fingers of the hand that rested lovingly on her husband's neck close tightly and convulsively, then relax and hang loosely from his shoulder. By that I knew that she was dead. I did not venture to disturb him. I thought that the sudden clammy chill that came over her face, as the warmth of life fled from it, must have told him the awful truth. But he never stirred, and gave no sign that he knew it.

I left the room for a few moments to tell Mrs Tofts and the nurse that all was over. When we re-entered, we found the husband in the same position, kneeling with his face pressed to hers. I went up to him and touched him; but he never moved. I laid my hand heavily on his shoulder to rouse him. The arm which was lying on the bed with the hand clasped in the wife's hand, slipped from her nerveless grasp, and fell limp and lifeless by his side. I was startled; he must have swooned. I bent over him with my face close to his. *He was dead.*

Without a word or a groan, his life had ebbed silently away with hers, and husband and wife had gone out hand in hand to explore the undiscovered hereafter. I cannot say positively now which of the two died first. For all I can tell, he may have died before her, though there could not have been more than a few minutes between the two deaths in any case. I had known all along that any sudden shock would be fatal to him, and weakened as he was by nervous anxiety I was not surprised at the result.

A young curate named Hawdon, who was the only other person in Donjonville besides myself who had been allowed to visit them, assisted me in searching among their papers for some clue to the previous history and real names of the unhappy pair. In the little room which Mr G— had used as a study, we found an open desk and a heap of charred paper in the grate. It almost seemed as if he had had a presentiment of his end, and had deliberately destroyed everything that could throw any light upon his antecedents. We found no clue beyond two handkerchiefs marked with a coronet and the letter G., and two rings, one with the initials 'L. G.,' the other with those of 'L. N.' engraved on them. The latter we concluded must have been Mrs G—'s maiden name. A small sum of money and a few articles of jewellery were all the valuables we discovered. These I took charge of. The linen and clothes were left with Mrs Tofts.

We buried husband and wife in one grave in the little country churchyard about a mile from Donjonville. Hawdon and I at our own expense erected a simple tombstone, bearing this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of WALTER G—, and his beloved Wife, LOUISA G—, who both died January 18th, 1856. 'In their deaths they were not divided.'

I inserted an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* announcing their deaths, and stating that I should be glad to communicate

with any one who had known them. But I received no answer; and from that day to this, I have never solved the mystery which hangs over the grave of Walter and Louisa G—.

THROUGH THE FERN.

It is perhaps safe to say that no part of Australia is at first sight so thoroughly un-Australian as the eastern and north-eastern portions of Gippsland. Here the barren sandy plains and 'eternal gum-trees' of the surrounding districts are no longer the chief, if not the only objects in view; and instead of one monotonous monotone of colour, the traveller is refreshed by myriads of gorgeous blossoms and flowers, rare plants, and trees of great beauty, and a correspondingly marvellous diversity of life. From luxuriant valleys long ranges covered with sassafras and peppermint swell like green waves in every direction, and beyond their rounded summits the lofty heights of a continuous mountain-chain rise abruptly into the dark blue of Australian skies. Some of these mountains are very striking in their bold outlines, and in their massive and peculiar sculpture, several peaks reaching an altitude considerably beyond the highest British summit. (Snow lies on many of them for nine months in the year.) The creeks and rapid streamlets flowing down these mountain gorges and winding through the ranges are, moreover, clear as the trout-streams of Scotland, and altogether unlike the typical Australian 'creek.' I visited this portion of Gippsland in the full tide of summer, and it is almost impossible to describe the fresh beauty and luxuriance it presented in contrast to the other parts of Victoria I had seen.

Leaving our halting-place, near the source of the Yackandandah Creek, my friend and myself started one morning in February for a ride south through the ranges. Although early, the heat of the sun was already very powerful; yet the effect it had upon us was more bracing than enervating, such is the clearness and dryness of this Australian atmosphere.

Commencing our journey and following a well-defined bush-path under the tall gums, gay with myriads of parrakeets and rosellas, and resonant with the harsh shrieks of indignant cockatoos, we come at last upon more varied vegetation, and find ourselves passing through one of those beautiful fern-forests for which this division of Victoria is more especially famed. One word only as regards the bush itself. It is a somewhat prevalent idea at home that an Australian forest—the *bush* of the colonists—is either an inextricable jungle, or at least a woodland dense with an intricate parasitical undergrowth. But this, while frequently the case in the gullies and valleys of the higher parts, is not a characteristic of the bush proper. This latter consists of an endless 'round' of similar trees growing at a considerable distance from each other, so that a horseman can easily ride through them at a good pace without any unusual caution. I say 'round,' for Australian woods have the appearance of endless circles; and it is this aspect of theirs which renders it almost impossible for any one but a native to find his way through them without a track, blazed trees, or a compass. The unvarying monotony of the trees, the regular distances between them, and the

absence of any forest landmarks, render the bush far more bewildering than the densest English forest.

But on leaving the bush proper and entering one of those forests composed of tree-ferns and beautiful varieties of *Eucalypti* and *Acacia*, this undergrowth becomes more and more marked. Indeed, in many parts of Gippsland the explorer would make but slow progress, as advance can only be made by the tedious and fatiguing process of cutting one's way.

On first entering this scrub the scent of late-flowering wattle strikes my companion and self as peculiarly delicious, mingling as it does with the aromatic fragrance of the peppermint and other allied plants. The clear musical notes of the magpie swell most charmingly through the still air; and above the chatter and screaming of breakfasting parrots and busy butcher-birds gurgles every now and again the hoarse chuckle of the laughing-jackass. Suddenly, from some unknown cause, there ensues an almost complete silence; but before many seconds are over, a shrill burst of laughter comes from the depths of the forest, succeeded by peals of the same demoniac jubilation from seemingly every quarter; and as if indignant at some slight, the parrots and cockatoos redouble their shrieks, and the parrakeets and rosellas and lorries dash to and fro among the branches of the trees like tiny red and green meteors. The shrillness is astounding, and is increased by the incessant *birl* of the cricket-like *cicada*. It is some minutes at least before the ornithologic vituperation calms down. Here, amid many beautiful varieties of wattles, we notice the weeping myrtle, the native cherry, the musk aster, one or two varieties of honeysuckle, a beautiful climber, probably a clematis, a few magnolias and orchids of resplendent hues, and some particularly fine grasses—besides many other flowers and shrubs unknown to unscientific eyes. Above these wave in intricate profusion the sturdy branches of the *Dicksonia antarctica*, and as we proceed farther, that still more graceful fern, the tall *Alsophila australis*. After we have ridden for some time, we come suddenly to a small creek, or rather pool, surrounded by a beautiful species of iris; while all around us are thick magnolias, whose delicious fragrance makes the air seem heavy with sweetness. We have never before or since seen this shrub in such splendour and luxuriance.

As we ride on, the sun grows higher and higher in the heavens, and a gradual silence seems to be creeping over the forest with the ripening noon. The scrub, which had lately been so full of life, appears to be deserted by its noisy denizens, and only at rare intervals the muffled chuckle of the jackass falls on our ears. Hark! what was that? Like a far-away village-bell, a soft sound rings through the still air, and now another and another! My companion whispers to me: 'The bell-bird!' The solemnity of the noon seems to deepen, and the promised vigour of the day to have subsided into a luxurious dream. We dismount, and tying our horses to a tree, betake ourselves to mid-day rest for an hour or two. As we lie there lazily smoking, with the scent of the magnolias in the warm air, and the dreamy call of the distant bell-bird rising and falling at solemn intervals, we get drowsy, and perhaps just

a little sentimental. However, it does us no harm, and adds very much to our enjoyment. From our resting-place we can just see the blue line of a distant range rolling away northwards, and behind it some outlying summit of the misty Bogongs. Not a breath stirs; hardly any sound falls upon the ear. I think of that mystic land

In which it seemed always afternoon,

and feel as if I too had partaken of the lotus-juice, and had put away all things of that world in which I late had part, and fallen into a sweet dream, never to fade until it should imperceptibly merge in the indistinct shadow of its twin-sister death.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day. In the former, the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree-ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze; on old stumps of trees, great green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey; the magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gums, numberless parrakeets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher-birds, love-birds, &c. are screaming and darting to and fro. But by-and-by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening 'p-r-r-r-r'; drowsy opossums snarl in the gum-boles; and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingling possibly with those of a returning or passing flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the melancholy 'mo-poke' (or 'more-pork') of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.

As the afternoon grows, we half reluctantly continue our way. Leaving the magnolias behind us, we pass through a perfect fern paradise, nothing meeting the eye but tall tree-ferns above, and innumerable ferns proper of all sizes beneath. The orchids here are also very plentiful, and a beautiful creeper, whose name I cannot at present recall.

Shortly afterwards we emerge from this intricate scrub and enter an abrupt belt of gums; passing through which we come upon a sloping plain of very green grass, considering the late season. The sight is now a very beautiful one. We stand upon a kind of plateau, and can see for miles, north-east, east, and south. Below us is a deep gully, dense with tree-ferns. Rising from this, a monotonous wall of sassafras, white-gum, stringy-bark, &c. rises sheer back till it merges in an olive wave that perpetuates itself in endless rolling ranges, getting bluer and bluer as they sweep into the distance, until their purple

lines break against the solemn summit of Mount Kosciusko in the east, and in the south-east against that great succession of towering peaks which guard the sources of the Murray River. Mount Bogong heaves his rounded shoulders apparently close at hand; and that most beautiful of hills, Mount Feathertop (six thousand three hundred feet), rises in silent grandeur into the serene southern skies. Like a twin-brother, the rugged mass of Mount Hotham (six thousand one hundred feet) towers alongside of this Ben Nevis of Australia. So intensely clear is the atmosphere, that the tree-clad slopes of Mount Feathertop are as distinctly visible as though but a mile or two away. The whole scene is inconceivably beautiful, and one never to be forgotten. As the afternoon wears on, it becomes still more so; for that magical blue that shrouds so many of the hill-districts of Australia in its soft loveliness just before the close of day, begins to steal forth from apparently the farthest eastern ranges, and falls like a transparent veil over mountain and height and drowsy slope. Only those who have seen in the mountainous districts this ineffably delicate and tender blue, can know what a magical effect it has, even on those ranges covered with nothing but the sombre olive of blue-gum foliage. It has a strange dreaminess or unreality about it, and seems to spiritualise every object it infolds.

As the sun sets beyond the unseen Buffalo Mountains in the west, its last rays light up the sides of Mount Bogong with a rich magnificence of colour; and of a sudden as it were, the beautiful peak of Feathertop flashes into extraordinary brilliance, while its topmost heights glow as with fiery and molten gold. For a few moments the hills and ranges seem to be drawing towards us, so extraordinary are the atmospheric effects.

I had one regret—that I had not witnessed this magnificent scene from the summit of Mounts Feathertop or Hotham. Such a scene has been elsewhere eloquently described, and I cannot refrain from quoting from the Government Report the passage in question: 'As we made the ascent towards Mount Hotham, our attention was attracted at first by the rocks and the vegetation. . . . On the right appeared a mountain rich in bossy sculptures that attracted all eyes. It glowed in the sun with all the brightness of the emerald, and over it—as it seemed like waves—flashed ever and anon pale tints of carmine and purple. In hollows on its flanks lay in patches herbage of a vivid green, shewing where the snow had just disappeared—cradles of young glaciers, that can never mature. The high Bogong plains separated from us by deep chasms and wide valleys, out of which arose solitary peaks and broken ridges, seemed, as we gazed on them, to be sleeping; the slopes were scored, but not deeply, the even line of the plain was not broken, and the light of the sun fell on them softly, not making deep shadows and shewing sharp contrasts, as in those parts where the denuding forces had worked fantastic hollows and carved long straight lines for the discharge of melted snows.

'The Bogong plains were sleeping in the thin folds of pearl-gray and pale-purple mists that encompassed them; and these mists hid from us Mount Kosciusko, Forest Hill, the Pilot, and the lofty ranges lying to the eastward. Towards the

south, Tabletop, with his capping of volcanic rock, stood in the centre of an amphitheatre, and Mount St Bernard and the Twins shewed their peaks on the west. Rising to a greater height, we beheld, on the north and north-east, all the lofty eminences whose springs feed the Murray; and we stopped here, satisfied that Nature could afford no grander spectacle. . . . The magnificent mountains, whose crests seemed to lift themselves as we ascended, appeared from this point, tier upon tier, far into the blue distance. The deep gorges, almost lost in haze, as we gazed downwards, shewed, through the haze, something of their gloomy recesses.

Before turning our horses' heads towards the south-west, where, a few miles farther on, lay our halting-place, we took one long farewell look at the beautiful panorama spread out before us; a sight worth having come a long way for. The sun had set, and the splendour had gone with it; but instead, a calm solemn beauty overspread every object. The deep blue was deepening into purple; and all at once it seemed as if a lamp had been lighted in the sky as Sirius flamed through the darkening dusk.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE President of the Royal Society, Mr W. Spottiswoode, in his anniversary address to the Fellows, mentioned that in their last session more 'papers' had been sent in for reading than in any previous session; which we may perhaps take as evidence that depression of trade has not depressed science. The ordinary meetings of the Society are held on Thursday from November to June at 8.30 p.m., which for some people is much too late, and the question of a change has been raised more than once. The Academy of Sciences at Paris hold their meetings at about three in the afternoon. Mr Spottiswoode suggests that the Royal Society might meet at five, which would allow time for the customary proceedings and for the social requirements at home. In their early days the Society used to meet at 2 p.m., but fashion gradually introduced a later hour. To revert to former practice would be an indication of vigour which might have a salutary effect on other Societies.

The advantage of the electric light in scientific experiment and illustration is now fully recognised. The President surprised and gratified the meeting not a little by making an offer to the Society of an eight horse-power gas-engine, and announcing that Mr C. W. Siemens would give a pair of dynamo-electric machines, one for alternate, the other for direct currents. These machines, driven by the gas-engine, will produce sufficient light for experiments and to illuminate the halls of the Society.

Not least important among the topics of the address was the Government Fund of four thousand pounds for the promotion of scientific research, which is now in the fourth year of its existence. Four thousand pounds annually have been allotted in various sums to scientific investigators in Great Britain and Ireland; and the question now is, have the results been adequate to the outlay. It is a serious question; and we may believe that on the answer depends the

willingness of the Treasury to prolong this financial experiment beyond the term of five years originally proposed. It would therefore be advisable, as Mr Spottiswoode remarked, that the Society should consider whether 'it is desirable, in the interests of science, that the Fund should be maintained; and if so, whether in its present or any other form?'

Dr Schwendler, whose name is associated with electrical and other physical researches made in India, in prosecuting an inquiry ordered by the Indian government as to the feasibility of applying the electric light in railway stations, found himself at fault in his experiments, owing to the want of a trustworthy standard of comparison. The so-called 'standard candle,' by which all photometric results are measured, is not constant, and the consequences may be imagined. As Dr Schwendler remarks: 'The inconstancy of a standard acts perniciously in two directions: it prevents us from being able to execute accurate measurements even with the most accurate and sensitive test methods; and further leaves us in that deplorable condition of not being able to improve the test method, although we may be convinced that the method of testing requires improvement.' Accepting this argument as well founded, it is clear that investigations in photometry are carried on at a disadvantage.

Many years ago a suggestion was made that the best material for a standard of light would be platinum. Dr Schwendler, as he tells us, thought it best to leave the old track, and produce the standard by the heating effect a constant electrical current has, in passing through a conductor of given mass and dimensions. Platinum does not change in contact with oxygen, and is therefore the best metal that could be chosen for the conductor. Let the current by which it is ignited be constant, and the light will be constant whether moderate or intense. In this, therefore, the much-desired object appears to be achieved. Certain precautions to be observed during experiments are explained by Dr Schwendler in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, No. 227, accompanied by a zincograph illustration of the several forms and parts of the proposed new standard.

The process, discovered by Messrs Thomas and Gilchrist, by which steel can be made direct from common pig-iron, such as is manufactured in Cleveland, is undergoing trial in foreign countries with, so far, satisfactory results. As many readers know, the prime difficulty in the manufacture of steel has been to get rid of all the phosphorus from the iron. The two investigators above named succeeded in producing a peculiar kind of brick for the lining of the 'converter,' and thereby cleared the way for demonstrative experiments. The effect has been well and briefly described by Professor Emerson Reynolds. By means of the new bricks, which are very refractory, 'a basic condition of the slag, hitherto unattainable, has been secured, without excessive waste of or injury to the lining and metal. The result is that oxygen has been found not to be so inert as regards phosphorus at the intense temperature which accompanies the Bessemer process, as had previously been supposed; but that in fact, under the conditions afforded by this new method of lining, oxygenation of the phosphorus does take place, and the phosphoric oxides combining with the

form phosphates in the slag, thus rendering it possible to draw off the steel with but an unimportant trace of phosphorus remaining.

The bricks are made of an aluminous magnesian limestone, and are burned in a furnace lined with ordinary firebrick. A curious fact came to light after one of the burnings. The intense heat had melted the floor; some layers of the pile of bricks sank through, and were fused into a common mass, which shaped itself on cooling into crystals, the substance of which, as stated by Professor Reynolds, is a bisilicate and a true pyroxene. And thus has been effected, accidentally, and under novel conditions, the synthesis of an interesting member of a most important group of minerals of natural occurrence.

On some of the railways in the United States a locomotive indicator is run from time to time, in order to ascertain the condition of the line. In a compartment of this locomotive, ingeniously contrived wheel-work and a travelling band of paper are fitted. The onward motion of the locomotive moves the wheels, and these make a mark on the band of paper for every fault on the line; and thus the condition of the permanent way is clearly made known. As we are informed, 'an ill-laid or started rail infallibly makes its mark on the chart, and as the instrument dots every mile, the whereabouts of any fault is readily indicated.' To read of a busy engine thus doing the work of a surveyor, is animating and increases our admiration for the powers of machinery.

A remarkable machine described at a recent meeting of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, at Paris, may fitly be mentioned in association with the foregoing. It is called Profilograph, because when in use it traces mechanically on paper the outlines of the ground over which it travels. It is a small carriage mounted on two wheels, drawn by one man, and attended by another, who marks the levels at the proper places; and underneath hangs an iron rod with a large ball at its lower end, serving as a pendulum. This pendulum maintains a constant vertical position, while the machine inclines in one direction or the other according as it ascends or descends a slope. To the upper end of the rod is fitted a pencil, which marks on a sheet of paper the ups and downs of the country traversed, whether on an ordinary road or across trackless fields. The exact profile is thus recorded to a given scale. At the same time one of the wheels, acting the part of chain-bearer, measures and indicates the distances travelled throughout the survey. For surveyors and others engaged in levelling operations, this machine would appear to be eminently serviceable, and there is talk of its being made use of in a new general survey of France contemplated by the government.

Another invention that seems likely to be of service in navigation is signalling by means of illuminated steam. That the steam of a locomotive shines brightly at night when the furnace-door is opened, is now a familiar fact; and if a properly prepared light is thrown on the steam rushing from the funnel of a steamer, the illumination is so vivid that it can be seen at long distances. The possibility once established, the arranging of a series of flashes, or of different colours, to produce a series of signals, becomes comparatively easy. Experiments made under

the authority of the Trinity Board have been reported as effective and satisfactory; and it appears that the method is applicable to sailing-ships, for the brilliant light can be thrown upon the sails, and seen from afar. Here then is an additional appliance towards the prevention of collisions at sea, with the advantage that in a mass of light there would be less liability to error than with isolated lamps, as at present. Another element of safety is worth mentioning—namely, that the French government have agreed to adopt the English rule of the road at sea; to commence in September 1880.

A self-acting whistling buoy, designed to lessen the dangers of navigation, is to be tried on the Goodwin Sands. The interior contains tubes which take in and force out air by the movement of the buoy. The whistle sounds loudly as the air escapes, and thus gives warning to all vessels within hearing.

By a process known to chemists as dialysis, fluid mixtures can be separated one from the other with but little trouble. The apparatus by which the process is effected is called a dialyser; and something like it has been introduced into the navy, so that the liquor in which salt beef or pork has been boiled may be separated from the salt, and thereby made palatable as an article of diet. Soup that has been over-salted may be treated in a similar way; and if this can be done on board ship, it may be tried with similar advantage in public institutions and dwelling-houses on shore.

If published statements may be trusted, there will henceforth be no difficulty in keeping fresh butter for weeks or months. The butter is treated with a preservative or antiseptic substance, for which a patent has been taken out; besides which, a small quantity of salt, not more than one pound in a hundred, is used. It seems incredible that we are to have fresh butter in all seasons and in all climates, yet such is the promise of an experiment recently made by the Aylesbury Dairy Company.

Dr Jamieson has contributed to the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria* an interesting paper on 'A New Point of Resemblance in the Respiration of Plants and Animals.' In each case oxygen is inhaled and carbonic acid exhaled: the process is always going on, and is as essential to the life of the plant as of the animal. While in the animal the blood is passing through the lungs, oxygen enters into loose combination with the red colouring-matter—the hæmoglobin. So, according to Dr Jamieson, oxygen is in a form of loose combination in plants and vegetable substances, as in the blood, and is therefore capable of being slowly given off in a very active form to combine definitely with oxidisable substances. And further, plants contain a substance other than chlorophyll, having some important points of analogy with the hæmoglobin of animals, acting like it as an ozone transerrer.

Captain Toynbee, of the Meteorological Office, has made a comparison between the temperature of the North Atlantic and of Great Britain in December 1877 and 1878, from which it appears that the portion of the ocean traversed by the Cunard steamers was three degrees warmer in December 1878 than in December of 1877. This fact was used as a test for the notion that the temperature of our winters depends on that of the

sea to the westward. The observations made on the land were examined, and they shewed that December 1878 was eight degrees colder than December 1877, notwithstanding that the sea was three degrees warmer. This result indicates that the cause of our varying temperature must be sought elsewhere. Captain Toynbee suggests that 'the difference of our seasons depends upon the tracks of the areas of low pressure which cross Great Britain. If they pass over the northern parts of these islands,' he says, 'they give rise to southerly and south-westerly winds, with warm weather; while if they pass to the southward, they bring easterly and north-easterly winds. . . No one can watch the Daily Weather Charts issued by the Meteorological Office without seeing that our winters are also very much affected by the formation of areas of high pressure to the northward and north-eastward of these islands, checking as they do the easterly movement of areas of low pressure which appear on our west coasts, and causing a continuance of northerly winds. This disposition of pressure was common during the winter of 1878-79.'

In his Report for the quarter ending September 30th last, the Registrar-general tells us that the death-rate for that quarter was exceedingly low—16·4 per thousand; lower than in any quarter since 1837, when civil registration was first instituted. The births in the same three months amounted to 252,520, and the deaths to 139,271. Within fifty-three days of the quarter, there fell 11·7 inches of rain; four inches more than the average of the corresponding period during sixty-one years. The temperature also was below the average; nevertheless, we see in the foregoing statements that a wet chilly summer is less fatal to health than a hot one. The Registrar estimates the numbers of the population of the United Kingdom at 34,156,113. of these, 3,627,453 are allotted to Scotland, and 5,363,324 to Ireland. These numbers are liable to modification by emigration, which shews a marked increase over the years immediately preceding. The consuming power of such a population is surprising. Taking the one article of bread, the quantity of wheat required to furnish a sufficient supply in the year ending September 1879 was more than twenty-six million quarters.

Announcement has been made that an English version of the North-east Exploring Expedition, conducted by Professor Nordenskjöld, is to be published. The history of the endeavours to find a north-west passage is pretty well known; but a voyage in the reverse direction and all along the northern coast of Asia, will be something new. The enterprising explorers on board the *Vega* have accomplished a work which, begun four hundred years ago, opposed such formidable difficulties, that in time it came to be regarded as impossible. But now we are to have information about the great Siberian rivers that pour their waters into the Arctic Ocean—about strange lands and strange peoples—about the zoology, botany, geology, and meteorology of hitherto unknown regions; and about forests of sea-weeds—if weeds they are—which in deep water grow to a height of one hundred feet. Professor Nordenskjöld intimates that he has something important to say about the aurora; and on the question as to whether the continents of Asia and America were once con-

nected, or are now, so to speak, growing towards each other; and on the question of open water seen far in the north-west during the whole winter. Was this the 'wide immeasurable ocean' which Wrangell saw in 1823 when he travelled northwards from the mouth of the Kolyma one hundred and five wersts across the ice? The steamer—the home of the gallant party—was frozen in September 1879 off the Tchuktchi Peninsula, and was there held fast until July of the present year. She then sailed through Behring's Strait into the North Pacific and to Yokohama, where the Japanese, by hospitable demonstrations, shewed their appreciation of the successful endeavour. Even though the north-east passage may turn out to be of no commercial value, the fact remains that trading voyages may be made to the mouths of the principal rivers; and it appears that Professor Nordenskjöld is making arrangements for another exploration in the coming year.

ECCENTRICITIES.

FROM time to time we offer to our readers certain oddities of human life and character. Subjoined are several taken at random.

Mr J. Underwood, who died in 1733, left six thousand pounds to his sister on condition of being buried in the following manner. At the grave-side, six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, sung the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace. No bell was tolled nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentlemen; and no relation followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's Milton, and a Greek Testament. After supper, they sang the thirty-first Ode of the first Book of Horace—all being in strict accordance with the will.

The French historian Mezeray used to study and write by candle-light even at noonday in the summer; and always waited upon his company at the door with a candle in his hand. It was a constant practice with him when candidates offered themselves for vacant places in the Academy, to throw in a black ball instead of a white one, 'to leave to posterity a monument of the freedom of elections in the Academy.'

The parish clerk of St Clement Danes, in the early part of the last century, gave a curious instance of admonition and thanks. He lent a man fifty shillings, which was unpaid for several years. He could never find the borrower at home, though he confronted him every Sunday in the middle aisle at church. One Sunday, the clerk looking the debtor full in the face, repeated the lines, 'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.' This admonition had the desired effect, for the next day the man called and paid him the money.

A maiden lady who died in 1786 left the following singular legacies in her will: '*Item.*—I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko [a monkey], ten pounds per annum during his natural life. *Item.*—To Shock and Tib [a lapdog and cat] five pounds each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock die before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole.'

In a review held at Weymouth many years ago, General Dundas's horse fell with him. An officer in attendance immediately dismounted to assist the General, and was much concerned to learn that his leg was broken.

'I will try to get your boot off,' said the officer.

'Do man, do,' replied the General.

A knife was instantly produced.

'What are you about?' exclaimed the General.

'I am going to cut your boot off!'

'You shan't do any such thing. No sir; I bought them just before I came to the camp, and I gave six-and-thirty shillings for them. Pull it off sir; pull it off.'

It was represented to the wounded General that it was impossible under his present sufferings; but nothing would do; 'the boot should not be cut to pieces in that manner.'

At that moment George III. arrived at the spot, anxiously inquiring what had happened. 'What! what! not cut off the boot? Pooh, pooh; stuff!' said the king. 'Cut it off—cut it off.'

'No,' replied the General. 'They are new boots, your Majesty; and I command him at his peril not to cut the boot. He can pull it off.'

The attempt then made to draw off the boot was at length accomplished, though the agony of the sufferer was painfully manifest by the perspiration dropping from his forehead.

The celebrated Lessing having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. 'Of course you counted it?' said one of his friends. 'Counted it?' said Lessing, rather embarrassed. 'No; I forgot that.'

Philip Fitzgibbon was supposed to possess a more accurate and extensive knowledge of the Irish language than any person living; and his latter years were industriously employed in compiling an English and Irish Dictionary, of four hundred quarto pages, which he left completed with the exception of the letter S, and that he appeared to have totally forgotten!

About 1770, there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in halfpence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed fifty pounds two shillings and eightpence!

The great Duke of Marlborough some years before his death retired occasionally to Bath, and often amused himself with cards, though he seldom ventured to play high. One night he was engaged at piquet with Dean Jones, from whom he won sixpence, and exacted the payment. The Dean declared he had no silver, but borrowed the money, as the Duke said he wanted it to pay for his sedan-chair. The Dean, knowing the Duke's avarice, watched him, and saw him actually walking home, in order to save the sixpence. Pope speaks of him as one who would 'Now save a kingdom, and now save a groat.'

UPON THE THRESHOLD.

Once more we stand with half-reluctant feet
Upon the threshold of another year;
That line where Past and Future seem to meet
In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment—Does the prospect please,
Or does the weary heart but sigh regret?
Can Recollection smile, or, ill at ease
With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say—canst thou smile when Memory's lingering gaze
Once more recalls the dying year to sight?
Wouldst thou live o'er again those changing days,
Or bid them fade for ever into night?

A solemn question—and the faltering heart
Scarce dares say 'Yes,' yet will not quite say 'No';
For Joy and Sadness both have played their part
In making up the tale of 'long ago.'

Here Memory sees the golden sunlight gleam
Across the path of life and shine awhile;
And now the picture changes like a dream,
And sorrow dims the eyes and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all has gone before;
The moaning wind has sung the dead year's dirge;
Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore,
And sinks the worn-out bark beneath the surge.

Here ends the chequered page of prose and verse—
Or shapely words and lines wait all away
There they must stand for better or for worse;
So shut the book, and bid the year good bye!

G. F.

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THE MATRIMONIAL.

AMONG all sensible people, married life, as we understand it in this country, is considered to be an honourable and absolutely indispensable condition for the well-being of any rightly conducted community. Yet, it is surprising how many persons think of and speak of this condition with contempt, or at all events with indifference, and who sometimes go the length of cynically observing that 'to do the matrimonial' would be the last of their actions. We are going to chat a little about the 'Matrimonial' in different points of view. Though written about since the beginning of the world, the subject is far from being exhausted. We may even in a small way say something out of the usual track.

Of course we begin with a slight dash at philosophising. The reason marriage can be extolled is very plain. A man, his wife, and children constitute the primary element of human society. Without this rudimental institution things would go all wrong. Government would be a chaos. Vice and barbarism would be predominant. We have the best evidence that such is a likely result when we look at Turkey, drifting to ruin and extinction through the influence of polygamy, slavery, and superstition. A thriving civilisation is out of the question. Women are left uneducated, and generally lead an idle animal existence. Many of them are openly or covertly bought while young, and are ever after treated as slaves. They are certainly brought up without any sense of independence, and in point of fact are nonentities in the ordinary duties of life. The manner in which the higher class of these women live offers some curious particulars. From France, England, and elsewhere there has been a considerable export of elegant toys to amuse the idle hours of these unfortunate ladies. They take particular delight in the costly musical toy known as the piping bullfinch, musical boxes, miniature puppets dancing on wires, and other drolleries deemed to be valuable in killing time. Think of women kept in a degrading capti-

vity, and spending day after day in childishly laughing at a cuckoo clock or a jumping-Jack. That, however, is not the worst of a condition so deplorable. Where women are not educated, and not put in their proper position, it follows that children are only half taught. Their mother cannot instruct them in anything useful, and their intellect is accordingly dwarfed. No benefit is derived from visitors, because no man is allowed to intrude where there are females; and for the same reason there can be no promiscuous hospitality. The children, accordingly, see and learn nothing of the ways of the world generally. To expect any good to come out of this method of conducting domestic affairs is ridiculous. Progress is impossible. The tendency is to retrograde in spite of all propping up from without. The wealth of Europe could not keep the Turkish nation on its feet. Sooner or later, political dissolution is the natural and inevitable destiny.

It is tolerably clear that the faculties which stand us in good stead require a certain primary culture from father and mother. This is what we call fireside education. The child listens to all that is said. Friends call, and conversations ensue, of which the youngsters take advantage. The girls benefit by the talk of the boys, and the boys in turn are softened by the more gentle observations of the girls. Such is home culture, and it is all a result of a father and mother being united in matrimony; for then there is a common interest to improve the offspring. What a contrast between the debasements incidental to Turkish home-life and this wholesomeness in social arrangements.

We think there is something highly touching in seeing two young beings united in the acceptable and sacred bonds which are to last until severed by the death of either. It is a solemn occasion. We do not dispute that as a civil contract it is well enough; but by a kind of natural instinct, and looking to the importance of life-long obligations that may ensue, one feels that the ceremonial should be crowned with a becoming sanctity. We do not like to see the Matrimonial trifled with and reduced to a common-

place bargain. Elevating and holy sentiments creep over us when we behold a loving pair full of natural affection joined together under the sweetly soothing strains of the wedding-hymn—

'The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.'

To the parties concerned, the recollection of these solemnities do not easily fade by the lapse of time, but are held tenaciously by memory to the last. Possibly an additional zest is given by a recollection of the wedding breakfast. What famous though subdued hilarity on the occasion! How the aged father of the bride, half joyful in seeing his daughter agreeably settled in life, but bound to look a little sorrowful in parting with her, quivered tenderly in his speech, and how the mother becomingly shed a few tears at parting! When the 'silver wedding' comes round, these fond reminiscences are still vividly pictured. If life be protracted to the occurrence of a 'golden wedding,' the momentous event half a century ago is perhaps more strongly imprinted on memory than ever. Fathers and mothers, and hundreds of early friends, have passed away, but the aged pair happy in mutual communion have been spared, and lovingly casting an eye on their children and grandchildren, bless the day they were married. That is the Matrimonial as it ought to be, and not unfrequently is, notwithstanding the vicissitudes that haunt human affairs.

We are all too painfully aware that the experiences in married life may be of a less pleasing character than are fondly pictured by poets and moralists. But who is to blame? Guided by passion, or with an inconsiderate regard to mutual adaptability, the Matrimonial is hurried into with more speed than discretion. To marry in haste is probably to repent at leisure; and with repentance comes lifelong misery. Terrible examples have fallen under our notice. A common form of the error is that of a young man of good parts and aspirations, who heedlessly plunges into the Matrimonial with a woman who would answer admirably as a poor man's wife, but is incapable of fulfilling a higher destiny. She would patiently drudge in humble retirement, and be a pattern of thrift and assiduity. She might be compared to the good housewife 'whose candle goeth not out by night; she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' She is in a sphere quite suitable to her faculties. It is a totally different thing when, by enterprise and ingenuity, her husband attains to affluence and distinction. She now falls behind, fails to realise her position, declines to act the part properly belonging to her, and in many ways brings herself and her husband into discredit. Remonstrances are in vain, for there is a downright inability to do better. The true error consisted in marrying her without foresight as to possible consequences. In a sense, the woman is to be pitied. If let alone, she would probably have found a mate with inherent notions and habits like her own.

We remember the case of an eminent and estimable artist now deceased, who one day made the sad confession: 'My wife and I were happy together when in our early days our dinner-table

was an old tea-chest, and when our fare was of the poorest. Success in my professional career was followed by cankering cares and misery. My poor wife with some good qualities obstinately clung to her original condition and habits, as well as to companions with whom I could not associate. My marriage was altogether a blunder, which nothing could repair.' The case ended in a way not at all unusual. The woman fell into a course of intemperance, and a permanent separation was the result. Here was the life of a worthy man blighted, all through a little want of consideration at the outset. It is but one among hundreds of instances of the inability, or perverse unwillingness, of women of a humble station to rise with becoming dignity to the level that may be attained by their husbands.

We are reminded of the late serio-comic case of Tompits, a gentleman who, on returning from India with a fortune, fell desperately in love with Cis, a young and handsome stewardess on board a steamer. Without deliberation, he proposed to Cis, was accepted, and married her. They set up housekeeping in splendid style, and were soon surrounded by friends. From having ministered to a high class of ladies in the steamer, Cis, by imitation, was able to conduct herself with tolerable propriety. She dressed elegantly; and so long as she held her tongue in company, no fault was to be found with her intellectual accomplishments. Unfortunately, she could not relinquish her old habits. Her taste lay in scrubbing, scouring, and other menial offices. After a festivity, she liked to sweep the carpets, wash the glasses, and burnish the silver spoons. She went whisking through the house with a duster, and was passionately attached to towels, of which she accumulated enormous quantities. On one occasion, a party of officers who had been to dinner by invitation the previous day, called to leave cards, and to their amazement they found the elegant Mrs Tompits in deshabille scouring the lobby floor. These proceedings, which, with a staff of domestics, were wholly out of place, greatly disconcerted Tompits. He recommended Cis to occupy herself with reading, or some fashionable amusement. But Cis did not care for reading; could barely sign her name, and hated to appear in fashionable society. The result of the miserable mésalliance was open domestic hostilities. Tompits raged in English, Persian, and Hindi. Cis, who had a violent temper, stamped, scowled, and raved like a French tragedy queen.

To the accusation of Tompits that she was not thankful for what he had done for her, Cis scornfully retorted: 'I wonder what I should be thankful for! You cruelly took me away from a situation in which I was useful, happy, and respected. You have brought me into a position where with all its finery I am miserable, and expected to sit like a painted doll among people who spend their lives in idleness and folly. I tell you, I hate the whole concern, and should like to be back in the dear old steamer.' Usually, after such a tirade, Cis burst into tears, and fled to her own apartment. A consideration for the interests of children is often the means of appeasing family dissensions. In the present instance no such means were available. Cis had several children, but they all died shortly after birth. Denied parental consolations, unchastened by her losses,

with no relatives to admonish or advise her, she brooded on her fancied wrongs, was the victim of her own warped feelings and an imperfect sense of what was dutiful and proper. Ultimately, a curious kind of truce was effected. The pair lived separately in the same house. Holding no sort of intercourse, they fretted, pined, and died within a few months of each other. It was a distressing case of matrimonial infelicity; but was what might not unreasonably have been expected. When gentlemen of fortune are pleased to marry pretty barmaids or handsome stewardesses, they must not be surprised if they experience the fate of the luckless Tompits.

Why women are so often deficient in the art of accommodating themselves to a higher social sphere, is a question we do not stop to answer. Enough has been said in uttering the voice of warning on a matter that invites the most earnest foresight. Happily there are cases in which new and onerous positions are filled with a tact that is truly admirable. Though not of an exalted origin, some women may be said to be ladies by nature. They take kindly to any rise in the condition of their husbands. Much depends on the up-bringing. Jack Scott and Betsy Surtees set up in the Matrimonial with a cordial unison of feeling. Not particularly well off at first, they were for a time contented to sup on a pennyworth of sprats. When, by his talents, Jack rose in the world, Betsy rose with him; for she was of respectable parentage, and brought up with a style of good manners. Accordingly, when Jack was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage, no one acquitted herself better than the Countess of Eldon.

If one class of women fall short in their tastes and habits, fully as numerous a class go so far in their attempts to exceed in dress, expenditure, and frivolity, as to damage the character of the Matrimonial. Men of moderate means are afraid to marry, lest they should be chained for life to women who might ruin them by their unregulated and costly indulgences. We are inclined to think that this dread more than anything else prevents men from marrying in early life, when they are as yet unable to encounter an expensive system of housekeeping. They are doubtless wrong in being so intimidated. Using caution in making their choice, and avoiding certain categories of social life, they need be under little apprehension. The whole sex are not to be confounded with beings with whom it would be dangerous to strike up an intimacy.

We cannot pass over an unfortunate source of unhappiness in married life. It is neglect on the part of husbands. They become absorbed in professional pursuits; often they are long absent from home; or they give themselves up to exclusively selfish amusements, just as if they were still bachelors. In such circumstances, their unhappy wives feel as if they had been tricked into a contract that has not been fulfilled. When the woman vowed to 'obey,' the man promised to 'cherish,' which at least infers personal attention and honourable treatment. The husband plainly breaks his promise. He has fallen short of his duty. He may cheerfully pay all the money required to carry on the domestic concern; but that is only a simple obligation. It cannot be called cherishing. It demonstrates no affection; neither does munificence in pin-money. A

cheque on a bank is not equivalent to the love and kindness which were reasonably expected from the being to whom she had confidently resigned her independence. What a heart-breaking sequel to a youthful dream of felicity! We can hardly bring ourselves to picture the dissensions that frequently occur, with finally an unseemly and incurable rupture. Perhaps not quite finally. The Divorce Court, statements in which newspapers revel, and weeks of town-talk, may close up the rear, and add one more to the hideous stories of outrage on the decencies of married life.

There are other causes for regret from having impetuously rushed into the Matrimonial. Beyond all, on one side or other there may be serious constitutional infirmities. People take great care to match horses and other animals, in order to maintain a pure and vigorous lineage. Little or no care is taken on this score when contracting a scheme of matrimony. A young man heedlessly marries into a family known to be affected with some hereditary disease, never reflecting until too late on the consequences of his act. He forgets that in a physical as well as in a mental sense the sins of the fathers are apt to be visited on the children. With his eyes open, he takes to his bosom a wife who will in all likelihood end her days in an asylum, and whose progeny can scarcely fail to share in her deplorable infirmity. Where is the comfort in having a family defective in mental qualifications? You may endow them with the fortune realised by years of successful industry; but from the fatal taint we speak of, it is out of your power to bequeath to them brains or common-sense.

'Can troubled or polluted springs
A hallowed stream afford?'

Indisputably, they cannot, and the fact should be borne in mind in the matter of courtship. Let not the institution of marriage be charged with the calamity. Your own rash conduct in forming the alliance is at fault. We may be sorry for you in the trying circumstances, but the penalty of indiscretion is inevitable.

The mishaps that disfigure the married state afford no proper ground for throwing reproaches on the Matrimonial. After all that bachelors can allege in vindication of their celibacy, marriage on the whole constitutes the happiest, the most satisfactory and salutary condition in which either man or woman can live. Nature makes no provision for celibacy, which from necessity may be submitted to, and is not inconsistent with piety and certain peremptory calls of duty. What pleasant recollections of unmarried female relations who made endless sacrifices in doing good, and who merited, if they did not receive the liveliest tokens of gratitude. Looked at comprehensively, however, celibacy in either sex is a species of oddity, and is usually avoided where practicable. It is not well for man nor for woman to be alone in the world. The common destiny is to run in pairs, each of the two to help the other. Such is the rule to be fairly dealt with. We certainly know by experience that bachelors in their old age lead a helpless and cheerless existence, and generally die unmourned by any one—and the richer they are, the less is the lamentation.

The Vicar of Wakefield tells us that he chose his

wife as she chose her wedding-gown, which was on the principle of selecting one that would wear well. If in the article of marriage you fix on a flimsy material, take the consequences, and blame nobody but yourself. The market is open. Do not be in a hurry. Yet, do not put off time because you happen to be unable to start on a high scale of worldly wealth. Early marriages may not be always commendable; but wait, wait, waiting to reach some imaginary standard, is—all other things being equal—by no means sound policy. Burns pathetically sings:

'O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining,
Or why see sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?'

Advice in a matter of this kind goes for very little. Every one takes his or her own way. No doubt, it is distressing to see, as you sometimes do, young people making sacrifices to be married, and landing themselves in semi-starvation. We have heard of a lady who earnestly advised Jane, her female attendant, not to marry, as the step would surely end in misery. The girl in reply said she was tired of being a servant, and wished to rest her bones. 'Well, Jane,' asked the lady some time afterwards, 'have you rested your bones?' 'Yes,' replied Jane, rather dismally; 'but it has been my jaw-bones!' Without due precaution, risks like this may have to be encountered in the matrimonial lottery.

Ordinarily, marriage inspires to exertion, and thus brings its own special reward. In the choice of assistants for some official duty, the married man is for the most part preferred. He has given hostages to Fortune for his good behaviour. Besides this peculiar advantage, he experiences the pleasure of seeing his

'Children run to kiss their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.'

We can picture nothing more charming than a scene of domestic felicity like this, nor one more calculated to nerve to enterprises on which rest individual and national prosperity. In married life there are likewise pleasures of memory held precious though the hearth be partially desolate. When, by the visitation of Providence, children are swept away, and one of the parents has perhaps been left in a widowed condition, the survivor recalls in imagination many tender incidents in the past which no celibate can possibly experience:

'When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past shall stay,
And half our joys renew.'

Who, then, has the heart, with heedless levity, to depreciate or speak contemptuously of the Matrimonial?
W. C.

A STORY OF DETECTION.

My employment is that of a carver in stone. Many years ago, soon after I had learnt my business, the firm in whose employ I was, undertook the erection of a gentleman's mansion, and I was sent to execute the ornamental work. The village near to which the mansion was built was on the shore of an estuary of the Bay of Morecambe,

not far from a market-town whose name I need not give. As my work would keep me from home several weeks, a good lodging was a most desirable thing; but although I tried to get accommodation in a private house, I failed, and was forced to lodge in the village inn, the *Lord Admiral*.

Amongst those who were in the habit of frequenting the aforesaid hostelry; was a man of singular habits and odd temper. His home was about a mile from the village, on the side of a lane leading to a couple of farms. His house, like himself, was a queer one. Originally it had been built for the storage of corn, the produce of fields at a distance from the farmstead. Somehow, it had ceased to be needed for that purpose; so its owner turned it into a dwelling-house, and as such, it was now occupied by the aforesaid strange man. It was divided into three apartments on the ground-floor, one of which, a very large one, was set apart and used as a kind of museum, its occupant being a stuffer of birds and small quadrupeds. When he had no work of this sort for other persons, he worked for stock, and this large room was his warehouse.

He was a man of ill-temper and loose habits, and for some time had borne a dubious character. When people were asked why he was suspected, they could not give a satisfactory reply. 'He lives,' they would say, 'without doing work equal to his expenditure, which looks bad.' As I got to know him, I found that he had an unamiable temper: was morose, sour, and at times passionate. He was also fond of display, given to betting, and like all such, led a loose uneven life, oftener loitering about than at work. So I did not wonder that well-meaning people did not like him.

He mostly came on wet nights to the *Lord Admiral*. As we became acquainted, he invited me to look over his collection of birds and quadrupeds. I was pleased with what I saw. He had indeed a good collection; and as well as I could judge, had done his work well. He had also a good assortment of butterflies and moths; and in a corner, close to the ceiling, had what he called a butterfly breeding-box, which he said belonged to his son, a young man of my own age, also given to bird-stuffing amusements.

But I was most taken up with two animals which differed from the rest. One was a beautiful dog, and the other a *lusus natura*—a lamb with the rudiments of a fifth leg, and some other abnormal characteristic which I have forgotten. The old man said he had stuffed both for their original owners, who had somehow failed to take them away. They were placed at one end of the room, one in each corner, away from the window, and close to the wall, where, except in strong daylight, they could not be easily seen. The connection of these particulars with my story will be seen in the sequel.

I had been in the village about six weeks, when the neighbourhood was aroused and alarmed one morning by the report of the robbery of a jeweller's shop in the market-town already referred to, that had been effected during the preceding night. Much valuable property had been taken. This robbery had been effected in such a way as led to the belief that a gang of practised thieves had done it. The prevailing question was, 'Do

the robbers live among us, or have they come from a distance?' This query was still going from mouth to mouth when we were startled, astounded indeed, by the report of a second robbery of the same premises, and on the night following by the breaking into and purloining of a provision warehouse in our own village. Were I writing fiction, I would not have made the robbers pay so soon a second visit to the jeweller's, as such an act would have been deemed preposterous; but I am relating what really occurred, and so am forced to say what I have said.

The jeweller had been so taken up by efforts to find out the thieves and regain his first loss, that he had not placed additional guard over what was left; besides, he was sure, he said, that thieves would not think of revisiting him for a long time. As for the provision-dealer, he said in my hearing that he had no fear of his place being entered, as he believed robbers would not care to touch property so bulky and of such inferior value as his. But he had reckoned without his host; for he had lost a fine ham, a large lot of tea, a deal of spices, a few boxes of cigars, and indeed a portion of most of what he dealt in. The excitement and alarm occasioned by these robberies was great and wide-spread.

Two batches of detectives, one from Lancaster and the other from Kendal, came to our village to see what they could find out. They were not short of questions, I mind; but they took care what sort of questions they answered. It was easy to see that one of their aims was to make it appear that they believed the robbers came from a distance, in order to put the thieves off their guard; for their own opinion was the opposite of this.

No event, however serious, can keep hold of people's minds beyond a certain time; and these robberies were beginning to give place to some other subject, when the next act in the drama began to be played. It was on a Friday afternoon, about a month after the robberies. The day was wet and wild; and as my work was the outdoor carving of stones which had been placed in position in the rough, I was unable to go on with it, and so had to return to my quarters. I had got my dinner, and had just called for a pint of ale with my pipe, when an elderly ill-dressed man came in, and sitting down on a bench beside me, said in broad Lancashire accent: 'I'll sup wi' tha lad, if tha dosen't care;' on which he lifted my mug to his lips, and drank freely. I had not got over my surprise, when he, wiping his mouth with his hand, gave me a history of the past day or two. The account was this: he had been a gentleman's gardener, near Lancaster, over twenty years; had a capital place, but had not had sense enough to keep it, for he had gone on the loose for a fortnight, which was more than his master would put up with; so he was discharged. 'This wor day afore yesterday,' he said; 'an' I've drank for vary vexation ever sin', trampin' as I drank; an' so here I am wi' a dry math an' wi'out a 'openny i' my pocket. Doesta think,' he concluded, 'aw con raise a penny or tippence amang th' company?'

I gave him a trifle; others did the same; so having thus 'raised the wind,' he called for bread, cheese, and ale, and made a good meal.

During the time the gardener had been talking to me, the landlord had been within hearing. So

accosting the old man while he was eating his dinner, he said: 'You are a gardener, I understand?'

'I am,' was the reply.

'Well,' said the landlord, 'I've a garden which needs fettling. I have not time to attend to it myself; and as it is time the seed was in, I'll employ you if you are willing. I'll find you plenty to eat and drink; you can have a bed as well; and if you please me, I'll not see you leave without a few shillings in your pocket. What say you?'

'I say agreed,' replied the gardener, rising to his feet and grasping the landlord's hand. 'I'll not begin to-morn, howiver; but I'll look rand, an' get riddy for Monday morn.'

This proposal was satisfactory, wherefore the gardener was made happy.

Shortly afterwards we had an addition to our company by the incoming of the old bird-stuffer, whom I shall henceforth call the naturalist—as this designation was the one which pleased him—his son the butterfly-breeder, and two other men whom I had not yet seen. These—the strangers—first looked hard at the company; but the naturalist, giving them a significant nod, which seemed to say, 'All's right,' they settled down and called for a glass of rum apiece.

By this time the gardener had finished his dinner, when putting his arms on the table and his head on his arms, he fell or seemed to fall asleep. The rain which continued to come down, compelled me still to abide under cover; so placing my chair in a corner and putting my head against the wall, I tried to get a nap also. The naturalist and his companions were now the only persons in the room besides the gardener and me.

I cannot tell half nor quarter of what was said by first one and then another of the four persons; nor did I understand some of the phrases which they used. 'Bruce' and 'Wonder,' 'flax' and 'stuffing' were words often employed by them. I recollected that 'Bruce' was the name of the dog, and 'Wonder' that of the lamb in the museum before spoken of; and the other terms, I judged, referred to the materials with which they were stuffed; but I could not see why they should speak in so low a tone as they did when they spoke of them. Once or twice they referred to a bird by some slang phrase. But after events made this clear enough.

By-and-by the weather took up, when the men, draining their glasses, got up and went away. The moment they were gone the gardener roused up, took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began to write therein. He then asked me if I knew who the men were, and what was their occupation, and if I understood any of the words they had uttered in the lower tone of voice. I gave him what information I could. 'But,' I said, 'both they and I believed you were asleep.'

'It is well to go into dreamland at times,' he said; and then added: 'Did you say that the old man keeps a museum? Have you seen it? Do you think I could get a look at it?'

The questions were put one after the other in quick succession, as though he were eager and anxious about something. I said 'Yes,' to each; but I was surprised at the good English in which he now spoke, and at the refinement which marked his manners. Still I could make nothing of it.

I pass over the next few days, as they brought forth no remarkable incident. The gardener had stuck to his contract with the landlord, and I had been enabled to get on with my work. The four men did not again visit us; but as I went on with my carving, I saw first one and then another of them pass my place. And once I saw them all in earnest converse in a retired lane.

After supper, one night, I took the gardener to the barn-like habitation of the old naturalist. As we went along, he asked me to take particular notice of the dog and the lamb; 'for,' said he, 'I was struck with the questions one of the men put as to whether "Bruce" and "Wonder" could take in any more "cotton" or "flax." And it is just possible,' he continued, 'that he has a way of taking out and putting in the stuffing after the skin has become set and hard: a thing worth knowing, I should think.'

When we got to the house, the old man came to the door, closing it after him. Being asked if he would allow the gardener to see over his collection of preserved animals, he at first seemed perplexed, and saying: 'I'll ask my son,' he went in, leaving us outside. Shortly he returned, and said: 'It is not convenient to enter the room to-night, as it is being cleaned and the contents rearranged; but if your friend will come to-morrow night, and come alone, he shall see over it.'

We agreed, and came away. I was at a loss to account for the condition imposed; but my companion was set up with the arrangement.

Next night came, and the gardener set off on his errand. I was all impatience for his return. But when he came back, he seemed unwilling to relate the result of his adventure, simply saying: 'I'm in no humour for talk to-night; I'll relate what I've seen and said, to-morrow.'

My friend had got on well with his gardening. His potatoes and onions, his turnips and carrots had been got in; and it was clear that if the next two days should prove fine, he would finish the job on the Saturday night.

On Friday night he came to me in the kitchen, in a corner of which I was reading, and asked me to take a short walk with him. I got up and went. The night was fine, but dark. We walked in the direction of the museum. He asked me if I could keep a secret for a day or two. Replying in the affirmative, he said he had a strong suspicion that the old naturalist or his son was no better than he should be; that he was sure he or they knew more about the late robberies than other folks; and that he believed if he had a few shillings which he could call his own, he could come at the truth, and concluded by asking me to lend him a sovereign for a few days. I agreed, for I had begun to feel an unaccountable curiosity growing within me.

We had not walked far before we met the naturalist's son, apparently by appointment; for my companion told him that I had promised him a loan, and that, therefore, he would be at his father's house next day and make a purchase. We parted and came home.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon he set off; and in less than an hour he came back, bearing a tolerably sized parcel. Giving me a signal as he passed me, I joined him in the back-yard. He said: 'I'm on the track of the thieves, I

believe. Last night but one, on reaching the house, and while looking over the museum, the old man said that his son was rather short of money; but having exchanged a frame of moths and a few birds for a lot of provisions, if I would buy some of the latter, I might sell them at a profit; or they would keep me in eatables for a while, and the sale would relieve his son. I agreed to buy if I could raise the money. Now, I am not without cash, but it would not have done to say so; hence I agreed to ask you for a loan. Well, I've got a lot of things to-day dirt cheap, which I really believe belong to one of the late robberies. I go hence to-morrow on the sly; but on Monday you may look for my return.' Giving me a playful dig in the side, he left me. His absence during the night and the day after surprised the landlord, but I said nothing.

I was all impatience until Monday came. It came at last. I was busy at my carving when I heard a well-known voice hail me from below. On looking down from my stage, whom should I see in the road beneath, smiling all the face over, but my old friend the gardener in a policeman's uniform! The truth flashed through me in a moment. I went down. Grasping my hand, he said: 'The secret's out, you see! Come along with me and see the upshot.'

I was about to witness a *dénouement* I had not looked for. Up the road were a couple of policemen. My old companion was the chief, being a sergeant of police. He led the way to the museum, and was first to enter.

'Good-morning, old friend,' he said, on encountering the naturalist. 'I've come to take away a few more parcels of your cheap provisions.'

I saw that the old gardener was detected in the speaker, and that the game was seen to be up. The old man's son rushed to the door and scrambled off, only, however, to fall into the clutches of one of the officers who were on the watch. The old man was utterly helpless and almost beside himself. Sinking into his chair, he cried out: 'I'm not the thief; the thieves are *there*,' pointing to the door, and meaning, I could see, his son and his confederates, though they were not present.

We went into the museum. The first thing the old gardener—as I shall still call him—did was to take hold of 'Bruce,' while he desired one of his comrades to lay hold of 'Wonder.' On moving them, a noise of loose metal was heard. A moment's examination sufficed to reveal the secret. In the off-side of each animal, in the soft part, an orifice had been made by cutting the skin in such a way as to enable the operator to replace it with a little care. A part of the stuffing had been removed, leaving a vacancy just like a thistle's nest. This was filled with jewellery—watches, guards, ear-rings and finger-rings. A further examination of the museum revealed other and as singular hiding-places; for example, a game-cock was found put out of sight; on taking hold of it, a noise of clinking metal was heard. On lifting up the feathers over the crop, a small hole was seen, out of which rolled, when the bird was shaken, a number of trinkets.

Nearly all the proceeds of the two robberies of the jeweller were recovered; one watch and a few guards only being absent. And some of the property of the provision-dealer was also found stowed in the breeding-box, though most of it had been

used or sold. I scarcely need say that the parcel sold to 'the gardener' was a part of it, and had to do with the detection. My friend the sergeant informed me that he had been induced to assume the character which he had so well enacted, entirely on speculation. While making a survey of the neighbourhood a few days before he began to play his part, he had observed the backward state of the landlord's garden; and believing that he would readily catch at a chance of getting it finished off in a cheap way, and being a good hand at gardening, he had hit upon the scheme which had answered so well. He had believed that the robbers were not far from the locality of the public-house, and might come there now and again, and so could he lodge there without being known or suspected he might come at all that he desired. And as he had hoped, so did it come to pass.

The naturalist, who, it came out, had long been a receiver of stolen property, and his son, whose first burglaries these were, got each five years' penal servitude; one of the other men—who came from a distant town and were old hands—was likewise convicted and punished; but the fourth, for some forgotten reason, got off. My friend came in for the good reward offered in this case; and for the part which I had taken in the affair, the jeweller gave me a gold pencil-holder, which I treasure as a memento.

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

BEFORE it has ceased to excite wonder as a scientific novelty, the telephone acquires fresh interest from the modes in which it is now utilised for the practical purposes of business and private life. No longer regarded merely as an amusing toy, it enables persons to converse easily with any of a prescribed circle of friends, customers, or clients scattered many miles apart. In thus applying the invention to every-day uses, America has anticipated us; but the extent to which its advantages are being developed in our own country would surprise even those who are familiar with modern triumphs of the telegraph. At the recent soiree of the British Association in Sheffield, one of the most interesting features was a specimen of the contrivance by which electricity is made to serve as a medium of direct vocal communication between any number of persons whose premises are connected by wires through a central office. This system is largely adopted in the United States, where it has become well known as the 'Telephone Exchange.' In the city of Chicago there are as many as two thousand subscribers to one Exchange; whilst in New York an equal number of wires converge at the central station. Any subscriber can have a chat whenever he pleases with any other member, without either having to leave his room; and a large proportion of the entire number may be in communication at the same time. A brief explanation of how this is done may interest our readers.

Every subscriber to any Telephone Exchange is furnished with a copy of a printed list, wherein each is designated by a number. When one member of the association—who we will suppose to be in his own office—wishes to communicate with another, the gentle touch of an electric bell summons the attention of the clerk at the

central office, who is apprised of the name or number of the person to be communicated with. Thereupon the operator puts the two into immediate communication by connecting their respective wires. The two gentlemen can then converse without anything being audible to the intermediary, who, when a bell sounds as a signal that the speaking is finished, severs the connection by the simple movement of a pin or small pointer, fixed in front of what is called the 'switch-board.'

At each end of all the electric wires—which radiate, like the spokes of a wheel, from the head office—the requisite apparatus is provided for speaking and hearing—namely, the transmitter and receiver. The latter resembles a large button, and is held close to the ear for answers, whilst a message is being spoken through the mouthpiece of the transmitter. A private conversation may thus be freely carried on; and so sensitive is the instrument, that fainter sounds than the ordinary tones of the human voice can be conveyed some miles.

Hopes were at first entertained, as our readers are aware, that the telephone might be available for long as well as for short distances. It is, however, found that five miles is the distance within which conversation may be carried on with effective distinctness. Beyond this, the vocal sounds are somewhat weakened in transmission. Telephonic talk has nevertheless been successfully carried on between New York and Philadelphia. A similar feat has also been performed in England between London and Norwich; but it is chiefly for shorter distances, and within the narrower limits of business towns, that this latest development of the utility of the telephone is being made available. A moderate sum per month is paid by each subscriber for the privilege of using the wires. The actual value of the privilege obviously depends very much upon the number of persons who choose to bring themselves within the circle of communication; but in this respect there has been no shortcoming in its adoption on the other side of the Atlantic. So popular has the system become in America, that there, it is said, as many as forty thousand telephones are at work; indeed, there is scarcely a town of considerable size in the United States that has not its Telephone Exchange.

In London, too, telephonic inter-communication has now become an established fact. The completeness with which the apparatus fulfils all the conditions and requirements of practice was recently demonstrated before a company of scientific gentlemen, who anticipate a wide-spread application of the system in England. Still further proof of its growing favour may be gathered from the fact that local enterprise has already registered several companies for the early formation of similar Exchanges in the leading provincial towns. The first Telephone Exchange opened in the metropolis is situated in Lombard Street; and it was in connection with this agency that the experiments to which we have alluded took place. For the purposes of the trial, or rather opening exhibition, use was made of wires connecting the premises of nine subscribers, one at each end of Queen Victoria Street, and the others situated in the following localities—namely, Copthall Buildings, Old Broad Street, Suffolk Lane, Princes

Street, George Yard, Throgmorton Street, and Carey Street at the back of the New Law Courts. From the Mansion House Buildings in Queen Victoria Street, conversation was carried on easily with several of the other stations. The gentleman occupying the premises in Carey Street—the longest circuit—happened to be one of the company at the Mansion House Buildings, and was able to communicate thence with his clerk. In this instance, and also when the connection was next made with Copthall Buildings, the voice which responded to the call was recognised by subscribers standing a few feet from the instrument. Those who replied had spoken in a louder tone than was necessary, there being no need in ordinary cases to raise the voice above the usual pitch in order to make it perfectly audible to the listener at the receiving end of the wire. Not long ago a paragraph appeared in the *Times* which was dictated through the telephone, the instrument giving a perfectly correct reproduction of the transmitted subject.

A visit to the Exchange in Lombard Street gives an insight into the ease and simplicity with which the operator—who may be a mere boy—can 'switch' different wires into connection or shut them off, as required. Of course one station can be connected with only one other at the same time; but the coupling and uncoupling are effected so quickly that a person may communicate with many others in rapid succession. When the electric bell rings at the central office, the attendant, by a glance at the indicator, can see who calls for his attention. In some cases it is shewn by a tiny shutter, which falls and discloses the subscriber's number; in others, a little red disc is moved by the bell current into a corresponding eyelet or circle upon the face of the switch-board. The wires are of steel, covered with an electromagnetic deposit of copper, which insures strength, conductivity, and endurance. They are very slender; so thin and light, in fact, that they do not require posts, but can be attached, without harm, to chimney-stacks and other parts of buildings, due care being taken with respect to insulation.

Almost simultaneously with the introduction of the Telephone Exchange system to the metropolis, several companies, formed on the limited liability principle, have been started in the provinces for extending the same idea. One of these is in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It embraces the towns of Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, and Halifax, in some of which a sufficient number of subscribers has already been obtained to encourage the early commencement of operations. The shrewd Yorkshire mind has not, however, waited until now before turning the telephone to good practical account. For a considerable time past the invention has been utilised in the West Riding, and other districts in the north of England, by private persons and business houses. A certain resident of Halifax is enabled by its means to hear in his own dwelling the sermons preached in the principal Dissenting chapel of the town. In order to permit of this, a telephonic receiver is ingeniously placed at the upper part of the pulpit. Another point in favour of this particular case is, that the pastor of the chapel in question, well known as a staunch champion of Nonconformity, has an unusually powerful voice and distinct articulation.

Clergymen in general are not likely to become enamoured of a system which might aggravate the grievance of absentee congregations; but the experiment shews at anyrate how, in exceptional cases, either the discourse of an eminent divine or the melodious notes of a *prima donna* may be heard with comfort at a distance of several miles.

In Leeds the telephone is largely used for more commonplace but not less useful purposes. Many manufacturing firms in that town daily experience its advantages in carrying on communications between their offices or warehouses and their suburban mills. The Tramways Company has also in operation a Telephonic Exchange of its own. One advantage of the system is that no skill or elaborate training is required to make use of it. After 'switching' on the proper wire, the whole thing is as easy as talking to any person in the same room. There is no need to shout loudly; nor is it necessary for the speaker to put his mouth close to the 'transmitter.' In testing the wires of the Leeds Tramway Company, one could for instance hear, despite the noises of street traffic in Boar Lane, every note of tunes played upon a piano in the house of the manager at Chapeltown, a suburb about three miles distant! In order to share the conveniences of the invention, some doctors are having electric wires laid from consulting-rooms in town to their country residences. Patients may thus consult their medical man without bringing him away from the enjoyment of home comforts in his rural retreat; and more explicit intimation of urgent calls can be conveyed without the loss of time which would occur in the older ways of sending a message.

During some recent experiments in Glasgow, it was proved that telephonic sound can be conveyed through a less facile conductor than the usual unbroken wire. In this case, a break in the wire was taken up by a small circle of ladies and gentlemen, who joined hands, and thus continued the electric current through their own bodies. The effect of interposing these human links was to diffuse and weaken the electric power; but the current was still sufficient to convey some audible reproduction of a song from the transmitting to the receiving end of a telephone.

A TERRIBLE SEA-VOYAGE.

It was my fortune many years ago to lead a wandering life as a marine engineer. Anxious from boyhood to see the world, I had taken every opportunity, when the time came, of changing from one service to another, not so much from ambitious hopes of advancement in my profession, as for the gratification of a spirit of adventure. Accordingly, having sailed for some years in the Mediterranean, I found myself about the year 186-, in the Spanish service as chief-engineer of a large ocean mail-steamer sailing between Spain and the West Indies. I had been summoned from the coast of Morocco, when the war between Spain and that country was concluded, to join this vessel; and as I went on board in one of the ship's boats, I had the opportunity of observing her build and general appearance for the first time. The ship was large, heavily masted, barque-rigged, and could spread a great

amount of canvas; not too fine in her lines; but apparently a good comfortable sea-boat, with, as I afterwards learned, engines of three hundred horse-power. The two days that yet remained before the ship sailed afforded ample time to find out that she was never intended and utterly unfit for a voyage within the tropics. The engine and boiler rooms were badly ventilated; little or no air-space over the boilers; and the 'tween decks over the top of the boilers seemed to be a receptacle for spare stores, ropes, paints, oils, and wood-work of all descriptions. I remonstrated strongly against sending the ship to sea in that condition; but of course everything was to be put right—next voyage.

We sailed at length with a fair wind, and called at the Canary Islands for a few hours. From thus keeping well within the tropics, we caught the light breeze from the east; and day after day we sailed on over calm and peaceful seas, with just enough wind to lift the sails and barely keep them full. The drifting sea-weed, pieces of wood, and flights of strange birds—all lent a strong interest to a passage across the Atlantic in these latitudes. We reached Havana at length, and prepared for our return voyage to Spain. The rainy season was beginning, the precursor of heat, and of fever to Europeans. In fact there were rumours of yellow-fever having made its appearance in the island, and we were glad at the prospect of getting away to sea. During the voyage from Europe we had enjoyed unabated prosperity; but since our arrival our crew had given some cause—from their recklessness, and I may say a sort of sullen approach to disobedience—for anxiety. The truth is, they had been gathered together within a few days of sailing from Spain; and among the drifting population of a moderate-sized seaport the demand for a large number of men at short notice necessarily included a portion of a class to be avoided if possible. And now in the loading of the ship I began to be distrustful of the disorder, irregularity, and want of discipline on board; for the luggage of the passengers, the cargo, and ship's stores got mixed in indescribable confusion, and were stowed away below in any careless fashion; while the officers and crew lounged about smoking and chatting with their friends from the shore.

At length the hour for sailing had come, and as we took a more northerly route on our return voyage, to get the prevailing westerly winds of more northern latitudes, we proceeded to pass through the Gulf of Florida, and for two days we went along smoothly enough. There was no wind; the heat was intense. And with this, a new cause of apprehension came upon me. What made matters worse, we had, much against my inclination, taken on board a large quantity of bituminous coal, the use of which involves risk. We were, too, in the hottest part of the Gulf-Stream, the sea-water shewing by the thermometer 82° Fahr., and the sun's rays nearly vertical. Under these combined influences the heat accumulated rapidly in the engine and boiler rooms, until it had reached 146° . One or two of the firemen were disabled from duty in consequence. I encouraged the men to persevere, as we were getting well through the Gulf of Florida, and once through and into the Atlantic, the temperature of the sea and atmosphere would be much lower.

Meanwhile, I had made casual inquiry about

the fire-pumps, two of which were on board, and had been examined in the port we had left; but to my intense surprise, I heard they had been put in the after-hold out of the way, and were covered up with cargo. I then strongly urged on the captain the necessity of clearing the deck over the boilers and round the funnel; but the usual answer was, To-morrow. Everything was to be done to-morrow, so the opportunity passed away. We were now three days at sea, with no apparent change in the weather; and going on the top of the boilers, I saw, in the dull light from above, that the base of the funnel was very hot—a dark red. Such a condition is not absolutely alarming under ordinary circumstances with fast-burning bituminous coal; but the chimney-casing was made of thin iron and wood, with very little space between the two for the heated air to ascend; and the quantity of lumber between decks made it peculiarly dangerous in this instance, if fire broke out; but as yet there were no signs of ignition, and I was obliged to content myself with the hope of a speedy change in the weather.

Passing on deck, the grateful coolness of evening—hot as it was—seemed to allay in a measure my uneasiness; the engines were working well, and we were making rapid progress. I lay down on a seat near the engine-room and fell fast asleep. In fact, all the passengers were driven by the intense heat below to try to find sleep and rest on deck. How long I slept I cannot say, but it must have been early morning when I awoke from a dream of horror in which I was fighting with a fearful fire. So strongly was I impressed with this, that I passed at once to the place, and found my dream in part realised; the woodwork round the funnel was charred and red inside, and at the point of bursting into flame. For a moment I stood appalled. I had seen a fire at sea, and knew from experience what a terrible trial we were about to grapple with; so passing quickly on deck, I summoned assistance as quietly as possible, to avoid causing alarm. To attach the hose to the pumps from the engines was the work of a few moments; and yet I was unwilling to resort to the use of water, unless fairly forced to do so; for the cold water falling on the boilers was sure to condense the steam inside; the speed of the engines would thus be reduced, and a full supply of water from the pumps rendered impossible. There was also the fear of the heated water falling on the firemen below, and driving them from their furnaces; but clearly there was no time for hesitation, and prompt action was required. The preparations alarmed the sleepers on deck; and as there were now dense clouds of smoke rolling up from below, concealment was no longer possible. The scene that followed was beyond description. It wanted yet some time from sunrise, and in the darkness, the terror and despair of the passengers was heart-rending. Meanwhile the smouldering woodwork had burst into flame, and in a very few minutes, the whole ship was lighted up, the fire spreading out and leaping upwards, seemingly determined to destroy the vessel and all it contained.

The officers and men were in a state of panic; and in the time lost by contradictory orders and the want of a good leader, the fire grew apace. It was a scene of extreme incapacity and imbecility. In vain I urged the necessity of confining the fire

within as small limits as possible, by removing the woodwork and stores, &c. round the fire; and as I had foreseen, the engines were nearly brought to a stand from the cold water falling on the boilers. I demanded that the fire-buckets should be used. It was all of no use; and at last I went in search of the captain of the ship. I found him forward in such a state of bewildered excitement that I looked at him in amazement. I asked him to come with me and restore order; but lifting his hands in an expressive way, as if to say it was of no use, he resumed his hurried and frantic promenade. I looked round, and daylight as it does within the tropics, was springing into existence. Observing some of the crew proceeding to unfasten the boats in order to leave the ship, I saw at once that for want of a good leader, the ship and many lives were about to be cast away. Seizing the captain by the arm, and pointing to the crew, I asked him if he was going to stand by and allow such scandalous work. He was aroused at last; for he proved himself a brave man, but wanting in the coolness and presence of mind necessary for such an emergency as we were called to encounter. With his assistance, some order was obtained, and I could explain that the fire looked more alarming than it really was. It only wanted the efforts of the men properly directed to get it under in a short time; and by cutting away the woodwork near the fire over the boilers, the danger of spreading was lessened; but the military officers who were passengers on board demanded that the ship be turned towards the land, and if necessary run on shore.

We were about forty miles from the coast of Florida, and I was sure that with well-sustained efforts, we could get the fire out before we reached land. My fear was that these efforts would slacken when the men saw that the ship was put about; and that fear was realised. Still we got the fire out after five hours' hard work, and just when we were approaching land. But over where the fire had been, there was a large open space, black and ugly, not pleasant to look upon; and when I thought of the long distance we had before us, over stormy seas, with the ship in such an exposed condition, I confess it was with no small degree of anxiety I regarded the future. The passengers clamoured loudly for the ship to return to the nearest port, a course strenuously resisted by the captain and myself; and after a strong protest from them, we proceeded seaward, and were once more homeward bound.

Exhausted though we all were, there was no time for idling or delay; for it was imperative that the decks should be got into a condition of safety at once; so after infinite labour, a quantity of planks was got from below, and the unsightly open space covered up, and tarpaulin fastened above all. It was not a minute too soon.

During the eventful night we had passed, the lightning had been gleaming behind the clouds on the horizon, lighting them up and shewing their jagged edges every few minutes; and now when we were beginning to breathe more freely after the hurry and excitement, there could be seen the portents of a coming change in the weather. It was still oppressively hot, and the sea and air absolutely calm; but the barometer, from being steady at 30 inches had fallen within two hours to 28.1 inches, and was still falling rapidly.

Now and again came a low moaning sound, as when the wind sweeps the telegraph wires. Light puffs of air began to come from all quarters, while the smoke from the chimney ascended high into the air in a vertical column, but with a curious swirling motion. We had not long to wait. Nature in tropical regions effects changes and rectifies disturbances with a rapidity unknown in more temperate latitudes; even the sea-birds seemed to know a storm was at hand, as they sat on the water heedless of our proximity.

The sea and clouds on the horizon appeared to approach each other, until the distinctive features of each were lost in their union; and now the clouds around us seemed to descend like a pall, hemming us in on all sides. The yellow sun blazed fiercely over us, his rays as if concentrated in a focus on our devoted heads. Far up in the air a dark mass of cloud bore swiftly forward, and as it crossed between us and the sun, its black edges were lighted up as if it was lined with burnished silver. At once, and as if by magic, it appeared to sweep away the daylight before it, and we were left in that mysterious darkness which often precedes a violent storm in these latitudes. We waited in awe-struck expectancy, as for some terrible calamity. Then came a rush of wind, with a flash of lightning so vivid and appalling from its apparent proximity to us, that it appeared like a flash from the sword of the Destroying Angel. A sudden calmness followed, then a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the ship. The lightning then flashed and played around us incessantly, lighting up the gloom with a pale-blue radiance. And now, in the pauses between the rattling of the thunder, came the rushing sound as of mighty wings, and the storm burst upon us with irresistible fury, driving us before it at tremendous speed. The sea had not power to rise; the force of the wind kept it down; but swept the spray from its surface and filled the air with a heavy rain. The barometer had now fallen to 28 inches, and as we flew before the tempest for hours, the thunder and lightning never abated during all that time. To add to the confusion, the wind catching some of the sails, tore them from their fastenings and flung them far away to sea.

We had as yet experienced no great inconvenience except from the thick darkness and blinding spray; but the wind suddenly veered round to the south-east without losing its force; and then came a tumbling, boiling, dangerous sea. It soon rose with frightful rapidity; and in dread that a sea breaking on board of us might burst through the frail barrier we had erected on deck, and fill the ship, I spent hours of anxiety, that even now, after the lapse of years, is not a pleasant recollection. Yet in that terrible cross-sea the brave vessel kept her head well up; and though she rolled her gunwales under water, yet up to this time there came no heavy or destructive 'green water' on board, and I began to breathe more freely as I saw her behaviour in the trying position we were in.

Not, however, in this direction as it appeared lay our danger. The storm of wind and rain had passed, and the sun had again shone out in splendour; but now the sea began to rise in long rolling waves, outstripping us in speed; and this

is always a trying time for the engines in a steamship, for the propeller is sometimes buried deep in the sea, as when a wave overtakes a ship, lifting her stern, and then as it passes on, still bearing up the stern, leaving the screw out of the water. The resistance being thus removed, the engines 'race' with tremendous velocity; and the screw being suddenly immersed, all the moving parts of the engines are subjected to an abnormal strain, resulting in a break-down, unless great care and watchfulness are exercised. At the same time, the propeller losing its efficiency, the speed of the ship is decreased, and a following sea is liable to break over the stern—usually the most dangerous sea that can strike a ship. Again the wind drew round towards the west, increasing the height and velocity of the waves, and we received two or three sharp blows, which made everything quiver visibly. The day was now drawing to a close; the clouds swept wildly across the sky, and as the sun dropped suddenly below the horizon—'at one stride came the dark.' But still the ship held bravely on before the wind and sea, rolling, pitching, and quivering like a frightened creature who tries to escape a deadly pursuer. A long night followed. A few seas came on board, sweeping the decks, to the intense discomfort of those passengers who could not trust themselves below—a night of dread and anxiety to every one. At sunrise the wind again freshened, and the barometer, which had risen during the night, began to fall ominously. A wild morning, with dull heavy clouds sweeping the sky. The sea was again rising fast, and long rolling waves, tipped with white crests, followed in rapid succession, tumbling the huge vessel about as a child sports with a plaything. The shocks from the waves came more frequently, and now and again a mimic sea fell on board and swept forward. I urged the captain to put on more sail, as I could do no more than we were doing, with the engines. And now while we were talking, a huge black mass of water, rising far above the stern, came rushing on, striking us on the quarter, and then the green sea came pouring forward, sweeping everything before it. We had only time to grasp the rigging and hold on for our lives as the wave swept past. The engines seemed to stand still for a moment, and then went whirling round with inconceivable rapidity; the blades of the propeller were broken clean off, the engines were useless; while the sea was pouring into the ship like a cataract through the burnt decks.

I clambered towards the engine-room; but one glance to the stern shewed the ship had lost her power of steering, and was falling off into the trough of the sea. Had we at last reached the climax of a hopeless case, and was the supreme moment of our lives come? flashed across my mind. I managed to get to the engine-room, and at once started the engines to pump the water out of the ship, using the water from the *inside* of the ship for condensing the steam, instead of taking it from the *outside*. By this means a very large quantity could be ejected, and by this means only. I had a dull feeling that it was all of no use; but there was work to be done, and it kept the men employed. Yet I knew it was useless work. As the ship was rolling fearfully, the water rushed past the pumps from side to side, drowning out the fires in the boilers at each side. I clambered

on deck to see what our condition was. One look was sufficient. The sailors, roused to a sense of immediate danger, at the risk of their lives sprang into the rigging as the ship swung round, and made gallant efforts to get the fore and aft sails on the ship forward. One after another of them were bruised and disabled; but they persevered manfully, and at last two of the fore-sails were got to draw, and the ship came slowly round. It was the work of hours, and had been a service of great danger, bravely accomplished. We read of a ship being struck by a sea; but how few know the terrible meaning the words convey. Unable to rise with the waves as they came rushing on, the water fell on the decks like solid masses, but chiefly on the stern, where the bulwarks remained. Sometimes she lay down on her side as if unable to rise, and then slowly fell away in the opposite direction. The shocks the hull of the vessel received were terrific. In such a case the water does not yield, as might be supposed; it really gives a solid blow, though not localised, as when a ship strikes a rock, but spread over a large surface; and unless this were so, no vessel could be constructed strong enough to withstand the heavy shocks experienced in a severe storm.

The scene on deck was appalling. The hand-rails were bent and twisted as if they had been made of wire. Bulwarks, deck-houses, boats, and everything intercepting the sweep of the sea, had gone overboard. Providentially, the planks we had fastened down over the open space left by the fire remained firm, the strong tarpaulin serving to bind them together. The quantity of water which had got into the engine and boiler rooms was enormous, but comparatively little anywhere else; so by opening the sluice-valves in the bulk-heads, communicating with the hold, the water was lowered by being spread over a larger area, and we could once more light the fires to pump the water out. We had now got all sails on the ship; and as there was no drag from the screw, the ship steered well, and was making ten knots an hour. But as if 'unmerciful disaster' was to follow us through this voyage, a new cause for anxiety awaited us. As I have said, we used the engines for pumping the water out of the ship; we worked all through the night, but yet the water got no lower; and as we were now running pretty steadily, we could see from a mark that it remained nearly always at the same point. On the following morning I stopped the engines to see if there was any increase, and in the course of an hour it had risen three inches. We examined all communications with the sea—that is, pipes and cocks, and found that the water while rolling had broken one of the sea-cocks off from the hull of the ship, and the sea was pouring in through the break. It was impossible to repair it at sea; there was no help for it but to keep the engines working to enable the ship to keep afloat.

I had just made this discovery, when I was summoned to the saloon to meet the captain and a number of the military officers. I saw from my reception that I was about to be blamed for a good deal of our bad fortune. 'Why did I insist on proceeding on the voyage after the fire?' 'Why had I prevented the ship being run on shore?' And a host of questions were rapidly put to me, which could only have their origin in the unreason-

ableness of extreme terror. What could I say? As matters had come round, perhaps there was some excuse for the absurd questions. At length I replied: 'Surely they could not imagine I was going to throw away my own life and that of others from a feeling of pure obstinacy? How could I or any one foresee the storm we had passed through? And were it to do again, I could not say I could decide differently from what I had done. We were now well clear of the land; and though we had not steam to help us, yet we were a sailing-ship with a fair wind, and not quite a disabled steamer, since the propeller was no longer a drag on the vessel.'

My reply seemed to restore a better feeling, if not to have a reassuring effect. After long discussion, we concluded to proceed by the Azores, and if necessary put in at Fayal. Meanwhile it was thought expedient to put every one in the vessel on half-rations, in the fear that we might have a protracted voyage. The barometer remained without much variation at 29 inches, and with a fresh breeze we kept up a steady speed of ten knots per hour. How our hopes rose and fell with the barometer or with the wind! We passed the Azores in the night with a strong breeze, and then came light winds, calms, and again a fresh breeze. At length, after forty-two days from starting homeward, we were off the coast of Spain, and soon arrived safely at our destination; thus concluding a voyage memorable for disaster, chiefly through want of preparation, forethought, and a reasonable amount of care in sending the ship to sea; conditions so essential and necessary in all that relates to ships and those who go to sea. How much is due to Mr Plimsoll for his energetic and forcible appeals, only those whose business it is to go 'down to the sea in ships' can fully know and appreciate.

MARGARET SEFTON'S SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

'COLONEL SEFTON, sir,' one afternoon announced my office-boy, as he threw open the door of the room with a bang, and raised his hand to his forehead with what I presumed he intended to be a military salute; for Arthur has a greater admiration for the army than for the desk. I cordially welcomed my old friend, whilst I secretly wondered at his appearance in my office, as, having a wholesome dread of the law, he but seldom troubled the realms of tape and parchment with his presence.

Colonel Sefton, an old East Indian, had comparatively late in life married a beautiful girl. Despite the disparity between their ages, it had been a genuine love-match, for youth does not monopolise all the love in the world. The ripe manhood of middle age can inspire as deep a passion as the more youthful heroes of life. One brief year of happiness followed, and then a life was given and a life was taken, and the bereaved husband was left to mourn the girlish mother, whose short life had closed in giving a son to the world. Devotedly attached to the memory of his wife, he never allowed another to take her place; although many

were the candidates who were eager to act the part of consoler to the handsome widower.

Two years after Mrs Sefton's death, the Colonel returned to England, bringing with him his motherless boy, a bright-faced golden-haired little fellow, who, with his mother's fair complexion, had inherited his father's handsome features, but without their severity. They were softened by a bright winsome expression, which awoke fond remembrances of the mourned-for mother, left to sleep her last long sleep in that distant land where friends are few and strangers many. The Colonel had been home but a few months when a distant relative died leaving an infant daughter and her fortune of nearly eighteen thousand pounds to his care.

The motherless boy and orphan girl thus thrown together had been brought up as brother and sister. I, once, had laughingly suggested to the Colonel that perhaps some day a closer tie might exist between them. 'Heaven forbid!' he had cried warmly. 'I would disown Walter, sooner than such an event should happen. He will have nothing but his brains to depend upon when I am gone. My income dies with me; and I have not saved much. No, no; it shall never be said that I secured Margaret's fortune for my penniless son. I have no fear of such a result,' he continued with a smile as he regained his composure. 'Walter is soon going to college; and in another year Margaret will have made her first bow to Society. They will never think of each other than as brother and sister, so long as no restraint is placed upon them.'

There was a certain amount of wisdom in the Colonel's idea. But who can control the wayward fancies of the youthful heart? A short time before my story opens, Walter had sought his father's permission to pluck the forbidden fruit. Treating the matter lightly, the Colonel had tried to chaff him from his purpose; but finding that he was serious, had grown angry. A stormy scene ensued, and bitter words were spoken between father and son—words springing from the heat of passion, and not from the heart, yet with equal, if not greater power to open a rankling wound, that scarce a lifetime's repentance can heal. Opening the door, the Colonel passionately bade his son leave his presence, and never return until he had learnt the respect due to a father. Walter was my godson, and I had a great affection for him; and so, at the risk of offending my old friend, I—while taking care not to under-rate parental authority—assisted the lad to obtain suitable lodgings, and bade him welcome to my table at all times.

At first he was very bitter against his father, and declared that nothing should separate him from his affianced wife; and strong measures were threatened, in which elopements and secret marriages took a strong part; but after a few weeks he rather suddenly dropped the subject, and seemed to acquiesce in his fate. I was surprised at this unlooked-for change, and, knowing his impetuous fiery disposition, I ought to have had my suspicions aroused; but with complacent self-conceit, I set down the cure to my fatherly arguments and admonitions. I soon succeeded in obtaining for him a very good berth in an Insurance office. To my great relief, he settled down quietly and steadily to work; and as Margaret uttered no murmurs, I indulged in the hope that it had been

but boy-and-girl love, and that the restoration of the family peace would be only a question of time.

Colonel Sefton, when ushered into my office, as indicated at the commencement of this story, rather pompously seated himself, and unbuttoning his coat, stretched out his hand towards me. 'Congratulate me, my friend,' he said in a self-satisfied tone—'congratulate me.'

I accepted his proffered hand, and begged to know why he was to be congratulated.

'A husband for my Margaret,' he replied—'a man every way worthy of her; of the highest principle; and her equal in fortune, in position, and birth—at least—that is—ahem—he is most accomplished, and will be to Margaret an affectionate husband, and to me—in my old age—an affectionate and *dutiful* son.'

The stress on *dutiful* was intended as a rub against me for my friendliness to poor undutiful Walter.

'It is true,' continued the Colonel, 'that old Mr Mainwaring was in what might be called trade; but that is no disgrace to the son. If the father did sell iron behind the counter, the son now digs it from the mines bought with that parent's honest earnings; and surely the possession of wealth is not incompatible with that of merit? In these days of School Boards and advanced civilisation, social prejudices must go to the wall, and merit and talent will make their way to the front.'

I did not dissent from the truth and morality of these aphorisms; but I was rather surprised at the amount of protestation and argument in this lengthy harangue. The Colonel at first spoke nervously, but gradually his tone got warmer as he grew excited with his theme. It seemed as if he were answering objections before they were raised. Colonel Sefton was a warm-hearted impulsive man, and rather apt to take strong prejudices. Blinded for the time being to all other considerations save the paramount object, his conduct was not without a taint of selfishness—a fault not uncommon with self-willed people. Like others of his temperament, he was inclined to deceive himself and others—almost unconsciously—by representing facts not as they were, but as he would wish them to be.

I saw that he was seized with some unexplained prejudice in favour of Mr Mainwaring's son. I was afraid to say very much, as my old friend seemed to be in a somewhat testy and irritable mood. I simply asked the gentleman's name and position. 'Owen,' came the answer—'Owen Mainwaring, iron-master and mine-owner. Half the mines in North Wales belong to him.' The Colonel was at times rather prone to exaggerate, so I took the boast for what it was worth. 'He is distantly connected with several influential families,' he continued. 'He is such a perfect gentleman—so refined and polished. I wish that my poor misguided boy were more like him. In fact, I think I am extremely fortunate in securing so desirable a match for my little girl.'

I did not quite relish the uncalled-for sneer at Walter, for he certainly answered to my ideas of a thorough gentleman. It was not, however, for me to object, if the young lady loved this manly paragon, and he had her guardian's approval; so I confined my remarks strictly to business. The

marriage was to take place that day month. It was rather soon; but, as the Colonel explained, somewhat apologetically, Mr Mainwaring was not a young man, and he was eager that there should be no delay in providing his home with a mistress and himself with a wife. They were to go to Paris for a short honeymoon; and on their return, Mr M. intended purchasing some large estate a short distance from London, where they would reside. Notwithstanding his boasted wealth, he objected to settle any of it on his intended wife; but was quite willing that the whole of her fortune should be secured to herself. He promised, however, to make a will providing for her handsomely in the case of his death. It was not so good as a settlement, for a will can easily be revoked or altered; but as the Colonel was satisfied, I had to acquiesce in the arrangement. We agreed that a deed should be prepared settling Margaret's fortune upon trust for the benefit of herself and any family she might have. The Colonel, on account of his failing health, felt reluctant to accept the responsibilities of a trusteeship. I was nearly the same age as he was; but at his especial request I consented to undertake the office—an old merchant of tried stability being my co-trustee.

'By-the-bye,' said the Colonel, rising to leave, and helping himself rather nervously to one or two copious pinches of snuff, 'I suppose you will tell Watty—Walter, I mean,' correcting himself as the old pet name inadvertently fell from his lips. 'Not that it matters at all. I have quite done with him—quite.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' I replied gravely. 'I was hoping that the past would now be at an end. I really believe that Walter has conquered his feelings with regard to Margaret, and that the day which sees his hand again clasped in yours will be one of the happiest in his life.'

The Colonel hesitated a moment, and I think underwent a sharp mental struggle; but pride, that dire enemy to all peace and happiness, overcame the natural promptings of his good sense, and stifled the yearning impulse of the father's heart. Ignoring what I had said, he buttoned his overcoat and slowly walked towards the door. Pitying the old man, I said nothing more on the subject, but intimated that I should like to meet Margaret's intended husband. 'Oh, of course—of course,' he rather hurriedly assented. 'Come round some evening. He is sure to be with us.' The invitation was not given very warmly, and for the moment I felt slightly nettled; but, for Margaret's sake, I smoothed my ruffled feathers, and resolved to see this model of perfection that was about to take poor Watty's place.

'The draft of the settlement will be ready by Monday,' I cried after the Colonel as he left the room; 'and I will look in with it after dinner. Margaret will give me a cup of tea, and we will have one of our old quiet rubbers.—Mr Mainwaring can take Watty's place, you know,' I added, somewhat maliciously.

'Do so, by all means,' sharply replied the old man, without noticing the innuendo, as he left the room. 'We shall be pleased to see you.'

'Margaret may,' I said to myself as the door closed; for I felt assured of her welcome, if I was doubtful of that of the others.

I suppose it is the nature of my profession which makes me suspicious. I often wish that I

could be more trusting, and not so much given to weighing each word and deed. Apart from impulse, there is always to be found some motive or main-spring behind each action in life. Once discover the motive, and you have the key to the position. As soon as Colonel Sefton had left me, I began puzzling my brains for an explanation of the unwonted restraint in his manner towards me, also for his anxiety to convince me of the desirability and advantages of Margaret's marriage with this Mr Mainwaring. I felt uncomfortable; for the Colonel was apt to become very blind when riding a hobby-horse. His ward's marriage was evidently the steed he was now riding; and I greatly feared lest, in his eagerness to reach the goal of his desires, he should neglect the precaution of ascertaining whether the steed was properly shod, or that the curb was well in hand. Continuing these unsatisfactory cogitations, I prepared to leave the office.

Sending the boy for a hansom, I stood on the door-steps awaiting it. Facing me—on the other side of the road—was a large shop, a hosier's. It was brilliantly lighted from the outside. I was looking in its direction, when suddenly the door opened, and Colonel Sefton appeared, arm-in-arm with a tall middle-aged man with small red whiskers. He wore a large gray Inverness cape, and a white muffler covering his mouth. I had a good view of his face, for he stood directly under the gas lamps, and the light fell full upon it as he moved his muffler aside to hail a passing cab. I watched them get into the dingy vehicle, which, like the rest of its species, slowly crawled away. While I was watching them, Arthur appeared with the hansom for which I had sent him. Before, however, I had time to walk down the steps, a strange man who, unobserved by me, had been standing on the edge of the pavement just in front of me, sprang into it, and pointing to the slowly vanishing four-wheeler, in excited tones promised the driver double fare to follow it at a short distance and not let it get out of sight. Away bowed the hansom, and Arthur and I were left shivering in the cold, discomfited and cabless!

For the moment I had been too much astonished to assert my prior claim to the hansom; for I had recognised the strange man by his voice and features. It was Thomson the detective!

IRISH BULLS.

'WHAT is an Irish bull?' was asked one day by an ignorant person desirous for information. 'Oh! everybody knows *that*,' was the rather contemptuous answer of a mixed company. But like a great many of those things that everybody knows, it proved a knotty point, which could not be solved without a little trouble and reflection.

Miss Edgeworth in her essay on *Irish Bulls and Blunders* lays it down as a principle that the essence of a bull must consist in a laughable confusion of ideas. But this hardly goes far enough. A bull is this undoubtedly, but it is something more; for a laughable confusion of ideas does not always result in a bull. Not only must there be a laughable confusion of ideas, but this confusion must result in a contradiction of meaning—one

part of the sentence must be such as utterly to contradict the other part. The statement must not only be absurd; it must be impossible. If the thing alleged were as it is stated, it would have ceased to be what it is alleged to be at all, but would have become something else totally different, and quite at variance with the rest of the sentence. For instance, the man who on tasting an apple-pie with some quinces in it, burst out with the exclamation: 'How delicious an apple-pie would be if it were made entirely of quinces!' gave a good specimen of an Irish bull; for if the pie were made entirely of quinces, it would not be an apple-pie at all, but a quince-pie. So also the sailor who had taken a dislike to a ship, when he was told that he might safely trust himself to her, and that she was finely copper-fastened, answered: 'Thank'ee sir: I would not sail in her if she were coppered with gold;' thus making a genuine Irish bull. Here we have in perfection a contradiction of meaning; just as in that amusing newspaper announcement which tells us that the '*temporary* works round Hassell are intended to be *permanent*;' and in that passage in a certain book of travels which informs us that in some French inns the '*maid-servants* are all *men*.'

Those who make bulls are always blissfully unconscious that they are doing so. In fact, one reason why the blunder occurs at all is that the perpetrators are in such a violent hurry to express themselves, that they do not stop to weigh their words, but bring them out topsyturvy, pell-mell, any way that comes first. They know very well what they mean themselves. They are like a child running to catch a ball; in their speed they fall down and trip; but they have caught the ball safely in their own hands, and only wonder what the bystanders can see to laugh at. Those who indulge in metaphors and impassioned language of any kind are on ticklish ground; poets of every age have given us figures of speech which if not bulls *pur et simple*, trespass very closely to the dangerous border-land which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. We often find the cart put before the horse, and statements made so needlessly strong as to be absurd, in some even of our best authors. Juvenal, for instance, informs us that poor Codrus had nothing and yet withal he was robbed of that nothing; and in the *Timon* of Lucian the following dialogue occurs:

Quatho. I will summon you before the Areopagus for injuring me thus.

Timon. Stay but a short time, and you will have the opportunity of accusing me of your murder too.

In Milton, there are a great many flights of expression which will hardly bear to be pulled to pieces. For instance, his well-known line in *Samson Agonistes*:

The deeds themselves, though mute, speak loud the doer.

We know quite well what is meant—we do not care to pull the expression apart—but there is certainly a contradiction in words. If the deeds were really mute, how could they speak loud? So also when Satan describes his dreadful feelings and says:

And in the *lowest* deep, a *lower* still,
That threatens to devour me, opens wide.

Here the poet's daring imagination has lifted him out of ordinary every-day expression; he has snatched a grace beyond the realms of common-sense. If strictly analysed, his words could not mean literally what he says. Of course, we allow for this; we call it poetical license, a figure of speech, fine bold imagery; but if used in ordinary language, it would sound so exaggerated as to be absurd, and we might begin to whisper of the objectionable 'bull.' Irish people being specially smart in their speech and metaphorical in their language, are peculiarly liable to the droll blunder.

To trace the word from its earliest origin is no easy matter. Some suppose it to be derived from the old German word *bollen*, to speak foolishly; hence comes *bole* or *bull*. In support of this derivation, we find that Chaucer uses the word *bole* for blunder or bull.

There is a curious passage in the works of Taylor, the Water-poet, which shews that in 1630, though the word bull had not become identified with the Irish people, yet that the power of making this special order of blunder existed among them in full force. 'Nowe,' he says, 'that Irelande doth give birth to strange sortes of men, whose too greate quicknesse of thought doth impede their judgements, this storie which I have heard will shewe. A wealthie lord of the countie of Corke had a goodlie faire house new built, but the broken bricks, tiles, sande, lime, stones, and such rubbish as are commonlie the remnantes of such buildings lay confusedlie in heaps, and scattered here and there. The lord therefore demanded of his surveyor wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed awaie. The surveyor said that hee proposed to have a hundred cartes for that purpose. The lord replied that the charge of cartes might be saved, for a pitt might be digged in the grounde, and so burie it. "Then, my lord," said the surveyor, "I pray you what will wee doe with the earth which wee dig out of this said pitt?" "Why, you coxcombe," said the lorde, "canst thou not digge the pitt deepe enough to hold rubbish and all?"—This would indeed have been a practical bull, only equalled by that of the man who sat before a looking-glass with his eyes shut, in order that he might see how he looked when he was asleep, reminding us of a characteristic title of an old Irish jig, 'I'm asleep and don't wake me.'

But to return to the rise and progress of bulls in the United Kingdom. Most of us know how one of Dryden's plays was condemned by the

severity of the Duke of Buckingham's witticism on the line:

My wound is great, because it is so small.

To which the Duke dryly replied:

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all.

There could hardly be a more delicate play on words by which the Duke made the bull in Dryden's line at once startling and ridiculous. In *Tom Jones*, Fielding says: 'I have heard it remarked by a friend, that when a child is doing nothing, he is doing mischief.' Therefore we see that bulls were perpetrated in England by the greatest masters of the English language, though the expression itself was as yet scarcely received into the regular army of accepted words, or become identified with the Irish people. Dean Swift in a letter to Pope says that he is thinking of writing an essay on English bulls and blunders; so that the word was even then hovering about in a transition state, without a local habitation. It was only towards the end of the last century that the word 'bull' had become common, and was handed over by universal consent to the Hibernian people as their peculiar property. The most notorious bull perpetrator was Sir Boyle Roche, who was elected member for Tralee in 1775. He had a regular blundering reputation. He was known upon one occasion, after a withering exposure or patriotic denunciation of government, to say, with solemn gravity: 'Mr Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes!' Or if the subject of debate was some national calamity, he would deliver himself thus: 'Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater.'

Sir Boyle Roche belonged to the ancient family of De la Russe of Fermoy; he was created a baronet in 1782, and was married to the eldest daughter of Sir James Caldwell, but had no heir. He used to account for his lack of progeny by saying 'that it was hereditary in his family to have no children.' Another of his blunders was made when speaking of the fish-hawkers. 'They go down to Ringsend,' he observed, 'buy the herrings for half nothing, and sell them for twice as much.' A letter supposed to have been written by Sir Boyle Roche during the Irish rebellion of '98, gives an amusing collection of his various blunders. Perhaps he never put quite so many on paper at a time; but his peculiar turn for 'bulls' is here shewn at one view. The letter was first printed in the *Kerry Magazine*, now out of print.

DEAR SIR—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the blood-thirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whisky. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter, I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present, there are such goings-on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I only received it this morning—indeed, hardly a

mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and by great good-luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colours nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over, we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security.—Adieu; I have only time to add that I am yours in haste.

B. R.

P.S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know.

No one has ever been found exactly to fill Sir Boyle Roche's place as blunderer-extraordinary; but the most amusing instances of bulls do constantly crop up on Irish ground, and shew that their legitimate resting-place is the Green Isle. Take, for example, the following genuine notice on an Irish church-door: 'This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk.'

Here is another kindred specimen: 'NOTICE.—The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly.'

In the April of 1806, the following bill was stuck up: 'This house to be let for ever, or longer if required.' Such a house would quite match the gown mentioned by Miss Edgeworth, 'which would wear for ever, and might be converted into a petticoat afterwards.' Another peculiar garment is described in one of Lady Morgan's earlier novels as being composed of 'an apparent tissue of *woven air*.'

It is strange, when we come to think of it, how many errors which partake of the nature of bulls have become mingled with our daily speech. We speak of 'lighting the fire,' when it is not the fire, but the coals and kindling which compose the materials for it that we light. We speak of boiling the kettle, when it is not the kettle which we boil, but the water that is in the kettle. If every word were strictly analysed, we should often find that even the wisest of us are not entirely free from that species of blunder which is conveniently known by the name of an Irish bull.

A CURIOUS RELIC.

A curious relic of one of the expeditions which sailed to the West Indies under the command of Columbus has, it is stated by a Martinique journal, recently been discovered. On the 4th of August 1498, a small squadron of three vessels under the orders of Christopher Columbus was anchored off the south-western extremity of the island of Trinidad. Late at night, Columbus, it is related by Washington Irving, suddenly saw a wall of water approaching towards the fleet from the south. His own vessel was lifted up so high by the oncoming wave that he feared it would be either submerged or dashed on shore; while the cable of one of the other ships parted under the strain to which it was subjected. The crews of the vessels gave themselves up for lost; but after a time the wave—which it is surmised must have been caused by an exceptionally large body of water coming suddenly down one of the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Paria—ebbed back again. This sudden rise of the waters of the gulf is mentioned by Columbus's son Ferdinand, who adds that the fleet suffered no damage save the loss of one anchor. It is this anchor which has now been found; and strangely enough, it was dug up from a depth of six feet below the surface of the ground, at a spot three hundred and seventy-two feet from the nearest point of the coast-line. The land, it is well known, is gaining upon the sea along the shores of Venezuela, so that where once ships rode at anchor, gardens are now planted. The anchor itself is of simple form and comparatively rude manufacture, the stock being eight feet long, and round, with a ring at one end one foot in diameter to which to make fast the cable, and with flukes five feet long, the whole weighing eleven hundred pounds.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

On foreign flower of love, who set
Within my plot thy seed,
That I with bitter tears must wet,
Through painful days must heed?

What benediction thrice bestowed,
What secret care and toil
Hath made my field so waste, that shewed
For thee a fitting soil?

Why dost, with subtle choice and care,
Thy growing fibres feed
With odours of the earth and air,
With juice of withered weed?

The thorns that hedged my garden sown,
Thy growth hath pushed aside,
And all the land once called my own
Lies open, fenceless, wide.

O Love, strike deep thy living root!
If all for thee I give,
Thou givest all, if of thy fruit
I take, and taste, and live.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 828.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

LIFE IN A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FORT.

THE Hudson Bay Company is a corporation of traders (chiefly in furs) who in the time of Charles II. were granted the exclusive right of trading in all the lands which poured their waters into Hudson's Bay or Hudson's Straits. For over a century their operations were confined to the territory bordering on the coast, when the keen rivalry of the French led them to make advances towards the interior. Under the name of the North-western Company of Montreal, a rival society was established in 1783, planting stations beyond the Rocky Mountains, and exciting a violent contest for supremacy until the year 1821, when an amicable settlement was accomplished. An extension of their powers was then secured, and up till 1859 the corporation had the entire possession of the greater part of British North America. In 1869 their territories were annexed to the Dominion of Canada, three hundred thousand pounds being paid as indemnity. Important stipulations were, however, made on the part of the Company, that they should retain all their forts, with ten acres of ground attached to each, and one-twentieth of all the land from Red River to the Rocky Mountains. The Canadian government we are glad to state have latterly entered into amicable treaties with the Indians, which leaves the red-skin free to deal with the pale-face.

The Company's territory is now organised under three divisions: Manitoba with its rich grain-producing soil; Keewatin, lying east and north of Manitoba; and the North-west Territory, embracing all the region between these and British Columbia. To give the reader some idea of the traffic, it may be interesting to state that the proceeds of furs and other materials sold during 1876 were £291,566, and that of this sum over ninety thousand pounds stood for profit.

The following notes will give an insight into the practical working of the Company and the social life of its servants.

The people resident in a Hudson Bay Company's post form a community of themselves, more or less gregarious, as the establishment is designed for trading purposes, a depôt of supplies, or merely an isolated stockade for the accumulation of provisions for the use of the larger forts. But of whatever character the place may be, a regular business routine, demanding certain times for the performance of special duties, is strictly observed. Every member of the community, from the factor or clerk-in-charge to the cook, is expected to be, and almost invariably is at his post of duty at the time designated for its special performance. To this system is due the close economy with which the affairs of the Company are conducted and the perfect understanding of the petty details of every branch of its business on the part of its employés. For example, a clerk in the service, in the great majority of cases must remain a simple clerk for a term of fourteen years before he is considered as being in the line of promotion. During these long years of service, he must perforce gain a thorough practical knowledge of the duties, and even of the most trivial details relating to his station. From long custom he falls into the beaten channels of the trade, its manner of executing business details, and identifies himself with its traditions. So, when he assumes charge of a post or district, he carries with him, to assist in the discharge of his new responsibilities, that punctuality, method, and careful regard for the little things of his position which he has so well learned in his apprenticeship.

The real life of the fort may be said to begin at the breakfast-hour, which is as regularly appointed as those for the despatch of business, the nature of which we shall presently explain. The breakfast-time with the lower class of employés, the nature of whose duties demands early rising, is about six o'clock in the winter and five in the summer season. These servants mess by themselves, drawing rations at regular intervals through a steward, much after the fashion of army-life. A cook is appointed from their number,

who performs his duty alone, and is responsible for the provisions, quantity and quality of food, &c. A short season, generally devoted to pipe-smoking, is allowed after each meal, when the servants separate to their various duties.

The arrival of a traveller from the outer world is the greatest episode in the monotonous every-day life of the post. The community find in him an inexhaustible fount of enjoyment; and if he be of a communicative disposition, his store of news and narrative will do service in payment of his weekly board-bill for an indefinite period. To such a one, much more than to a passing officer from another fort, the hospitalities of the fort are extended in the most liberal manner. An apartment is assigned him for his sole occupancy during the period of his sojourn. He is free to come and go when and where he listeth, means of locomotion being furnished on demand. His companionship is eagerly sought by all; and the fortunate individual who secures his preferred acquaintance excites at once the envy of less favoured ones. Nothing is left undone to prolong his stay, and when he finally departs, he is sent upon his journey freighted with the good wishes of the isolated post, and is certain of the same cordial treatment at his next stopping-place.

The mess-table has, too, other attractions than those of sociality, and of a more substantial kind. The officers of the forts are all good liver, and although accustomed to rough it on short allowances of food when necessity requires, take particular care to have the home larder well stocked with all the delicacies afforded by the surrounding country. The viands are of necessity composed for the most part of the wild-game and fish in which the prairies and waters abound. But they are the choicest of their kind, being selected from an abundant supply. One gets there the buffalo-hump, tender and juicy; the moose-nose, tremulous and opaque as a vegetable conserve; the finest and most savoury water-fowl; and the freshest of fish—all preserved by frost instead of salt. True, the supply of vegetables at many mess-tables is woefully deficient, and a continuous diet of wild meats, like most other things of everlasting sameness, is apt to pall upon the appetite. But the list of meats is so extensive, and each requiring a particular mode of cooking, that a long time may elapse without a repetition of dishes. Then, too, the climate favours the consumption of solid food; and after a short residence, the appetite becomes seasoned to the quality of fare obtainable. Bread, as an imported article, is in many cases regarded as quite in the character of a luxury; the few sacks of flour which constitute the annual allowance of each officer being hoarded away by the prudent housewife as carefully as the jams and preserves of her more fortunate sisters. In such cases it is baked into small cakes, one of which is placed beside each plate at meal-time; the size of the cake being so regulated as to afford a single one for each meal during the year. The more common vegetables, such as potatoes and turnips, can be successfully cultivated in some places, and wherever this occurs, enter largely into the daily menu.

The business of the post, with the exception of the necessary employments of the lower servants, is transacted between the hours of nine in the morning and six in the evening, with an interval

of an hour between two and three o'clock for dinner, when the offices and stores are closed. During the hours of business there is much to be looked after, especially in the summer season. When the bell announces the opening of the fort-gates, the inclosure soon fills with Indians and traders, who besiege the counter of the trading store, or lounge idly about the yard—picturesque vagabonds in motley attire. The clerks in charge are busily engaged in measuring tea, sugar, ammunition, &c. into coloured cotton handkerchiefs unwrapped from greasy aboriginal heads for their reception; in examining furs, and paying for them; in measuring off the scanty yards of blue cotton prints that are to clothe the forms of dusky belles; or causing howls of delight by the exhibition of gilt jewellery to be sold at ten times its original cost.

Outside the stockade the *voyageurs* are loading whale-boats in the adjacent stream with bales of fur for transportation to depôt forts, or discharging cargoes of merchandise destined for wide-spread distribution. Over this process an accountant keeps careful watch, as he does over everything involving a representative value, for which he will be held to account. All is bustle and activity; but there is no haste. The careful attention to details exhibits itself in everything, and the minutest watch is kept over all.

A Company's fort is seldom free from its complement of hangers-on. As the day advances, the arrivals at the fort increase in number and importance. Sometimes a large band of Indians will ride rapidly up to the stockade, and turning their ponies loose upon the prairie, enter upon the barter of small quantities of skins to supply their immediate necessities. Again, the band will encamp about the stockade, displaying for trading purposes the results of a long and successful hunt, and making the days and nights hideous with their heathenish festivities. Their camp-fires light up the plain round about with a fitful glare; their green-and-yellow-painted visages and blanket-attired forms assume by degrees a certain individuality, and even the more importunate beggars become familiar objects to the sight, when presto! they are gone, only to be replaced by others of a like description. There is, too, much bustle created by the arrivals and departures of officials from other forts of the service, *en route*, in charge of boat-brigades for distant points, who stop but for a few hours and are off again. Should the season be winter, however, the business hours are to a certain degree merely formal, and the time is occupied by those petty details which are to be found in any occupation.

At six o'clock in the evening the labours of the day terminate, and the members of the community are at liberty to do as they list. And these are the hours which drag most wearily upon each individual member. In the summer season, recourse is had to athletic exercises during the long twilights—rowing upon the rivers, pitching quoits, equestrian exercises, &c. being in vogue with the younger and more hardy clerks; others are attracted by the pleasures of the chase, and prolonged forays with dog and gun are made upon the wild-fowl in the neighbouring water-courses. But this vernal season is brief, and the time soon comes when the attractions of indoor life must supply the mental pabulum. With the officer in

charge, the long evenings are generally passed in the society of his family and in writing up the log-book of his post. This latter work, if he be a man given to composition, soon becomes a labour of love. In it he chronicles all the petty incidents of the day—the arrivals and departures, the principal receipts and expenditures, the health of the little community under his charge, &c. There may be added the general reflections of the writer on subjects pertaining to the service, and such suggestions as seem to grow out of the events noted. He may even wander to a limited extent outside the bounds of strict business matters, and indulge in little flights of composition on subjects irrelevant to the trade. It happens sometimes that short poems of greater or less measures of excellence, and short prose sketches of fair diction and vivid imagining, appear scattered among the bones of dry statistics. But it must be said of the majority of log-books that they smack only of weather-reports, the deficiencies of the frozen-fish supply, or the accumulation of peltry.

With the younger portion of the community—the clerks, apprentices, and postmasters—conversation and the peaceful pipe occupy a prominent position in the passage of time. Games, too, are in great demand, and every apartment possesses its well-thumbed pack of cards, its rude cribbage-boards, and sets of wooden dominoes. Reading men find abundant leisure to pursue their favourite occupation during the long winter evenings. Books, however, as private property, from the difficulty in transporting them, are more scarce than might be expected. To atone somewhat for this, the Company has established extensive libraries for the use of the officers and servants in many of the larger stations in the north, from which supplies for the adjacent smaller posts may be drawn, so that the diligent reader may command new supplies from time to time. Then, too, there comes once or twice during the winter season a red-letter day upon which the mail arrives, bringing a great budget of letters to be answered and periodicals from the outer world. In the answering of letters considerable difficulty is experienced from the absence of anything new to write about. To obviate this and produce the requisite novelty, the writer generally succeeds in composing a single letter having the desired degree of spiciness. This he copies, and sends to all those friends whom he is desirous of placing under the obligation of an answer. Thus, for many days after the arrival of a mail, occupation for the long evenings is easily found, until the returning dog-train bears his correspondence away, and with it that method of passing time.

Parties not studiously inclined often pass their spare hours in exercising their skill upon one of the musical instruments. Of these, the violin is most ordinarily selected; and the votary, after a series of years passed in sedulous practice, usually attains a certain ghastly facility of execution. So common an accomplishment indeed is fiddle-playing in the service, that violin strings are annually forwarded as a part of the regular outfit for sale in the northern districts. Under the inspiration of this instrument, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the few holidays of the year, and frequently the long evenings also, should be enlivened with dances, in which all the dusky maidens within hailing-distance of the fort parti-

cipate. It is in the enjoyment of this pastime that the wearied clerk 'snatches a fearful joy' as he jigs and reels the hours away to the measures of monotonous and oft-repeated tunes. On such occasions the company is cosmopolitan to a striking degree, and all grades of employes mingle on terms of the most democratic equality.

With such simple pleasures and in the discharge of such duties, the life of the isolated community glides uneventfully away. If its amusements are few, they are at least innocent and improved to the utmost. Few temptations to wrong-doing are presented to their solitary lives. Each succeeding year adds to the accumulations of the last, until, in the early afternoon of life, the Company's officer finds himself possessed of sufficient means to pass the remainder of his days under more genial conditions. But strange to say, it almost invariably happens that his old life has so grown upon him, so entirely possessed him, that the charms of a higher civilisation have no power to attract. Many bid a final farewell to the inhospitable regions where the best years of their lives have been spent, with the purpose of returning to their early homes to pass the decline of life; but one after another they drift back again. The change is too abrupt. They have outlived their former friends; their ways of life are radically different; in short, the great busy world moves all too fast for their quiet and placid lives.

MARGARET SEFTON'S SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD just finished dinner, and, with bachelor freedom, had discarded the frock-coat and walking boots of public life for the dressing-gown and slippers of domestic ease. I felt at peace with all mankind, for my dinner had been well cooked. It is a private opinion of mine that one half the troubles of domestic life can be kept in check by a well-regulated kitchen. Pulling my chair to the fire, I lit my favourite pipe, and settled down comfortably for my usual perusal of the evening paper. A ring of the bell and approaching footsteps warned me that my peaceful feelings were about to be put to the test. I dreaded the advent of a restless client—not one of the best of aids to digestion—for they sometimes bring their troubles to me, even at my private residence.

'Mr Sefton, if you please, sir;' and Walter was ushered into the room, thus considerably relieving my apprehensions.

'Ah! Watty, my boy, glad to see you!' I cried, throwing down my paper, with a mental groan at the interruption to its perusal, and giving him my hand. 'Draw your chair to the fire, and make yourself comfortable.—A glass, George, for Mr Sefton.—I think you will like that Scotch whisky, Watty. I can warrant it having the correct subdued mellow flavour that age alone can impart to the genuine article.' I rattled on joking and talking in a random way, for I felt rather cowardly about telling him of Margaret's engagement. My stock of small-talk becoming exhausted, I, at last, summoned up courage to break the news to him. 'Margaret is going to be married,' I said suddenly after a pause.

'Is she?' he remarked in a cool indifferent tone as he lit his cigar. 'So am I.'

'What!' I cried, fairly starting from my seat with surprise. 'You going to be married?'

'Yes; why not?' he asked, calmly looking me unflinchingly in the face.

I was too indignant to answer his question. All my sympathy for the poor discarded lover had been thrown away. Human nature is full of contradictions. Up to this time I had thought that, for the sake of peace and happiness, nothing could be more desirable than that Walter and Margaret should be weaned from their untoward attachment; but now all my feelings were abruptly overthrown. Margaret having so readily entered into another engagement, had increased my commiseration for Walter; but now he too proved forgetful and faithless. What did it mean? I sighed to myself as I gave it up in despair. How generations do alter! Love was not so ephemeral in my youth.

Walter deftly parried my questions as to his future bride. He laughingly refused me his confidence, under the impudent pretext that he would not burden my conscience with keeping a secret from his father. With the touchiness of age, I felt annoyed at his conduct, and shewed it by answering him sharply. Perceiving my annoyance, he dropped his bantering tone. 'Dear old friend!' he cried in a moved voice, while an honest flush spread over his bright sunny face as he affectionately placed his strong young hand on my shoulder. 'My secret is not my own, else I would tell it to you. Only trust me, and I will not disappoint you.'

'Well, be it so then Walter, my lad!' I cried, softened by this display of affection. 'Promise me that you will not marry any one to whom we could reasonably object, and I will try to be satisfied.'

He readily gave the required promise, adding that he would guarantee that his choice when known would have my warmest approbation.

Olden memories came thronging to my mind as Walter took his departure. 'Ah!, Mary, it was not to be,' I sighed to myself as I entered my solitary chamber, and took from my desk an old faded miniature and a soft golden curl. 'Forty years have passed away; but I have not forgotten!'

The draft settlement, which was to make Margaret custodian of her own fortune, was soon prepared, and on the Monday evening I took it with me to Harlowe Crescent—where Colonel Sefton resided—to discuss its provisions with him. The house was one of those comfortable, old-fashioned, roomy, square-built mansions, so rarely met with in this present generation of stucco and pseudo-art. Their day is past; yet many a sweet remembrance flits around their quaint portals for us who, though now in the sere and yellow leaf, once were young.

A pretty sight met my view as I entered the front drawing-room. The heavy dark maroon curtains which divided the front room from the back were only partially drawn aside, allowing but a glimpse between their graceful folds into the room beyond, which, as being the more comfortable of the two, was generally used by the family in preference to the other and larger one. I stood for a few seconds to watch the picturesque scene, without being observed, for I had come up

the stairs alone, having told the servant—who knew me and my ways of old—that I would announce myself. A bright wood-fire was burning in the grate, its flickering ruddy flames throwing a cheerful glow over the dark carvings of the antique and somewhat sombre furniture. A small card-table stood in front of the fire; and two handsome pink-shaded lamps on the mantel-piece cast a soft pleasant light on the three players who were seated round the table. Save for the fitful fire-gleams, the rest of the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged room was in that state of semi-darkness which is so refreshing to the tired eyes when no especial call is made upon their powers.

Margaret was sitting with her back to the fire, the seat opposite to her being vacant; while Colonel Sefton sat to her right, facing me. A tall wiry-looking man occupied the fourth place; but as his back was turned towards me, I could not see his face. The Colonel's handsome features were shewing strongly the ravages of Time, the relentless destroyer of all earthly beauty; and the hand that oft at his country's call had wielded a stalwart sword, now trembled with the weight of a few pieces of card-board. Margaret had chosen for her seat a curious old carved ebony arm-chair, its quaint high back serving as a screen from the heat of the fire, and forming a dark framework for her beautiful Raphaellesque face. She was dressed in a dark ruby-coloured velvet dress, fitting tightly to the soft outlines of her graceful figure; and around her neck and across her shoulders, a costly kerchief of soft cobwebby lace was knotted with careless grace. The wrists of the close-fitting sleeves were fringed with ruffles of the same beautiful material, and from out their soft folds a small shapely hand was gracefully dealing the cards. Her silky black hair was drawn back with an almost imperceptible wave, so as to shew the contour of her well-formed head, and was fastened in a small coil at the back with a plain gold comb. Framed against the grotesque and weird carvings of her ebony chair, against the darkness of which her lustrous dress and classic-cut features stood out in rich relief, she appeared like a living portrait by one of the old masters.

In the old days, when Walter's bright face and joyous laugh gladdened the place, Margaret had been wont to take the Colonel as her partner, leaving me to link my fortunes with those of the youth. To-night, the positions were changed. The stranger was joined with Colonel Sefton; and Margaret was sitting where I usually sat; the place opposite, which I supposed was intended for me, being vacant. They were evidently trying to while away the time until my arrival by playing that dreariest of all dreary games, dummy whist. I broke in upon them as Margaret was in the middle of her deal. She proceeded with her task without stopping, whilst I was greeted by the Colonel. He rose from his seat and shook my hand warmly, as if he were pleased to see me; and then with a little nervous hesitation in his manner, he said, with a forced smile, as he turned towards his partner, who had risen from his chair as I entered: 'Allow me to introduce to you'—

'The knave of spades!' abruptly interrupted Margaret, as with a flourish she turned up that gentleman at the end of her deal as the trump-card.

'Nonsense, Margaret,' testily exclaimed the Colonel, for the moment taken aback and disconcerted at the awkwardness of the words; whilst Mr Owen Mainwaring—for it was he, and whom I recognised as the Colonel's companion on the evening when Thomson the detective had appropriated my cab—grinned uneasily as I offered him my hand.

'I think we already know each other—at least by name—although we have not met before,' I said, bowing politely as I turned to Margaret. Helping myself to a cup of tea from a side-table, I drew my chair to the fire, so as to sit between Margaret and Mr Mainwaring. As they were nearly at the end of the rubber, I begged that they would finish it before I joined them, so as to give me time to rest myself and finish my cup of tea.

Margaret seemed in a very perverse and wayward mood. Her spirits were high and, at times, almost boisterous. A strange determined expression hovered round her mobile lips. From her behaviour, a stranger might have formed an unpleasant estimate of her character; but I, who had known her from her earliest childhood, and loved her—at first for the sake of that bright young mother, whose memory, since a hard fate had made shipwreck of our love, had been shrined in my heart as its most priceless jewel, and then for her own sake—for the little motherless girl soon won her way to my affections—knew the sterling worth of that firm, strong, but loving spirit. I sighed as I stirred my tea; for it had always been a fond hope of mine that, despite the Colonel's prejudice, I should one day see Walter and Margaret husband and wife; and now my hopes were overthrown by some parvenu mine-owner—'Knave of spades!' I muttered to myself as I repeated Margaret's ominous words.

Walter's amiable and pliant, although somewhat impetuous disposition required a little ballasting. There was undoubted good in him; but it required a steady and skilful hand to develop and utilise the latent powers—a task which I considered Margaret would be thoroughly competent to undertake. They seemed formed for each other. Their two characters would have fitted together like pieces in a puzzle. Apart, but two disjointed fragments; but together a perfect whole.

I watched, with some curiosity, the successor to poor Watty. He might have been thirty-eight or forty years of age, or even still older, for his face was one of those which stand the onslaughts of the enemy without shewing the scars received in the battle. His figure was tall and thin, and not otherwise than well made. The hands, however, were peculiarly long and narrow, and without being fat, were well covered with smooth flesh of extreme and almost unnatural whiteness. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a handsome antique cameo, which he displayed rather ostentatiously. His face was peculiar. At times it seemed quite handsome, and then some sudden change or unpleasant expression would cross it, destroying the illusion, and making it appear positively ill-looking. The features on the whole were well shaped, but each one had some counteracting influence which destroyed their effect. The nose was thin and rather long, and the outlines of the mouth well drawn; but their good points were marred by a restless habit that

he had of constantly biting his under-lip and expanding and twitching his nostrils. The eyelids, with their long thick fringe of almost white hair, drooped over the large pale greenish-gray eyes, and by their shadow made them appear of a much darker colour. The eyebrows were pale in colour, and bushy; but the long fringe of lank hair which surrounded his bald head and his small neatly trimmed whiskers were of a dull gravelly red. He was well dressed; but his clothes sat uneasily on him, and despite the excellence of their fit, shewed to considerably less advantage than the old Colonel's well-worn and tumbled-about suit; but Colonel Sefton was one of those whose birth and breeding were so effectually stamped on every look and movement, that the adjuncts of costly clothes were not required to proclaim the position of their wearer.

I could hardly recognise Margaret, she seemed so changed. There was a reckless, defiant, and almost flippant ring about her behaviour that was strangely at variance with her usual lady-like demeanour. She appeared to take a malicious pleasure in saying the most outrageous things. The Colonel was decidedly puzzled to know how to control her; and the unfortunate betrothed, against whom most of the pointed sarcasms which fell from her lips were hurled, seemed certainly the reverse of comfortable. I had a difficulty in restraining my smiles at some of her sallies, for they were aimed well, and by the way their recipient winced, must have struck home. Colonel Sefton once or twice tried to check her, but without effect; in fact his efforts seemed rather to stimulate her to attempt still higher flights.

Mr Mainwaring had but an imperfect knowledge of whist, and he was so put out with trying to parry Margaret's attacks, that he could not give proper attention to the game. 'Why don't you keep to your own place, Margaret?' pettishly growled the Colonel as his partner trumped his trick. 'You know I am used to your play, and don't like changing my partner.' Margaret had always been his *vis-à-vis* in all the old rubbers. It was a whim of his that it should be so, and Walter and I had always humoured him, waiving our right to cut for partners; but I now learned that Walter's old seat was always left vacant, and Mr Mainwaring, instead of Margaret, coupled with the Colonel.

'Don't grumble, dear!' she cried soothingly as she lovingly stroked his withered old hand; and then turning to me with a mischievous laugh, she cried: 'It is quite fair—is it not, Mr Woodroffe? I have my dummy, and papa has his.'

The game after this proceeded quietly. Mr Mainwaring dealt and turned up a heart as trumps. Margaret and her dummy partner were ahead of their opponents, and only wanted the odd trick to be up. I thought she shewed a little anxiety to win. A bright carmine tint lit up her cheeks as she scored each trick which led her the nearer to victory. At last Colonel Sefton, whose turn it was to play, led with the three of spades, and Margaret followed with the five. 'This trick will be mine, I think,' cried Mr Mainwaring, looking at Margaret with a conceited smile as he played the knave.

She made no reply, but quietly took up the top card of the two belonging to her dummy partner,

knowing as she did that these two cards must be trumps, and that he was reckoning on victory too hastily. 'The king of hearts trumps the knave of spades,' she said, as she played that gentleman. Her tone was quiet, but it was not utterly void of a ring of triumph. She rose from the table, and throwing down her last card, scored another trick with the queen of hearts.

'You've beaten us in point of numbers, Miss Sefton,' Mr Mainwaring cried, throwing himself back in his chair. 'But I think honours are divided.'

'I think you are mistaken,' she replied with careless contempt, as turning back to one of her dummy partner's cards, she displayed the ace.

'Right, Margaret, my girl!' cried the Colonel, laughing good-humouredly at his partner's discomfiture. 'Fairly won. You've snatched the honours from us. Hearts are sure to win!—Eh, Mainwaring?'

Mr Mainwaring did not seem pleased at his defeat or at the Colonel's joke. The colour went from his cheeks; and there was a sudden savage gleam in his pale eyes as he glanced at Margaret, which augured but ill for her domestic peace, if ever she gave him the right to call her wife.

As Margaret complained of being tired, the game was not continued. We sat for some time in awkward silence. A strange restraint seemed to have fallen over us, destroying our ease, and making us feel uncomfortable with each other.

I observed with regret that Mr Mainwaring had apparently obtained a great influence over the Colonel, who appealed to him in everything. With an uncharitable spirit, born of my loyalty to Walter, I set down his fulsome deference to the querulous old man as hypocrisy. Margaret's face was in the shade; but once or twice, when a fitful fire-gleam shot across it, I saw her fine lips give a scornful curl. Mr Mainwaring also observed it, and again that cold glitter came into his eyes, that made me tremble for her future.

Notwithstanding my desperate attempts at conversation, the evening proved dull. A cloud hovered over us which we were unable to disperse. It was so different from the merry old times, before the unhappy severance between father and son! Unable to fight against the miserable dullness, I made an excuse for leaving earlier than I usually did. Colonel Sefton rose to accompany me to the door. Margaret also rose from her seat. 'Then I shall go to bed, for I am very tired,' she said; and coldly giving Mr Mainwaring the tips of her fingers, prepared to leave the room.

'Nonsense, girl!' cried the Colonel reprovingly, as she kissed him. 'Won't you stay with Owen? It is still quite early.'

'If he particularly wishes it,' she replied carelessly, repressing a yawn, without taking the trouble to glance at him.

After such a show of indifference, he could scarcely ask her to stay; but her conduct stung him. Skilfully concealing his annoyance, he uttered a few polite words, and taking up the evening paper, sat himself by the fire as if to read it; although I think that his attention was rather given to what was taking place at the other side of the room, than to the paper he held in his hand.

I opened the door for Margaret. She placed her hand in mine in silence, and looked at me with bright glistening eyes; and then with sudden

impulse she put up her hands and drew my face to hers. 'For the sake of old times,' she whispered as she pressed her soft warm lips to my old withered cheeks, and flushed their shrivelled folds with the memory of the past. 'Ah, Margaret, lassie,' I murmured to myself, 'I am thinking that your heart is still sound;' for it seemed to me that the kiss was not for me, but for the brave laddie who held so warm a place in my affections.

Colonel Sefton asked me to go with him to the library; and there told me of his great anxiety to see Margaret married and settled comfortably; for he knew that his days were numbered, and that he should not be with her much longer. He had felt his health slowly breaking for some time past, and had had threats of paralysis, which his medical attendant had told him were not to be neglected. He had kept all this to himself, until he now told it to me. His great trouble was for Margaret to be married to Mr Mainwaring before he died, so as to satisfy the cravings of his morbid punctilious pride that he had not husbanded her fortune for his own son; for he still felt distrustful of them if left without his care. He spoke very warmly about the good kind husband that he had secured for his little girl, as he called her; and my heart smote me at his infatuation, for I felt certain that he was mistaken in his estimate of the man's character; and that the day which witnessed her marriage with Mr Owen Mainwaring would set the seal to a lifetime of cruel misery and unhappiness.

The oily fellow had, apparently by means of fulsome adulation and hypocritical deference, warped the old man's now somewhat enfeebled mind, over which he had obtained such power that my endeavours to turn him were almost waste of time. He accused me of prejudice, and stopped the argument abruptly by telling me that Margaret could trust to his judgment, and would do as he bid her. He seemed very restless and nervous, as if he had not said all that was agitating his mind, but lacked courage to give full utterance to his thoughts. I bade him good-night in the library; but he followed me to the front-door, and notwithstanding that the night-air was raw and cold, he stood on the steps for a few minutes talking upon indifferent subjects. As we opened the door, a miserable-looking female figure rose from the lowest step, on which she had been crouching, and gazed eagerly at us. The face was young, and once had been beautiful; but the cruel ravages of want and disease—and perchance vice—had preyed on the bright looks, and obliterated their loveliness. As I met her gaze, the eagerness disappeared from her face. With a look of disappointment, she shook her head despairingly, and muttering to herself, drew her thin, worn shawl round her poor wasted figure and walked slowly away, her hollow cough—her young life's death-knell—awakening the slumbering echoes of the almost deserted street.

The Colonel's supply of small-talk at length became exhausted, and I turned to leave him. Placing a detaining hand on my arm, he said: 'I am anxious that the marriage should take place as soon as possible; for then—then—the words faltered as the father's heart overcame his pride, and gave utterance to his wishes—'I might have Watty—my boy—home again!' The bright moon-

beams fell on his venerable head and feeble figure as he slowly re-entered the house. I stood at the corner of the street watching him until the door had closed, when I was startled by an arm being brusquely linked in mine. 'God bless him!' exclaimed an honest manly voice with earnest feeling in its tones.

'Ay—and you too Watty, my lad!' I cried, as I recognised my unexpected companion.

✓ ROCKS AND THE WEATHER.

'As hard as stone' is both a familiar and an applicable proverb. There is perhaps no substance to which we more readily apply for a comparison in point of durability and hardness than stone, or the rock-materials of which the crust of the globe is composed. But hard and durable as stone may be, the scientific study of building-materials has revealed certain very remarkable exceptions to the proverbial expression, and has shewn us that in some cases, stone is one of the most perishable of substances. Man's attention to this matter is chiefly attracted and directed by the decay of the materials he uses in the erection of buildings. A short experience shews the builder that all stones do not possess the same power or quality of withstanding the assaults which the 'weather'—including under that term a combination of influences—is continually making upon it. The soft sandstone which is readily and cheaply dressed, may prove a costly bargain in the end, when, in a comparatively short space of time it is found to be wasted, or 'weathered' by the elements.

From the experience of the effects thus made visible in our building-stones, the builder has come to exercise a wise selection of his materials, and to choose those rocks and quarries from which stones may be procured which will most successfully withstand the 'hand of time' with its destructive fingers, in the shape of frost, wind, rain, chemical action, and the like. It is thus obvious, that in the consideration of the effects of weather on rocks and stones there are two chief aspects in which the question may be regarded—namely, the composition of the stone, and the forces that effect its destruction.

Possibly no better illustration of the effects of an apparently trivial circumstance in preventing the wasting of rocks by the weather could be found than in the benefits which accrue to rocks from the presence of a thin layer of vegetable matter. A layer of moss covering a rock-surface will be found to prevent in the most effectual manner the wasting of the rock, by absorbing the rain which otherwise would beat directly on it, and by shielding the rock from the destructive action of frost. Chemical action, that *bête noire* of the builder, is thus also prevented, and the influences of the outer world are in a manner defied by the unostentatious growth of very humble forms of plant-life. Thus it may be shewn that the lowliest lichen which coats an old wall, and the mosses which delight the eye of the artist and satiate our sense of beauty as they coat rock and crag with verdure, serve an important purpose in the economy of nature, and preserve the mate-

rials of our globe from the action of destructive rock-wasting agencies. It is the absence of even this superficial layer of vegetation which tells so heavily against the preservation of rocks in the arctic regions of the world, and in the northern regions generally, where rock-waste proceeds to its fullest extent.

The consideration of the chemical composition of the stones used in building forms an important item in settling the durability of any particular rock-material. Of all stones used for building-purposes sandstone is by far the best known and most popular. It is a plentiful stone moreover, and one as a rule easily quarried; considerations which naturally result in its wide employment in building. But under the common name of 'sandstone' very varied substances are included. Thus some sandstones are perfectly worthless for building-purposes, owing to their soft friable nature. Others again, are so hard, that the cost of hewing them detracts from their value as building-stones. An example of a stone which decays very rapidly under the influence of the weather, and of the chemical surroundings which are especially prevalent in towns, is the well-known 'Bath stone,' which at first possesses a light colour, and looks exceedingly attractive, but which, in a comparatively short period of years, shews decided traces of being 'the worse for wear.' A notable stone on the side of durability, on the other hand, is the sandstone obtained from that most famous of quarries, Craighleith, near Edinburgh. The composition of this latter stone reveals the presence of a large quantity of flinty material, well calculated to resist the 'weathering' action of the elements.

Variations in chemical composition may thus be shewn to lie at the root of the decay or preservation of stone. Geologists inform us that the most porous stones are those most readily affected by the weather; and this for the reason that porosity implies the absorption of water. When moisture of any kind once enters a stone, the disintegration of the stone is simply a matter of time. Like an insidious and secret enemy, the water percolates through its substance, and if aided by frost, the destructive action becomes very apparent and greatly intensified. Every one knows that when water freezes a large amount of expansion takes place; and the result of a hard frost on porous stones is simply to convert the contained water into ice-crystals; the water in the act of freezing undergoing expansion, and chipping off numerous small fragments of the stone with slow but certain effect. Even the outside surfaces of stones may be seen to be markedly affected by frost in this way. Layer after layer will be peeled off, or converted into a fine powder, which may be dislodged from the surface by a touch of the finger.

Stones formed of lime in any of its numerous forms are perhaps the most liable to suffer at the hands of the weather. Rocks which are formed of chalk or carbonate of lime are singularly susceptible from their soft nature, of being affected by the action of rain and frost. But even the hardest limestones give way under the powerfully solvent action of the gas known as carbonic acid—a gas widely diffused in nature, which is given off from the breathing organs of all animals, and which in its turn forms one

of the chief items in the food of plants. This gas has an especial affinity for lime. When it attacks limestone rocks and unites with them—wasting their substance in the act—it forms carbonate of lime or chalk, and thus renders the rock-materials soft, and readily broken down by other agencies. The destructive work that chemical action begins, is in fact continued and finished by frost, rain, and the like. Such a destructive action as that just mentioned, takes place with especial rapidity in towns, where it is materially assisted by other substances which the rain washes down from the atmosphere, and of which ammonia and sulphurous acid are good examples. And hence limestones naturally became tabooed as building-stones; and, taught by experience, builders wisely reject the softer and readily-worked varieties even where a strong temptation to use them may exist.

The oxygen-gas of the atmosphere is an agent which also exercises a strong and potent sway over the fate of stones and rock-materials, by attacking various substances contained in rocks, and thus softening them and rendering them more readily attacked by other destructive forces. Nor must the effects of mere changes in temperature be lost sight of in their influence upon stones. The labours of the stone-mason in making tight and exactly fitting joints in masonry are sometimes greatly impeded by variations in temperature. It has been shewn that in America the variations in the expansion and contraction of stones—the annual range of temperature being over 90° F.—are of very marked kind, and result, not merely in stones but in rocks themselves, in the splitting of the stone into layers. Livingstone observed that the sudden cooling of rocks in Africa at night from a day-temperature of 137° F., resulted in fragments being split off, varying in weight from a few ounces to two hundred pounds.

The effects of the destructive action of the weather on stones is nowhere better seen than in cemeteries and graveyards, where monuments are completely exposed to the action of the elements, and where the rapidity of the action may be often accurately calculated from the dates on the monuments. The marble records which are so much in vogue will be found to last a comparatively short period of time; the lime entering into their composition being, as already remarked, singularly liable to the attack of gases. Even the hard sandstones, most durable of all monuments, may be seen in old churchyards to have their inscriptions completely obliterated after the lapse of a century or so; and it would thus seem that even the record of frail mortality borne by the enduring stone itself is doomed to perish and fade in the grasp of the all-destructive hand of Time.

An action which is peculiarly destructive to any exposed stone-surface on which it has leave to exert its force, is that of loose sand driven by high winds. Few persons save those who have practically investigated the subject, have any adequate idea of the destructive power of wind-blown sand. The innumerable sharp particles of flint and other minerals blown with great force against even the hardest rock, will speedily make their power apparent in the roughened and scratched surface which the rock will exhibit. 'Sand-scratches' are amongst the valued evidences of the geologist in shewing him the

prevailing direction of winds at past periods of the earth's history, and in affording information regarding the former exposure of a rock-surface which may now occupy a position removed from all external influences and destructive actions. And no better illustration of what wind and sand may together accomplish in the work of destroying substances even more brittle than stone may be mentioned, than the well-established fact, that at Cape Cod the prevailing and long-continued gales have, by driving sand against the windows of houses, actually succeeded in drilling innumerable fine holes in the glass.

The present subject would hardly be regarded as having been treated even in a cursory manner, without a reference to the celebrated case of stone-decay presented by the Houses of Parliament. These buildings of world-wide fame were built of magnesian limestone or dolomite, a rock, usually regarded by mineralogists as having been formed by the gradual 'metamorphism' or slow change of common limestone, the carbonate of lime being replaced by carbonate of magnesia. The decay of this stone—part of which was obtained from a quarry other than the originally selected source of the stone, the supply from the original quarry having failed—attracted much attention in London and elsewhere; and a Commission was appointed some years ago to investigate into the causes of the destructive action, with the view of proposing a remedy therefor. It was pointed out, however, that a magnesian limestone might withstand the air and influences of London perfectly well, the building illustrating this fact being the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, London; and hence one opinion at least laid the blame of the destructive action on the selection of a bad limestone, and not on the unsuitability of magnesian limestones generally for building-purposes.

The prevention of the process of decay and destruction of the Houses of Parliament soon became a subject which attracted the attention of experimenters. According to Professor Ansted, all paints containing oil, or other matters derived from animals or plants, are perfectly useless agents in the preservation of stone. Experimentation therefore proceeded in the direction of the discovery of some fluids which from their chemical nature would serve as efficient preservatives of stone. A preservative fluid of this nature was the 'water-glass' of Dr Fuchs—the silicate of potash—first produced in 1825, which was proposed as a compound capable, when mixed with pigments, of insuring the indestructibility of paintings. Mr F. Ransome of Ipswich, many years ago experimenting on the production of artificial stone, succeeded in manufacturing such a product, and was thereafter led to devise a solution which would protect stone from the corroding action of the atmosphere. This compound he obtained in the 'silicate of lime,' and as mentioned in a notice of Mr Ransome's process which appeared in this *Journal* for April 1876, the solution was painted on part of the river-front Houses of Parliament in 1856, with complete success. Since that period, as far as we can learn, no solution has superseded the silicate of lime, although compounds innumerable, of very varied composition, have been proposed. Mr Ransome has also succeeded in producing an artificial stone

of extreme hardness and durability, by processes allied to those through which his preservative solution was obtained.

The subject, however, is by no means exhausted, and it may be said to present one of the highest triumphs of art, when, aided by scientific knowledge, it converts useless into useful material, and successfully combats the forces of Nature which would and destroy the world around us at will.

THE OUBLIETTE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

September 1479.—The sun had set two hours ago, and the gates of Plessis les Tours had been closed for the night. But a sudden and imperative summons in the King's name caused the drawbridge to be again lowered, and the portcullis raised to admit a military guard of the Royal Archers. That fact alone would have been sufficient to attest the high rank of the prisoner who rode in their midst, even without the accompanying signs of rich dress and noble appearance. The Captain in command handed to the governor of the fortress a warrant, of which the following is a translation :

BY ORDER OF THE KING.

THE LOUVRE, PARIS, September 7, 1479.

M. Lamarque, Governor of Plessis les Tours, will be responsible for the safe keeping of Claude d'Estrelles, otherwise Marquis of Clair-marais, until the further pleasure of the King be known. Surveillance without rigour. (*Signed*) LOUIS.

The Captain of Archers received from M. Lamarque a receipt averring that his duty was faithfully performed, took a courteous farewell of his prisoner, and then departed as rapidly as he came. Claude d'Estrelles stood for a moment listening silently to the rattle of the drawbridge chains, and the sharp ring of the horses' hoofs passing over and dying away in the distance; then, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, he followed the governor in the direction indicated.

One glance at his charge had been enough. M. Lamarque dismissed the warders, and spoke pleasantly to the young Marquis, whose mood certainly did not shew much reciprocity in the way of conversation. They crossed the courtyard, ascended some steps, and stopping before a door, heavily ironed it is true, M. Lamarque threw it open, and ushered his prisoner into a room—not a dungeon. A warder arrived with lights and wine; other refreshment was proffered, and curtly refused; then with a kindly 'Good-night,' the governor departed.

Claude heard the key turn in the massive lock, and clenched his hands fiercely as he strode up and down his ample chamber, digging at every turn his heel sharply into the floor, as though he thereby crushed some noxious reptile to death. When absolute weariness took possession of him, he sank upon his couch, and sat there motionless, staring at the ground, his fair hair ruffled, his

brows contracted, and in his deep blue eyes a look—a concentrated look of intense wrath and hate. It would have gone ill with his enemy, whoever he might be, had they met at that moment face to face. And as thought deepened, the Marquis's hand went swiftly to his side to encounter only an empty dagger-sheath. It was not the custom to leave dangerous steel playthings at the service of Louis XI's captives. Claude had for the moment forgotten that fact, and grinding his teeth with an angry 'Bah!' he threw himself back, and finally slept—slept well too, as men often do in their worst extremity.

The sunshine of a bright autumn morning awoke him, and with a certain philosophy which already made things look less gloomy than they had done some hours before, he inspected his new abode, and took to himself a certain consolation thereby; for it was not so bad as it might have been. Not luxurious by any means; but still nothing resembling those cells of Plessis les Tours, concerning which tales so grim and dreadful were extant. There was a certain amount of furniture. His sleeping-pallet was tolerably comfortable; there were air and sunshine and space. The window, strongly barred certainly, was low and broad, and the lattice of it opened inwards, admitting the fresh wind, the sounds of humanity, and the songs of the free birds. Free!

The Marquis d'Estrelles leaned against the casement and gazed over the fair fields of Touraine to where the rushing Loire sparkled in the sunshine. He thought of his stately home upon the banks of that same river; of the broad lands that called him lord; of the dead father and mother who had transmitted to him such a noble heritage with their unstained name; of the fair sister, to whom he gave, as yet, the only love of his heart—that sister of whom he was so proud, his only near tie on earth; then, with darkening brow, of that day, that black day when Louis, out on a hunting expedition with his infamous favourites, had halted at the Château d'Estrelles, and Tristan's evil eyes had first fallen on the Lady Rénée. And because he would not give that fair and noble sister in marriage to one who has been justly termed the executioner of Paris—he had refused with horror and mad words the insult—this was come upon him—this! And Rénée in her lonely home!

Claude shook the iron bars in impotent fury. Then with calming influence upon his troubled spirit came the reflection: 'He cannot take her by force. Rénée will know how to guard herself. She is my father's daughter. And for me—ah well! All is not ended, yet.' The gay French spirit was reasserting itself.

Soon came the governor and breakfast. And M. Lamarque informed his prisoner that within certain limits he was free to walk about as he pleased. 'I am rejoiced, M. le Marquis, to find that my instructions permit me to treat you with lenity and grant you many privileges. And when you know that any infringements by you of the boundaries laid down will cause most unpleasant results, you will, I am sure, spare both yourself and me annoyance, by being submissive and patient. Mine—here the worthy governor's voice altered—'mine is not an easy—not a delightful task. Do not make it harder for me, by getting yourself into a worse plight.'

It will be seen that M. Lamarque was a kindly man; and though a soldier and a faithful guardian of the fortress intrusted to him, still he was made of softer stuff than quite befitted a servant of the merciless Louis, and the ruling power of such a place as Plessis les Tours. One needs to be of marble when one has to do the work of a M. Lamarque.

Plessis les Tours! Who that reads the history of those times shudders not at that well-known name? A prison-palace, in whose dark corners horrors untold existed. Above, splendid chambers, where Louis, withered, lean, and pale, with an executioner and barber for his constant companions, was wont to feast royally, and to pray hypocritically; where courtiers, fearing their dreaded master, bowed down to him with a reverence that hid their hate! While below—too far for their groans and cries to reach the upper air and intrude unpleasantly upon the hearing of those who made merry above them—lay chained and dying men, cut off for ever from light and liberty—below, yawned the noisome dungeon, the torture-chamber, the oubliette. It is computed that during the reign of this diabolical Valois, fifteen hundred people perished by the oubliette alone. The Bastille was rent stone from stone by an indignant people; but Plessis les Tours yet looks upon the rushing Loire, that river which bore so often the freight of a floating shapeless sack, inscribed with the legend, 'Laissez passer la justice du Roi.'

Months went on, and as yet no worse luck than detention had happened to our Marquis, who spent a good deal of his time in the governor's apartments, cultivating the acquaintance of Madame, a motherly Normande, and Léonie, her fair and stately daughter. That was the one bright thing in the château of Plessis—the presence of Léonie Lamarque. How often, winning the consent of her father by the pleading ways he found it so hard to resist, she carried comfort into the dark and miserable cells where languished the hapless prisoners! How often they passed away blessing the fair face that shone upon them in their hour of need! A lovely and loving woman, would not every soldier in the garrison have done impossible things to win a smile from her? Notably, poor Gustave Chapellier, commandant of them all, young, brave, and handsome, who worshipped her with a love exceeding great; and laid his honest heart at her feet with the satisfaction—if indeed it were any—of knowing that slowly but surely, day by day, Léonie was giving hers away to the noble and accomplished captive; that the devotion of years was accounted as nothing to the acquaintance of weeks with the courtly, perhaps frivolous Marquis—that Léonie would not hear his sighs nor notice his desperate unhappiness, while finding her heaven in the deep blue eyes for which the Estrelles were famed. Nor could anything be done; remonstrance would be idle; Léonie was free to choose, whether she chose wisely or not. Again, poor Gustave! add to this that neither father nor mother had the least idea of how matters stood with their daughter and the Marquis. Truly, Gustave's predilection was, as it ever is with a Frenchman, patent enough to any beholder who cared to notice it. And it may be that the elders of this household were content to let him win their Léonie if he could, while caring not to

lose too soon the idol of their hearts. As to the Marquis, he was in everything charming; but his rank was too far above them for inquietude; any day the capricious king might restore him to liberty and favour, when they would see him no more.

Winter came and went. It was Louis's custom to give no warning of his visits to Plessis, thinking, probably, that it enabled him more easily to discover any lapses of duty on the part of his governor or subordinates. Nothing delighted him more than to seize an offender in the act, and for that, it was of course necessary to pounce unexpectedly upon the delinquents. M. Lamarque, quite well aware of this trait in his amiable master's character, circumvented it by posting trusty watchmen in the vicinity, who by a given signal warned the inmates of Plessis les Tours when the king's stealthy approach was detected. That signal came one April morning when d'Estrelles and Léonie were on the ramparts. Acting upon the governor's friendly hint, the Marquis betook himself to his own apartment; and not long afterwards Louis, attended as usual by his favourites Tristran and Olivier le Daim, entered smilingly the gates where his coming brought always death and misery. As he descended from his litter, a shrunken shambling figure, wearing the black velvet hat adorned with its coarse leaden images, how many shivered as they caught his furtive glance and the sinister expression of his pallid lips. He was in a gracious mood that day—a mood that always boded ill to some unlucky wight, and was therefore more to be feared than even his spasmodic wrath. For some hours he amused himself by inspecting the fortress, visiting some of the dungeons, and witnessing the torture of one man, whose life mercifully departed during the process; then, having one way or another settled the fate of half-a-dozen human beings, the king went to dinner with great complacency. When that was over, the Marquis of Clair-marais was summoned to his presence.

Spite of his bravery and gay philosophy, Claude's heart gave one fierce throb as the hangings were lifted and, followed by two guards, he stood within the royal presence. More, a gleam of hatred lit his eyes as they fell upon Tristran, who, richly dressed, stood by the window ostentatiously gazing out into the courtyard below. Belonging to the dregs of the people, low, hideous, and brutal, yet raised by the caprice of a king to riches and honours, the name of Tristran blots the page of history. It is impossible to comprehend what attraction so degraded a being could have for one who came at least of a royal race—the race of magnificent Francis, and learned gracious Margaret, and courtly Henry. The fact alone remains. It is at least a trivial consolation to know that nothing marks the spot of earth which at last received his remains; the king's once powerful favourite has shared the fate of many nobler men, a dishonoured grave.

With a look and a wave of his hand, Louis dismissed the guards.

'We are happy to see you again, Monsieur le Marquis; and we trust that the time given you here for reflection has been profitably spent, and the result is that you are now willing to accede to our wishes, expressed to you some months ago.'

'I regret, Sire, that your hopes are vain. My views upon so detestable a subject have not altered, nor are they likely to do so.'

'So!' The king leaned back in his chair, biting his nails, and stealthily eyeing his rebellious subject. 'That is much to be regretted—the more especially as, unfortunately, your determination is likely to produce very unpleasant results, if persisted in. Our people know how much our royal heart inclineth always to the side of mercy; and nothing grieves us more than when insolent obstinacy compels us to punish, when we would so much rather reward.'

'You are far too lenient always, Sire!' murmured the hypocrite at the window.

Claude had stood with firmly closed lips and upright mien during the king's speech. At Tristran's words a look of deadlier resolution, mingled with contempt, came over his face.

Louis noted it, and turning to the executioner, said mockingly: 'I fear, worthy Tristran, that our foolish young friend does not appreciate yet the honour that you would confer upon the family of Estrelles. He ventures to scorn you, faith of a king! and thinks doubtless it were fitter we should find you a bride among your people in the Quartier Notre-Dame!'

Tristran paled with smothered wrath. Like other favourites of tyrannical masters, he often had himself to bear in silence the sting of Louis's glib tongue, which pierced alike his friends and foes.

After a moment's silence the latter turned again to Claude. 'We had hoped, Monsieur le Marquis, to take you back with us, restored to your home and position in society, also to what is, of course, a trivial thing, our royal favour. We ask you once again—and think seriously before you reply: Are you prepared to tender us your entire submission, and give us the consent which we could well do without' (Claude shivered), 'but which it suits us to demand of you as a loyal subject? Speak! It is your last chance for some time to come.'

'Be wise, Monsieur le Marquis,' said Tristran, turning to him; 'and do not reject the kindness of so gracious a lord. Let me implore you, for your own sake.'

Utterly ignoring both the speaker and his words, Claude drew a long breath, and answered Louis in a steady voice: 'The king is my master—but he has had my answer. There can be no other.'

'It is your final decision? Think of the cost once more!' And Louis's eyes glittered ominously.

'Sire, I have spoken.'

Grasping the arms of his chair, Louis rose quickly, and his pale lips quivered as he exclaimed viciously: 'Enough! Be it so. We can see easily how misplaced has been our kindly consideration for you—how foolish we have been to make your residence here so pleasant to you, and stoop to ask when we could more fitly command. There are means of taming those who are mad enough to defy us. Let us see how you will relish the bread and water of affliction!' He struck fiercely a bell upon the table, and the guards re-entered with the governor of Plessis. 'You have already received your instructions, M. Lamarque. The Marquis of Clair-marais sternly refuses our clemency. We bid him farewell for a season of repentance. And'—taking off his hat, he placed it upon the table, then sank down

upon his knees before it—'we will pray Our Lady and the holy Saints that the punishment which he has brought upon himself may be blessed to him!'

BIRDS AND FRUITS.

A GREAT deal has been written of late years on the relations between insects and flowers, and many careful observers have shewn good reasons for believing that the exquisite colours of our roses and our tulips depend ultimately upon the slow selection of bees and butterflies. But very little attention in comparison has been given to the equally curious subject of the relations between birds and fruits; and yet fruits are objects of far greater practical importance to mankind than the beautiful blossoms whose origin Mr Darwin and his followers have so often explained to us. Nay, more, though the ordinary uses of apples and pears blind us in great part to their beauty, it cannot be denied that flowers themselves are scarcely more lovely than the glowing oranges, the crimson cherries, the soft-bloomed peaches, and the purple plums, which owe their bright colouring to the appreciative eyes of woodland or tropical birds. It may be well worth while to glance for a moment at the manner in which these pretty and sweet-flavoured seed-vessels have been produced.

It may here be stated that a fruit, in spite of all its other uses to men or animals, is really only a seed-vessel. We now know that no part of any plant or animal has been created solely for the use of other species: every organ, however necessary for the life of external kinds, has a duty of its own to perform in the economy of its possessor. A few years ago naturalists might have asserted that honey was put into the nectary of flowers simply for the sake of the bee who gathers it, and that a soft pulp was placed around the stone of the blackberry simply for the benefit of the bird which swallows it. Some people would even have gone so far as to assert that the honey and the blackberry, the bee and the bird, were all alike created solely for the ultimate enjoyment of lordly man. But nowadays no wise thinker would venture to maintain such an opinion, in the face of recent discoveries and observations. It is now quite certain that every portion of every living thing has a definite function to perform for the benefit of its own species. If the luscious clover is gifted with honey to attract the bee, with sweet scent to draw it on in its quest, with purple petals to allure its eye from afar, it is primarily because the clover needs the aid of the bee in fertilising its perfumed heads. If the currant coats its berry with the self-same sweet juices, and relies upon the self-same attractions of rosy colouring, it is primarily because the currant-bush needs the aid of the bird in dispersing its seeds through the surrounding fields. The bee, the bird, and man alike make use of the advantages they find ready prepared for

them in the world around; but in every case each species performs its own work for its own sake. The plant stores honey for the plant's behoof; the bee lays up in hives for its winter support; and man uses it for his own pleasure. But the object of the bee is no more the supply of honey to human tables than the object of the farmer in sowing wheat is the supply of soft nutriment for the weevil.

Fruits, in the sense which we ordinarily give to the term, are seed-vessels which specially rely for the dispersion of their seeds upon the voluntary aid of animals. A botanist, indeed, would call a poppy-head or a pod of peas a fruit; for in botanical language the seed-bearing apparatus of a single blossom always bears that name. But ordinary unscientific people mean by the term a sweetish, bright-coloured, succulent, and pulpy mass, though of all these characteristics, sweetness and bright colour are least essential, since many recognised fruits are sour or acrid, and a few are dull and sombre in hue. Nevertheless, the popular idea is a fairly good and accurate one, answering to a real difference of habit in the plants to which it refers. Just as the bright blossoms, which alone are known as flowers to unscientific eyes, really answer roughly to those which depend for fertilisation upon insects, so the succulent fruits, which alone are known as such in every-day language, really answer roughly to those which depend for the dispersion of their seeds upon voluntary aid from birds or other animals.

Voluntary aid, we must say, because some seeds, like burrs and other hooked kinds, get themselves dispersed by means of sheep and cattle, to whose coats they cling, against their will. Indeed, there is no end to the devices which Nature adopts to insure that seeds should be carried to fitting spots for their germination. Some, like thistle-down and cotton, are provided with fluffy tails, which carry them through the air on the wings of the wind; others, like the maple, have regular wings of their own, on which they fly in the same manner as a kite. The balsam bursts open its capsule with a sort of explosion, and scatters its seeds around it in every direction: the grasses simply drop their little round grains upon the bare soil beneath. But there are two kinds of seed-vessel specially liable to be eaten by birds and other animals, and these two kinds differ diametrically in the way they comport themselves towards their devourers. They are commonly called nuts and fruits.

The nut is a hard-coated seed, whose kernel or germ—with its accompanying stock of nutriment—the squirrel or monkey eats whenever he can get it. This, of course, kills the young plant, and so defeats the whole purpose of the seed. Accordingly, nuts are purposely made in such a manner as to escape the notice and baffle the hungry attempts of their enemies. They are generally green as they grow among their native foliage, and brown as they lie on the bare ground beneath. Thus they never attract attention by their colour or brilliancy. Then, again, they are covered by a hard shell, often so hard that even man finds it no easy task

to break through the outer coat and get at the nutritious kernel within, as we all know in the case of cocoa-nuts, Brazil-nuts, and the American hickory. And furthermore, they very frequently have a nauseous bitter husk, like that of the walnut, or are covered with little prickly hairs, as in the filbert; all of which devices combine to prevent animals from discovering, cracking, and eating them. As though all this were not enough, they not uncommonly contain bitter juices, and sometimes finish by poisoning the aggressors. Clearly, nuts are a kind of seeds which do not lay themselves out for being quietly eaten up. They defend themselves to the very last "by every possible device in their power.

A fruit, on the other hand, adopts exactly opposite tactics. To use the language of ordinary life, it *wants* to be eaten; or in other words, it is so devised by Nature as to offer every inducement to various animals to eat it. The means which it employs for the allurements of birds are exactly like those which flowers employ for the allurements of insects. It has sweet juices, perfumed essences, red, blue, or purple colouring. From a distance, the scarlet hips and haws or the orange rowan-berries, strike the eye of the bird; the bright hues seem to act as an advertisement of the food. The pulpy covering is evidently intended for the bird's use, and the sweet taste for its pleasure. Clearly, the fruit is a kind of seed-vessel which means to be eaten if it can only get any one good enough to perform the duty.

But what good can the plant derive from having its fruits devoured? If the nut is so anxious to escape detection and to avoid animals, why should the fruit take so much trouble to excite attention and to commit a voluntary suicide? Simply because the bird is of as much use to the plant as the plant is to the bird. It is, in short, a case of mutual accommodation. Just as the bee, in sucking honey, carries the fertilising pollen from flower to flower, so the bird, in devouring fruit, disperses the seeds which pass undigested through its body. Though the pulp is always soft and sweet enough, the actual seed is at heart a nut. In the plum-stone and peach-stone we see this truth clearly enough, for there the resemblance has gone to such a length that even the most careless observer could not overlook it. In the cherry and the orange it is less immediately obvious, but still quite recognisable when we look at the question closely. In the strawberry and raspberry, however, the separate seeds are so much smaller that we scarcely notice their presence, and therefore we quite forget their essential identity with the nut. It is thus evident that a fruit is really a seed-vessel which has turned its outer coat into a soft pulp, while its inner part still contains one or more hard nut-like seeds.

Of course this description must only be accepted in the most general sense, for fruits belong to an immense variety of types. Some of them are simple like the plum, which may be looked upon as analogous to the simple flower of the dog-rose; while others are compound like the fig, which may be considered in the same light as the compound flower-head of the daisy. Some, again, indulge in still wilder vagaries, like the strawberry, which is in reality not a fruit at all, but a collection of fruitlets, standing upon the outer surface of a raised red receptacle; and the whole

colony may therefore be compared to the white arum or *Æthiopian lily*, which is not one flower at all, but a little family of flowers collected upon a raised yellow spike or spadix, and surrounded by a beautiful sheath, which acts as the attractive portion for the insect guests. But whatever may be the particular form of the fruit, its object is always at bottom the same, to insure the dispersion of its seeds by the aid of the birds, whose assistance it invites with its pulpy covering.

The simplest form of fruit, as in the plum or cherry, consists of one seed, containing a central kernel or embryo, and surrounded by a hard shell and a soft outer coat. These we generally know by the name of stone-fruits, because their single seed is usually big enough to attract our attention very forcibly. Other moderately simple fruits, like the currant or the grape, have several little seeds inside a single pulpy lining. The raspberry has a separate pulp for each tiny nut; while in the pomegranate the whole mass of scarlet-coated seeds is inclosed in an external rind which secures them from attention till the moment they are ripe. The berries of the spindle-tree are some of the prettiest and most instructive of all, for they are shut up within a hard but brilliant orange-coloured shell, which bursts asunder when they are ripe, and displays the beautiful soft little fruits within. Not less lovely are the seed-vessels of the common yellow flag or iris, which similarly fly open in the autumn, and allow the bright golden seeds in regular rows to peep through the green seams of the inclosing capsule.

But we must observe at the same time, that fruits are not at all stages of their growth prettily coloured, soft, and sweet. They begin as hard, sour, green knobs, and only acquire their external allurements as they slowly ripen. Of course this is quite necessary if the plant is to carry its point and get its seeds dispersed in a fit condition for sprouting; for its whole object would be defeated if birds were to eat the seeds while they were still young and green. Hence the colour is only added at the moment when the little embryos within have become fitted for an independent existence. So, too, the sweet juices replace the sour acid of the green fruit, and the hard pulp grows soft and yielding. This is just like the change which comes over all insect-fertilised flowers in the bud; and the stages in that case may be most easily seen in the tulip or the garden hydrangea, where there is no green cup or calyx to hide the coloured portions as they slowly acquire their brilliant hues.

In a thousand ways, then, we see that succulent fruits have been specially adapted to the senses of birds. Only those fruits which rely upon the fowls of the air for dispersion are sweet and pretty, and even they only at the exact moment when dispersion will benefit them. So that here again we find one of those minute relations of dependence between animal and vegetable life of which so many instances have been forthcoming of late years. The more we look into the balanced economy of life, the more does it appear, as Sprengel long ago pointed out, that 'the wise author of Nature has not created even a hair in vain.' And whether we regard the mode of creation as direct or as indirect, by a pure exercise of volition bringing forth an orderly universe through one design, or by slow adaptation of every part to

every other through natural selection, it is equally true that every portion of every plant and every animal is instinct with meaning for those who patiently try to read it aright.

NICE DISTINCTIONS.

THERE are plenty of casuists who are at all times ready to satisfy the inclination without wounding the conscience. The distinctions which they draw are so ingeniously fine as, at times, to be all but imperceptible.

For instance, an old Highlander, reproached by his pastor for absenting himself from church one Sabbath morning, denied the charge, repeating the denial so emphatically that the puzzled minister asked him if he would offer his oath that he was there that morning. 'To be sure,' was the unabashed one's answer; and the minister said no more. A friend of the false-speaking Highlander told him it was awful to hear him offer his oath to such a lie. 'Hoot, toot, man,' quoth Donald. 'Isn't there a great difference between offering a thing and giving it?'

It is oftentimes convenient to be able to discern such differences. When a party of Paisley weavers, anxious to cross the Clyde from Greenock to Dunoon one Sunday morning, desired the captain of a Rothesay steamer to take their boat in tow, as they did not care to profane the day by using their oars, the captain wanted to know where was the difference between employing their oars and employing the steamer's paddles. 'The difference!' exclaimed the spokesman of the conscientious crew. 'There's a great difference between rowing by the power o' man, who must answer for what he does, an' a wheel-turning engine; a steam-engine's not a moral being, an' is therefore not an accountable agent.' A specious argument certainly; but one much more easy to answer than that advanced by a farm-servant, willing enough to milk her master's cows on the Sabbath, but firm in refusing to feed them on that day. Drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are and are not works of necessity, the shrewd lass said: 'The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity; but let them out to the fields, and they'll feed themselves.'

When Captain Robinson was surveying the west coast of Scotland, the Grand-Duke Constantine came on board his ship for a few days. Anxious to shew his royal guest as much as lay in his power, Captain Robinson steamed over to Iona one Sunday, to give the Russian prince an opportunity of examining the antiquities there. The custodian of the ancient church flatly refused to open its doors. 'Do you know whom I have brought with me?' inquired the disgusted officer. 'He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag,' responded the keeper. 'But had it been the Queen herself, I wadna gie up the keys on the Lord's Day.' The Iona keeper, however, was yet not invulnerable, for Captain Robinson asking him if he had any objection to drinking a glass of whisky with him upon the Sabbath, he replied: 'That's a different thing entirely!'—The Count — seems also to have been aware whisky-imbibing did not come under the taboo. When the waiter at a Dumbarton hotel informed him he could not be supplied with hot water on the

Lord's day 'for sic a thing as shaving,' the Count did not press the demand, but remarked that he would take some toddy, if the waiter would bring him the materials. Here was a reasonable proposal, and one that at once commended itself to the conscientious waiter, who drank the whisky, but left the hot water to the Count. The distinction was a fine one.

Dr Wardlaw, finding the six-mile walk between his house and his church in Glasgow too much for old legs to compass comfortably, enlisted the services every Sunday of a sturdy pony. One day a meeting was held to protest against railway companies running trains upon Sunday, and the Doctor declaimed eloquently against the threatened desecration. When he had done, somebody in the crowd urged a request that he would repeat the Fourth Commandment. The unsuspecting Doctor did so; and then the same voice inquired if the law did not apply as much to the pony as to the ox and the ass. The inference was too palpable to be ignored, and the next two Sundays the Doctor walked to church; but the third saw him astride his pony again. He explained that, having consulted the early Fathers of the Church and the divines of Geneva, he had come to the conclusion that the institution of the Lord's Day, as observed by all Christian churches and sects, applied to mankind only; and that, in appointing the first day of the week to be the Sabbath of the Christians, instead of the seventh, which was the Sabbath of the Jews, the intention was to leave the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood—therefore he had again taken to the pony, which of course he never worked on Saturdays. The worthy Doctor's faith in his own argument is paralleled by that displayed by the Missourian Baptist minister who while always impressing upon his family and flock that it was needless for them to take care of their lives, since the moment of their death was fixed before the foundation of the world, nevertheless took especial pains in putting his rifle in order when bound on a frontier mission. His wife one day ventured to suggest that his practice scarcely accorded with his preaching. 'Your view, my dear,' replied he, 'is a very proper view; but see here—suppose I should meet an Indian and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what could he do? My dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfilment of the decrees of Providence.'

When the Custom-house officials at Basle demanded the payment of duty on the first consignment there of some Eau de Lourdes, the importers resisted the demand on the ground that the liquid was not a medicament, but merely water, to which the mystical power of faith alone gave medical properties. The authorities, however, insisted that the intrinsic worth of the water did not in any way concern them; it was sent to Switzerland to be used as a medicine, and was therefore liable to duty as other medicines.—The theory that things conducive to the same end necessarily come in the same category, found no acceptance among the good people of Draperstown. Under the influence of Father Mathew's eloquence, these worthy Irish folks renounced their favourite potation; but one day, alas! somebody introduced a bottle of ether into the place, telling them that a mere thimbleful would raise the

spirits, and that they might indulge in the new drink without violating the pledge; and ether has ever since been in vogue there as a cheap and efficient substitute for the tabooed 'cratur.' The once popular 'Father' had only scotched the snake. Like the down-east minister who felt proud of having converted a notorious Sabbath-breaker, until, happening to ask an old farmer if he did not find a great difference in his neighbour since he had joined the church, the latter replied: 'O yes. Before, he used to carry his axe on his shoulder when he went fence-mending on Sunday; now he carries it under his coat.'

When John Dalton was a lad, Elihu Robinson invited him to join a young man named Alderson in studying at his house of an evening. A dispute arising between the two students as to the working out of a difficult problem, Alderson clinched his argument by offering to bet Dalton sixpence he was right. Objecting to betting, Mr Robinson vetoed the proposition; but suggested that whichever proved to be in the wrong, should find candles for both during the winter season; although where the difference lay, save that the stake involved was larger, we fail to see. An ability to comprehend such nice distinctions is very comforting to conscientious people. A Michigan divine discovering that his son had been eating his pocket-money in a lottery ticket, wrote to the seller: 'I do not approve of lotteries regarding them as no better than gambling. My son bought number five in your drawing. If it drew anything, don't send the money to him. Send it to me.' He held himself above the law and would lay down for others; like the good man who favoured an American preacher with a letter of six pages rebuking him for not having attained a state of sinless perfection; while by folding the epistle in a newspaper wrapper, he contrived to defraud government of a couple of cents.

One of Brongham's earliest appearances as an advocate was in behalf of a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive; but Brongham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which he argued were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. Lord Eskgrove knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon, so without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once over-ruled the objection, saying: 'I am of opinion that "boot" is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot. The distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon.'

—A more serious contention was raised in the Court of Chancery not many years since. A testator left property the disposition of which was affected by the death of 'either' of two persons. One learned counsel strenuously insisted that the word 'either' meant both, and quoted Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, Richardson, Webster, and the Scriptures in support of his view. The court held that though the word might sometimes be used in that sense, its proper meaning was one of two, as in Macheath's well-known affirmation:

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away.

Common-sense, however, does not always regulate legal decisions. A Neapolitan tax-collector, proved

to have appropriated the public moneys to his own private use, was acquitted on the ground that being one of the public, he was part-owner of the money, and could not steal what was his own. —The son of a wealthy German out-running his allowance, obtained a loan from a banker. On his way home, a thief lightened him of his pocket-book containing the borrowed notes. When the banker demanded repayment, the debtor laughed at him; and he was compelled to take legal proceedings before the Imperial Tribunal of Commerce, to have the pleasure of hearing that court decide he had no grounds for the action; no loan contracted by a minor being recoverable unless he derived actual benefit from the money; which, thanks to the thief's intervention, the borrower in this case had not done. —On the same principle did a London magistrate deal with a journeyman baker who had spent twelve pounds of his master's money in buying religious tracts, which he gave away while going his rounds. He was dismissed with the caution that it was a mistake to take money dishonestly even for a religious purpose.

Distinctions of an exceptionally fine nature are occasionally made. An English lady holiday-keeping in a fishing village in Normandy, struck one day by the downcast appearance of a pretty damsel, asked her why she was so sad. It was the old story: her sweetheart found no favour with papa. Knowing the young fellow to be good-looking, honest, and industrious, the lady inquired what was the objection. 'Ah, madame,' said the weeping girl, 'my father is proud, and his family is not in our station; they are people who only have cotton sheets.' —The distinction of class, founded upon the possession or non-possession of linen sheets, reminds us of Nicaragua, where, Mr Boyle tells us, there are only two classes—those who wear boots, and those who do not. So thoroughly is this distinction recognised, that no one claiming to be booted will ever make a public appearance barefooted, even though his boots be mere upper leathers strapped over the instep. On the other hand a barefoot will not don a pair of boots unless he sees a probability of emerging permanently from the lower classes. The prices of admission to public entertainments are regulated accordingly—so much for boots, half-price for barefoot; and no one ever dreams of saving half the cost of his pleasure by removing his boots before entering.

Parvenus are proverbially blessed with conveniently short memories. A wealthy glass-blower settled down at a midland watering-place, the 'society' of which is largely composed of retired business-men. After much debate, the new-comer was pronounced eligible, and elected a member of the Club affected by the bigwigs of the place. A few months later, one of the partners of a noted sauce-making firm purchased some property in the neighbourhood, and sought admission into the Club. He was duly proposed and seconded; but found himself excluded by one black ball; and it did not take him long to discover he owed that to the glass-blower. He forthwith waited on that worthy, and asked for an explanation. 'I think it rather hard lines,' said he, 'that you, of all people, should black-ball me.' 'My good sir,' replied the glass-blower, 'I was very sorry to do it, but I felt it was my duty. In a place like this, you see it

is necessary to draw the line somewhere, and I felt it ought to be drawn at sauce.' The visitor rose, saying: 'Thank you. I am obliged for the explanation. But allow me to point out, that whilst you are so wonderfully quick to remember who made the sauce, you seem quite to forget who made the bottles!'

THE HOSPITAL MONTE DELLA MISERICORDIA.

WE are indebted for the following very interesting particulars to a correspondent residing in Naples:

Some two hundred and seventy years ago, a number of Neapolitan gentlemen agreed to have a picnic at Posilipo, then, as it is now, one of the most beautiful and charming of the environs of Naples. Each of the party agreed to bring a cooked dish for the dinner, and everything was duly prepared for the feast. The day appointed turned out to be a downpour of rain, and thus the original object was frustrated. A happy suggestion was however made—that the viands should be distributed to a selected number of poor; and such was the gratitude evinced by the recipients, that it occurred to those who had originated the idea of utilising the unused dishes of the abandoned feast, that a yearly offering on the same day should be made in similar manner, to commemorate the event. This was carried out with great regularity and success, so much so, that it led to the formation of the Society del Monte della Misericordia; which was afterwards sanctioned and duly incorporated by the state. The main objects of the Society were to visit the sick, to relieve prisoners, to shew hospitality to strangers, to help the poor, and bury the dead. The Society pursuing this career of usefulness, conceived another idea, which was duly carried out, and stands to this present day a practical and prominent proof of the good which it has done. I allude to the Hospital de la Misericordia, in the town of Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, which I had recently the pleasure of visiting, and which, for the object it carries out and the manner in which it is worked and managed, deserves especial notice and commendation.

Ischia, long famous for its thermal springs, and within twenty miles from Naples, was wisely selected by the 'Misericordia' as a place where the poorer classes might receive the benefit from the use of the waters; and accordingly, a large Hospital was erected by the Society. The one actually now in use, a very spacious building, was built in 1778. Within its walls are seventy-seven marble baths, all in one long *salle*, and in direct connection with the hot springs of Gurgitello, the water of which is about one hundred and forty-four degrees Fahrenheit. These baths, all open, are ranged at each side of the central passage of the *salle*, somewhat like stalls in a stable. The Hospital is entered from the road by a flight of steps leading to a vestibule; and then there is a large quadrangular court, at the four sides of which are the several sleeping-wards and other rooms for the accommodation of the patients. On turning to the right after entering the court, there is a spacious door, leading to a gentle paved incline, down which patients are carried daily, in specially planned chairs, to the bath-

room. At the time I visited the Hospital, at about 9.30 A.M., all the patients, with very few exceptions, were in the bathing *salle*—the greater number of them in the baths. The *salle* is thoroughly well ventilated. I particularly noticed the tenderness and care shewn to the sufferers by the attendants, who had in many cases not only to help them into the baths, but to undress and dress them. I saw all sorts of chronic rheumatism, swollen and stiff joints; some of the patients were afflicted with paralysis, others with diseases of the bone, some with old gun-shot wounds. The good which these baths were doing was strongly marked in the expression of the faces. After remaining some time in the bathing *salle*, I visited, before going up the incline, the rooms devoted to the use of the medical attendants, who are supplied with every modern medical scientific assistance.

The bathing season only lasts from July until September; and the management at Naples first send women patients, who are treated exclusively, occupying the Hospital for about forty days; and then they leave, and are replaced by the same number of men. The patients are sent over free of all expense from Naples to Casamicciola, and back again in a special steamer. The trustees, and the trustees alone, give admission to this valuable institution, from which no foreigner is excluded so long as personal application is made in Naples, and who, after medical examination, is certified to be a proper subject for relief. I was accompanied in my visit to the Hospital by a medical gentleman, a native of Ischia, who has long practised in the island, and who introduced me to the resident doctor. He was good enough to shew me over the establishment.

The sleeping-wards are spacious and well ventilated. The beds are large, and kept scrupulously clean. At the head of each bed is a card, detailing the nature of the case treated; and it can be well understood what valuable medical statistics can be learned and compiled by studying the cases. Several wards in the upper part of the building are devoted to children; and here one has an opportunity of witnessing the ravages which scrofula makes on the poor little sufferers. It is impossible to speak too highly of the care shewn to the children by the attendants, and particularly by the Sisters of Charity who are attached to the Hospital. At the left side of the court of the quadrangle there is a general *salle* in which the patients dine; and adjoining the *salle* is a spacious kitchen. On the opposite side of the court is the chapel. The food which was being prepared was excellent; and this, combined with the general salubrity of the Ischian air and the careful administration of the baths, goes a long way in effecting cures. Over four hundred are annually sent to the Hospital from Naples.

At the other side of the road, opposite to the entrance of the Hospital, are the *étuves* or vapour-baths, which are used largely. There is a round room in which are sixteen niches, sit the patients, who enjoy the vapour, which is let in direct from the spring. There are also means for applying cold-water douches; and the mud from the springs, impregnated as it is with the main compounds of the water itself—namely, salt, soda, carbonic acid, and sulphur—is applied with much success in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and gout.

Gurgitello is the name of the spring which supplies the Hospital; but there are several other springs in the neighbourhood which have repute, such as Cappone, &c. These waters are taken internally, and being strongly alkaline and antacid, are eminently useful in cases of stomach complaints.

There are two public establishments of baths at Casamicciola, both well managed. Here may be seen daily during the season the numerous strangers who visit the island for the baths. Attached to some of the hotels (notably the *Bellevue*) are also to be found mineral baths. There is a fairly well organised steam-service between Naples and Casamicciola—two boats each way every morning and evening, the trip lasting three hours; stopping to embark and disembark passengers at the town of Ischia, and also at Procida, the adjoining island.

The sail along the coast from Cape Misena, passing Baja, Pozzuoli, and Posilipo to Naples, is replete with interest. To the east, Vesuvius always prominent; and to the south the towering Monte St Angelo, with the towns of Castellamare di Stabia, Vico, Meta, Sorrento, and the isle of Capri. The excursions inland and coastwise at Ischia are all charming. One of the most attractive is that from Casamicciola to Barano on the south side. The drive up the valley by an excellent recently constructed road puts one in mind of English woodland scenery. The lava stream of 1302 is crossed; and the volcanic crags mixed with luxuriant vegetation add much to the beauty of the scene. Then again there is the drive from Casamicciola to the town of Ischia, passing by the royal park and casinos, and the picturesquely situated modern harbour, formerly the Lake of Ischia, which was once an old crater. About a mile from the harbour is the town of Ischia itself, with its famed old castle on an isolated rock, so often made the subject of a picture by artists of repute.

IRISH LULLABY.

The following pretty lullaby is culled from a volume of Irish verse entitled *Songs of Killarney*, by Alfred Percival Graves, published by Isbister & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

I'll rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough of the willow;

To the sho-heen sho of the wind of the west and the sho hoo lo of the soft sea billow.

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful river,

Where a sho-heen whisper the white cascades, and a sho hoo lo the green flags shiver.

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother is here with you for ever.

Sho hoo lo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you,

And O, my child, what cozier nest for rosier rest could love have found you?

Sleep, baby dear,

Sleep without fear,

Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 829.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

PARSIMONIOUS PEOPLE.

It is the duty of every one to be thrifty; but it should be kept in mind there is a difference between thrift and mean parsimony. Some people who are at ease in their circumstances make themselves ridiculous by shabby attempts at saving. We once knew an old Scotch lady who, though she had a considerable sum of money left her, was parsimonious to an extraordinary extent. As she grew old she grew more miserly, until she would not allow herself milk for her tea or meat for dinner. Bent double with rheumatism in her old age, she would not pay any one to wash or clean her house, but with infinite labour accomplished these tasks for herself. She never would send for a doctor, for she pithily remarked: 'They cost a power o' siller, and did no good.' On bitter winter days we often found her shivering over a single handful of fire; a small piece of hard cheese and a cup of tea with mouldy bread, her only dinner. When she died she left about eight hundred pounds, besides various moneys in silver, copper, and bank-notes, which she had stuffed into drawers and various secret recesses. All her money went to a couple of nephews, who never paid her the least respect, and who even grudged the necessary outlay for her funeral!

An old clergyman of very mean habits got married when far advanced in life, to the great surprise of all his acquaintances, who wondered at such an act of extravagance. Upon inquiry, however, it was found that he had married entirely from motives of economy. The lady of his choice was the widow of a respectable schoolmaster, who after her husband's decease was in the habit of lending him the clothes of the defunct; so, thinking that marriage would put him in possession of the remainder of the said garments, he proposed, and was accepted! His stipend was, with glebe and other things, about two hundred pounds per annum, yet by dint of sheer niggardliness he died leaving many thousands. He made a point of picking up and taking home anything he could find—a piece of coal fallen from a passing cart,

an old lucifer-match box, pieces of stick from a neighbouring wood—anything to save outlay in his own house. He never wrote on a new sheet of paper, always using blank pages of other people's letters, and turned all envelopes outside in, so as to make them available for his own use. After his death, a drawer full of turned envelopes, gummed together in a very ingenious way, was found. On one occasion he gave a dinner, which consisted of a sheep's head minus the trotters, which were to be kept for next day's dinner.

A very wealthy gentleman of respectable family became heir to still more money from the death of a brother, also a rich man. The increase of wealth made him more wretchedly mean than formerly. He entered upon his new possessions by wearing his brother's clothes; and as his brother had been a rather meagre personage, while he himself was stout, people soon observed the spareness of his garments. He sometimes gave presents, but only from interested motives. He dined out as often as possible, that he might save buying food; and turned his back upon all benevolent schemes. Yet, strange to say, when he died he bequeathed considerable sums to certain hospitals and charities. This was probably from motives of vanity, as he had never been known in the remembrance of any one to do a really benevolent action.

There was a Thomas Pett who died in Clifford's Passage, London, in 1803. He was a native of Warwickshire. He came to London at the age of ten with one shilling in his pocket. As he had no friends or relations in the city, he was indebted to the kindness of an old woman who sold pies, for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself employment. Some time after, he was engaged as errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. Mrs Dip—the chandler's wife—being 'a lady of London mould,' could not endure his rustic manners and awkward gait; so she sent him off one bitter winter's night with the remark: 'Your master hired you in *my* absence, and I'll turn you off in *his*.' The good husband did not desert Tom however; he found him out, and sent him

as apprentice to a butcher in Southwark. For the first five years he had twenty-five pounds a year and meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expense were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to three heads—lodging, clothing, and washing. For the first he fixed on a back-room in the second-floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a stray sunbeam. Of his dress every article was second-hand. Nor was he choice in the colour or quality; sagely observing, when he was teased about his garb, that according to Solomon there was nothing new under the sun; and that as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy. Concerning washing, he said that no man deserved a clean shirt who could not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North was the duty he imposed upon soap. There was one expense however, that always weighed heavily on his mind, and often robbed him of a night's rest, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had never learned to shave himself. He used to console himself under this affliction by hoping that one day beards would become fashionable. He made a promise to himself that as soon as he had amassed a thousand pounds he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to treat himself till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then reduced his portion to half a pint once a week. If he heard of an auction anywhere near, he ran quickly and begged a catalogue, as if anxious to buy, and after he had collected a number of these he sold them for waste-paper. When he heard an accidental rumour that the bank in which his money was had failed, he shook from head to foot and took to his bed, refusing to eat until he was assured that all was right. He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or go to bed by candle-light. He loved good cheer—at the cost of another. 'Every man,' said he, 'should eat when he can; an empty sack cannot stand.' Once on a time he was prompted by the demon of extravagance to purchase a whole pint of small-beer; but after buying it, was so overcome by remorse that he locked it in his closet; then threw the key out of the window, that he might not be tempted to make too free with it.

Thus lived Thomas Pett, whose pulse for the last twenty years of his life rose and fell with the funds; who for forty-two years lived in Clare Market as journeyman butcher; who lodged for thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened up with coal or candle light or the face of a visitor; who never treated man, woman, or child to a glass of any kind of liquor; who almost never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing to a woman; who would not trust a laundress with a pocket-handkerchief; who considered all must be mad or foolish that did not pile up gold; and who tried to bargain for his coffin half an hour before he died. He left two thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or written to. The following list of his wearing-apparel, taken by a wag in the neighbourhood, runs thus; 'An old bald wig. A hat as soft as a pancake. Two

shirts that might pass for fishing-nets. A pair of stockings darned with every colour. A pair of old sandals. A bedstead. A toothless comb. A very old almanac. One old chair and wretched table. A small looking-glass. And a leathern bag with one guinea in it.'

A miser of even more penurious habits than Mr Pett was Mr Daniel Dancer, who was born in 1716, and was the eldest of four children. His father lived on Harrow Weald Common, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount, which his son Daniel, by a most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upwards of three thousand per annum. The childhood of Daniel Dancer passed without anything remarkable. It was only when he attained his majority that he began to display a 'saving knowledge' perfectly incredible. He had a sister whose disposition agreed perfectly with his own, and as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and would furnish the most melancholy and degrading instance of the infirmity and folly of human nature.

Mr Dancer's wardrobe might justly boast more colours, textures, and substances than the garments of a company of strolling players, and yet notwithstanding all his curious patching, his garments often failed to cover his skin, though he strove to keep all together by a strong hay-band round his waist. Linen was a luxury to which, in spite of his avarice, he was not wholly a stranger; for at an early period of his life he used to buy two shirts every year; but for some time before his death he never allowed himself more than one. After this shirt got into his possession, it was doomed to hang upon his back till it fell off in rags, never being either washed or mended. After his sister's death, a pair of sheets as black as soot-bags were discovered upon the beds; but these Mr Dancer would never suffer to be removed; and when they were at length worn out, they were never replaced; so that after that time he relinquished the use of linen to sleep in. He never would allow any one to make his bed; and at the time of his death, it was observed to be filled with sticks which he had stolen from different hedges. His room was not swept for many years.

Mr Dancer's ingenuity in concealing his money was most wonderful: his bank-notes were usually deposited with the spiders; they were laid among the cobwebs in the cowhouse; and his guineas were placed in holes in the chimney and about the fireplace. The house, or rather the heap of ruins in which Mr Dancer lived, and which after his death Captain Holmes succeeded to, was a miserable decayed building, dreadful in its external appearance, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in outward appearance, the ruinous fabric was rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its contents. One of his richest escritores was found to be a dunghheap in the cowhouse, from which a sum little short of two thousand five hundred pounds was disinterred; and in an old jacket, carefully tied and strongly nailed down to the manger were found, in bank-notes and gold, five hundred pounds more. Several large bowls filled with guineas, half-guineas, and quantities of silver, were discovered at different times in searching the corners of the house, and various parcels of bank-

notes stuffed into old cushions and chairs. In the stable, Captain Holmes found some jugs of silver money. The chimney was not left unsearched, and well repaid the trouble; for in nineteen different holes, all filled with soot, were found various sums of money, amounting to more than two hundred pounds. And to finish up with, six hundred pounds in bank-notes were found in an old teapot. Thus living wretchedly, and dying with not one vestige of comfort, Daniel Dancer and his miserly sister furnish to all future generations an illustration of the extreme of penuriousness.

An extraordinary character lived some twenty years ago in a small Scotch town on the Firth of Forth. His name was Joe Taylor. He occupied a miserable hovel, and wandered abroad over the country buying rags, old bones, &c., bundles of which were carried by a poor starved ass, the sole living creature belonging to him. The only food he allowed this wretched quadruped was the grass that grew at the side of the roads in their many wanderings, or a bundle of forage abstracted from some farm-place. Taylor's food consisted of whatever he could beg, borrow, or steal—a few turnips lifted from the fields, some mussels or other shell-fish laboriously gathered on the shore, broken victuals from houses of the rich, old cabbage-stalks, anything in short that would stop the cravings of a naturally healthy appetite. Living near the shore, Joe made a point of watching for wreckage of any sort, and it was a happy day for him when any floating cargo made its appearance on the beach. One day great excitement prevailed among the fisher-people. The surface of the waves was covered to a considerable distance by quantities of apples, probably part of some wreck. The inhabitants plunged into the sea, securing as many as they could, but were outdone by Joe, who with greedy eagerness managed to clutch a peck or two, which he sold next day in the town. After his death, which was hastened by a violent cold caught in an unusually long ramble, his hut was searched; and in various holes and corners money to a considerable amount was found—not less than eighty pounds in all. In a corner of the hovel, under a stone of the uneven and broken floor, were found no fewer than three dozen silver spoons, of all sorts and sizes, discoloured with damp and marked with various initials. It was thought that Joe in the course of his many years' depredations must have carried off a stray spoon every now and then, and so accumulated these, of which he never made any use, and which he was probably afraid to sell. It was quite possible that in Joe's visits to the kitchens of the neighbourhood he might have helped himself to what he saw lying about, while the cook brought her dish of broken scraps from some back-kitchen or cupboard. Hence the mystery of the spoons.

The instances of people in large towns living miserably and dying of starvation, while all the time hoards of money are hidden away in bundles of rags, under boards, &c., are frequently to be met with, and furnish sad proofs that the 'greed for money is greater than the love of life.' Examples of this kind are every little while recorded in the newspapers; and we sadly contemplate the fate of those who wilfully perish in the midst of plenty. A wise frugality is widely different from an unnatural meanness, and we do

not know anything more melancholy or degraded than the sight of old age grasping eagerly every coin in order to save, while all the while the poor attenuated body is sinking for want of needful food, clothing, and comfort.

MARGARET SEFTON'S SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER III.

As the wedding-day approached, Colonel Sefton's anxiety increased rather than diminished. The sharp cold of winter seemed to be sapping his life. He was, palpably, growing weaker day by day, and it was in vain that Margaret begged that the wedding should be postponed, so that she might nurse him. He was inexorable in his resolution to see her provided with a husband before his death should expose her to a renewal of Walter's suit. Margaret, at last, gave way to his wishes, and preparations were made for the marriage, she stipulating that there should be no honeymoon, as she would not leave him to the care of others; and to this both the Colonel and Mr Mainwaring had to agree. Owing to the failing health of the master of the house, it was decided that the event should be as quiet as possible; the only strangers who were to be present, besides myself the best-man, being two old spinster ladies at whose school Margaret had received her education, and for whom she had a great affection. The settlement was accordingly prepared for the signatures of the trustees and of the betrothed couple, and everything was in readiness for the eventful occasion.

It was a bitterly cold day at the end of November, and, late in the afternoon, I drew my chair before the fire for a good warm, before leaving for my solitary bachelor home. Lulled by the dreamy warmth, I lost myself in a reverie, in which the past was mingled with the future. 'Poor boy!' I said to myself as I thought of Walter, whom I had not seen since the night that he had met me outside his father's house. Memories of the blank in my own life stirred my heart with compassion. Was he so indifferent as he had represented himself to be? For the time, I had been deceived; but now a mournful conviction came that it was but bravado, and that he felt Margaret's desertion more poignantly than we had guessed. My fears ran in a new channel as I thought of what he had told me about his own wedding. In a moment of anger and disappointment, he might be led to throw himself away upon some worthless object, and by an ill-considered act mar the happiness of his whole after-life. Filled with these dreary reflections, I put on my overcoat, and was just about to call my head-clerk to give him directions about the morrow—when I should be absent from the office, as it was the day fixed for the wedding—when the door was pushed open and a warmly clad female figure entered the room. 'Hullo, Margaret!' I cried in a surprised tone, for it was she. 'Whatever brings you here at such a time? The Colonel is not worse, I hope?' I asked anxiously, for I began to fear that perhaps he had had another seizure of the dread disease that had laid siege to his existence.

'O no,' she replied, sitting down and unfastening her warm fur-cloak. 'I think he is a little better to-night; but he is rather anxious about the settlement, so I have called to ask you for it. Is

it ready?' There was a little nervous hesitation about her voice as she looked at me with a slightly anxious look.

It had been arranged that I should take the deed to Harlowe Crescent with me on the morning of the wedding; but knowing Colonel Sefton's morbid anxiety about the matter, I did not feel surprised that he should want to have the deed in his own possession. My co-trustee had already signed the deed, as a family bereavement had taken him abroad for a few weeks, so that he would not be able to be present at the wedding.

'Yes; here it is,' I replied, as I drew the deed from the tin box in which it was kept, and handed it to her. Her hands trembled as she took it from me and placed it on her lap, while she slowly removed her gloves.

'What a lot of writing, and how nicely it is written!' she cried, as she untied the pink tape which was fastened round it and slowly unfolded the unwieldy parchment. 'I am so nervous about to-morrow, Mr Woodroffe,' she said, after one or two attempts to read the contents of the deed. 'I want you to tell me all that I shall have to do. Must I sign my name where Mr Jamieson has signed his?'

'No,' I replied, as I pointed out the two seals intended for her and Mr Mainwaring, and shewed her where they would have to sign their names. 'You can sign it now, if you like,' I said, thinking that perhaps it might relieve her anxiety about the morrow.

She accepted my offer with avidity, and I accordingly called in one of the clerks as a witness. As soon as she had signed her name, I, as the remaining one of the two trustees, signed mine.

'There!' I cried, while the old clerk was attesting our signatures; 'there is only one more now to sign, and that is Mr Mainwaring; and as you now know all the formalities to be observed in executing a deed, you might get him to sign it to-night; so that there will be nothing to do to it to-morrow. I will mark the place with a lead pencil where he is to write his name, and any of the servants who can write will do as a witness.' I pencilled his name carefully on the deed—'Owen' one side of the seal, and 'Mainwaring' the other.

Margaret watched me closely. 'How strange it all is!' she remarked as I laid down the pencil and refolded the stiff parchment. 'I suppose you have to be very careful in preparing these deeds?' she continued musingly. And then, as if struck with a sudden thought: 'What do you do if there should happen to be a mistake in the writing?' she asked. 'Does it spoil the deed?'

Old men like talking and explaining, and more especially when the auditor is a pleasant, intelligent young lady; so I at once entered into a learned explanation of deeds and documents of like importance. She listened to me very patiently for some time; but at last finding that her particular question had not been replied to, she abruptly checked my learned dissertation.

'Yes, yes!' she said somewhat sharply; 'but I asked you what you did when there was a mistake in the writing that it was *absolutely* necessary to alter.'

'Well,' I replied, 'if the alteration is an important part of the deed, we make those who have to

sign the deed, and the witnesses, write their initials by the side of the alteration, to shew that it was done before, or at the same time that the deed was executed.' To illustrate my explanation, I shewed her a deed where a name had been written wrongly, and had been altered in the way I had described to her.

She seemed satisfied with my explanation, and placing the settlement in a small bag that she had brought with her, she rose from her seat, and stood silently putting on her gloves. Her cheeks flushed once or twice, and the lips half parted as if she were about to speak. I was in hopes that she was about to confide in me; but my expectations were disappointed, although I fancied that she suppressed a sigh as she took my hand at parting, and asked me to be at Harlowe Crescent on the morrow as early as possible, as she was afraid of the effects of the excitement of the day upon the Colonel, if left too much to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

The wedding morn rose cloudy and overcast with a biting easterly wind, that chilled one through and through with cruel blighting force; but about nine o'clock the wind veered round to the south, and the heavy gray snow-laden clouds rolled their threatening darkness from the sky's bright face, and unveiled the sun's generous warmth, thawing the stony hardness of the frost-bound earth. A troublesome client who had followed me to my private residence detained me for some little time, so that I was about half an hour later than I had promised to be when I drove up to the house in Harlowe Crescent.

As soon as I entered, I saw by the scared look of the old butler who opened the door to me that something was the matter. 'Oh, Mr Woodroffe! Such a dreadful thing!' And he shook his head and groaned dismally as he assisted me in taking off my overcoat.

'What is the matter, William?' I asked in an alarmed tone. 'Is your master ill?'

'No, sir,' he signed in reply. 'Worse—worse! My poor dear young mistress!'

'What about her? Tell me, man, quick!' I cried, as, impatient with his slowness, I grasped his arm roughly.

'Gone, sir, gone!' And tears stood in the faithful fellow's eyes, for he had known and loved his mistress from her earliest childhood, when first she had helped to fill the dull old house with brightness.

With difficulty, I managed to extract from him the information that on the arrival of the old ladies who had been Margaret's governesses, they had gone to seek her in her room, but, to their astonishment, had found it deserted. The house had been searched all over for the missing bride-elect, but without a trace of her being found.

I hurried past the old man, and opened the dining-room door. The table was laid for the breakfast, that now in all probability would not be needed; but no one was there; so I rapidly made my way to the drawing-room, where I found the whole household assembled in a terrible state of confusion. The two old ladies and the Colonel, dressed in their wedding finery, were cross-questioning Margaret's maid about her mistress; but the girl either knew nothing, or if she did, would

not say anything to throw a light on the mystery. From her calm self-possession and the deliberate answers that she made, I felt convinced that she knew more of the matter than she was telling us.

It was hard to find out what had really happened, for as soon as I appeared upon the scene, every one commenced talking at once in a state of the greatest excitement. The poor old Colonel alone was silent. He seemed dazed, and too much overcome by his grief to be of any use. He moaned feebly when I spoke to him, and wrung his hands with a piteous helpless movement as he listened to the confused stories and wild conjectures the others were pouring into my tortured ears. One thing, however, was very plain, and that was, that Margaret was not to be found in the house. Upon inquiry, I found that she had not been seen since just after her early breakfast, when she went for her usual morning visit to Colonel Sefton's room, as he never got up till after that meal.

Kneeling beside the bed, she had taken his shaking hand in hers, and raising it gently, had placed it on her head. 'Bless me, dearest father,' she had said in a strangely moved voice. 'You have been father and mother to me, and I dare not do what I have to do to-day without your sanction and blessing.'

'Why—sanction, my girl! you know you have it,' he had replied; but she, with earnest persistency, had made him repeat the word as, with uplifted hand and holy reverence, he blessed his beloved adopted daughter, and solemnly committed her to the all-protecting care of the one great Universal Father. Greatly agitated, she had risen from her knees, and throwing her arms round the old man's neck, had passionately kissed him, and, in tearful silence, left the room.

According to the maid's statement, her mistress had told her that she preferred dressing herself, and would ring for her when she needed her assistance to put the final touches to her toilet.

Miss Percival and her sister had arrived about half-past ten, and notwithstanding that Margaret's maid threw every obstacle in their way, had, with the tenacious fussiness of age, forced their way up-stairs, claiming as a right the privilege of entering the chamber of the motherless bride, who owed so much to their careful training. The girl sulkily threw open the door for them; but it was too late—the cage was there, but the bird had flown.

By my advice, a messenger was at once despatched to the church, to break the news to the expectant bridegroom of his bride's disappearance, and to seek his assistance in solving the mystery. Uneasy as I felt at Margaret's flight, yet I could not suppress a feeling of exultation at the thought of his disappointment. I was in hopes that she had repented at the eleventh hour, and in a moment of despair, had fled from the house, and taken refuge with some friend, from whom doubtless we should soon hear as to her safety; nevertheless, I could not help feeling rather piqued that I was not the friend to whom she had flown. The church where the ceremony was to have taken place was not very far from Harlowe Crescent, yet the few minutes that William was gone seemed almost a lifetime to our excited and impatient minds. He quickly returned, but with such a

scared look of consternation on his benevolent face, that we, at once, felt sure that he was the bearer of ill news. In short gasps, for he was out of breath with running, he told us that he had been to the church; but no bridegroom was there; nor had he been seen that morning by the astonished clergyman and sexton, who had been waiting for the bridal party since eleven o'clock. Mr Mainwaring's apartments were within a few minutes' walk of the church, and William had gone there before returning to us, in the hope of finding some clue to the fast-deepening mystery; but without success, for, in answer to his inquiries, he was told that Mr Mainwaring had left the house at eleven o'clock dressed in his wedding clothes, and with a flower in his button-hole. He had driven off in a cab with two strangers, who had called a few minutes before, and had been asked by the landlady into her lodger's sitting-room, where they waited until he came to them from his dressing-room. The three had got into the cab together, and seemed very friendly. She had not heard any directions given to the driver as to the place to which he was to drive them, but had supposed, as a matter of course, that the church was their destination. With the loquacity of her class she had volunteered the information that the bridegroom had looked very pale; but—to quote her words as reported by William—in her opinion that was nothing. It did credit to his feelings, poor dear man; for it was only proper that a man should be a bit overcome and nervous on his wedding-day.

Instead of clearing, the mystery was thickening. What did it mean? The clergyman was waiting; the church was ready, and so were the guests; but the bride had flown, and the bridegroom disappeared. It was like trying to play *Hamlet* with the characters of the mad Dane and his ill-fated sweetheart omitted!

But now another element was about to be added to our surprise. The fat cook bustled into the room bursting with information. From the torrent of words with which she deluged us, we made out that the butcher's young man, with whom she 'kept company,' had just called on his morning round, and in the course of conversation had told her that about ten o'clock that morning he had seen Miss Sefton, dressed in a long ulster cloak and a hat with a thick veil, walking hurriedly along Langton Street, and that at the corner she had been met by a tall young gentleman with a brown curly beard, who had placed her arm in his, and walked away with her in an opposite direction to Harlowe Crescent. He knew that it was Miss Sefton whom he had seen, for as she passed his master's shop, she had raised her veil to read a letter which she was holding in her hand, and he thus had had a good view of her face.

I felt now that it was getting serious. I began to be more alarmed. My fears deepened, for this last account looked strangely like an elopement; and it was with difficulty that I could control myself sufficiently to soothe the apprehensions of the crushed and heart-broken old man, thus doubly bereaved of his children. Hurrying down-stairs, I hastily summoned a cab, and drove at once to the house of a sharp and trustworthy detective to whom I was well known. Fortunately I found him in. I rapidly put him in possession of all the facts of the case, and anxiously awaited his opinion. 'Well, sir,' he replied thoughtfully, after I had

finished my tale, 'this certainly is a queer affair. I don't know anything about the young lady; but wherever she is, she will be better off than as the wife of Mr Owen Mainwaring, as you call him. He's safe enough, for we nabbed him this morning a few minutes before eleven, just as he was going to start for the church.'

'Nabbed him!' I cried, astonished and incredulous. 'Nabbed Mr Mainwaring? Surely you mistake.'

'Not at all,' he replied dryly. 'We are not often caught tripping. For some weeks past we have been on the look-out for Mr Owen Mainwaring, alias Brooke, alias Dundas, alias 'Foxy Bill,' and alias a dozen other names, who has long been wanted for forgery, coining, and a few other genteel employments. We had our suspicions of this gentleman, and have been watching him for the last month; but we did not know that he was the one we wanted until last night, when the mother of some wretched girl he had ill-used, hearing that he was about to be married to an heiress, revenged her child's spoilt life and early grave by betraying him to us; and we nabbed him just in time to stop him from doing any more mischief.'

The detective's story at once recalled to my remembrance the afternoon when Colonel Sefton had first told me of Margaret's engagement and approaching marriage; and how he and Mr Mainwaring had been followed by Thomson in the cab that had been intended for me. I was rather surprised at the time, but had set it down to some mistake, as detectives are not infallible. I had therefore said nothing about it, and until now it had escaped my memory. I also remembered the hollow-eyed, delicate girl I had seen crouched on the step of the Colonel's house on the night of my introduction to the scoundrel who had so craftily ingratiated himself with poor Walter's father, and who, I doubted not, was the poor victim who had thus, by the irony of fate, become the means of her destroyer's destruction. The man's object now was plain in not objecting to Margaret's fortune being settled on herself. It would thus have been protected from his numerous creditors; and doubtless he had intended to live on its proceeds—or as much thereof as he could have extorted from us by means of his wife—in some happy continental country where extradition treaties are unknown. I afterwards learned that the earlier years of his manhood had been devoted to mining, till a long course of failures had driven him to seek new pastures for his villainies nearer the great metropolis. Well indeed had the prophetic cards proclaimed him knave of spades, as many a poor widow and orphan child had learned to their bitter cost!

Starting the detective in search of our poor Margaret, I hurried back to the Crescent, my heart filled with conflicting feelings—deep gratitude to a merciful Providence for thus rescuing her from the degradation of an ill-fated marriage with a criminal, and anxious forebodings; for I knew not what fatal or irrevocable step the unhappy girl might have taken. 'Heaven help us!' I murmured fervently, as I placed my reluctant fingers on the bell-handle, for I dreaded the open door and the ill news that might be in store for me. Remorse and reproach lent a leaden weight to my heart. I had presumed too hastily in believing that Margaret was a willing

bride. I should have made stronger efforts to have gained her confidence. My old eyes grew dim, and I felt very aged and weak as my hand rested on the bell-handle I was afraid to pull; and I thought of my silent vow, when news was brought to me—years ago—now—that she my soul had loved was no more, that I would be as a father to her orphaned girl. O Mary! can I meet thee again and say I have been faithful to my trust? When thou shalt ask me for thy little one, what answer shall I give thee? The sun may shine again, but dark and dreary is the chill interval while the passing storm-cloud veils his brightness. Passing! Yes; there lies our comfort. Passing—it cannot last for ever. Hope still finds a refuge in Pandora's box. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

CONCLUSION.

I had just rung the bell, when a hansom suddenly dashed up to the house. Some one threw back the doors with a noisy bang and sprang out, with a light step, on to the pavement. I turned round with a nervous start, for I dreaded the advent of fresh sorrows, and to my joyful astonishment recognised Walter.

'O Watty!' I cried, 'I am so thankful to see you. We are in such trouble. Margaret'—The words were arrested on my lips with glad surprise, for he was deliberately assisting the dear lost girl to alight.

'My father first,' she exclaimed in a kindly tone, as I went to take her in my arms; and walking quickly past me, she entered the house, for William had just opened the door in response to my ring.

Walter hurried after her, anxiety stamped on his face; and William and I, too much astonished to speak, followed them up-stairs to the drawing-room. There was a general burst of exclamations as we made our appearance. Walter linked Margaret's arm tenderly in his and led her to his father. There was a wistful yearning look in his bright blue eyes, and his honest manly face grew pale with emotion, that to my partial eyes imparted to it an added beauty. 'Father!' he cried in low earnest tones, as they stood before the old man—'forgive her. I alone am to blame.'

There was a pause; and my heart beat in rapid throbs with the anxious feelings which almost overpowered me. Colonel Sefton half-rose from his seat and made one or two efforts to speak. Pride and offended dignity may have been struggling for the mastery, but love proved stronger than either. He turned to Margaret and held out his arms. Not a word was spoken; but with a glad cry she threw herself into his loving embrace, and nestled her soft cheeks against the old warrior's weather-worn face.

Walter stood silently watching this scene. At last he spoke. 'Father!' he said, with a subdued pathos, 'have you no word to say to me?'

Afraid to trust himself to speak or to look at the bright young face looking so pleadingly at him, the proud old man turned his head aside and put out his hand, as if motioning him away.

Margaret saw the repelling movement and averted looks. Hastily rising to her feet, she

stood by Walter, and placed her two hands on his arm. 'Then you can have nothing to say to me,' she said, and her clear young voice spoke the words with firm decision as she drew herself up to her full height with stately dignity.

Colonel Sefton started at the sound of her voice. 'Come back, Margaret!' he cried in angry tones. 'What right have you to leave me, without my consent?'

'The right of a wife to stand by her husband, whatever may befall him!' The brave words rang out; and her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes flashed and then filled with tears as she drew herself still closer to her husband's side.

'Wife!—Husband!' gasped the old man, as if he scarcely could take in the meaning of the words. 'Then you are married!' The words came suddenly, as if he had only just comprehended what had occurred, and then he threw himself back in his chair, and with a groan buried his face in his hands.

I thought that now the time had arrived for me to speak. In a few short telling sentences, I related the result of my visit to the detective, and did not fail to make good capital out of the merciful escape which Margaret had had from being linked for life to a felon.

Colonel Sefton kept his face covered with his hands, nearly the whole of the time that I was speaking, only shewing by an occasional groan that he heard what I was saying. The father's heart was yearning towards his boy, and the hard pride which had caused the estrangement between them was fast melting. As I finished my tale, the ice disappeared, and once again the stream of affection was set flowing. He held out his hand, trembling with the feebleness of age, and with loving force it was grasped by the strong hand of youth, as with tears glistening in his eyes, the long pent-up feelings of the young generous impulsive nature burst forth, and the unhappy past was bridged over, and father and son again were one.

I turned hastily from the scene, and pretended to look out of the window, for my work was done; but I could not see anything, for a dewy mist came before my eyes and obscured my sight. At last the ill-omened word 'money' struck upon my ears. As that had been the first cause of the quarrel between Walter and his father, I began to fear a fresh unpleasantness, and that I had been premature in thinking my work completed.

'Don't trouble, father,' Walter was saying. 'Margaret's money is all settled on herself. I cannot touch a farthing of it.' As he spoke, he drew from the pocket of his overcoat the deed of settlement that I had given to Margaret the preceding afternoon.

I hastily seized and opening the deed looked at the place where I had marked 'Owen Mainwaring' in pencil. The pencil-marks were obliterated; but in their place was written, in the bold dashing characters that I knew so well, 'Walter Sefton.' It was properly signed, and duly witnessed by no fewer than three witnesses.

'Am I not a good pupil, Mr Woodroffe?' laughingly asked Margaret as she pointed to the different places in the deed where the names of Owen Mainwaring occurred. I was obliged to confess that she had indeed been an apt pupil. The obnoxious names had been neatly ruled

through, and over each place the more welcome ones, 'Walter Sefton,' had been written in Margaret's fine Italian hand. Following my instructions, each alteration had been written by the side of it the initials of Walter and Margaret as well as those of the three witnesses.

I could not help laughing at Margaret's ingenuity in pumping me for information, and duping me out of the deed; for the Colonel had not sent for it, as I had imagined from what she had said to me, although with womanly sophistry she denied having told a fib, as she had only told me that the Colonel was anxious about the deed—which was the truth—and not that he had sent her to me for it. Walter had declared that he would not be married without her fortune being secured to his wife; and after much cogitation and many schemes for carrying out the project, it had struck Margaret that the deed which had been prepared for her marriage with the wretched man the Colonel had chosen for her, might, with a little alteration, be made to do just as well for her and Walter. The difficulty, however, was to obtain possession of it, and with this view, she had called at my office, as already related, when her efforts had proved more successful than she had anticipated.

They had been afraid to trust me with their secret, lest I should have warned the Colonel about it, or advised them against running counter to his wishes. They needed not to have been so distrustful; for if Margaret had confided her troubles to me, I would have done all in my power to have saved her from a distasteful marriage. Yet I did not feel quite sure that I was free from blame in the matter, as I could not hide from myself the fact that Margaret's repugnance to the match had been shewn rather plainly on the night of my visit to Harlowe Crescent; but as she had made no complaint to me—and she had had several opportunities at different times for doing so—I had thought that she had at last grown reconciled to her fate; and that as Walter seemed quite quiet about the matter, it would be better that I should let matters take their course, than, by an ill-timed interference, again wake discord.

I had long passed the days of youth, and was in the sere and yellow leaf, when riches begin to lose their charm. A successful life had enabled me to amass a large fortune; and as I always had intended that Walter and Margaret should share it when the green grass waved over my head, it was no self-denial for me to give to my godson Walter as a wedding gift that which made his fortune equal to his bride's. It still left more than enough for the comfort of an old bachelor during the few years that he will have to walk this earthly pilgrimage.

My determination relieved Colonel Sefton from the nightmare of pride which had been caused by his dread of its being thought that he had secured Margaret and her wealth for his son; and although he protested against it, yet I saw that he could not quite conceal his pleasure at this happy ending of his difficulties. I maintained my right to do as I pleased with my own; and his protestations were abruptly brought to a close by William, who with praiseworthy zeal for our creature comforts, threw open the door, and in a loud voice proclaimed that the *déjeûner* was served. His announcement

created a pleasant diversion; and the bride and bridegroom leading the way, I offered my arm to Miss Bridget Percival, and the Colonel followed with the elder lady. And thus we gathered round the table, a subdued happiness filling our hearts as, with brimming glasses, we pledged the happy pair, and sought to forget the past in the brightness of the future; for the king of hearts had indeed trumped the knave of spades. Hearts had won, and Margaret had scored the honours.

'Ah, Walter, you artful dog!' I exclaimed as the blushing bride was cutting the cake, 'I now know what you meant when, on the night that I told you of Margaret's engagement, you informed me that you were going to be married, and would guarantee that your choice would meet with my warmest approbation.'

Owen Mainwaring, alias Brooke, alias Dundas, alias 'Foxy Bill,' was tried and convicted for forgery—the other charges not being pressed, and a heavy sentence pronounced against him. His crafty and scheming spirit, however, could not rest quiet in durance, and he planned a desperate escape, in which he was nearly successful; but a bullet from a warder's gun, as he was disappearing in the thick fog which enveloped the prison on the night of his attempt, closed his mortal career, and sent him, without a moment of warning, before the great Judge from whose dread verdict there is no appeal.

Colonel Sefton has long been gathered to his fathers; and I must soon shuffle off this mortal coil and join the ranks of the Eternal; but I am content to go, for Margaret is the cherished mistress of a fond and happy home; and secure in her husband's love, she can spare the poor old bachelor, whose life's romance no one, but himself and Margaret's sainted mother, ever knew.

ORATORIO MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCES.

No form of music so soon takes deep hold of the contemplative mind as that which is applied to Scriptural topics. Inspired writing, when presented to us in musical allegory, impresses the mind with greatly increased force, as any one will admit who has listened to Handel's magnificent choruses in the *Messiah*, or to the lovely melodies or recitatives by which the leading incidents in Christ's advent are told in that remarkable composition. Were we to inquire into the history of the oratorio, we should find it of comparatively recent date, although Old Testament writings leave no doubt that music on some well-devised system was the great medium for worshipping the Creator in the earliest times. In listening to sacred music well performed, men and women for the time forget the troubles of every-day life. The pleasant excitement caused by thrilling harmony is designed to have this effect, and any reader may be asked if he has not experienced such feelings during the performance of grand choral works? Does not an auditor, during the progress of the music, leave mundane things behind, and feel something like a foretaste of the employment of good men in a future and better world than this?

It is an undoubted fact that the salutary impressions produced by good oratorio music tend to the well-being of society, and ought to be encouraged. A modern example of such music

may be preceded by a brief allusion to what took place when Haydn the author of the *Creation* was about to take his leave of this world. Haydn had reached his seventy-eighth year when it was determined that his oratorio should be performed once more at Vienna, near which city he resided in a snug little villa. 'A hundred and sixty musicians met for the purpose. The audience numbered more than fifteen hundred people, filling the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, in which the concert was held. The poor old man insisted, notwithstanding his weakness, upon once more seeing that public assembled for whom he had laboured so much. He was conveyed in his arm-chair into the magnificent saloon, where every heart was affected. The Princess Esterhazy, and Madame de Kurtzbech, the friend of Haydn, met him. The flourishes of the orchestra and still more the agitation of the spectators, announced his arrival. He was placed in the middle of three rows of seats, occupied by his friends and the principal persons in Vienna. Before the music began, Salieri the director of the orchestra came to receive Haydn's orders. They embraced. Salieri then hastened to his place, and amidst the general emotion of the assembly the orchestra commenced. The effect produced by the sacred music, added to the sight of its great composer on the point of quitting this world, may be conceived. Surrounded by the nobility of Vienna and by his friends, by artists, and by lovely women, whose eyes were all fixed on him, listening to the praises of God which he himself had imagined, Haydn bade a glorious adieu to the world and to life. So much glory and love frequently caused him to weep, and he found himself much exhausted at the conclusion of the first act. His chair was then brought in; and as he was about to leave the concert-room, ordering those who carried him to stop, he first bowed to the public; and then turning to the orchestra with real German feeling, he raised his hands to heaven, and with tears in his eyes blessed the former companions of his labours.'

In this brief reminiscence of Haydn we see how he was loved, and how his inspired composition was the centre of that love, sending out its rays in every direction; sometimes in vocal beauties, and at other times in grand instrumental representations of creative wisdom. Who has not experienced the thrilling effect of the well-declined recitative, 'And God created man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,' followed by the unsurpassed melody, 'In native worth;' and further where the descriptive sentence seems prolonged, to listen to the musical emphasis, 'To Heaven erect and tall—he stands—a man—the Lord—and king of Nature all.' How sweetly also, vocal and instrumental music blend in the description of man's higher intellectual faculties, thus, 'And in his eyes with brightness shines, The soul—the breath and image of his God.' And then the grandeur of this individual creation is acknowledged in the magnificent chorus, 'Achieved is the glorious work.'

While, therefore, the veneration which all lovers of music feel for Haydn is as fervent now as it was at the time to which we have alluded, and about which people read as though it was an event never to be repeated; it is most pleasing to know that England has a living composer, whose most

recent work evoked an ovation akin to that which Haydn experienced. There are many talented composers of secular music in the kingdom; but we are simply alluding to oratorio music, and England may be proud of the man who produced the oratorio *Joseph*, first performed at the Leeds Musical Festival in September 1877. The soul-stirring grandeur of the composition, and the completeness with which it was rendered, must increase the conviction that the United Kingdom holds its own in point of musical composition. Professor Macfarren, the author of the oratorio, holds the distinguished position of head of the Royal Academy of Music. The Professor composed the oratorio at the request of the Festival Committee; and in submitting the work to the immense representative audience then gathered, the music went direct to the hearts of the people. From beginning to end there was breathless attention; music and words alike commanded the deepest sympathy. That undercurrent of conversation which so often mars the enjoyment of music, was entirely absent. Old and young both listened with appreciation. Many eyes were brought to tears of enjoyment, and many cheeks quivered with that excitement which music alone can call up.

It is not intended here to give a detailed description of the oratorio, but just to indicate the success of the first performance. The Biblical narrative of *Joseph* is full of incidents susceptible of fine emotional music; and Dr E. J. Monk of York Minster, who arranged the text, knew well the highly sensitive mind and heart of the composer—his brother-in-law. The first part of the oratorio is laid in Canaan, and the second in Egypt. The chief characters are Jacob, Reuben, Joseph, Benjamin, and Pharaoh. Then there is a semi-chorus of the Nine Brethren, and choruses of Shepherds, Ishmaelites, Egyptians, and Wise Men. The orchestration is more elaborate and effective than can be found in almost any previous work whether sacred or secular. In its general effect the music is pastoral, reminding one of the tent-life of the Patriarchs. The choruses are all grand and highly descriptive, whether they are sung by Shepherds, Ishmaelites, or Egyptians, and they are all associated with characteristic instrumental music suggestive of antiquity. As an instance of fine melody we may mention Jacob's opening song, 'I dwell in the land wherein my father was a stranger; By faith he sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, &c. More inspiring melody can scarcely be imagined. And then the melody becomes a duet, or dialogue between Jacob and Joseph. Jacob rejoicing in his song, declares that he loves Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, hence he had made him a coat of many colours. Joseph responds, rejoicing in such loving favour. These are the first vocal numbers of the oratorio, and they bespeak for the whole work an interest which does not flag in a single note. Chorus, song, and dialogue follow for a couple of hours with unabated interest, and that interest is bound up with delightful instrumentation. At times it is bold and martial; at other times soft and diffusive.

Many novel effects are of course imported into Ishmaelitic and Egyptian music by the aid of instruments which are not found in common use. The harp too is employed with remarkable effect, and chiefly in the melodies. At the close

of the oratorio the audience gave way to their pent-up feelings of admiration in an ovation, which increased as the Professor was led to the front of the orchestra by his brother, Mr Walter Macfarren, who conducted the performance. The Professor, it will be remembered, is blind; and the scene which now presented itself was one that can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of participating therein. The audience included men eminent in science and art; and as the fair sex graced the palace when Haydn bade adieu to the world, so did it constitute nearly half the audience in the magnificent town-hall at Leeds, and share in the emotion of the hour. They saw before them the composer of a work which appealed to their sympathies and evoked the highest feelings of their nature—a work rendered as nearly as possible perfect, by the artists engaged in its delivery, and notably by the exquisite voices of Santley and Foli.

An elevating tendency is thus the mission of oratorio music, and as such is a species of public recreation which it would be well to promote.

WILD SPORT IN PATAGONIA.

AMONG the many curious types of semi-civilised man to be found on the continent of South America, not the least remarkable is the ostrich-hunter, who roams over the territory extending between the fortieth and fifty-third degree of south latitude, between the Cordilleras and the sea. Let the reader picture to himself a perfectly desolate region, shut in by the forbidding Patagonian coast; a long line of black rugged rocks, where Magellan and his brave followers landed in 1520, and Drake some sixty years later; a desert extending for about seven hundred miles, with an area of twice the extent of that of Great Britain, consisting only of immense arid plains, with here and there a glittering salt lake, and broken occasionally by deep ravines or cañons, with their scanty patches of alluvial soil. For thirty or forty miles at a stretch nothing is to be seen but this sombre landscape; a few straggling stunted bushes being the only shelter from the fierce winds which sweep continually over these apparently boundless wastes.

'Nature must have made Patagonia last of all her works; and the horn of Plenty from which an abundance of rich gifts had been poured over the rest of the world, was well nigh exhausted when that country's turn to be endowed came round.' So says a writer who has lately visited it. And yet this same writer, Mr Beerbohm, confesses to having experienced that strange fascination which is cast by this singular region over all who care for a time to intermingle with its necessarily sparse population. Here are to be found at certain spots encampments of the Tehuelche Indians, who, notwithstanding their decided physical and intellectual superiority over the greater part of their race, have been gradually driven southwards by the more warlike tribes; and here too, joyfully casting aside the fetters of civilisation, and facing a life of hardship and privation, dwells the ostrich-hunter. The man who adopts this peculiar vocation may be very frequently an Argentine guacho with a dash of Indian blood in his veins; but just as often he is a being of European nationality, whom accident has trans-

ferred to these regions, and who has adopted the life with as much enthusiasm as one 'to the manner born.' The whole equipment for the profession consists in a few horses and dogs, a lasso, a pair of bolas—the use of which we shall presently describe—a hunting-knife and steel, the riding accoutrements (which serve for a bed), and the indispensable capa or robe of guanaco fur. Without this latter it would be impossible to brave the biting winds and hail-storms, or to ward off the pitiless rain, which will pour down at certain seasons for days together without intermission. The dress of the ostrich-hunter consists of a shirt, a jacket, a chiripá or kind of kilt, fastened by a broad leather belt, in which he sticks his knife, revolver, pipe and tobacco-pouch; and a pair of potro boots, made in simple fashion from the skin of the leg of the horse taken off whole, softened patiently by hand, and adapted by wear to the shape of the foot. Most of his requirements are furnished to him by the guanaco—a species of alpaca—with the hide of which he makes his lasso, reins, bolas, and shoes, the flesh being also his main food. His other necessities, prominent amongst which are his tobacco and his maté or tea, he obtains by selling his ostrich feathers at Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan.

It is usual for two or three hunters to join company, to assist each other in their difficulties and dangers; to cheer the nights by the camp-fire, or the days of forced inaction by story or song; for the hunter is an easy-going vagabond, free alike from regrets for the past or cares for the morrow, who bears with philosophical indifference whatever fate may have in store for him.

There are two kinds of ostrich in Patagonia—the Avestruz moro (*Rhea Americana*), which is found in the north, near the Rio Negro; and the *Rhea Darwinii*, a smaller bird, that frequents the southern plains. Neither is equal in value to the African ostrich; the feathers, which are gray in the Avestruz moro, and brown and white in the *Rhea Darwinii*, being sold at the low price of from one to two dollars per pound. The latter bird is extremely shy, possessing very acute powers of vision, and requiring an exceedingly swift dog to bring it down.

When closely pressed, the ostrich will double like the hare; and thus often escapes the hounds, which are unable to stop suddenly in their impetuous course. Should the hunter be near enough to do so with effect, he swings his bolas two or three times round his head, and flinging them at the bird, brings it to the ground. These bolas—round stones or pieces of lead sewn up in the hide of the guanaco, and united by thongs of leather—are used with the greatest precision by one who is accustomed to them; a skilful man will throw them, for instance, at a refractory colt at full gallop, and pinion his hind-legs without doing him the least damage. But as it is immensely difficult to gain this art, which requires great confidence and nerve, the novice will frequently find himself throwing the bolas in precisely the opposite direction from that intended.

The Patagonian ostrich makes its nest by scooping a hole in the ground under the shelter of a bush, and placing in it a few wisps of grass to make it soft for the chicks. From ten to forty eggs may be found in a nest, twenty being, however, the usual number; and it is the male bird that takes

upon itself the duty of hatching the eggs and looking after the young. Contrary to received opinions, he is a most exemplary parent; and during rainy weather will patiently sit upon the nest for many days at a stretch; and although in fine weather he will graze for an hour or two in the evening, he will never wander to any distance, for fear of the foxes, which are always prowling about. It is said, however, that should one egg be broken or taken away, the bird will immediately miss it, and becoming furious, will dash the remaining ones to pieces.

After the hatching period, the ostrich will lay anywhere about the plains; and these eggs, which the natives call 'henatchos,' will keep good for as long a period as six months, and are consequently very valuable to the hunter, when his other provisions become exhausted.

The yerba maté, the leaf of the *Ilex Paraguensis*, dried and reduced to powder, is in fact the tea of South America; and from its power of resisting damp and exposure, as well as from its stimulating and refreshing properties, is exceedingly valuable to the traveller. But indeed the maté bowl is perpetually in demand at all seasons and with every class of people in South America, while yerba forms an important article of export from Paraguay. At Sandy Point the ostrich-hunter, as we have already stated, sells his feathers and obtains his supply of maté, tobacco, rice, and biscuit; and as his visits to that distant spot are few and far between, it often happens that he is denied even these. On such occasions, although the amount of meat which he consumes is something astounding, he is nevertheless tormented with an almost insatiable hunger, and his strength diminishes perceptibly; indeed, but for the ostrich eggs, of which, notwithstanding their indigestible character, he contrives to eat an immense number, the Pampas-hunter would be reduced to terrible straits.

The flesh of the ostrich, of which the best bits are the gizzard and the wings, is said to be not unlike that of the turkey, and some of the hunters having attained to no slight skill in Pampas cookery, serve it up in various ways. The menu is varied by a fat guanaco, or by a puma when in season, as well as by the small armadillo and several kinds of birds. The armadillo is considered quite a delicacy, and the puma is also much prized. This animal is the enemy of the ostrich and guanaco, being able to kill one of the latter, even when full grown, by a single blow of its paw.

It is, however, very cowardly, and will scarcely defend itself when attacked by man. If taken young the puma can be easily tamed, and makes a playful good-tempered pet, becoming much attached to its master and extremely fond of notice and caresses.

Guanacos are generally found in herds of from one to two hundred, although occasionally an old male may be found roaming alone. They inhabit Patagonia in immense numbers, and are fond of wading or standing in the salt lakes. The head of the animal resembles that of a camel, while the body is somewhat like the deer; the wool of a reddish yellow mixed with white. These creatures always post sentinels at some distance from their main body, which give warning of the approach of danger by a shrill cry not unlike the neighing of

a horse. It is from the skins of the young ones, when not more than three weeks old, that the Indian women form the capa, sewing them together very cleverly with their rude bone needles, and using guanaco sinews instead of thread. The dowry of a Tehuelche maiden consists very frequently of three or four new guanaco mantles; while the price, paid for her by her lover will probably be six or eight mares, with the addition of some sugar and biscuit, or anything he may be able to obtain; and it is from amongst these people that the Patagonian hunter, if he goes in for such a luxury, will in most cases select his bride. If, however, matrimony does not prove agreeable to him, he will without ceremony return the recalcitrant fair one to her father's tent; and indeed, as a rule the hunter prefers to lead his wild life without being bound by ties of any kind.

He is, as has been seen, an exceptional character, his distinguishing traits being a love of liberty and an aversion to everything conventional. From the Indians he has learned the art of taming wild horses, some men being wonderful adepts in this line. Bravery, watchfulness, endurance, and sharpness of vision are the special qualifications for success, and in none of these is he found to fail; and so fascinating is the mode of life which the Pampas-hunter has adopted, that he scarcely ever exchanges it for any other. Indeed, it would seem impossible to him, after having tasted the delights of unbridled freedom and intimate communion with nature, to ever again resign himself to what he considers the annoying shackles of civilised existence.

THE OUBLIETTE.

PART II.—THE SECRETS OF PLESSIS LES TOURS.

LIFE has gone hardly with the Marquis of Clair-marais since we beheld him last. Before leaving Plessis les Tours, Louis had seen with his own eyes his 'instructions' carried out; and in one of the dungeons of which Claude had until then only heard, he had leisure to learn at what cost one braves the whims of an autocratic king.

What, compared with his now dreadful abode, was imprisonment in the comparatively pleasant gateway tower—with dainty food, space, and air, the sound of human voices, the society of Léonie? Let us look at the unfortunate Marquis as he sits in his dreary abode many months later. It is a vaulted cell, close to and below the moat. The massive stone walls are green and slimy with damp. Slimy also are the creatures that crawl over them. As to furniture, there is a ponderous oaken table, fixed to the floor; a rough block of stone for a seat; and a bench, also of stone, jutting out from the wall and covered with a straw palliase, dirty and foul in odour. From the roof, suspended by strong chains, hangs an iron lamp. Upon the table are a pitcher of water and a lump of black bread partly eaten. The only light and air that enter this wretched place come from a narrow embrasure high up in the wall, so high, that even by standing upon his couch, Claude fails to reach it with the tip of his finger.

Twelve months of this existence have wrought

a woful change in our once gay Marquis. The king's discipline has done its work, aided by the despair to which Claude has now abandoned himself. He sits by the table, his head bowed down upon his thin white hands. One solitary gleam of sunshine comes through the loophole, and falls tenderly upon his fair hair, now tumbled and uncared for, lighting it up for a time with a shadow of its old glory—that golden hair which caught the heart of Léonie Lamarque in its silken meshes. For so long the lonely captive has been debarred the sight of sunshine, that he has ceased to look for it, and does not notice it now. In motionless apathy, that apathy which is born only when hope dies utterly, he awaits whatever may yet befall him. Perhaps just now he sleeps, and dreams of freedom!

One may perhaps wonder why the kind-hearted governor of Plessis does not ameliorate, as we imagine he could, the rigours of Claude's miserable life. But Louis had taken care of that. Whether he had cause to suspect undue leniency on the part of M. Lamarque, or whether it was dictated solely by the distrust inherent in the king's character, he had announced, before his return to Paris, that for the future the governor should visit no prisoner except in the company of two warders, chosen by himself—Louis. He condescended to explain that it was unwise to expose so valuable a life as that of his trustworthy servant, M. Lamarque, to the chance of an attack from a perhaps desperate prisoner, and therefore it was needful that assistants should be at hand; which assistants he provided. Spies, these undoubtedly were—men only too glad to report any dereliction of duty to the tyrant Louis—men only too glad to rise upon the governor's fall. In those days, the hand of so-called Justice was swift, the distance from prison to grave short!

When the unlucky Marquis of Clair-marais was first removed from the gateway tower to the dungeon, Gustave Chapellier was inclined to congratulate himself thereupon. It seemed to his benighted mind that the fact opened a straighter road to Léonie's favour. 'She would,' he said to himself, 'forget her passing fancy when she saw its fascinating cause no more;' proving by that foolish remark how utterly ignorant he was of a woman's heart. Time brought him wisdom. Claude was gone certainly, if that was any consolation to an unappreciated suitor; but was that suitor's case advanced thereby? Alas for Gustave! he found, to his disgust, that Léonie Lamarque was further from him than ever. She tolerated him before; she utterly avoided him now. If he ventured to join her on the ramparts or seek her in her mother's room, she treated him with a cold indifference. If he spoke to her, she seldom answered; but the brown eyes gazed straight before her into vacancy, into a region where Gustave was not! And the light had faded from those weary eyes, with their now constant far-away look, for they 'were with her heart,' and that was in the cell of Claude d'Estrelles. Not in idle sorrow only. Of what avail is that to those we love? But help—practical help—how could Léonie give it, as brave and faithful women had given it before to those men who were dear to them? That was the thought which day and night wearied the brain of the governor's fair child; which was with her,

imperative though almost hopeless, in her daily duties, her solitary walks round the moat, her prayers.

Like nearly all unmarried French women, Léonie was devout. Having been educated in a convent near Plessis, it was her custom to go there at least once a week for the purpose of visiting the good nuns, who gladly welcomed her, and in whose charge she frequently remained all night. On these expeditions she rode her own black horse Haroun, accompanied by her own particular page Silvain, a lad devoted to his young mistress. And as no one would have been bold enough to molest the daughter of so powerful a man as the governor of Plessis, Léonie's rides were taken when and where she chose. Of late, these visits to the convent of Sainte Marguerite had been almost daily. She prayed earnestly for guidance from heaven; she vowed offerings endless and rich to her patron Saint Léon and to the Blessed Virgin, if assistance were given her in this hour of need.

At length the maiden's prayers for aid in behalf of her hapless lover were apparently heard; for falling asleep one night with Claude's name upon her lips, Léonie dreamed a strange dream. She was in the old chapel of the castle, when a panel in the carved reredos behind the altar flew open, and a shadowy hand pointed into a gloomy passage. She stepped into the passage, through which a shadowy form guided her steps, and a voice sad and faint, coming apparently from far away, seemed repeating to her: 'The secret way is here.' Then by one of those transitions so easy in our dreams, from an actor she became only a spectator. She saw the Marquis of Clair-marais in his dungeon, pallid and woe-begone, and sought to approach him, but could not. A something held her back, while still the same voice murmured in her ear: 'The secret way; look! the secret way.' And behold, the massive stone wall opened, and a semblance of herself, carrying a lamp, which flooded the dungeon with its light, came through. The vision approached the Marquis, and taking his hand, drew him to the dark opening. There seemed to be some words of joyful parting; then Claude disappeared; the wall closed, and the figure slowly vanished where it stood, the light dying out as the vision passed away.

'The saints have heard me!' was the young girl's joyful exclamation as she sprang up, while yet the dew lay upon the fair fields around Plessis, and threw herself down before the little oratory of her room in passionate thankfulness.

That night, when silence and sleep fell upon the fortress, Léonie, noiseless as a ghost, visited the chapel in that portion of the old building which yet remained after Louis XI. had built himself a palace whose stones were cemented with blood. Fortunately, the way to it was easy and the risk of detection not great. No restless priest kept vigil there. The tapers burning day and night before the Virgin's shrine, gave light enough for the work in hand; and commending herself to heaven, Léonie searched long and patiently upon her knees for a secret spring in the beautiful oaken reredos. For a long time—so long that the tapers were growing dim in the gray dawn—that search was made in vain. But success came at last. A

click—a small panel flew open, and disclosed—what? Alas! no passage, but a little cavity about two feet square, in which lay some dusty papers. Léonie swept them impatiently on to the floor, and examined carefully the opening—to no purpose. The stone wall was everywhere impenetrable; there was no sign of anything which could be used as a secret spring; and indeed had there been any, it was impossible that even Léonie's slender form could have pushed itself through the opening, still less the broader shoulders of a man. Weary and sick-hearted, the governor's daughter leaned against the altar. Of what avail were her prayers? The dream had only mocked her after all. The bitterness of this disappointment taught her how much she had hoped, and how foolishly.

The light growing stronger, warned her of the danger of being found where she was; and mechanically picking up the papers, she closed the panel and fled away to her room. Fate befriended her; she met no curious inquirers. And concealing the papers, she lay down to rest, baffled, but not conquered.

That evening, just before sunset, Léonie stood at her casement with the papers taken from the chapel, in her hand. She turned them over, having first secured her door, and looked at them idly. They were old and musty. Recalls of the unhappy men who had been incarcerated at Plessis, disappearing finally from human ken by means known only to the initiated; warrants, accounts, letters, such things as governors might accumulate during their regency. Disheartened, she gazed at them without interest. They did not bring her nearer to Claude. One scroll of vellum rolled off the table to her feet, and picking it up, she glanced at it carelessly before pushing it aside with the others. The glance was sufficient, for Léonie held in her hands a plan, clear and distinct, of the secret passages of Plessis les Tours! And so the blessed dream had not been all in vain. For a while she studied the plan intently, dismissing from her mind as impracticable many ways of which the approaches were too hazardous, too closely guarded; when suddenly she went swiftly to her bedside, where a carved wooden wainscot rose to meet the tapestry hangings, and sought a particular group of flowers. Therein, according to the scroll, lay a spring, and beyond it a passage leading to the dreary cell, wherein Claude was slowly lingering out his days.

Some time elapsed before Léonie could move the spring, stiff no doubt from long disuse. But finally it yielded; the panel creaked upon its rusty hinges, and there was the passage, gloomy-looking as a grave. The hour was favourable for exploration. Madame had gone into the town; the governor was occupied in compiling reports; and the maiden was safe from interruption for a while. Lighting a lamp, she passed into the opening. The way was narrow, dusty, and utterly dark, but supplied with air from one or two narrow slits in the wall, which was evidently the outer one of the castle. She shaded her lamp, that no gleam might betray her to any unfriendly eyes, although the chances of such a thing were small. Presently she came to a flight of steps; after that, another level. Then again steps, and these were green and slippery; the walls also were stained with moisture and moss-grown. The air that came through the apertures was chill and dank. Léonie shivering

in her thin white dress, shaded more carefully the lamp, which flickered in the strong draught. And now, suddenly she came to a stand-still. Her further progress was barred by an impenetrable wall of stone. It rose before her, massive and unyielding, with no sign of panel or door on its sullen face. She raised the light, and studied eagerly its rough surface; the ponderous stones covered with patches of moss, dripped with moisture, and were stained a dull red and brown by the action of time and damp. Presently her hand came in contact with a small iron bolt; and setting down her lamp, Léonie sought with all her strength—the strength of love and devotion—to move it. At length the stubborn bolt gave way, and one of the ponderous stones revolving upon a secret spring, fell back, leaving an open space. The strong will had at last won the way; and with a beating heart Léonie stepped into the dungeon of Claude d'Estrelles!

It was past sunset. At any moment the warders might be expected to make their usual rounds; and the governor's daughter remained only long enough to whisper hope and comfort to the captive, promising to return later on, when they would be safe from spies and interruption. And so they met night after night, discussing plans, possible and impossible, for Claude's deliverance; while strengthening food and wine, procured for Léonie by the faithful Silvain, soon wrought a healthful change in Claude's pallid cheeks and sunken eyes. He dared not trim his ragged locks and beard, or seek to improve the appearance of his soiled garments. Suspicion's quick glance would have detected the change. But steadily, surely, he gained strength as the days went on. And the mother and father rejoiced to see that Léonie grew brighter than she had been for many weary months, dreaming little of the hidden cause.

Grave and momentous were these interviews between the lover; and though a beginning had been effected, how much remained to be done, before the Marquis of Clair-malais should see the outside of Plessis les Tours' grim walls! One scheme was pondered and discussed often. Its very simplicity was a recommendation; by that bold simplicity it might succeed. And so it was finally accepted and decided upon. And the 10th of June—one fortnight from that day—was fixed for the attempt which must make or mar the captive's fortunes and the fortunes of his abettors.

The time arrived. The 10th of June rose fair and bright. Léonie saw in it an omen of good fortune. But unknown to the lovers, it also lighted on his way the death-messenger from Louis! Impossible to say what caused this sudden decision on the part of the king; but so it was. Claude's sentence had gone forth. Death in its most secret, cowardly form—death by the oubliette.

A miserable man was the governor of Plessis when that warrant was placed in his hands by the envoy from Paris. It was hard enough to work the will of a merciless despot in any case. But the Marquis! the gay, pleasant young noble, who, twelve months before, had been so intimate a companion at his table—that he should be hurled to his death at midnight by pitiless hands, unhonoured, unshrived! The thought stopped the beating of M. Lamarque's kindly heart, and paled his cheek

with sickening horror. All that day he went about mechanically—like one who sees a ghastly vision, denied to other eyes. Léonie, pallid and thoughtful also, noticed her father's curious pre-occupation; but he avoided all questioning with a stern moroseness unusual with him. He heard, however, gladly, that Léonie intended visiting the convent of Sainte Marguerite that evening.

'Yes, yes; go, my child. Remain all night, and remember to pray earnestly for all unfortunates.'

'I will, my father.'

The governor shut himself up in his private apartment, thankful that the maiden would be away from Plessis' evil precincts when that unholy deed was done.

Just before sunset, Silvain brought the horses to the lodge-door. His companion mounted, and rode slowly down the court-yard, returning gravely the salutes of the soldiers who were on guard or loitering about, Silvain engaging in a laughing war of words with one of the warders standing by the great gate. After a trifling delay, the portcullis was raised; the drawbridge chains rattled as the ponderous apparatus fell clattering into its place, and the riders passed out, steadily walking their horses until a turn of the road hid them from view.

When it grew dusk, and the time came for changing the outer guard, the drawbridge was lowered once more, to permit the exit of the night patrol. With them passed out a Sister wearing the dark-blue robes and large coif of Sainte Marguerite's convent. A black muslin veil was thrown over her coif, partly shading her features.

'A good-night to you, my Mother,' said the porter, respectfully removing his cap. The Sister murmured something in return. The soldiers quickly made way for her.

'Who is it then?' said a new-comer of the guard to his comrade.

'Mother Angélique of Sainte Marguerite's,' replied the other, who was busy tightening the girths of his horse. 'She comes often to visit our ladies. She has stayed late to-day talking with Madame, no doubt. A good woman, the Mother Angélique, they say.'

'They are all good, these religious ones,' returned the other. 'But name of grace! 'tis but a dull life, it seems to me, for a woman, unless she's old and gray.'

And so talking, the men went out into the dusk, and the quiet Sister passed out of their sight.

Ten o'clock struck. M. Lamarque resolved to look once more upon the young Marquis, whose minutes of existence were so cruelly numbered, and whose murder was already arranged with those whom Louis had selected for that evil duty. His chosen warders had visited the prisoner that afternoon as usual, carrying him his ordinary allowance of bread and water, and had themselves locked the door which was never again to open for him. Eluding for once the vigilance of those warders, the governor went stealthily to the northern tower.

'Pray heaven he sleeps,' whispered he, as quietly opening the door, he raised the lamp and glanced into the cell. Claude d'Estrelles, his miserable coverlet thrown over him, lay upon his pallet. His face was turned to the wall. He never stirred. For a moment, during which he uttered a voiceless prayer, the governor gazed sadly upon the tangled

fair hair on which the lamp-light gleamed. Then reverently closing the door, M. Lamarque retreated with a heavy heart. Midnight came. The emissaries of Louis went to their appointed work. Swiftly and silently the well-oiled bolts were withdrawn. The floor opened. There was a crashing fall as the pallet and its occupant went down, and then the hideous trap closed again over its hidden prey.

SOME STRANGE GASTRONOMIC EXPERIENCES.

THE Chevalier Morelet, travelling in Central America, took up his quarters at an inn in Campeachy where the best fare the country afforded was to be obtained. On sitting down to his first dinner there, he saw, occupying a conspicuous place on the table, a dish, of the nature of which he felt extremely dubious; and seeking enlightenment from the cook, learned it was the flesh of the cazone, a creature of which he had hitherto never heard. Strolling along the beach the same evening, M. Morelet observed a fisherman towing behind his boat some sort of sea-monster, which he instinctively connected with the mysterious dish at the inn, and asked the man what fish he had got there. 'Don't you see they are cazones?' was the answering query. 'Cazones!' retorted the Frenchman; 'they are sharks!' 'Why not?' quoth the fisherman; and the murder was out. Anxious to avoid shocking the susceptibilities of strangers, the good people of Campeachy have banished the word 'turberon'—Spanish for shark—from their vocabulary, and serve up the cruel sea-monster as 'cazone'; eating it fresh and salted, roast, boiled, or fried, with such gusto that the Chevalier declares the cazone ought to be emblazoned in the arms of the city.

M. Morelet apparently lacked courage to taste the delicacy beloved by Campeachians, forgetting that a traveller should be above gastronomic prejudices, and ready to accommodate his appetite to any exigency; as his countrymen contrived to do during the siege of Paris. When lean chickens fetched eighty francs, a small rabbit fifty, and elephant went at eighteen francs a pound; cat, dog, rat, and mouse were about the only meat within the reach of folks of moderate means.

The dire necessity that made the Parisians acquainted with such strange meats passed away, but not the taste so created. Not only has horse-flesh become a recognised food, but many another dietetic dainty undreamed of in the epicurean philosophy of Paris before the siege, finds favour with citizens with strong appetites and poor purses; and doubtless the enterprising caterer who sought the suffrages of *gourmets* without prejudices, by opening a shop for the sale of badgers, weasels, ferrets, foxes, jays, rooks, owls, crows, magpies, and *gibier des gouttières*—that is, cats, rats, and mice, has been amply rewarded for his pains; and will be able to retire from business long before the directors of the Jardin des Plantes

have succeeded in acclimatising the edible dog of China.

Some score or so of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the ham and heart of a lion, killed by Constant Oheret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close-grained, like that of a horse; but although pronounced palatable, it only achieved what is termed a *succès d'estime*; while the heart, skilfully prepared with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible. In fact, the French journalists were not much better pleased with their fare than was Bruce the traveller, when the guest of the Arab tribe of Welled Sidi Boojanim, 'the sons of the fathers of the flocks,' bound by vow to eat lion's flesh once every day; for the traveller found male lion-meat lean, tough, and musky in flavour; lioness-meat a trifle fatter and more palatable; and whelp-flesh the nastiest of the three.

Mindful that an unlooked-for pleasure is thrice welcome, Frank Buckland did not advise his guests on a certain occasion that they were about to enlarge their gastronomic experiences; but when the soup had been disposed of, asked a famous gourmand sitting near him how he liked it.

'Very well indeed,' was the answer. 'Turtle, is it not? I only ask because I did not find any green fat.'

Buckland shook his head.

'I fancied it had a somewhat musky taste—peculiar, but not at all unpleasant,' remarked his neighbour.

'All alligators have,' replied the host, 'the cayman especially—the fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been discussing.'

Half-a-dozen of the suddenly enlightened diners started to their feet, two or three slunk from the room, and the rest of the meal was enjoyed by only a portion of the original company.

'See what imagination is!' said Buckland. 'Had I told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea-bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. I tell them it is alligator soup, and their gorges rise at as good a dish as ever a man need have!'

Forewarned, and therefore forearmed, were the gentlemen who lunched on octopus at the Brighton Aquarium, trying it in turn boiled, broiled, and cold. They found it excellent eating, resembling skate, but not so tender as might be. The verdict would probably have been still more favourable had the octopus been boiled first and then roasted, as is the way in Corsica, where the monster is esteemed a great delicacy.

A traveller returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida, was being paddled along by the shore about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck his ear, and seeing nothing, he asked the negro boatman what it could be. 'O massa,' said he, 'dat is de fish dat sings. Some call it siren or mermaid-fish, and others musico.' As the canoe went farther the chorus of strange voices increased in volume, and the negro was requested to throw a net in the water. He obeyed orders; and soon laid at the bottom of the boat a score of little fish about two inches long, resembling the gray mullet

in outward form. 'Desc be mermaids, massa,' said the black; 'but for de lub o' mussy, don't eat dem! They hab de lub poison. Yes, massa; when you eat one of dese fish, you fall so deep in lub you can neber get out again.' This extraordinary information did not prevent its recipient having his musicos fried, and finding himself no worse for supping than Agassiz did for breakfasting on strange fish. In the case of the latter, the experiment was made involuntarily. While pursuing his ocean-researches on the coast of America, Agassiz had occasion to visit a friend's house, and took with him a copper barrel filled with alcohol, in which he had placed a number of undescribed species of fishes, some of them entirely unknown to science, to preserve them till he had leisure to examine them. For safe keeping, the barrel was put in the basement; but his friend's cook, of her own discretion, or rather indiscretion, emptied it of its contents, and fried the precious collection for the great naturalist's breakfast!

Exceedingly fishy, in more senses than one, is the Chinese *menu*. In 1867, Sir Charles Macdonnell gave a Mandarin supper at Hong-kong to the Duc de Penthièvre, the Comte de Beauvoir, and some other French gentlemen; and here is what appeared on the board—Bird's-nest soup, lily-seed soup, shark's-fat soup, shark fins in gelatinous sauce, sturgeon gills in *compote*, whale nerves with sweet sauce, fish-roe in caramel sauce, croquettes of fish and rat, stewed sea-snails with tadpoles, hashed dog with lotus sauce, cakes of coagulated blood; a sweet compound of fish-fins, fruit, ham, almonds, and essences; the feast finishing up with lotus and almond soup, warm arrack, and medicated wine. We think we would rather dine with Bishop Bompas, of the diocese of Athabaska, in North America, although that worthy prelate's dietary be confined to white-fish, pemican, moose nose, squirrel stew, deer's tongue, roast lynx, and roast beaver; with stewed rat now and then by way of a treat, and the occasional luxury of cake made of seaweed, poplar bark, herring spawn, bitter berries, seal-oil sauce, and the grease of the olukun fish.

The Athabaskan larder is not too sumptuously provided; but the Bishop is hardly to be pitied perhaps, able as he is to indulge in stewed rat and squirrel; seeing how enthusiastically a well-known naturalist labours to convince us that the last named is a most delectable dish, while rat-pie is so good that it ought to appear at every man's table. If Buckland could only make the multitude of his way of thinking, the much-to-be-desired cheapening of butcher-meat would come about more quickly than it is likely to do.

There are people who hold the butcher's trade to be altogether unnecessary. Mr Lawson, of Blennerhasset, Cumberland, one Christmas-day provided a spread for all comers, at which the usual concomitants of a Christmas feast were conspicuous by their absence. The holiday fare consisted of raw turnips, boiled cabbage, boiled barley, boiled wheat, shelled pease; oatmeal gruel enriched with chopped carrots, turnips, and cabbage; salads of the same vegetables covered with linseed jelly; and potatoes—the only hot dish on the table. There were no condiments of any sort; and for dessert each guest had to be contented with an apple and a dry biscuit. The banquet did not give the satisfaction its provider expected.

Too many cooks may spoil the broth; but one, if insufficiently instructed, will suffice to effect that untoward consummation. By simply neglecting to boil it in a cloth, Lord Malmesbury's French *chef* converted his plum-pudding into that Christmas dainty's progenitor, plum-porridge. Prince Metternich becoming acquainted with the merits of rhubarb tart in England, had the plant grown in his Austrian garden; and when it came to its proper growth, gave a dinner-party, in order to introduce rhubarb tart to Austrian gourmands. Unfortunately, the Prince, instead of specially instructing his cook, merely ordered him to serve the rhubarb up dressed as it was in England. Knowing nothing of English usage, the cook, selecting the largest leaves, served them as spinach, causing many wry faces to appear at the board, at which the English dish never again appeared.

Equally unlucky was Mr Peabody when, having received a gift of ten ears of green maize, he determined to renew the recollections of his youth, and at the same time delight his American, and astonish his English friends by having it served in American style. Plates of butter and salt were set before each guest, and the host announced he was about to treat them to a most delicious American dish. Then entered the butler, bearing a large covered dish, which he solemnly deposited in front of Mr Peabody. In another moment he had whisked off the cover, and the expectant diners beheld a pile of corn-cobs. The banker gazed for an instant in mute horror and dismay, ere he found voice to summon the cook—a man who had never seen an ear of Indian corn in his life before—and demand an explanation. He maintained he had followed his master's instructions to strip off all the outside before boiling; the truth being he had bettered those instructions by taking off not only the husks but the kernels as well.

An English travelling party passing, some hundred years back, through Charlton, Massachusetts, gave the landlady of the inn at which they put up some coffee and tea to prepare for breakfast, the former unground. The dame had never set eyes on either till then, but was not inclined to acknowledge her ignorance; so, when the travellers called for their tea and coffee, she astonished them by announcing that the 'yarbs' were done, but the 'beans' would not boil soft.

Anything one eats or imbibes with pleasure to the palate, followed by no unpleasant after-sensations, should be taken for granted. It is courting discomfort to pry too curiously into its composition. Some forty years ago, the ship *Governor Endicott* arrived at Salem, Massachusetts, from India; and there landed several missionaries, who departed at once for Boston to report their arrival to the Missionary Board, leaving their belongings at the Lafayette Hotel. There they attracted the attention of a custom-house clerk, who, noting the presence of a cask, suspected an evasion of duty, and reported the matter to General Miller, the collector of customs. That official at once ordered baggage and cask to be sent to the custom-house for examination, and requested that the missionaries would give him a call as soon as they returned to Salem. The suspicious cask was taken into the custom-house yard, the bung knocked out, a proof-glass inserted to find out what kind of liquor was inside, in order to fix the duty on it. They all

tasted—collector, deputy-collector, naval officer, inspector, clerk, and a tribe of hangers-on. They drank it neat, they drank it with water, with sugar, with biscuits, with cheese, but could not agree what kind of liquor it was. Bets were made; and it was finally agreed to leave the knotty question to be decided by two absent inspectors—Captain Bill L—— and Captain Steve R——. At last they came. They tasted. Captain L—— said he would stake his reputation that it was old London Dock brandy, vowing 'he had not tasted such liquor since General Crowningshield launched Cleopatra's barge in 1818.' Captain R—— declined 'to put a name to it;' he said it had a flavour different from any liquor with which he was acquainted.

The next day the missionaries arrived at the custom-house, to have their baggage passed, all save the cask of liquor. 'That must pay duty,' said the General. 'Would they inform him what spirit the cask contained?' The amused missionaries complied by telling him that when they left India they brought with them a pet orang-outang, which, dying after thirty days' experience of sea-life, had been put in a cask of rum for preservation. An explanation accounting for the peculiar flavour that had puzzled so many experienced tasters.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

A PIGEON is not generally looked upon as a romantic bird, nor does it often exhibit an indifference to its fate when in the presence of its natural enemy—the cat; but such a thing *has* happened, and in so extraordinary a way as to induce the author of this paper—who was himself a witness of the scene—to make such a fact known as widely as possible.

It was the winter of 1863—the Christmas time when the genial Thackeray was found dead in his bed—that a wedding in which the writer took a principal part, was about to take place in St John's Church, Waterloo Road, London. On the eve of this event, the family were surprised by a strange, fluttering noise at the parlour window; and on proceeding to ascertain the cause, it was discovered that a pigeon had entered the room. It was a fine bird, and did not seem at all frightened by the number of strange faces that were gazing upon it. Suddenly it walked from the apartment, and hopped down the kitchen stairs, where, with the utmost *sang-froid*, it passed by the favourite old black cat, and proceeded to establish itself upon the kitchen mantel-piece.

In addition to the cat, there were children present, and the cook was busily engaged in preparing for the morrow's bridal feast. But the strange visitor paid no heed to either cook or children; and more astonishing still, the cat did not make any attempt to resent the intrusion. The children were, of course, delighted, and suggested that 'the poor thing was hungry;' and the next instant all kinds of delicacies were brought forth and placed before the welcome guest. It eagerly partook of them, and after an hour or two had passed away, it got so used to the inmates of the house that it actually ate out of their hands.

On the following morning—the wedding-morn—the pigeon was missed; and on seeking for it, it

was discovered standing on the steps of the door leading to the yard. In the yard itself there were three strange cats watching every movement of the bird, and evidently seeking an opportunity to pounce upon it. Here was an awkward dilemma, for though everybody was taking an interest in the wedding preparations, all were anxious that the unbidden guest should not be doped to death in the midst of the universal joy and on the very day itself. But just as the chance of the poor bird's escape was becoming an impossibility in the eyes of the wedding-guests, the difficulty was solved in an unexpected and thoroughly novel manner. As the cats in question were posing themselves for the death-spring, the feline favourite of the household suddenly darted forth from the kitchen window and dispersed the enemy, who flew howling over the wall into the churchyard. The rescued guest then returned to its accustomed place in the kitchen, where it remained for several days after the wedding, and disappeared on the morning when the bride's mother, who had come from Portugal to be present at her daughter's marriage, also took her departure. No trace of the bird was ever found afterwards, nor did it ever revisit the scene from that day to this.

It was suggested at the time by a believer in the doctrine of transmigration, that the bird was really the spirit of the mother of the bridegroom, who had died in the same house about two years previously; but without going so far as this, we may observe that it was a very remarkable and noteworthy occurrence; while it should be stated with reference to the above-mentioned theory, and as a curious fact, that the mother of the bridegroom, when on her death-bed, had actually expressed her regret that she should not live to see his marriage, and had caused a room to be cleaned out and prepared for the reception of a bride, who had not then been definitively chosen!

The following lines were written on the wedding-morn:

THE WELCOME GUEST.

Hail, messenger of peace and love!
Unbidden guest, most welcome thou,
Who com'st from regions far above
To seal our marriage vow.

The form thou bearest is Divine,
The chosen medium of His will,
Who turned the water into wine,
And bade the seas be still.

Thrice welcome on our wedding-morn,
O sweetest harbinger of peace!
May joy within our hearts be born,
And concord never cease.

Sweet dove! we take thee for a sign,
An indication bright and sure,
That Heaven our souls doth now entwine,
And that the union shall endure.

Nearly sixteen years have passed away since this incident took place, and the wide ocean separates some of those who were present on the occasion. The little sketch may remind them of as strange a visitor as ever blessed a wedding with its presence.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 830.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN our previous sketch, little was said of the mode of acquiring lands in New Zealand. This being a matter of importance to intending emigrants, we shall go into some specific details for their guidance. In his lectures, Judge Bathgate proceeds to say that to the inestimable blessings of a fertile soil and a healthful climate, the settler can add the benefit of a simple land-law, altogether free from the intricacies and technicalities with which the feudal system and the skill of lawyers and conveyancers have loaded titles to heritable property in England. All the public land in the colony was originally acquired by purchase from the Maoris, except that which was the property of the rebel tribes in the North Island, and confiscated at the conclusion of the war, partially to compensate for its cost. The lands in the hands of the government are termed the waste lands of the Crown. They are under the general administration of one of the Ministers, designated the Secretary of Crown Lands, and the local administration of Commissioners of Crown Lands, one of whom acts along with a Board in each of the ten land districts into which the colony is divided.

There are three classes of land—namely, Town Land, Suburban Land, and Rural Land. The first two classes must be sold by public auction, the upset price of the town land not being less than L.30 an acre, and the suburban land not being less than L.3 per acre. The town sections are usually each a quarter of an acre in extent. Competition for corner sections or others favourably situated, is sometimes very keen, and frequently L.50 for a good section is realised. Good suburban land will fetch at auction from L.5 to L.30 an acre. Suburban sections are generally ten acres in extent. The upset price of land varies in each provincial district. In Canterbury there has always been free selection at forty shillings per acre. All

good agricultural land there has been picked up long ago. In Taranaki, land might be selected in blocks specially set apart for that purpose, at twenty shillings per acre for bush land, and forty shillings per acre for open land. In other districts, twenty shillings an acre used to be the price; but nowhere now, where land is open for selection, can land according to the Crown Lands Act (1877) be bought from the government at a less price than L.2 per acre. In such districts, however, land of any agricultural value previously proclaimed open for selection has been years ago taken up. There are still, however, many fine blocks yet to be sold.

In practice, the Land Boards now almost invariably dispose of the lands by public auction, and they fix the upset price, which by statute shall not be less than L.1 per acre, with due regard to the situation and quality of the land, and also to the fact that the value of all land has been enhanced by the construction of the public railways. It therefore happens that when first-class land is offered for sale, there is always a keen competition, and from L.3 to L.10 an acre, and sometimes more, is given, according to position value, and other circumstances. In Auckland, blocks of land are occasionally set apart for occupation on the homestead system, under which a family of four persons may secure a farm of 200 acres, subject to continuous residence and certain conditions as to cultivation for five years.

In Otago and elsewhere, blocks of land are proclaimed from time to time open for sale on deferred payments. The price is L.3 per acre, payable in ten years by half-yearly instalments, without interest. Good sections are sure to have more applications than one made for them, and the consequence is, that the land is put up to auction, the bidding being limited to the applicants. In this way the upset price is sometimes materially increased. Indeed it may be said that the cheap prices for land current in early times are altogether past. But it may be added that present prices are by no means commensurate with the productive value of the land when in the

hands of those who have means and skill to work it properly.

The only other mode of acquiring land is by purchase from private owners, many of whom having acquired their land at a nominal rate in past years, are willing to dispose of their farms at current prices, and realise their profit. Some owners of large tracts of country selected in early days, are finding it to their advantage to subdivide their estates into small farms and sell them. There have been numerous transactions where prices varying from L.5 to L.30 an acre have been recently paid for sections of land. It must not be imagined that these prices have attained to their maximum.

Judge Bathgate says very truly that in every prosperous country, land, of whatever kind, is always increasing in value. New Zealand has been no exception to this rule. In many instances, land in the cities has acquired a fabulous value. Sixteen thousand pounds have been refused for a quarter of an acre in Dunedin, which cost thirty years ago L.12, 10s. Similar values prevail in Christchurch and Wellington. In some parts of the latter city they are even exceeded. These prices are not fanciful. As a rule, whenever land is all taken up, then the value rises with the demand, which constantly increases in a young and progressive country. Although high prices have been paid for urban land, sometimes as much as L.200 for the foot of frontage, there is no reason to believe that the maximum has been attained. First-class agricultural land, as that of New Zealand is proved to be, fenced and improved, and conveniently situated, must be regarded as low in price estimated at L.20 an acre. L.3 per acre per annum of clear profit from the proper cultivation of such land is under the average. We are informed of an instance of a settler purchasing 200 acres improved land at L.15 an acre, and clearing his whole purchase price from his first crop. But taking the low average mentioned, it is highly improbable that good land will remain at its present value. As society progresses in population and wealth, and as new branches of industry develop and prosper, so will the value of land steadily increase. As has been well observed, land is the natural deposit bank into which all the savings of the community gravitate. Every improvement of a public nature in the way of harbours, roads, and railways, goes to add to its value without effort on the part of the owner. There is every reason to expect that land in New Zealand will touch a far higher price than has yet been dreamt of. There is a speciality in the land which ought not to be overlooked—the area is limited in extent. There is no boundless back country such as exists in the neighbouring colonies or in North America. No part of New Zealand is above 100 miles from the sea-board, in the Middle Island 75; and when the Crown shall have parted with the last acre of its waste lands,

then the value of freehold throughout the colony will rise with a bound, to an amount to which it is difficult to assign a limit.

A number of particulars are presented explaining methods of buying lands from public companies, by paying instalments annually over a period of ten to twenty years. It is stated that those who acquire land in this manner often do well, which we do not dispute. We only suggest as a precaution, that the purchase of land by postponed payments is very much in the nature of a mortgage, and to be avoided if at all possible. The commendable method of acquisition in New Zealand, as elsewhere, is to go into the market with ready-money, and to buy only as far as means at disposal will admit. On no account should land be bought with borrowed money. Interest on loans is high in the colony, and it may with truth be averred that borrowing is only the beginning of ruin. Some sad cases of disaster from this cause could, we understand, be offered. A small capital judiciously laid out will go farther in the colony than in the home country. It is not necessary for a farmer to keep up a large staff of men and horses. Farmers, if they please, can get their operations carried on by contract. Many of the settlers lay themselves out for this business; which resembles that prevailing in some of the vast arable plains in the United States, where contractors with a large staff of men, horses, and machinery will undertake to plough, sow, and harrow the land, reap and thrash the crop, send it to market, and pay the amount less the expenses incurred. This is what may be called doing business on a great scale. It is the latest development of economic science in connection with agriculture, and meanwhile leaves the costly old-fashioned practices immeasurably behind.

We ascertain from the lectures before us that almost all the early settlers in New Zealand have done well, notwithstanding the difficulties that had to be encountered. He cites as an example the case of a shepherd from Roxburghshire, who arrived with his wife and eight children in 1860. Finding that the best land about Dunedin had been taken up, he visited Southland. There he bought sixty acres at L.2 per acre. Struggling manfully, he made money by selling his butter and eggs at the high prices current in consequence of the rush of the gold-miners. He was not one of your thriftless wretches who spend as fast as they make. Soon, out of his savings, he bought an additional sixty acres at L.2, 5s. per acre, and continued to make purchases though lands were rising in price. He and his sons, who are settled near him, now possess 2628 acres of freehold, worth at least L.25,000. This man is a type of many of the Scotch settlers. The last time he was heard of he had thirty cows, and was famed as a breeder of stock. His beef and mutton command the highest prices in the market. Had he remained in Scotland, he would still have been living in a mean cottage among the hills as a servant to a store-

farmer. By his enterprise and industry, along with professional skill, he is now a wealthy landed gentleman, with sons rising to distinction.

Judge Bathgate speaks hopefully of New Zealand as a field of emigration for farm-servants and others willing to work for wages. There is a steady demand for the able-bodied men and women who wish to get on in the world. He says it has been gratifying to notice the prosperous career of many of these immigrants, who had arrived friendless; to see how soon their children were able to add materially to the family income; and to observe how often it happened that those who began colonial life as hired servants speedily became masters, giving employment to others. Ordinary labouring-men work eight hours a day, have plenty of the best to eat, plenty to do, with an agreeable sprinkling of holidays, and receive eight shillings a day as wages. A single man can board luxuriously for eighteen shillings a week; and if he be sober, and industrious, and blessed with health, he cannot fail in a short time to realise a few hundred pounds. One of the leading grocers in Dunedin, a man of substance, came out to the colony a few years ago, and immediately engaged himself as a farm-servant at L.50 yearly with board. Having a good stock of clothes, his whole expenditure during his first year amounted to one shilling. This left him L.49, 19s. as a nest-egg; continuing to save, he improved his circumstances, and now with a flourishing business is independent.

Female domestic servants, if well trained, get high wages, from L.30 to L.50 a year, and with great ease can save a heap of money. The cook in our household, says Mr Bathgate, went home to Scotland as a saloon passenger last year to see her mother, and the old haunts which she treasured in remembrance. In one respect the long journey was not successful. She arrived in November, and never saw the land near the home of her youth. It was covered with snow. Her patience being exhausted, she returned to New Zealand, after spending three months in Britain, intensely dissatisfied with her native climate. Her trip must have cost her L.100, but she thought nothing of it. Young women of this class may get married if they please; but colonial marriages are sometimes too hastily entered into. There is one comfort for any young woman who has the misfortune to be deserted by a profligate husband. Protected by law, she has no difficulty in gaining a respectable livelihood by her own exertions. A sense of this renders wives more independent than a similar class at home.

All circumstances combine to render New Zealand a suitable field for the exertions of capitalists large and small, besides those who depend on hand-labour. The younger sons of landed gentlemen who are unable or unwilling to undergo competitive examinations for employment under the Crown, and who might dislike following any mercantile pursuit in the home country, would here find scope for their latent energies, provided they laid aside notions of gentility, and went earnestly to work as assistants in the first place to store-farmers. The young men of this class, we understand, who emigrate to the colony, too frequently break down from self-indulgent habits, and have to be shipped home to their friends. Others among them, however, shew an

extreme anxiety to overcome early difficulties, and consequently, as they deserve, rise to fortune. We have been told of one of these youths, who, though brought up in elegant style at home, gave himself up thoroughly to his duties as a stock-keeper in the colony, and is esteemed for his good behaviour. As an evidence that he accommodated himself to his new position, he one day stated to an old acquaintance whom he had fallen in with, that 'he could now kill a sheep.' That young fellow will inevitably get on. We do not doubt that in less than twenty years hence he will be an esteemed and wealthy man. How much more creditable is his behaviour than that of the pampered young ne'er-do-weels who lounge away existence, sponging on parents, perhaps consuming their means at the bars of restaurants, or at those still more dangerous resorts, the gambling-tables in club-houses!

Enough has been said to shew that New Zealand has much to recommend it as a field for emigration for different classes. The way is long; but a few weeks more or less is not of much consequence when the change has to be for life. There is, at all events, the pleasing prospect of landing in a country which in many respects resembles that which is left, and which to a fine climate enjoys the blessings of a peaceful government under the beneficent sway of Queen Victoria. Wherefore, emigration in this case seems only like a transfer from one part of the home country to another. When the work of Judge Bathgate, now preparing for publication, shall be issued at no distant date, much additional information may be obtained on the subject we have but imperfectly treated. Notice of the publication will be given in these pages.

W. C.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was written, we have seen by the newspapers that in several parts of England, attention has begun to be drawn towards New Zealand as a fitting field for emigration by farmers suffering from the agricultural depression that now unfortunately afflicts the country. We copy the following from the *Times* (October 21) as exemplifying this newly awakened interest: 'A correspondent writes: "A remarkable movement is in progress in Lincolnshire. Over five hundred farmers and landowners, who occupy or own in the aggregate considerably more than one hundred thousand acres, have signed a requisition to two gentlemen, requesting them to proceed to New Zealand, in order that, after personal inspection, they may report upon the colony as a field for emigration for farmers possessed of means and capitalists, with special reference to such as have had experience of farming in Lincolnshire. The gentlemen whose services have thus been requested are Mr Grant, of Healing, near Grimsby, and Mr Foster, from the neighbourhood of Louth. Both are practical farmers. They sail to-morrow in the steamship *Norfolk* for Melbourne, and propose to spend several months in New Zealand, returning to England in the course of next summer. Should their report be favourable, there will probably be a considerable exodus of emigrants of a superior class to New Zealand, especially from Lincolnshire."

The only remark we would make on the above, is to say that it is almost a pity the farmers of Lincolnshire should have incurred the expense,

trouble, and delay incidental to sending a mission of inquiry to New Zealand. Here is Judge Bathgate just returned on a leave of absence, after an experience of sixteen years in the colony, full of the information required, which he is not only able but anxious to impart. To save time, the best thing any body of farmers or others contemplating emigration can do, is at once to communicate with Judge Bathgate. His present address is 'Peebles.' W. C.

THE OUBLIETTE.

PART III.—THREE YEARS AFTER.

A FAIR morning sun was shining on Touraine. It glittered in myriad sparkles upon the dancing Loire, brightened the distant turrets of Sainte Marguerite, and lit up even the sombre walls of Plessis les Tours. In the breeze there was freshness, and the mingled scent of roses and hawthorn, as it swept across the green fields where the lark carolled over its nest. There were merry voices everywhere. The market-women, in their picturesque attire, chattered gaily with the soldiers lounging at the gates of Plessis, which now stood open all day long. It seemed that a something of gloom and depression was lifted from the place—a something of terror gone. And the change discernible in Plessis was the change which had resuscitated France throughout its length and breadth. Crushed so helplessly under the iron heel of a tyrant, it rose in renewed beauty at the beck of a gentler master; for Louis XI. was gone to his rest with all his sins upon his head, and his son Charles reigned in his stead.

One of the first acts of the new king had been to open the prison doors of those captives whom Louis had left alive, and to seek by kindly compensation to atone for the cruelties practised by his predecessor. He invited back also those nobles who by timely flight had put the sea between them and their oppressor. And in a short time the court at Paris was gay again with the beauty and chivalry of old France.

On this sunshiny morning, a man standing upon the ramparts of Plessis, leaned against a corbel and gazed listlessly, sometimes at the distant river with its barges, sometimes at the pigeons circling fantastically over his head, their snowy plumage shewing clear and white against the intense blue sky. He is worn-looking, stern, and gray. A man aged apparently more by some terrible sorrow than by years, a man to whom smiles are an infrequent visitor. We have seen him before. It is M. Lamarque, still governor of Plessis les Tours. And few mention his name without a sigh of condolence and pity. His people stand aside respectfully when he passes, the father of lost Léonie Lamarque!

It is becoming an old story now—how that one summer evening three years ago she rode away with her attendant Silvain to visit the convent of Sainte Marguerite, and from that ride returned no more. She had never reached the convent. The eyes that watched her cross the drawbridge were the last that had beheld her. Days, weeks, months went by, and brought no clue to her strange disappearance. Léonie, Haroun the well-known black horse, Silvain, all vanished as if

obliterated from the face of the earth, and left no sign.

Frantic at his loss, the father appealed for aid to Louis, who condescending to interest himself for his faithful servant, caused strict inquiry to be made; but without avail. And then a rumour crept about—as rumours will, one knows not how—that Gustave Chapellier, ordered with his troop to a distant part of the country, had not gone alone, but that with him went a veiled and masked woman; further, that that woman was Léonie Lamarque. We know at least that was not true; and Gustave, summoned to Paris, denied sorrowfully and indignantly the vile assertion. The story of his honourable love, related by himself to Louis, convinced even that sceptical monarch that Gustave was evidently innocent.

The blow struck down the unhappy mother. Loss, mystery, and disgrace did speedy work; and the governor has been wifeless and childless for two years when we meet him again. He thinks of all this as he stands there, a lonely weary man, and the look of stern suffering deepens on his face. So absorbed is he in these reflections, that he does not notice the arrival of a horseman by the Paris road. Summoned before long to receive a visitor, M. Lamarque descends slowly the winding stair, and enters with his now habitual gravity the strangers' lodge. A fair young man was there, stately and noble-looking, at the sight of whose deep blue eyes a cold thrill shot to the heart of M. Lamarque; and at the sound of whose gay voice, the governor stepped back as though he would have fled, his cheeks paling and his breath deserting him.

'Welcome, old friend, at last!' cried the stranger, coming forward eagerly, and extending both hands in cordial fashion.

Taking no heed of the proffered hands, M. Lamarque still gazed—a man turned to stone.

'Speak to me, commandant, for the love of all the saints; don't stand and glare at me like that, as if I were a ghost.'

A ghost indeed! to the horror-stricken governor.

'Ah,' continued the other, 'I suppose that I don't deserve to be noticed after my ingratitude in remaining silent so long; but come, forgive and forget my sins. I have come back, you see; won't you say a word of kindly greeting to your old friend, Claude d'Estrelles?'

'But,' gasped at last the governor, 'you are dead, M. le Marquis; you must be dead!'

'Dead! not I, faith of a gentleman! Although certainly I should have been very speedily had I remained much longer in that cheerful hole of yours in the northern tower. But thanks to love and luck, that demon of a Louis was outwitted, as of course you very soon found out. Come, M. Lamarque,' continued the Marquis, laughing, 'sit down and have it all out fairly. First, you shall give me the history of my decease, which you so oddly insist upon; and then I'll give you the history of my escape, which I certainly insist upon.'

The governor sank mechanically into a chair, passing his hand across his brow, as though to clear away the mist from his brain and eyes. But it was all real. There before him sat the smiling Claude d'Estrelles, twisting his sunny moustache.

'Come, commandant, begin!'

'It was upon the 10th of June, M. le Marquis, three years ago'—

'I have reason to remember it,' broke in the young man joyfully—'the day of my deliverance.'

The governor heaved a sigh of perplexity. 'On that day I received a special envoy from the king, bearing your death-warrant'—

'Kind attention on his part, very!'

'You were decreed to die that night by—the oubliette. I had no choice but to obey, terrible as obedience was. Grieving for you more than you can comprehend, M. le Marquis, I visited you that evening, and quietly opening your cell-door, I gave you a farewell look and prayer, for you were sleeping peacefully, and never stirred.'

Claude smiles oddly to himself.

'At midnight the emissaries of Louis did their work, and it was sure. They heard the crash of the falling pallet upon which you lay, and'—

'Apparently the days of miracles are not past,' says Claude, laughing; 'for here I am sure enough, and none the worse! Remarkable; isn't it?'

M. Larnarque does not know what to make of this young man, who, risen up from the dead, treats with so much levity a story which, as regards the governor himself, has helped to whiten his hair and sadden his life.

'You astonish and bewilder me, Monsieur le Marquis. Your jesting words are incomprehensible to me.'

'Ah! forgive me,' says the Marquis; 'my own heart is lighter to-day than it has been for many a weary month. I have come back to confess my sins and be absolved. My greatest creditor has already remitted my debt; you can't wonder that with a glad face I seek her father and ask him to receive and welcome me. For it is against her'—his voice changes—'her, that I have sinned so grievously by my thoughtless silence and neglect.'

One allusion in Claude's speech has altered the expression of M. Larnarque's countenance from amazement to distress. What has this man to say of Léonie, the very thought of whom evokes a miserable memory in her father's heart, and sets the flood-tide of his troubles free? The governor sighs wearily, and leaning his head upon his hands, says: 'Tell me what you will, Monsieur le Marquis, and pardon my strange manner to you. I am confused. There are things you do not know. Pray speak. I listen.'

And so Claude, in his gay bright fashion, tells the story of his escape.

It was, after all, like many great strokes of genius, simple enough. The greatest difficulty was surmounted when Léonie discovered the secret way. Ladies in 1482 wore a curious riding costume, a sort of cloak or domino with a hood, and a black velvet mask. The mask had become an institution among the noble dames of Paris, ostensibly to preserve their complexions from the sun, and their faces from the rude looks of too inquisitive gallants, but in reality because it lent itself so conveniently to the service of intrigue. Like other fashions, it travelled speedily into the provinces, and soon became the recognised appendage of a lady either on horseback or in a litter.

Therefore, disguised in Léonie's apparel, with shorn locks, and attended by the faithful Silvain, Claude left Plessis les Tours on that memorable 10th of June. Still weak from his long imprison-

ment, how his heart beat with feverish pulsations as he mounted Haroun, knowing that at any moment he might be stopped and spoken to, even by the governor himself! There was a trifling delay at the great gate, a delay made on purpose by the clever Silvain to avert suspicion, but a delay which made the Marquis's heart throb more wildly, and his pale face flush beneath his hood.

Discovered!—now! when life and freedom were so near! At the thought, Claude's hand had clutched more fiercely the bridle-rein, while his teeth closed upon his white lip until it bled. But the drawbridge was lowered; they passed quietly over, and once out of sight, the young man thanked passionately God and his love.

Later on, Léonie, after placing in Claude's cell a lay-figure so arranged in his poor garb as to cheat a cursory inspection, passed out of Plessis in the attire of Mother Angélique, trusting to (what really happened) the impunity afforded by the well-known dress. No one dreamed of staying or interfering with her. It never entered the porter's mind to ask himself the question when she had come in, or indeed, to think anything about it. 'It was Mother Angélique. *Voilà tout!* A simple matter.' And as it was absolutely necessary for the success of Claude's venture that Léonie should disappear, she threw herself upon the kindly mercy of the Abbess of Sainte Marguerite, who kept the secret faithfully, even for her own sake. It was an ugly affair to meddle with any of Louis XI.'s little arrangements.

So free of Plessis' grim walls, by devious paths the Marquis and Silvain travelled on, avoiding all encounters with other people, resting by day in the thick woods, and riding cautiously by night, until they reached at length the Château d'Estrelles, where its lord was received as one risen from the dead. The Lady Rénée had long ago taken refuge in a convent, to escape the persecutions of Louis and Tristan, but not as a professed inmate, and the brother and sister soon met again. Faithful servants kept their secret. Naturally, there was no search made for the Marquis, believed by those in power to be buried in the silent vaults of Plessis; and soon gold smoothed their way to England, where they awaited better days. New friends gathered round him, new pleasures opened before him. Youth and wealth find small leisure for sad retrospection, and so for a while the memory of past horrors grew dim in the excitement of other interests that surrounded him. But with all this, as time passed on, the Marquis of Clair-marais became a restless man. Fair faces smiled on him and they delighted him not. The witchery of bright eyes faded beside the steady gleam of those which haunted him always now—the far-away Léonie Larnarque, become at last, and surely, the one woman in the world to him!

When she came, a heavenly vision, into his wretched dungeon, proffering life and liberty, Claude caught at them as a drowning man catches naturally at a plank, unheeding for the moment that the salvation of himself may mean the destruction of another. But to do him justice in this matter, he imagined really that her risk was nothing. Louis would forgive a woman, the only child of his faithful commandant, to whom no blame could attach. And in the convent of Sainte Marguerite, Léonie would find a safe and happy refuge until events took a more favourable

turn. Yes, that was it. The evil of the day tided safely over, Claude's mind was not of that calibre which takes undue thought for the morrow.

Why then, should he latterly dream of her so often, and wake with a heavy heart, whose craving nothing satisfied?

And now we have to state a fact, unpleasant but true, a fact that Monsieur d'Estrelles would have been ashamed and sorry to confess lightly, even to himself.

In this game of hearts between the Marquis and the governor's daughter, the stakes, alas! had not been equal; and the heaviest—more the pity—lay with Léonie. A Frenchman of his time, readier with his jest and sword than steadfast in his easily excited fancies, Claude was more to Léonie than Léonie as yet had been to Claude.

The love-making, commenced in sheer thoughtlessness, to while away the dreary hours of confinement in Plessis, had deepened, it is true, into a nobler feeling on his part when the girl's faithful devotion won a way to him and opened his prison doors. But even then it was little beyond a grateful sentiment, a passing enthusiasm of admiration, that fell miserably short of the deep-rooted, abiding love which alone is worthy of its name. As regarded such, Claude's soul was still in outer darkness and asleep, when he went forth a free man again.

It was only distance and memory and remorse that awoke it at last in its real honest strength, when everything else, tried in the balance, was found wanting. He took his resolve.

As his acknowledged, honoured wife, her loving devotion, which he recalled with shame, should be rewarded, and his thoughtless ingratitude atoned for. Charles was king in his father's stead. Claude and Rénée were safe, and they returned to their ancient home. The Marquis speedily found that Mademoiselle Lamarque's mysterious disappearance had never yet been accounted for; she was still lost to the world of Plessis, and then he knew where to look for her.

When the death of Louis XI. cleared the social atmosphere of France, one might have expected that Léonie would have returned to her father's house, and so far elucidated matters; but in truth she dared not. Convents are pretty much *au courant* with all that passes in the outer world, and Mademoiselle Lamarque knew that her flight had brought her mother to the grave, and darkened her father's life with a sorrow that made him a man of note upon the tongues of gossips. How, if she shewed herself now, would he be likely to receive this erring daughter, the girl who for her lover had not scrupled to sacrifice her nearest ones? No; Léonie Lamarque had made her choice, obeying the command that bids a woman leave 'father and mother;' and grieving alone, she 'dreed her weird' in Sainte Marguerite's, looking for him who, month after month so wearily expected, came not.

In utter silence the governor of Plessis heard Claude's disclosures; and when the latter ceased to speak, M. Lamarque raised his head slowly, and looking straight before him, with a curiously set and pale face, said: 'And Mademoiselle Lamarque—where then is she?' His voice had a strange, far-away sound, as though, while his words addressed

themselves to the listener beside him, his soul itself held commune with distant things, away beyond the world around him. For answer, Claude d'Estrelles rose quickly with an expression upon his face that would have been called 'nervous' in anybody but himself, and opened the door.

Two figures come in. One of them, in a nun's garb, is the Abbess of Sainte Marguerite. She draws forward a white-faced, trembling woman, who, silent also, sinks down at the feet of M. Lamarque. But speechless, she looks at him, and stretches out her hands appealingly.

With a start and gesture of wrathful aversion, the governor wards her off. There is neither mercy nor pity in his eyes.

'Who is this?' he asks, stepping back. 'What means this farce?'

She shivers at the unrelenting voice.

'Oh! my father, it is your daughter—your Léonie!'

'I have no daughter! She left me to sorrow and disgrace three years ago. Since then, I have seen her mother die, calling vainly for her lost child—the child that never answered—that made no sign!—Is it you, Madame?—and his voice took a fiercely scornful ring—'that tell me you are my daughter?—Go!'

The Marquis stoops quickly and raises the shrinking figure, holding it lovingly in his arms while he whispers words of courage, and tries to soothe the frightened girl. The Abbess puts her hand entreatingly upon M. Lamarque.

'My son! be merciful! Our Léonie has sinned, as many a loving woman has sinned before her. I do not extenuate her fault. I cannot wonder at your righteous anger; but her own heart has been for many long sorrowful days, and will be, its own punishment. Forgive a stricken, not a hardened woman. Leave vengeance to whom vengeance belongs!'

'Marquis de Clair-malais!'

Startled by the tone, Claude looks up boldly. M. Lamarque does not approach or turn his eyes upon Léonie, but he fronts Claude with a stern, white face.

'Have I understood aright? if you are willing to marry this—one, named Léonie Lamarque?'

'Willing!' The Marquis's voice takes a tone of passionate tenderness. 'So willing, that I hope to atone with my whole life for the sorrows of my poor love here. Heaven forgive me for being the cause of them!'

'That is well.'

'It is only your consent we ask now, Monsieur Lamarque.'

'It is easily given.—I pray you, ladies, and you, sir, to excuse me for a brief period. Have the goodness to await me here.'

And walking with erect head but lagging steps, like a man in a trance, the governor goes out. Léonie leans on Claude's shoulder; her tears fall drearily. The sweet-faced Abbess tells her heads rapidly, and thanks our Blessed Lady that she has quitted a world where such terrible sorrows and passions have sway. The Marquis, to tell the truth, looks rather savage. He had not exactly reckoned upon the present performance. Things do not appear to be arranging themselves pleasantly. He gnaws his moustache.

The governor re-enters. Still haughty and cold, he requests them to follow him, and he leads the

way to the old chapel. It is partly filled with a crowd of retainers, new servants who have come in with the new régime, strangers who know not Léonie Lamarque; and they stare curiously at the chief actors in this strange and sudden wedding to which they are bidden as witnesses. The altar is ablaze with light. Léonie remembers with a curious wonder her midnight search and what she found there three years ago, a finding of which the result is—this! Awaiting them is a white-haired priest, who gazes pityingly upon the pale bride whom the abbess leads to him. It seems but a wild weird dream after all; an unreal phantasm to the three personages of our drama, when the words are spoken which alter so strangely the lives of those, long separated, who meet again to-day in Plessis les Tours, and Father Laurent, with solemn exhortation, joins the hands of Claude d'Estrelles and Léonie Lamarque.

It is not a very long ceremony; marriages and divorces were equally short affairs in those convenient days, and when it is over, all the assistants, previously warned, depart.

The Abbess sinks upon her knees before the high-altar. There has been no sign of any relenting in the father who, still and cold, gave just now his once-loved child into the keeping of the man for whom she has suffered so much. As a stranger doing a duty, he has done it. There are some wounds that rouse the gentlest nature into cruel retaliation, and the governor's heart has been stabbed by the hand he loved best.

Following a sign that he makes them, Claude and Léonie find themselves standing with him before a monumental stone, let into the wall. One glance is enough. Léonie turns to Claude, covering her face. M. Lamarque speaks with chilling distinctness: 'Marquis de Clair-marais, take your wife. What such a daughter may be as a wife, I know not. That is your affair, not mine. A memory of the dead rises up between me and this woman.—Madame d'Estrelles, your duty awaits you.—Sir, I pray you to excuse me; I would be alone.'

He turns away and sinks wearily upon a *prie-dieu* before the tomb.

'Claude, Claude! He casts me off. Ah! heaven help me!'

It is a bitter cry, and the Marquis's arm tightens round his sad young wife as he tries to lead her away. 'Come!' he says.

There is imperiousness as well as love in the tone. He is all she has now. She obeys him with lingering and faltering steps.

They reach the door. She stops, and turns to look again at the solitary bowed figure that leans upon the chair. Its desolation and forlornness strike to her heart.

'No, Claude; not like this!—not like this!'

She speaks in a fierce whisper, and breaks from him. In another moment she is on her knees beside that silent figure.

'Oh, my father—bless your child!'

Even so came the voice of Esau upon the ears of Isaac. He starts and shivers at the sound.

He pulls out his hand to wave her away. She holds it fast—so fast that he cannot withdraw, or prevent her lips from resting upon it.

Claude has drawn near.

The Abbess stays her prayer to watch; then watching, prays again.

'See here, my father. You loved my mother. Was there never a time when, if terrible need had been, you would have done for her what I did for my love? She sees all things clearly now—she, whom I have most sinned against; and as I was dear to her on earth, she has forgiven me now. I know it! oh, I know it! My father, will you be less merciful?—O mother! speak to his heart for me!'

The pitiful, despairing voice rings out wildly through the chapel. There is a moment's silence. Then M. Lamarque stands up. There are tears too upon his sunken cheeks. And he looks at the memorial stone as he stretches out his hands over the head of his trembling daughter.

'For the sake of my dead love, and as she would bid me do—I forgive and bless her child, the child who bears her name.—Claude, Léonie, go in peace!'

And so those who had 'come out of great tribulation,' sailed into a pleasant haven at last. And this romance of Plessis les Tours was told over and over again to generation after generation who stood admiringly before the picture of Léonie, sixteenth Marchioness of Clair-marais, and read beneath it that she was 'Belle dame, vertueuse, et de loyauté très-rare.' That was Claude's doing.

THE POMPEII COMMEMORATION.

'THERE has occurred this year,' writes a Naples correspondent, 'a very remarkable and interesting event at Pompeii. On the 24th August 79, the great eruption of Vesuvius destroyed the city; and eighteen hundred years afterwards, that catastrophe has been commemorated under circumstances which will make Thursday 24th September 1879 a day to be recorded and remembered. The guardianship of the ruined city is in the hands of the Italian government, who have shewn an excellent spirit in celebrating in a becoming manner an occurrence of such historic importance. Special cards of invitation were issued; and not less than twelve thousand persons availed themselves of an opportunity of not only noting the progress which has been made in excavating the ruins and bringing fresh art wonders to light, but of hearing an authentic account of what has been done at the works from the lips of the Engineer Director.

'Those privileged persons found themselves on that day not only on the site of the city, disinterred from its silent tomb, but walking about its streets and exploring its houses, vivid with almost undimmed hues. "In its Forum were to be seen, when the city was first discovered (1750 A.D.), the half-finished columns as left by the workmen's hands; in its gardens the sacrificial tripod; in its halls the chest of treasure; in its baths the strigil; in its theatres the counters of admission; in its saloons the furniture and the lamp; in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast; in its cubicula the perfumes and the rouge of faded beauty; and everywhere the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and of life." Thus wrote Bulwer in his *Last Days of Pompeii*.

"I never was more struck with the value of these words than I was on the day of the commemoration. Like the American artist who, when asked what guide he took with him to Scotland, replied, "Sir Walter Scott;" so I took Bulwer with me to Pompeii.

"But to return to Thursday the 24th September. Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, the roads leading to Pompeii were crowded with carriages; and the trains from Naples and elsewhere brought thousands. The principal entrance was by the Hotel Diomede, and thence by the gate at the western end of the Via Marina to the Basilica, where a tribune was erected, from which the Chief Engineer read an address, in the presence of men distinguished in position, in art, and science. There was to be seen the illustrious Commendatore Fiorelli, who for several years has superintended in a regular and methodical manner the excavations, and to whom we are indebted for the institution of a Museum and Library at Pompeii; for the dwelling-house erected for the students, which is entirely maintained at the cost of the government; and for several other practical and valuable administrative improvements. The great size of the Basilica, an oblong building two hundred and twenty feet long and eighty-two feet broad, prevented the learned Engineer from being distinctly heard; but the address was printed, and a few copies distributed. Then came forward Signor Quintino Quanciale, *Academix Socius*; and Signor Antonio Mirabilli, also *Academix Socius*, Professor of Latin, who in sonorous voices recited verses in Latin applicable to the occasion.

"As soon as the verses had been recited, the Basilica was emptied of the vast numbers which occupied it during the proceedings, and the Engineer accompanied by other Pompeian officials, proceeded to escort a group of the visitors through the Forum, through the Strada di Augustali to the Region and Island where the new excavations have been made.

"The city is divided by Fiorelli into nine Regions or quarters, which are subdivided into Islands, or what will be better understood by a block of houses bounded by four streets. Region IX., *Insula V. and VI.*, was then examined, disclosing the pillars of a house only inferior in size to the house of the 'Faun,' the dimensions of which are two hundred and sixty-two feet long by one hundred and twenty-five feet broad. Near here, close up against the superincumbent mass of Vesuvian debris, were disclosed various objects—bronzes; a burnished metal mirror little used, and which will probably turn out to be the largest in the Pompeian collection; some skulls; three skeletons. There were also exposed to view some beans, hemp-seed—perhaps to feed the little bird of which the skeleton was found. Here too were discovered a drinking-fountain, a graceful candelabrum, and on a marble pillar a head of Silenus; three pitchers, a bell, a mould for a pie, many rings, handles of bronze vases, feet of furniture, pedestals for statues in bronze and stone, &c. With the examination of these objects ended the official programme of the day; and

then came a rush for luncheon in a large tent or pavilion, erected on the plateau over the last-made excavations.

"From this point the general view of Pompeii is very fine. The whole city of ruins is at one's feet, extending from the House of Diomede, at the north-western angle, near the Herculaneum gate, to the Porta di Nola on the east, and to the Amphitheatre on the south. While the giant Vesuvius—author of all the ruin—on the north, towers over the whole, sending forth by day and by night smoke and flame. "Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky, now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch, then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life."

"As it was impossible," writes the Naples correspondent of the *Standard*, "to be at all the points of interest, ten new excavations being carried on simultaneously, I went, being advised by those most competent to judge, to Section No. 9, and there, in a small division parallel to that already numbered five, the curiosity of the spectators was soon richly rewarded. Almost with the first strokes of pick and spade, used, by the way, as only Pompeian diggers know how, there came to light a quantity of household objects, chiefly of those light and beautiful forms and delicate workmanship to be found in even the humblest Pompeian dwellings. A detailed list of the various articles in the order in which they were found fills six closely written pages of my note-book. There were bronze amphora lamps, brooches, bracelets, delicate vases, and one very large and elegant bronze candlestick, earthen vessels of various forms, fragments of glass, amongst which were the pieces of a lovely little glass vase of the most brilliant blue colour. The belongings of the upper and under stories of this little house were curiously mingled together, objects of mere ornament being mixed up with kitchen utensils. Then came some large tiles and fragments of a large beam of wood, shewing that the roof had been crushed in on the lower stories. It is judged to have been the shop of a seedsman, for besides some bronze scales and weights, several large heaps of small beans, grain, and hemp-seeds came to light, with portions of wooden casks and canvas sacks in which they had been kept. A piece of sacking which I had in my hand, still tied with a bit of string, was wonderfully perfect, although quite black. In one corner were the bones of some small animal, probably some household pet; and stuck against the wall was a skeleton of a little bird, its breast pressed against the mortar, where it had clung in its fright and bewilderment. Several human skeletons were found in other parts of the city, and one very perfect piece of Mosaic pavement. One feature of the scene not to be passed over was the intense interest displayed by the plebeian portion of the crowd—an eagerness which sorely tried the almost too great patience and gentleness of the officials, and causing loss of time from too close crowding; but the applause bestowed when the custodians held up any object to public view, and the shouts of 'Bravo!' when it happened to be anything of real classic beauty,

were rather striking, in view of all that has been said of the Italians not feeling or caring for their own antiquities."

SINGULAR DISCOVERIES.

GIVEN inclination to undertake, and leisure to perform the task, any one who would hunt up records of unexpected finds, remarkable in their nature, or by reason of the circumstances under which they were made, might easily fill a goodly sized volume with the results of their researches. Pending such a compilation, we have made note of some things not generally known in the way of singular finds, and hope a little chat anent them will prove acceptable to our readers.

An interesting discovery, at least from an archaeological point of view, was strangely brought about several years ago. Two men were tried before the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyrénées for a series of burglaries and highway robberies. The evidence against them was irresistible; but none of the plunder could be traced, until one of them, Rivas, gave a hint towards solving the mystery, which sent a commissary of police to a cavern in one of the mountains. To scale the precipitous sides of the mountain was no easy task; but the officer persevered, and was rewarded by finding an enormous quantity of stolen property. The commissary having shewn that the cavern was accessible, some savants soon found their way there, and exploring it thoroughly, brought to light the remains of animals of enormous size, flint hatchets, ornamental pottery, and a number of Roman medals of the third century. The advocate of Rivas tried to turn this to account, and asked the jury to look upon his client as a pioneer of science; but they did not see the force of the argument, and he and his fellow in crime received their deserts.

Londoners do not look to stumble upon strange reptiles on their way to business, or be startled by rare birds taking the air in the streets. Yet within the last twenty years a snake was found 'at large' in Fleet Street among some woodwork; a chameleon was rescued from death at the wheels of a Holborn omnibus; and a kingfisher captured in the courtyard of the British Museum—snake, chameleon, and kingfisher being as much out of their latitude as the poor pig that fell into the saving hands of the crew of a Lowestoft lugger, while battling bravely with the waves *six miles from land*.

A shark, eleven feet in length, which was caught off the Scotch coast was found to contain a whole ling, a man's bonnet, sundry remnants of fish, and a soda-water bottle corked and sealed. The bottle was quickly smashed, and a paper, signed Annette Gordon, was found. It ran thus: 'On board the *Beautiful Star*, Sunday, 1st September 1872. We have crossed the line, and all's well. Last night the captain's lady had a pretty little boy.

Heaven bless the little stranger,
Rocked on the cradle of the deep;
Save it, Lord, from every danger,
The angels bright their watch will keep.
Oh, gently soothe its tender years,
And so allay a parent's fears—
A father's love, a mother's joy;
May all that's good attend their boy.'

How long a time it took for that communication to come to land, we are unable to say. Messages committed to Neptune's charge are apt to be long delayed. The *London* was lost in the Bay of Biscay in January 1866; it was not till near the close of the following year that a bottle was picked up in Exmouth harbour, containing a tailor's bill, on the back of which was written: 'Lost in the ship *London*, FRANCIS DAY. Advertise to my friends that I have three thousand pounds in the London and Westminster Bank.' Welcome as the information may have been to those concerned, there was probably greater gratitude felt for that conveyed in the slip of paper inclosed in a bottle cast ashore on the coast of Wexford: 'The finder of this is to tell ELIZABETH GRANTON, of Ashton Grange, on the borders of London, E.C., that the secret of her birth will be found behind the picture of the Earl of Warwick in the drawing-room; and receive the blessing of a dying man.'

The Bank of England has had no end of valuables committed to its keeping. The vaults of its establishment hold mouldering chests, deposited there for safety's sake, and apparently forgotten by their owners. In 1873 one fell to pieces from sheer rottenness, exposing to sight a quantity of massive plate and a bundle of yellow papers. The latter proved to be a collection of love-letters of the period of the Restoration, which the directors were enabled to restore to the lineal descendant of the original owner!

In 1875 a tin box was fished out of the Seine containing more than five hundred letters, addressed to divers persons in Paris. The box—set aloft miles above Paris—had been hermetically sealed, and was furnished with little metal sails, that it might catch the current of the river at every point; but it had failed to achieve a successful voyage, and lain at the river's bottom for years with its freight of letters for the besieged Parisians, some of whom, however, had the gratification of receiving them five years after date.

The betrothed of a young watchmaker, living at Prescott, had to wait even longer for one of his love-letters. He posted it at Coventry in August 1867; but the fair one did not receive it. Luckily, no mischief arose between the pair in consequence; the course of true love ran smoothly for once, and they were soon afterwards married and settled, taking up their abode in the street in which the lady had lived before marriage. One day in 1878 a worn, crumpled letter came to her. It was the lost love-letter. It had slipped down a niche in a mail-van, and been discovered upon the condemnation and breaking up of that vehicle.

At Highgate, near London, stands a public-house, from the window of which a skeleton cat challenges the notice of passers-by. In its teeth it holds a skeleton rat, caught no one knows how long ago. Just as we see them now, cat and rat were taken from the chimney, when the house was undergoing alteration.—A more grisly chimney-find fell to some workmen a few years since in the old house in the High Street of Hull notable as the birthplace of Wilberforce the slave emancipator, for the skeleton they disturbed was a human one. A banking business was at one time carried on in the house, so the bones were set down to belong to a thief who, hiding in the chimney, either preliminary to committing felony,

or to escape pursuit after committing it, had been suffocated.

Burglars and robbers do sometimes get into tight places, and fall a sacrifice to their evil ways. Nunez the Spanish banker had a strong-room in his bank at Lerida which was never entered unless some heavy payment in gold had to be made. To this there were originally two keys, but one of them mysteriously disappeared. One day it became necessary for the cashier to visit the reserve safe, and he was not a little startled at finding that there was a key already in the lock. He hurried to Nunez with the news; and the banker himself opened the strong-room door. Inside lay the body of a man—the corpse of a discharged bank servant. He had stolen the missing key, and availed himself of an opportunity to rifle the safe; but too eager perhaps to finger the coin, had forgotten that the door fastened with a spring, and letting it close behind him, had wrought his own punishment.

In January 1878 the soda-laden ship *Irvine* arrived in the Thames from Peru, and discharged her cargo at Rotherhithe. Imbedded in the soda was found the well-preserved body of a woman, supposed—we know not on what evidence—to be one of the victims of an earthquake occurring many centuries ago.—There was not such utter uncertainty respecting a wooden coffin containing a guano effigy of a man, discovered in 1845, some seventeen feet from the top of the guano mound of Ichaboe; for although the coffin and its contents crumbled to dust after an hour's exposure to the air, the finders had managed to decipher all that remained of a rude inscription—namely 'bermann' and '689;' and to come to the conclusion that the remains were those of the carpenter or *tomberrmann* of a Dutch sealing-ship, who had departed this life in 1689.

The child of a Dutch farmer at the Cape was wont to spend his idle hours on the river-bank searching for pretty pebbles. One of the youngster's acquisitions attracted his mother's notice as something out of the common, and she shewed it to a neighbour curious in such things. He would have bought it; but Mrs Jacobs ridiculed the idea, and made him a present of it. He kept it a little while, and then as readily parted with it to somebody no wiser than himself, who passed it on to a friend having sufficient curiosity to post it in an ordinary unregistered letter to Dr Alherstone, a mineralogist in Graham's Town. The expert declared the boy's pretty pebble to be a veritable diamond; as such it was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and purchased by an English gentleman for five hundred pounds.

Some five or six years ago, a young man was traversing the mountains, cañons, and valleys of Esmeralda County, Nevada, prospecting for gold and silver. As he looked down on the valley of Teel's Marsh, he saw a vast bed of white sand or something like it, and was tempted to descend and examine it. He found the place to be the bed of a dry lagoon, five miles in length, and about half as wide; and what he had taken for sand proved to be a soft clay-like deposit, in which he sank ankle-deep as he cautiously walked over it. Filling his pockets with the curious stuff, he mounted his horse again, and rode to his home in Columbus. There an assayer pronounced the contents of his pockets the finest sample of crude

borax he had ever seen. The astonished prospector—one of the large family of Smiths—lost no time in making formal claim to his find; and that obtained, he and his brother went to work with tanks, boilers, crystallisers, and all necessary appliances, and are at the present writing, as the masters of an immense establishment, driving a very profitable trade, one likely to be as permanent as profitable, since the deposit of borax in Teel's Marsh reproduces itself every two or three years, so that Smith Brothers have no fear of the supply failing.

Wonderful reports have come of late from Arizona and Colorado of rich mining 'strikes.' Mr Chilsen, the owner of the most valuable claim in the Globe District of Arizona, thus relates the story of its discovery: 'I was travelling alone over the Sierras in the fall of 1876, and had reached Pinal County on my way to the Globe District, where I hoped to find a ledge that would give better paying ore than the one I had recently abandoned. Being pretty near worn out with my three weeks' profitless prospecting, I was jogging quietly along on the back of an old jack, looking out for a quiet gully where I could camp for the night out of the reach of road-agents and redskins. Seeing a likely spot on the other side of a low ridge of rock I was then coasting, I made for it, when my mule stumbled over a blind cleft, and threw me head-first to the ground. My shoulder hit a loose bit of rock, and that saved my head; although it was some time before I could put myself together again. When I was able to pick myself up, I looked at the rock I had lit on, with a critical eye, and it was not long before I found it to be a solid lump of as pure silver as is to be seen on the outside of an assay office. It was a long brown mass, which shaled off when cut with my pocket-knife, and was considerably more than I could lift, although I can handle a two-hundred-pound bag of ore without any difficulty. It lay in a kind of split in the rock, and this split was the outcrop of a silver ledge, respecting which I concluded that I could not better my luck if I travelled till doomsday. I went to work, and set off at once as big a claim as the laws of the Territory would admit. Following the streak for some way, I came across several crevices of a like character to the first, all full of shreds of the same shaly stuff, known to miners as horn-silver. Every ounce of it was worth as much as a Mexican dollar. I slept there for the night, and early next morning covered up all traces till I could get force enough to hold my own. In fifteen days my two brothers joined me, and then we set about developing. The first lot of ore we got out I packed on the backs of seven mules, and started for San Francisco, which I reached in two months, and sold out for a clear gain of eight thousand dollars. Since then my brothers and one hand have taken out over sixty thousand dollars in cash; and I reckon the mine is worth a clear million just as it stands, and will sell for twice as much as soon as the railway now building reaches the district.'

A needy Australian had reason to be thankful for his want of pence. One evening, a tired, footsore traveller halted at a Bush inn in Bendigo, hoping to rest there for the night; but unable to satisfy the landlord of his ability to pay for the accommodation, that worthy referred him to airier

lodgings in the Bush behind the inn, to which he was fain to betake himself. Early astir the next morning, the wayworn man loafed aimlessly about, until something met his experienced eye that set him prospecting in earnest; the something being an auriferous reef; which upon his working it paid him so well that he was able in a very short time to buy out the churlish publican. After a while he disposed of a portion of his interest in the property to a Company, designated after him Wilson and Company, which within two months of the purchase returned two large dividends to its shareholders; and it still holds its place as one of the best-paying mining Companies in the district.

THE MACE.

THE mace, it appears, was originally a weapon of war; its recognition as a symbol of power and authority being of much later date. Kings, judges, ministers, and persons in official positions in most countries evince a liking for the mace in this character; and it is deemed fitting that the symbol should be a fine specimen of metal-work or carving or both. The sword of state and the mace carried before a great personage may be taken, the one as an emblem of judicial punishment, the other of governmental authority—the two functions combined in the same individual.

The serjeant at mace, or serjeant of mace, equivalent to mace-bearer, has for ages been a functionary invested with what may be called the ceremonial part of authority both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. The mace at one period, and in some parts of England, was a necessary adjunct or preliminary to the due execution of legal and judicial processes. For the royal maces we must go to the Tower of London; where, in the almost priceless collection known as the *regalia*, we find emblems of royalty in great profusion. Five crowns—one with the finest pearl in the world—the orb, the ampula or golden eagle for containing the anointing oil at the coronation, the curtana or sword of mercy, the sword spiritual and the sword temporal, bracelets or armilla, the royal spurs, and—added during the present reign—the far-famed Koh-i-noor diamond, the ‘mountain of light.’ Lastly, there are the maces, sceptres, or rods. These comprise the royal sceptre with the cross, thirty-three inches in length, richly adorned with precious stones; St Edward’s staff, made of gold, four and a half feet in length, and weighing ninety pounds—with an orb at the top said to contain a fragment of the true cross; the sceptre of the dove, or rod of equity, having a dove with outspread wings above the orb; Queen Victoria’s sceptre, with a richly gemmed cross; the ivory sceptre of Queen Maria d’Este (wife of James II.), surmounted by a dove of white onyx; and the sceptre of Queen Mary, wife of William III.

Who has not seen the Lord Mayor’s Show, and the glittering mace which Mr Mace-bearer displays at one of the windows of the Lord Mayor’s gorgeously ponderous state coach? This mace is a fine specimen of goldsmith’s work of the fifteenth century—some parts much older. It is supposed to be the same which Stow wrote about in his *Annals* when describing Queen Elizabeth’s proces-

sion to St Paul’s in 1588, to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In modern times, whenever the sovereign enters the City of London in anything like state, the Lord Mayor presents the City sword but not the sceptre. The same functionary has for many centuries borne the sceptre at the Coronations.

The Lord Mayor’s mace or sceptre, just mentioned as a symbol of civic authority, is a staff about eighteen inches in length, composed in great part of crystal, cut with lozenge or diamond-shaped facets, and encircled with gold bands. The channeling is filled with thin fillets of gold; and the golden divisions are studded at intervals with eight rows of large seed-pearls. The upper part is composed of four crosses and an equal number of fleurs-de-lis, and studded with three rubies, three sapphires, and six very large seed-pearls arranged in groups. The fleurs-de-lis are supposed to have been added in the time of the Plantagenets.

Details of a very curious kind have been collected respecting the maces and sceptres belonging to the corporate towns in various parts of the kingdom: information obtained in the first instance from the Reports of the Municipal Corporations Commissioners, with later corrections and additions from other sources.

The city of Canterbury, it appears, has a mace and a sword of state displayed on certain ceremonial occasions. The sword was presented to the city by King James I. The original charter granted by Henry VI. empowered the mayor to appoint serjeants at mace to bear the maces before His Worship—for there were more maces than one.

The corporation of the city of York claim to possess a silver mace, a large sword of state, and another state sword of smaller dimensions. The mighty sword, made so far back as the year 1439, and presented to the city by the father of the queen of Richard II., is borne in ceremonial state on Easter Day, Christmas Day, and a few other occasions; but can only be carried without fatigue by a somewhat powerful man. The smaller sword, dated 1545, a gift from the Lord Mayor of London in that year, is more frequently used. The Cap of Maintenance—as it is called—worn by the sword-bearer on special occasions, is so dignified a symbol of civic authority that he dolls it to no one whatever, and may even wear it during Divine service in the minster or elsewhere.

The old city of Winchester has a record in the corporate books to the effect that, in the second year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a riot took place in reference to a disputed claim to the ownership of Padisham Marsh. One rioter named White was fined by Sir John Guildford for inciting the rest, and for ‘contempt of the mayor and his officer bearing the mace;’ and another was fined twenty nobles ‘towards the remaking or making great of a new mace’—thus indirectly implying that though the wisdom might not necessarily be in the wig, the virtual embodiment of authority is in the mace.

Southampton has the honour of possessing two large gold maces and one of smaller dimensions; one of these is as old as the time of Henry VIII. It used to be the custom, when the mayor’s lady went to church on state occasions, to bear one of these maces before her; she wore a scarlet gown

as a token of distinction. Southampton has also, among its relics of the past, a two-handed sword five feet in length—a formidable weapon which no puny mortal could wield; and an oar, which is borne before the mayor as a token of the Admiralty rights of that borough.

Hastings does not boast, so far as we are aware, of a corporate mace; but it possesses a monster punch-bowl, having a capacity of sixteen quarts. Associated with this bowl is a story to the effect that the barons of the Cinque Ports—that is, the members of parliament for Hastings, &c.—have the privilege of bearing the canopy over the sovereign at the coronation. When they had performed this function at the coronation of George II. and his queen-consort, they claimed the silver staves which had upheld the canopy; and this perquisite was acceded to. They, however, were not selfish in the matter, for they presented the staves to the corporation of Hastings. Banqueting rather than royal reminiscences was in favour with the borough authorities; they caused the staves to be melted down, and the silver used to make the Brobdignagian punch-bowl.

Glastonbury possesses, or possessed a few years ago, a staff as a substitute for a mace; it was of silver, and could claim an existence of more than three centuries. This staff was borne before the warden or chief functionary of the corporation.

The city of Carlisle is especially favoured in the possession of a silver mace, a sword of state, a silver tankard, and a silver loving-cup, all the gift of the Earl of Carlisle in the time of Queen Anne.

At Folkstone in the olden time, on the election of a mayor, the townsmen were summoned to the churchyard by the blowing of a burghmote horn, before proceeding to church to hear Divine service. The outgoing mayor and jurats then gathered around the cross in the churchyard; the former delivered an address, and directed the townsmen to go into the chancel and elect a new mayor. This tells of very early times indeed, as does the name of the town itself—Folkstone. If the borough possesses a mace, it must have been of much later introduction.

Edinburgh has a handsome gilt silver mace, surmounted by a crown, and bearing national emblems, with the date 1617. As this was the year in which James I. returned to pay a visit to his Scottish subjects, this mace may be presumed to have been prepared for the occasion along with other civic paraphernalia still in use.

More than forty other towns, in addition to those above named, are known to possess or to have at one time possessed, a mace as the symbol of corporate authority. For instance, Dunwich, now a decayed old town in Suffolk, had at one time a small silver mace shaped like a thick bolt or arrow. Norwich has a sword of state and three maces; one of which was presented to the city by Queen Elizabeth, and another by Sir Robert Walpole. The university cities of Oxford and Cambridge possess silver-gilt maces, besides smaller maces for the town serjeants. Bristol is said to be favoured with the ample allowance of nine maces and four swords; one of the latter was presented to the city as far back as the time of Henry VI. High-Wycombe had a silver-gilt rod or staff for the mayor to carry, while a mace was borne before him. Chard, although without a mace, possesses a corporate sword, two muskets,

and six helmets—rather warlike for so quiet a place. Loughor, in South Wales, which now thinks more about coal than of anything else, once had two old maces, made of wood, and ornamented; these were afterwards supplanted by four maces made of brass.

It may be remarked before concluding, that the maces of corporate bodies have sometimes been made to do double duty—as symbols of authority, and as drinking-cups on great occasions. According to the fashioning of the upper part, the cup becomes in some instances a tankard, in others a bowl. The top of the mace was made to screw on or fit into the lower part; and occasionally the lower part itself was made hollow, to serve as an additional reservoir of choice beverage. On great festive occasions a mace of such a kind, filled with wine, was handed round to the principal guests; it was then refilled with spiced ale, which the serjeants at mace and other minor officials quaffed off with great relish. Among other towns thus provided may be mentioned the borough of Bridgenorth, which had two maces of silver-gilt, supported by twisted columns about twenty-four inches in length; when unscrewed, the upper part of each became a drinking-cup of about one quart liquid capacity. These symbols of civic dignity and banqueting were fabricated about two centuries ago.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'HAROLD!' There is something in my mother's voice that warns me she is about to broach an unpleasant topic of conversation; for she pronounces my name in a timid, deprecating manner, suggestive of—What? I inwardly run over a list of disagreeables peculiar to her sex—servants, new bonnets, match-making, and, last but by no means least, house-cleaning.

'Yes, mother,' I reply, as cheerfully as the circumstances will permit.

'What very settled weather we're having for April.'

I thought so—it is house-cleaning!

'It won't last, though,' is my unfeeling rejoinder.

'Don't you think so, dear? I am sorry for that. I thought it would be such an excellent opportunity for having the house cleaned and perhaps re-papered.'

'Oh! pray don't put yourself to the trouble of having it re-papered on my account, mother.'

'No, my dear. It is very considerate of you to wish to save me trouble; but Lady Haughton was advising me to have our rooms done like hers, on the "high-art" system.'

'Bother Lady Haughton!' I mentally ejaculate.

I pretty well guessed she was at the bottom of the mischief. It is she who has been giving my mother lessons in 'high-art.' Of course it is! Before she came into the neighbourhood, my revered parent was as 'art-less' as a new-born babe; now she is transformed into a true daughter of Eve.

I am an only son, and my mother is a widow. Before the advent of the aforesaid titled lady, a

happier pair than we two could not be found under the sun; but since that ill-starred day when we were honoured by an 'At Home,' to which in an evil hour we responded, my domestic felicity has come to an end. Incessant visits are interchanged between the two ladies, who have conceived that violent liking for each other, incomprehensible to man, but a part and parcel of woman's composition. If Lady Haughton is not at our house, my mother is at hers. (N.B.—It is more frequently the former, for the rent-roll of the House of Haughton is far from long.) Then 'dear Mrs Gilchrist's little dinners are so admirably arranged,' and 'dear Mrs Gilchrist's carriage is so roomy, and rides so easily;' in short, all 'dear Mrs Gilchrist's' possessions are so superior to 'dear Lady Haughton's,' that my misginded relative is actuated by the profoundest pity to lend every portable article in the house—including our French cook—to her less fortunate friend, and to work my favourite chestnuts almost to death. Can you wonder then, that my feelings towards this disturber of our peace are the reverse of amiable, and that my assumed cheerfulness suddenly vanishes at the mention of her name? In fact I am afraid I look decidedly cross as I push back my chair from the table, and answer: 'Well then, mother, since you deem it a positive necessity to turn the house out-of-windows, I shall run down to the seaside for a week or two. I can't, and won't endure being hunted from one room to another to please Lady Haughton, and you know the abominable odour of paint always knocks me up.'

'Where do you think of going, dear?' asks my mother composedly.

'Oh, I don't know!' is my ungracious reply; and lighting a cigar, I stroll into the garden to meditate on a bachelor's woes; for had my mother been my wife, she would have been bound to obey me, not I her.

Hitherto I have entertained a profound horror of matrimony, founded upon the experience of sundry male friends—well, we'll say *blessed* with partners of the Haughton school; but since breakfast my ideas on that subject have been undergoing a rapid change. A wife may be controlled; a mother, filial respect forbids to be. Fortunately—or unfortunately, whichever the case may be—I am by no means susceptible to the tender passion; in fact I pride myself upon my heart being perfectly adamant. When I hear that my voice is 'almost equal to Sims Reeves's;' that I waltz 'divinely;' that I am the best hand at croquet, badminton, lawn-tennis, &c. 'for miles round;' and when informed by my easily gulled parent that '*that nice girl Miss So-and-so thinks Mr Gilchrist the handsomest man she ever saw*,' I set it all down to the fact that I am heir-presumptive to a baronetcy, and in many other respects what is termed a 'good catch.' But putting aside that fact, the last assertion would alone have destroyed any Miss So-and-so's chance of ever becoming Lady Gilchrist; the fib was too palpable. I am not ugly; but I certainly am not handsome. You shall judge for yourself; then I shall not be accused of injustice towards 'Miss So-and-so.' As far as I can see I have a tolerably well-shaped head, adorned with closely cropped black hair, a healthy brick-dust complexion, a 'composite or mixed' nose, a pair of rather decent brown eyes—at least they would be if one were not short-sighted—a heavy

black moustache, and a herculean frame of full six feet four inches high—these complete my charms; so I think I am justified in saying I am not ugly, but certainly not unduly handsome. Of course my mother, blind where my unworthy self is concerned, thinks me quite equal to the Apollo Belvidere; indeed I am not quite certain if she were called upon to give her candid opinion as to the relative merits of that gentleman's physique and mine, whether her verdict would not be in my favour.

Under the soothing influence of a couple of choice Havanas—I am an inveterate smoker, perhaps that partly accounts for my being a bachelor at the somewhat mature age of five-and-thirty—my ill-humour vanishes; and I begin to think of my proposed exile with a certain degree of satisfaction. It is a long time before I can make up my mind where to go, but at last I decide on Brighton. So when I meet my mother at luncheon, I wear an air of such touching resignation to my fate, that it causes the dear old soul to propose putting off the house-cleaning for a few weeks, until the weather really is settled; but of this I will not hear, and announce my intention of starting on the morrow, wet or fine.

She takes me at my word, for that same evening I find my portmanteau packed and labelled, my rugs strapped up, and even my pocket-flask filled. So amid maternal warnings relative to damp sheets, wet feet, and staying out in the night-air, I depart en route for Brighton.

Arrived at London Bridge Station, I purchase the inevitable yellow-backed volume without which no British traveller is complete, ensconce myself in a comfortable first-class smoking-carriage, settle my body on one seat, my extremities on another, tuck my railway rugs tightly round me, light a cigar, and open my book. No one seems inclined to disturb my peace; there are very few passengers, so most of them can follow my example and have a compartment to themselves. As one after another peers in at the window and passes by, I begin to congratulate myself on my good fortune, and to give myself up to a lazy enjoyment of my exceptionally fine cigar. But I am doomed to disappointment.

'Here you are, sir! Be quick.'

Before I have time to displace the extremities, the door is thrown open, two individuals shot in; a bang, a whistle, and we are off.

'How lucky we were to catch it, Charlie,' some one pants.

'Yes, indeed,' assents Charlie.

When I have had time to collect my scattered senses and my railway rugs, I steal a covert glance at the intruders. Charlie turns out to be a good-looking young fellow, attired like myself in a travelling ulster and tweed cap. And Charlie's—wife! Yes, I decide that at the first glance, more's the pity!—Charlie's wife is—is perfection. I have seen many beautiful women in my five-and-thirty years, but none to compare with Charlie's wife. I never was a good hand at describing female beauty; and as to dress—well, I refer you to my mother, and she is a partial judge. To describe Charlie's wife—or rather to faintly make the attempt—she is petite and, gracefully, prettily 'plump,' a perfect little Hebe, in short; and I should judge her to be from eighteen to twenty—not more, perhaps less. Her face is perfect in outline, small

and oval; the features so piquante that one forgets to notice they are not quite regular, and that the nose is decidedly tip-tilted, while the mouth is just a thought too large. But the dewy red lips that disclose a set of the prettiest little pearls it is possible to imagine, more than compensate for that very trifling defect, if defect you deem it—I do not. Her eyes are 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' fringed with long curling lashes, two or three shades darker than her pale auburn hair, and her complexion is dazzlingly fair. Coy little dimples lurk in all manner of unlooked-for corners in that bewitching face, whose greatest charm is its ever varying expression and constant animation. Allowing for my unpardonable stupidity in the matters of the toilet, suffice it to say Charlie's wife is dressed in navy-blue serge—I know the name of that material because I wear it myself—which fits her to perfection, and her hat is a saucy little felt deer-stalker to match. O Charlie, you are a lucky fellow! I feel in great danger of breaking the second clause of the tenth commandment!

What an awful nuisance they must think me. I hate being *de trop*; but it is not my fault; I am quite as much to be pitied as they are; so once more I bury myself in the pages of the yellow-backed volume, which like many others of its kind promises fair at first, but eventually proves a snare and a delusion. Of course my cigar was, alas! long ago doomed and cast to the winds.

For some time she keeps up a merry chatter, from which I principally gather that this is her first visit to Brighton, and that she prefers the country to London. There is none of the confidential whispering that I had dreaded, and very little love-making. Certainly I once saw her pull his long blonde moustache when she thought I was not looking, but beyond that their behaviour is most decorous. Somehow—confirmed bachelor as I am—I fancy that if I were in Charlie's place, I should not be quite so well-behaved as he is. How could any man resist those roguish blue eyes? How can Charlie? Most assuredly this is no honeymoon trip, for presently Mrs Charlie subsides into a yellow-backed volume like mine, and Mr Charlie into a nap; and who ever heard of a bridegroom indulging in forty winks at the very commencement of the tour? Instead of falling into the arms of Morpheus, I, for one, should prefer falling into the arms of my wife—that is, supposing her to be such another as Charlie's!

Evidently Mrs Charlie's book proves a snare and a delusion, for after glancing over the first few pages, she closes it with an air of impatience, and quitting her husband's side, she seats herself opposite him, and looks out of the window. By this time I have ceased pretending to peruse my yellow-backed friend, and am to all appearance engaged in contemplating the beauties of nature as seen through Charlie's window, not mine.

Meanwhile Charlie slumbers on, as tranquilly as though there were no such person as Mrs Charlie in existence, let alone sitting right before him in all her bewildering beauty. He does not even stir when she gives him a playful tap across his knuckles with her book and calls him softly by his name. With a comical little *moue*, she gazes from the window; and I begin to feel less

uneasy about violating the tenth commandment than I did at first. Such an ungallant fellow as this does not deserve such a dear little wife! I fervently wish there were no such thing as *les convenances* to be studied; then I could get into conversation with my slumbering companion's wife, which might cause her to feel less lonely than she does now. Whether intensity of desire brings the fulfilment of the wish, I know not; but this I do know, that when I see her take hold of the heavy leathern strap to let down the window, I am not at all slow in availing myself of the opportunity kind Fate throws in my way.

'Allow me!' I ejaculate, starting to my feet with an alacrity that seldom characterises my movements. (However much I may admire animation in others, I must confess to being rather addicted to taking it easy myself.)

'Thank you' answers Charlie's wife, with a graceful little bow, and a smile that causes me to bungle most awkwardly with the strap.

'I am afraid you will find the wind rather cold,' I say, going back not to my former seat, but to the one next hers.

'O no! I think not. I cannot have too much air,' she returns with another of those dangerous smiles. 'I always think these first-class carriages are a great mistake; they are so close and ill-ventilated. For my part, I should infinitely prefer travelling third.'

'Indeed!' I laugh. The idea of Charlie's dainty little wife travelling third class is too absurd! 'I fancy you would soon alter your opinion, if you were to try the experiment.'

'Why?' she demands, lifting her pretty dark brows in disbelief.

'I'm afraid you wouldn't find the society quite so agreeable as the ventilation,' I answer.

'Oh; but I like to study life in all its phases, not only from an opera box or in a ballroom. I always envy Dickens his insight into human nature both high and low. If I were a man, I should do just as he did, go into all sorts of places and all sorts of company,' announces 'Charlie's strong-minded better-half'; and I don't doubt that she would.

'It would be a good thing if there were a few more young ladies as sensible as yourself,' is my stilted response.

I am rather disappointed to find that bewitching Mrs Charlie is somewhat strong-minded. I like a 'womanly woman,' and have a lively horror of strong-minded females.

Does my fair companion divine my thoughts, that she hastily adds: 'You will set me down as a thorough "blue;" but I really don't deserve that epithet. For one thing, I am no believer in woman's rights.'

'Not even to the extent of allowing the window to remain open, just because it will be certain to give your husband an awful toothache, sitting as he is, right in the draught,' I slyly put in.

Charlie's wife gives me a quick, searching glance, then breaks into a little silvery laugh. 'Oh! poor boy. How thoughtless of me! Close it, by all means—if you will.'

'Shall I open the other? Perhaps you will find the smell of stale tobacco too much for you?' I hypocritically remark.

To tell the truth, I am dying for a cigar, and have been ransacking my brains for the last half-

hour as to the most delicate manner of finding out whether my fair friend objects to smoking. I don't like to put the question point-blank.

'O no; I don't mind it in the least; in fact I rather like it. You see I am used to it, for Charlie smokes from morning till night.'

'So do I,' I laughingly admit.

'And you have refrained from indulging in the pernicious weed all this time, in case its scent might annoy me?' she archly queries.

'Well—yes, I know a great many ladies object to smoking,' I reply, pulling out my cigar-case, and extracting a choice Manilla. Then, opening my vesta-box, I find that I have already used the last match. 'What a nuisance!' I exclaim; 'I have omitted to supply myself with lights!'

'I can give you some,' laughs my neighbour's wife. 'Charlie is in the habit of forgetting his, so I generally carry a box;' and she passes me a natty little Russian leather fusee-case.

'What a boon it must be to have a wife to look after one's comforts!' I reply, casting to the winds any lingering scruples, and breaking the tenth commandment outright.

Charlie does not wake until we get into that abomination the tunnel; then he suddenly opens his eyes, starts up, gives me a suspicious glance, and his wife a reproving one, for we are in the midst of an animated discussion of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (Charlie's wife is wonderfully well read), and are laughing and joking as merrily as though we were old friends. We come to a dead stop, and my companion goes back to her former seat. Her jealous lord maintains a dignified silence all the rest of the journey, scarcely deigning to look at my side of the carriage; and finding her attempts at conversation only meet with monosyllabic replies, the poor little thing resumes her discarded book, and never once lifts her eyes from its pages until the train steams into Brighton Station. As she is leaving the carriage, she turns and gives me a little bow; then Charlie hurries her and the portmanteau into a fly, and they are driven away.

'Poor little woman; what a life she must have of it!' I mutter. 'That fellow is the greatest tyrant I ever came across, and yet she seems so fond of him! "Charlie dear," indeed! I'd "Charlie dear" him!' And savagely flinging away nearly half a Manilla, I too hail a fly, and am rattled off to *The Bedford* in no very enviable frame of mind.

CLAMEUR DE HA! RO!

CLAMEUR de Ha! Ro! What is it? What does it mean? We venture to assert that few generally well-informed readers know anything about the time-honoured but eccentric ceremonial which in our Channel Islands goes by this name. Originating in a feeling of romantic fealty to a powerful Duke of Normandy, a customary usage there when William I. brought these pretty and fertile isles as a part of his duchy to the English crown, strangely enough the formality is still as fresh and as vigorous, and serving almost the same purpose as it did under the régime of the Norman Conqueror. Why this tenacious vitality, is a question we are not disposed to enter into; suffice

it to say that it often forms a sensational prelude to proceedings at common-law, and that this is briefly its story.

An encroachment is being made on a worthy Channel islander's landed property. It matters not the exact shape or form the infringement is taking; a path may be in progress of cutting across his field, a wall or a building may be in course of erection on his domain, anything in short may be going on by which the rights of *meum* and *tuum* are forgotten or set at defiance. Possibly enough, but by no means imperatively necessary for the action which is to follow, the transgressing one has been warned of his tripping, but has failed to give heed to the admonition; and either through obstinacy or mistaken identity, continues to push on the encroachment. So the wronged landholder at once determines to bring 'Duke Rollo' to his aid, and by the infallible appeal to this long defunct but still omnipotent chieftain—by Clameur de Ha! Ro! in fact—to stop all further derelictions.

A disbelieving outsider of these islands might, naturally enough, run away with the impression that a writ emanating from a legal functionary would be a more effectual 'stopper' than any calling upon a dead and gone Prince; but the Guernsey or Jersey native thinks, indeed he knows, better. To him, the mandamus of the Lord-chief Justice of England, whatever authority it might carry in other matters, would not be half so summarily powerful as an appeal to Rollo. So he acts thus: He hastens to the spot where the trespass is being committed, and there, in the presence of witnesses, falling on his knees, he exclaims three times in a supplicating voice: 'Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! à l'aide, mon Prince; on me fait tort' (To my help, Rollo; they are wronging me). Why the suppliant uses the French language, when most likely he is thoroughly conversant with English, need hardly be said; it is well known that that tongue is the official one of the land, in which all deliberations take place and all documents are written. Why too he—rather disrespectfully—abbreviates his Prince's name from Rollo to Ro, is thus explained. The 'Ha' or 'Aa' is an ejaculation, 'the cry of one suffering;' and 'Ro' stands for Raoul or Rou, by which patronymic, rather than the more modern one of Rollo, the appealed to was generally known. The *clameur* thus made, who dares to disobey it? All work being effected in the encroacher's cause must cease instantly, or the workman himself becomes amenable to further proceedings in common with his employer. It does cease; and it so remains suspended until the right or wrong of the case has been heard before the legal tribunal of the Royal Court, and a judgment given thereon. Then it goes without saying that if the allegation is proved, the accused is mulcted in damages and costs, and is otherwise dealt with; but if, on the other hand, the charge is set aside, the accuser pecuniarily suffers for having invoked

Rollo or Rou without good and sufficient cause. The Prince when alive was the prototype of equity, honour, and justice; his traditional might is still ready to uphold the right; but it is not to be called from the quiet of a tomb or clamoured for heedlessly; if so, it must be paid for.

There is more than one pretty tradition given of the origin of this strange practice; but the one generally accepted is, that it came into vogue somewhere about the year 930, while Rou, an ancestor of William the Conqueror, held the Dukedom of Normandy under fief to the French crown. Strange that this traditional usage should still be in use in these days of modern judicial improvement!

DOGS UNDER SURGICAL TREATMENT.

WE have a little dog, one of those beautiful creatures known as a 'King Charles,' on which it was found necessary to perform a surgical operation. With a heavy heart we took the animal, unconscious of what was to ensue, to the Royal Veterinary College, and was fearful as to what might be the suffering and its consequences. The operation occupied about a quarter of an hour, and though no doubt painful, was borne with a wonderful degree of quietness and patience. For an hour or two afterwards the patient was rather dull, but recovered his spirits, and is as lively as ever. On the remarkable degree of equanimity often demonstrated by dogs under surgical treatment, the *Lancet*, in a recent number, makes the following remarks:

'We have often been struck with astonishment while witnessing the patient submission of animals, especially dogs and horses, to surgical operations, and to the surgical dressings necessitated by them. A case in point has been brought under our notice. A fine pointer-bitch had a large hard fibrous tumour of the breast, with deep and far-reaching roots. The operation for its removal was very skilfully and effectually executed by Mr George Fleming, veterinary surgeon of the 2d Life Guards. During the operation, the animal displayed an amount of patience that would have been creditable in a human being. Even during the most painful part of the proceeding, that of inserting sutures, she never flinched. The same resignation was displayed when the time for dressing the wound came round. The patient received the surgeon with an air of preparation, and even put herself into position for being dressed. In the case of a similar operation on another dog some years ago, strong resistance was offered to the attempt to give chloroform; but the animal submitted to the surgical procedure as we have described above. Such facts admit of a partial explanation in the mental theory of pain, according to which suffering that is not anticipated and mentally apprehended is not pain in the acuter sense of the word. But we should be sorry to see this explanation carried so far as to deprive our dumb fellow-creatures of all credit for the submission they shew under surgical treatment. We would go further, and say that they are vastly more sensible than many human beings in their estimate of the medical profession, and have instinct enough to see that even when pain is inflicted on them, it is for a good and kind purpose.'

R E S T.

WHEN thou art weary of the world, and leaning
Upon My breast,
My soul will shew to thine its hidden meaning,
And thou shalt rest.
When thou art eagerly, but vainly aiming
At some far end,
Thou knowest not thy pining and 'complaining
Have pierced Thy Friend.
My presence is around thee and about thee—
Thou dost not know—
But if thou knewest, thou wouldst ne'er doubt me,
I love thee so.
Thou art a very child, and needest guiding—
Thee I will lead :
Another guide might be too quick in chiding,
Nor know thy need.

Lean on Me, child—nor faint beneath thy sighing,
With help so near :
I took upon Me all thy grief and dying
To heal thy fear.
When thou art resting in my secret dwelling,
Shadowed by Me,
Thou shalt not tire of listening—I of telling
My love for thee.
Thine eyes are bent upon each loving token
Sent by my hand ;
With these alone thy spirit would be broken
In thy fair land.
Thou art a lover of all things of beauty
In earth and space ;
Then, surely, 'twere thy pleasure and thy duty
Their source to trace.
Track the bright river of each much-prized blessing
Back to its source ;
See all the blooming growth thy foot is pressing
Along its course.
See, gathered in thy storehouse of sweet dreaming,
Each glowing thought,
Which daylight, starlight, or the moon's sweet gleaming
To thee have brought,
All real beauty which thy heart is greeting—
In this fair earth—
All music which thy charmed ear is meeting,
From Me had birth.
But this will be revealed when thou art leaning
Upon My breast.
Thy soul shall comprehend my hidden meaning—
And thou shalt rest. JANET.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice :

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written.
- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 831.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

SOME COMMON HOUSEHOLD DANGERS.

It is a healthy characteristic of the race that in these latter days increased attention is being paid both by technical men and by unscientific persons to those conditions which tend to improve the health and physical well-being of the individual and of the nation at large.

In a recent paper we directed attention to the common dangers which threaten us in our homes, and which arise from the presence of deleterious matters in one or more of our surroundings. Mr Jabez Hogg of London has well remarked for example, that 'the almost universal use of poisonous pigments in the arts and manufactures is known to be productive of a twofold noxious influence; first, upon the work-people employed in their manufacture; and secondly, on a very much larger number of persons who purchase them, and who being quite ignorant of their nature, adorn and surround themselves and their homes with the elements of disease.'

Take some common cases—constantly recurring in medical practice—of illness arising from contact with arsenic, in one form or another, and we may then be able to conceive of the numberless ways wherein we may be subjected to its influence. A member of parliament suffered from a painful eruption of the feet, traced at last to some fashionable socks, which were laid aside, with the result of ending his complaint. Some Californian miners died from the effects of poisoning produced by wearing boots lined with bright green flannel, the colour in this case being 'Scheele's green,' a well-known arsenical compound. A tradesman suffered from wearing a bright maroon flannel shirt. Paper collars glazed and stiffened with sized white-lead, and containing arsenic, have produced serious illness; and the same results have followed the wearing of hats lined with material containing arsenic, and from gloves and coat sleeves similarly treated. Five or six persons in a household were rendered suddenly ill by the matter exhaled from chintz window-curtains and bed-drapery; and green

Venetian blinds have been known in hot summer weather to give off particles of arsenic with deleterious effect. The green cloth-lining of a perambulator has affected its young occupants, and the colour from the green gas-shades in a composing-room of a printing-office has produced illness among the compositors. In the kitchen, arsenic has now and then been met with, when used to impart a green hue to dishes such as blanc-mange. In one case a gentleman was poisoned by partaking of a dish innocently enough coloured by an arsenical preparation which had been mistaken by the cook for an extract of spinach. And even in the exercise of the perfumer's art, it behoves us to be on our guard against using preparations for the hair coloured green by some compound of this substance.

We thus find that arsenic is most widely diffused around us, from the facility and above all from the cheapness with which a beautiful pigment and a favourite hue can be produced through its aid. It is undoubtedly in the form of colour in wall-papers that arsenic most frequently meets us. In paper-staining, more than one compound of arsenic is used; and in the manufacture of the beautiful aniline dyes, so extensively used, arsenic is also largely employed. One notable feature of this substance, and one also which gives it a special power of affecting us to our detriment, is the remarkable ease with which it becomes volatile. It may be readily diffused in the form of gas or minute solid particles, and is thus brought into close contact with us in our homes. Green is a very pretty colour on walls, but we would say, take care of it.

Another noteworthy remark is found in the fact that dangerous wall-papers may exhibit other than the green colours which excite our suspicions as to their healthy character. Arsenic has been detected in white, red, blue, mauve, and brown wall-papers; and of late years French pigments of well-nigh every shade of colour, and largely impregnated with the substance, have been imported into England for the use of paper-stainers. Even

the 'size' used to fix the colours on the paper may be arsenical, Mr Hogg tells us; and the apparently innocent-looking distemper-colour, used for walls and ceilings, is liable to contain its quota of this veritable 'devil's dust.' French grays and whites are largely arsenical, and we have the evidence of a paper-hanger himself, that disease follows those who work among gray papers more than any other class in the trade. And what shall be thought of the morality of the proceeding, described by Miss Osborne of the Sydney Hospital, who writes that a foreman-painter and decorator stated to her that 'confectioners often come to our shop for large quantities of colours, some of them harmless enough, others poisonous enough, for colouring lollies (sweets); and the quantity of those sweets consumed by young and old in the colony is something marvellous.'

It is by no means an uncommon thing to see bakers' shops, especially in the country, painted within of a bright green colour. The dangers incidental to such a choice of pigment are well illustrated by Dr Taylor's case in which a quantity of green pigment had attached itself to some loaves of bread which were supplied to his own household. This pigment on being analysed yielded fifty per cent. of arsenic, and had been taken off the baker's shelves by the heat of the new bread which had been placed upon them. Even the air of a room in which a quantity of stuffed birds were placed was found to be impregnated with this compound, the presence of which gave rise to symptoms of poisoning. Bird-stuffers use preservative preparations in which arsenic holds a chief place.

Enough has been said to shew the dangers by which we are surrounded in many ways—dangers these which like solid facts may serve as the beacon-lights of the wise amongst us. It is perfectly true that other ways and means of producing colour exist than those in which arsenic forms a chief ingredient. Science has been most successful in producing colouring-matters which are absolutely harmless. But so long as cheapness is an object to the manufacturer, so long experience seems to prove to us will deleterious substances which cost little be used to produce effects, the mere utility of which (as for instance in the case of confectionery) may be gravely questioned. Under the circumstances, and as a matter of public health and safety, there seems no resource but to indicate strict parliamentary legislation in these matters as the chief hope of the sanitary reformer. The public health is a matter over which jealous guardians appointed by the state should, and to a certain extent do, keep watch. But in such directions as those we have indicated there seems to have been little or no attempt made to sternly suppress the manufacture and use of noxious ingredients, which as we have pointed out, injure not merely the public health, but needlessly endanger the physical well-being of those engaged in the occupation. But a few years ago, the Adulteration Act struck at the root of a very base and nefarious proceeding. It is not too much to say that posterity will have cause to hail that legislator as a true benefactor to his country and race, who shall frame and carry into law an enactment forbidding the wholesale use of the very poisons from which in another way we are

protected by the legislation affecting the chemist's shop.

It would appear moreover, that other nations have, in this respect, set us an example we should do well to follow. In Germany the sale of arsenical wall-papers is illegal. In France also, no such papers are permitted to be sold; and as early as 1845 their manufacture was prohibited in Bavaria. It is, however, interesting to note that soon after the Bavarian edict was passed, a concession was made to the manufacturers of such papers, with the result of again permitting the practice. But abuses soon crept in; and a Commission of inquiry having declared that cases of arsenical poisoning were on the increase, the original law of 1845 was again put in force, with satisfactory results. In our own country, evidence of the highest order was adduced before a Committee of the House of Lords in 1857. The Sale of Poisons Act was thereafter framed, but this Act affects the pharmaceutical relations of drugs and poisons alone, and leaves as we have seen, the wholesale use of arsenic and other poisons in our houses, and in our food, absolutely unrestricted. The cry of hardship to the commercial world is one which is of no avail where death and disease exist as the plain alternative to the unrestricted use of noxious and commonly used substances. And were evidence required on this subject, and regarding the possibility of the presumed hardship and interruption to commerce being successfully combated, we might cite Mr Hogg's remark that the Messrs Cooke of Leeds do not allow arsenic in any form to be used in their manufactory.

The dangers by which we are environed are unfortunately not limited to those arising from the manufacturers' unwarrantable use of arsenic. A volume might be written with good effect and with more than sufficient reason on the dangers to health which proceed from such sources as lead-poisoning produced by the chemical action of water on the lead of pipes and cisterns. But there are common precautions known to every householder which readily avert the possibilities of such contamination. Lead in other forms may affect us however. This metal in one form or another—most commonly in that of 'sugar' or 'acetate of lead'—is found in some of the hair-dyes and cosmetics with which the advertising columns of our journals and newspapers teem. In such a form, the presence of lead has been known to give rise to very serious effects—all the more to be deplored because of their thoroughly preventable character by the disuse of these toubles of the toilet-table. Of the dangers arising from the use of copper vessels in the kitchen much has been written and said. Chemical changes of injurious and poisonous nature are apt to result when copper is brought in contact with foods containing acids or oily or fatty matters, which oxidise the metal, and impart a green hue to the food. Therefore no food containing acid, or of an oily nature, should be prepared or be allowed to cool in a copper vessel. In a clean copper vessel, food may be prepared without danger, provided it is allowed to cool in another vessel of different material. The pickle-manufacturer has occasionally been known to use 'blue-stone' or sulphate of copper to colour his preparations. A familiar test for this most unwarrantable adulteration, is that of placing a steel needle in the suspected bottle of pickles,

when if copper has been used, the needle will become coated with a deposit of copper.

The list of common household dangers might be indefinitely prolonged, but enough has been said to draw attention to the character of the influences which may beset us even in these days of advanced civilisation and social luxury. If science has provided us with many deleterious substances useful in the arts and manufactures, it has no less clearly shewn us the remedy for their action, and has above all produced innocuous substitutes which may be employed in their stead.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IN the course of our conversation I have discovered that Charlie is a doctor, that they live at Kensington, that they have come to Brighton for a fortnight because Charlie is done up with hard work, and that they are going to stay with some friends in Regency Square. I had hoped they would put up at the same hotel as myself; for somehow or other I am interested in my travelling companions. And yet, I don't know that I am particularly interested in Charlie! What man is particularly interested in any member of his own sex?

For two days I see nothing of either of them, although I am out from early in the morning till late at night, and keep a pretty sharp look-out for a navy-blue serge dress and deer-stalker hat. Such dresses there are in plenty, and I have had one or two disappointments in the matter of the hat; but a second glance at the wearer puts all doubt to rest, for Charlie's wife has a nameless grace that few of these fashionable fair possess. I begin to feel very bitter towards Charlie, who is evidently a thorough Bluebeard, and keeps his wife locked up in some back room at Regency Square; for must I confess to having occasionally strolled by that quarter and scanned not a few of the numerous windows, in hope of catching 'only a smile as I passed?' However, on the evening of the third day I happen to be walking along the beach in the direction of Bluebeard's Castle, when suddenly I come upon Charlie, his wife, and a very stylish-looking girl, whom I instantly set down as one of the friends with whom they are staying. She is walking next to Charlie; and indifferent as my sight is, I can see how affectionately she is looking up into his face, and that evidently he is not repelling those amorous glances. His neglected little wife is gazing absently at the great foam-crested waves that come tumbling on to the shore, no doubt wishing that one would come and carry her far away from the man to whom she is bound soul and body. So 'wrapt in dismal thinking' is she, that I pass unnoticed. As for Charlie, he has eyes for nought else than the girl at his side. I turn and watch them out of sight, with an overwhelming desire to perform the part of that wave, for which (I imagine) she is vainly, sadly longing, and to snatch her up and bear her far away from her cruel faithless bondsman, to a home where she should reign a very little queen, and where Harold Gilchrist would be her most loyal and loving subject. 'Thou shalt

not covet thy neighbour's wife,' whispers that troublesome mentor Conscience; but I stoutly refuse to obey its dictates, and Mrs Charlie—by-the-bye, I wonder what her other name is?—plays a very prominent part in my dreams.

The following morning I stroll down to the beach as usual about half-past nine, take a dip, then ensconce myself behind a high shady breakwater, and prepare to enjoy my meerschaum and a novel, with a faint hope that the heroine of my dreams may pass this way. I have just finished my pipe when I hear a rustling on the other side of the breakwater, and presently some one begins to read aloud. It is a man's voice, deep but not unpleasing; he is reading the well-known tale of *Enoch Arden*. Whoever the reader may be, he certainly understands the art of managing his voice. Now it rises, now it falls, now it is sorrowful, now angry, now tender. Every inflection is perfect, especially the last, which leads me to suppose that his auditor is not his sister or his mother; and this opinion is soon afterwards confirmed. When the poem is ended, I hear a musical voice say: 'Poor Enoch!'

'Yes. Rather an awkward predicament—wasn't it—to come home and find your wife married to another man? What would you have done, Miss Fairfax, if you had been in the heroine's place?' queries the reader earnestly.

'I don't know, Dr Carington. I cannot imagine anything so dreadful as being married to one man and loving another,' answers his companion in a low awe-stricken voice.

'Or *vice versa*,' he puts in. 'And yet how often it occurs! How many men are drawn into marrying a woman for whom they have not one spark of real love! One half the marriages nowadays are mistakes.'

'Yes,' sighs Miss Fairfax; 'you have good cause to say so.'

'Mabel, don't remind me of my folly! It is a thing of the past now, and regret is useless,' he says in passionate low tones. Then his voice takes a dangerously tender inflection: 'Mabel, do you despise me for that mistake?'

I begin to feel that I am playing a dishonourable part in listening to a conversation evidently not intended for a stranger's ears; but something roots me to the spot, and I strain my ears to catch the girl's reply; it is almost inaudible, even though the partition that divides us is very slight. 'You know I do not, Dr Carington.'

'Then why do you punish me for it so cruelly? Can you not see that it is to you, and you only that my heart is given? That other poor girl—heaven help her!—knew nothing of what had gone before, or she would never have married a man whose life's love was given to another. Poor child! She never guessed that I repented my rashness, directly the words that sealed both our fates had left my lips. Mabel! have you quite forgotten those old happy days when we were all in all to each other?'

No answer.

'Have you, darling?'

No answer.

'Mabel, you torture me! Say, have you forgotten?' pleads the man in hoarse accents.

'How could I?'

'Then darling, by the memory of those by-gone days when no one had come between us—by the

love which has never died, and can never be overcome, I implore you to end my misery, and to break the foolish vow that keeps us apart! It is not only for my sake, darling'—

'But Charlie, your wife'—

'Charlie, your wife!' I wait to hear no more; but start to my feet, and one glance behind the breakwater confirms my worst suspicions. Reclining beside the girl with whom I had seen him walking on the previous evening, is my poor little friend's faithless husband. His false eyes are fixed on the dark face bending over him, with a hungry passionate love that quite transforms his somewhat apathetic countenance; and restraining an almost overpowering impulse to lay him dead at the feet of his guilty, heartless love, I stride wrathfully away, with a great unutterable pity at my heart for the pretty child who has been so ruthlessly betrayed. Of one thing I am resolved—that is, she shall not remain in ignorance of the intimacy existing between her wretched husband and her supposed friend. The blow may seem a cruel one; but better—far, far better that she should know their true characters now, than in the time to come, when her love would perchance have taken deeper root, and have become a part of her life. Poor little wife! Poor loving little heart! Will you thank me for tearing the veil from before your eyes, or will you rue the day when I first crossed your path? I know not; but whichever it may be, my purpose is unalterably fixed.

At first I think I will send an anonymous letter, to warn Mrs Carington of her husband's treachery; then I remember that I do not know their exact address. Moreover, I hate anything underhand, and it seems such a harsh, coarse way of awaking her from her brief dream of happy married life. I never doubt her love for the man whose name she bears. 'Charlie dear!' I hear the sweet fond voice repeating, and a strange mist rises to my eyes as I think that in a few short hours I must slay that trustful love with a relentless hand. And yet why should I? I am to them a stranger, as they are strangers to me. What right have I to interfere in what does not in anyway concern me? All the remainder of the morning and all the afternoon I wrack my brain as to whether I am justified in disclosing the sad truth; and still undecided, I wend my steps in the direction of Regency Square. I walk gloomily along, my eyes bent on the ground, and my mind all concentrated on the one subject. So engrossed am I, that when a silvery voice at my elbow bids me 'Good-evening,' I start as guiltily as though I had been planning a murder. Perhaps I have; who knows? Many women have died from broken hearts, and am I not about to break Charlie's wife's? Hastily I raise my eyes at the sound of that sweet voice; and I feel the hot blood rush to my shamed face when I find myself side by side with the object of my unhappy thoughts. How bright and pretty she looks, in her soft gray dress and rose-wreathed hat! The wind is blowing the soft yellow rings of her hair all about her lovely childish face, and her violet-hued eyes dance with happy content. Oh! Harold Gilchrist, your task is a hard one! No wonder you shudder when you take that friendly little hand in yours!

'I thought at first that you had forgotten me,

for you stared at me as though I were a spectre,' laughs Charlie's wife.

'Did I?' I query in a voice that I vainly strive to make gay as her own.

'Yes; even now you don't appear to have quite recovered from the shock.'

'How do you like Brighton?' I ask, anxious to change the subject.

'Oh, it is delightful! I am as happy as the day is long; and as for Charlie, he is already getting quite himself again. That fact alone is sufficient to make me love Brighton. We were all so anxious about the dear boy. He is so good and clever, that every one likes him; and his practice is increasing so rapidly that he is literally worked to death,' she answers, her lovely face aglow with fond pride.

'You love him very dearly?' I awkwardly stammer.

She looks up at me with such honest surprise in her innocent blue eyes!

'Love Charlie! Of course I do; better than any one in the whole wide world. What makes you ask me such a question?'

There is no trace of anger in her tones, only wonder that I should doubt her affection for him to whom she is bound by vows taken in the sight of heaven.

'I—I didn't know. One is apt to make a mistake, even in marriage,' I blurt out fiercely, tugging at the hirsute appendage on my upper lip in sheer desperation at the awkwardness of the situation. No; I can't do it! Better leave her to find out the truth by degrees, than let my mouth speak the daggers that will pierce her very heart's core. And yet—

'Did you think I had made a mistake?' asks Mrs Carington, looking up at me with a half-mischievous, half-triumphant, and wholly captivating smile.

I make one great despairing effort to keep back the cruel monosyllable that rises to my lips; but it will force its way through. 'Yes.'

'You did! Why?'

'Can you not guess?' I ask, vainly hoping that my task may be rendered easier by her reply.

'No; unless it was because Charlie was rather vexed with me for talking to you in the train, the other day; and you set him down as an unreasonably jealous tyrant. But I assure you he is not jealous, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; he is only very careful of me, and did not like my talking so familiarly to a stranger. Is that why you thought I had made a mistake?' she interrogates eagerly.

Oh! why can she not understand?

'Can you think of no other reason for my thinking so? My opinion was not founded on anything that occurred that day,' I add.

'But we have only met once since.'

'I saw him last night,' I announce so solemnly, that my companion breaks into a merry mocking little laugh.

'And what was he doing to me then—beating me?' she saucily queries.

'No; he was too much engaged other ways than to be paying his wife even that attention,' is my angry retort. I have taken the dreaded plunge now, and my suppressed passion breaks loose, regardless of control.

'You mean that he was too busy flirting with

my friend Miss Fairfax, to take any notice of me. Is that all?'

Can I believe my ears? Are those cool collected tones Charlie's wife's? I feel that I have made myself a fool, and that she is amusing herself at my expense.

'Is that all?' I echo scornfully. 'No; it is not; and heedless of the pain I may be—must be, if the girl has any heart at all—inflicting, I pour forth the story of her husband's faithlessness and her friend's treachery.

She hears me to the end without comment of any kind, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her lips tightly compressed. I see no signs of tears on the thick drooping lashes, no paling of the rose-tinted cheeks. Even when my tale ceases, she maintains that unnatural silence. It alarms me, this stony calm, far more than would any violent outburst of grief.

'Mrs Carington, for heaven's sake, speak, if only to reproach me for opening your eyes to the sad truth!' I exclaim, my voice wrung with sorrow.

No answer, save a curious twitching of the pretty coral lips and a smothered inarticulate sound. It cannot be a laugh, unless in my cruel awakening I have driven her mad. I feel my face blanch deathly white at the horrible thought, and cry in agony: 'For pity's sake, speak! You frighten me.'

Slowly the long lashes are lifted, and a pair of unmistakably sane blue eyes meet mine. 'Who told you Charlie was my husband?'

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at my feet, I should not have started more violently than I do at those few calmly spoken words.

'Why, yourself, madam!' I gasp, almost speechless with astonishment.

'Pardon me; it was you who gave him that title, not I,' she answers, her eyes demurely wicked.

'Then what, in the name of patience, is he?' I exclaim, half laughing in spite of feeling most uncomfortably 'small.'

'My brother.'

The ridiculous rôle I have been playing proves too much for my gravity, and I burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which Miss—not Mrs—Carington joins.

'Why did you allow me to continue in my absurd mistake?' I ask, when our mirth has slightly abated.

'Oh, just for fun, you know. I told Charlie all about it afterwards, and he *did* laugh.'

'But after all, the fact of your brother's infidelity to his wife—whoever she may be—still remains,' I say, grown suddenly grave, and beginning to think our mirth somewhat ill-timed.

'You mean well, I see, but you do not understand. Poor boy! he has had a great deal of trouble, and we seldom talk of it. But it is necessary that I should vindicate his honour in this instance. When little more than a mere boy, he fell in love with Mabel Fairfax,' explains Miss Carington; 'and in course of time they became engaged. Shortly after their engagement, Charlie, being in delicate health, went out to Melbourne for a thorough change, intending that the wedding should take place immediately he returned; and Mabel left London on a visit to some friends in Hampshire. After she had been gone two or three weeks, reports began to reach

us that a wealthy Squire down there was paying her a great deal of attention, and that she in noway repulsed him; in fact our informant—who by the way was terribly jealous of Mabel—gave us to understand that she evidently regretted her promise to Charlie. This was quite enough for poor mamma; she had always been averse to my brother's early engagement, and thought this an excellent opportunity to get him to break it off. So she wrote and told him all she had heard; and by the next mail came a letter to say that he was married to a young lady whom he had met on the voyage out. Of course he had only married her to spite his supposed faithless one. Poor mamma did not long survive the news; she died in a fit of apoplexy; and as there was no one else to take care of me, and our property required looking after, Charlie and his wife came to live in England. But the poor girl was consumptive, and our uncertain climate soon killed her. As you may imagine, Mabel was almost heart-broken when she heard that Charlie had so readily believed the false stories raised against her, and had revenged himself by marrying a girl he had known but a few weeks. She was angry too, dreadfully angry, and vowed never to trust in man again. Many times since he has been free has Charlie asked her to marry him; but although he is as dear to her as he ever was, and although she has quite forgiven him, she will not break her vow; and until she does, the poor boy will never be happy.—So now, are you not ashamed of having so misjudged the very best brother on earth?' she saucily demands.

'What a fool you must have thought me!' I say shamefacedly.

'Rather,' she returns with a demure little smile.

'Will you forgive me, and promise, as a favour, not to tell any one of my absurd mistake?' plead I, feeling unaccountably happy without exactly knowing why.

'I will forgive you; but I don't know about not telling. The joke is too good to lose.—Talk of the angels and they are sure to appear!' she suddenly exclaims. 'Here come Charlie and Mabel. I will introduce you to my "treacherous friend" and my "faithless husband,"' she laughs.

'Be generous, Miss Carington,' I entreat; but the whole story comes out; and the principal actors in it having come to a very satisfactory understanding during the last few hours, I am readily forgiven my eavesdropping, and we spend the evening together very pleasantly. I discover that the Caringtons are very friendly with my *bête noire* Lady Haughton, and that they have met my mother at her ladyship's house on one occasion; moreover, I hear with curious satisfaction that Miss Carington thinks my maternal relative the 'nicest old lady' she ever saw.

'I say, Olive, I wonder if Mrs Gilchrist told a certain gentleman your opinion of him?' puts in Charlie slyly. 'Because if not, I think I will.'

'Charlie, if you dare utter another word, I'll box your ears!' threatens his sister, blushing to the very roots of her golden curls.

'One good turn deserves another,' laughs her brother. 'You told tales of Mr Gilchrist, so I tell tales of you.—You must know, Mr Gilchrist, that your mother and my worthy sister were looking

over Lady Haughton's album together, when they chanced to alight on "the portrait of a gentleman," which especially took Miss Olive's fancy—she is very impressionable, you must know. With all the enthusiasm of "sweet seventeen," she did not hesitate to pronounce him "the handsomest man she had ever seen;" and with extreme naïveté, turned to Mrs Gilchrist to know whether she was not of the same opinion. "You must not ask my opinion, my dear, for I am a partial critic; that gentleman is my son," answered your mother. I leave the rest to your imagination!

So I have discovered the perpetrator of that very 'palpable fib;' and Miss So-and-so turns out to be Miss Olive Carington! Harold Gilchrist, did you not once say that 'that fib alone' would have destroyed any Miss So-and-so's chance of ever becoming Lady Gilchrist?

Well, what if I did? It is not the first mistake I have made. Moreover, Miss So-and-so implores me not to put faith in Charlie's veracity. But I don't know about that; I am inclined to think he is telling the truth, and nothing but the truth.

We part at Regency Square, the very best friends possible, and as I hold in mine a certain little hand, I say to its fair owner: 'Do you know I have been guilty of a great sin?'

'What is it?' she queries, not withdrawing that dear little hand.

'Breaking the second clause of the tenth commandment: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife,"' I reply. Immediately the hand is snatched away, and Miss Carington runs indoors.

'Harold!'

'My darling!'

'I have some news for you. Charlie and Mabel are to be married on the 24th of next month.'

'Indeed, I am glad to hear it. Charlie is such a good fellow that he deserves to be happy.'

'You didn't always think him "such a good fellow,"' says my saucy wife of two blissful months' standing.

'No; there was a time when, as your favourite Macaulay says of Byron, I began to think it my duty to hate my neighbour, and to love my Neighbour's Wife.'

A NOBLE DEED.

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

TWO-AND-TWENTY years ago a deed was performed which has scarcely any parallel in the annals of modern wars. The hero of it was a gentleman belonging to the Uncovenanted Civil Service of India, named Thomas Henry Kavanagh, whom we lately referred to in our article on the 'Two Crosses of Honour' as having been killed in battle; but who, we are glad to learn, is still living, and holding a high official position at the scene of his wonderful exploit. A generation having sprung up since the eventful times of the Indian Mutiny, we make no hesitation in recalling and offering to our readers the story of the exploit itself.

India—that brightest gem in Queen Victoria's crown—trembled in the balance; and the empire

was thrilling with horror over the terrible massacre of English women and children at Cawnpore, when the news came that a gallant little band of devoted men were defending themselves in the Residency at Lucknow against the hordes of a savage and relentless enemy. From the beginning to the end of this remarkable siege, Kavanagh—civilian though he was—appears to have figured conspicuously in the defence, for no sooner was the Residency invested by the mutineer forces, than he set to work to arm and drill all the civilians in the place; and in spite of much ridicule from the military men, ultimately succeeded in organising a corps of volunteers that did splendid service for the state. Tall and handsome, with an evident *empressement* for military life, Kavanagh proved himself the *beau-ideal* of a hero; and in a book published by him in 1860, entitled *How I won the Victoria Cross*, he describes the yearnings of his heart for distinction, and the feelings of exultation with which, when he rose from a sick-bed in which he had been prostrated by a brief illness, he heard that the siege was not yet raised, nor the Mutiny over.

Two-and-twenty years is not a very long period in the history of a nation; but in these go-ahead and progressive times, when grand and important events are of frequent occurrence, the past becomes a dim perspective, in which names and scenes that were once as familiar to us as household words are relegated to an obscurity which they do not deserve. Such exploits as that which we are about to relate are, however, like hidden jewels, which ever and anon flash forth with greater brilliancy than before, exciting the increased admiration of all who gaze upon them. The siege of Lucknow put to the test all those qualities which Englishmen possess and exhibit in times of supreme necessity—namely, a sublime confidence in the midst of danger, a noble sense of duty, and an unselfish heroism; and the brave man who is the subject of this narrative seemed to have been endowed with them in an unusual degree.

The march of Havelock and his brave column to relieve the devoted band cooped up in the Residency was watched in England step by step with intense eagerness; but, through the losses sustained on the way thither by battle and disease, it became impossible to compel the mutineers to raise the siege; and even after the entrance of the relief column, it was conducted as vigorously as ever.

During five long months the little garrison was put to its wits' end to meet the constant and ever-recurring attacks of the enemy. Repelling sorties, mining and countermining, repairing breaches, &c., was the work that was always going on; and none was more willing and brave than the gallant Kavanagh, who, though wounded several times, was ever to be found at the post of danger. We should also mention here, as an interesting fact, that Kavanagh's wife was also wounded during the siege and laid up for several weeks. At length in November came the welcome news that Sir Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—was advancing with a strong British force to the relief of the garrison; and on the ninth of that month Kavanagh learned that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was going back again to the Alum Bagh, with despatches for Sir Colin. Indeed it had become necessary that Sir Colin's

march should be hastened, and that he should be guided to the city by the least hazardous route. But who was to be the guide? Sir James Outram says, in a letter on the subject, dated about a year after the event: 'The almost impossibility of any European being able to escape through the city undetected, and the certainty of his murder if detected, deterred me from ordering any officer, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty.'

A volunteer for this extraordinarily dangerous adventure did, however, present himself in the person of Kavanagh. He had sought out the spy, whose name was Kunoujee Lal, and finding him intelligent, he expressed his desire to proceed with him in disguise to the Alum Bagh. The spy at first hesitated; and urging that there was more chance of detection by two going together, proposed that they should take different roads, and meet outside the city. This Kavanagh objected to, and then proceeded to finish some business he had in hand, his mind, however, still dwelling upon the accomplishment of his object. At last he made up his mind, and proposed the enterprise to Colonel Napier, the chief of Sir James Outram's staff. The Colonel considered the noble offer of Kavanagh to be fraught with too much danger to be accepted, but promised to inform Sir James Outram of it, considering that such zeal deserved notice.

Outram was at once surprised and pleased by Kavanagh's offer; but he pointed out the extreme danger of such an attempt, and endeavoured to dissuade him from it, while at the same time stating how valuable such assistance would be to Sir Colin Campbell. Kavanagh was, however, so earnest in his entreaties, that the General at length consented, with the proviso that if Kavanagh should think the risk too great, and wished to withdraw from the enterprise, he was quite at liberty to do so. Kavanagh was, however, formed of the stuff of which heroes are made; and having made himself acquainted with Sir James Outram's plans, he proceeded to disguise himself for the journey. This he had secretly arranged, as he did not wish his wife to know anything of the undertaking until his safe arrival at the Alum Bagh should be signalled to the garrison.

A portrait of Kavanagh in his disguise forms the frontispiece to the book we have already mentioned, and he thus describes it himself: 'I was dressed as a budmash or as an irregular soldier of the city, with sword [tulwar] and shield, native-made shoes, light trousers, a yellow silk kowtah over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown around my shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, and a white waistcoat or kumurbund. My face down to the shoulders, and my hands to the wrists, were coloured with lamp-black, the cork used being dipped in oil, to cause the colour to adhere a little. I could get nothing better. I had little confidence in the disguise of my features, and trusted more to the darkness of the night.'

To shew the thoroughness with which Kavanagh did this part of his work, it is only necessary to mention that the materials of which his costume was composed were borrowed piece by piece from separate natives. When the disguise was thus complete, he proceeded at half-past seven P.M. to the General's quarters, where he at once tested the genuineness of his metamorphosis. Nobody recog-

nised him until he made himself known, and then Sir James Outram himself put the finishing touches to his toilet. Placing a double-barrelled pistol in his waistband, and additionally armed with a tulwar, Kavanagh then took leave of the General and his staff, and proceeded with Kunoujee Lal to the right bank of the river Goomtee, running north of the intrenchment, accompanied by Captain Hardinge of the Irregular Cavalry. Here the latter bade Kavanagh adieu, after stating that he would have given his life to have done the same thing, and with the words, 'Noble fellow—you will never be forgotten!' left him to his adventure.

Kavanagh and his guide then undressed themselves, and began to ford the river, which at that point was about a hundred yards wide. Kavanagh owns that he felt his courage failing him as he entered the cold water; but seeing the guide walking quickly towards the opposite bank, he followed him. On reaching it, they took their bundles of clothes from their heads and dressed themselves again, at the same time narrowly escaping observation by a sepoy who had come down to a pond in the neighbourhood to wash. On finding, however, that they were not observed, confidence returned to them, and they proceeded straight towards the huts in front, where Kavanagh accosted a matchlock-man with the remark that it was a cold night. The man replied that it was 'very cold;' to which Kavanagh laconically added that it would be colder by-and-by. After being questioned by a sepoy officer, who commanded the enemy's picket at the iron bridge over the Goomtee, Kavanagh keeping out of the light and allowing his guide to answer, they proceeded on their way along the bank of the river, passing a number of sepoys and matchlock-men, who were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by torches. Recrossing the river by the stone bridge, and unobserved by the sentry who was on guard over it, but who was chatting with a native, they passed into the city of Lucknow, where Kavanagh jostled against several armed men without attracting attention, and only met one guard of seven sepoys, who were amusing themselves with some women.

From the city they passed into the green fields, which Kavanagh had not seen for five months, and he says that a carrot which he took from the roadside was the most delicious he had ever tasted. A further walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits; but they soon found out that they had taken the wrong road, and were in the Dilkooshah Park, which was in possession of the enemy. Here Kavanagh shewed his wonted courage by going within twenty yards of two guns, to find out the strength of the enemy. Kunoujee Lal was in great alarm, as he feared that Kavanagh would think that he was acting the traitor; and he begged him not to distrust him; as the mistake was made by his anxiety to avoid the pickets of the enemy. Kavanagh reassured him; and they then walked into the canal, running under the Charbagh, where our hero suffered much on account of his boots being hard and tight, they having skinned his toes and cut into the flesh above his heels. At length, after two hours' wandering, two women put them into the right direction, and they received further information on the subject from an advanced guard of sepoys, whose questions they

had first answered. At one place a man, frightened by their approach, called out a guard of twenty-five sepoy, all of whom asked questions, and here Kunoujee Lal became afraid for the first time, and threw away the letter intrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell.

After wading through a swamp for nearly two hours up to their waists in water, and being nearly exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, Kavanagh insisted upon having some rest, in spite of the remonstrances of his guide. After a halt of about a quarter of an hour, they again went forward, and passed through two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out. This was about four o'clock in the morning, and Kavanagh lay down to sleep for an hour, although Kunoujee Lal again protested against it. Suddenly, they heard the pleasant sound of the British challenge, '*Who comes there?*' delivered with a native accent; and to their joyful surprise they found themselves within the lines of Sir Colin Campbell's camp, which they believed to be still many miles distant. An officer of the 9th Lancers conducted Kavanagh to his tent and gave him a glass of brandy, and he then asked the way to the Commander-in-chief's tent. Meeting an elderly gentleman coming out of the tent in question, Kavanagh asked him where he could find Sir Colin Campbell.

'I am Sir Colin Campbell,' was the quick reply. 'Who are you?'

'This will explain, sir,' replied Kavanagh, taking from the folds of his turban a note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

Sir Colin read it hastily, and glancing at Kavanagh with his keen eyes, he asked if it was true.

'Do you doubt me, sir?' asked Kavanagh.

'No, no,' replied Sir Colin; 'but it seems very strange.'

Sir Colin was anxious to hear his story; but Kavanagh, worn out with the strain upon his mental and physical system, begged to be allowed some sleep—a request which was immediately complied with, and the tent darkened for the purpose. Here the brave fellow poured out his thanks to God for his safety, and dreamed of the honour which awaited him from a grateful country. When he awoke from his sleep, Kavanagh was very cordially received at Sir Colin's own table, where, over a substantial repast—to which he did ample justice—he recounted to the Commander-in-chief and his staff the adventures through which he had passed.

In the meantime, the devoted garrison in the Residency had signalled, 'Is Kavanagh safe?' But the signal could not be read. Shortly afterwards, however, the preconcerted signal—namely, the raising of a flag at the Alum Bagh, told Sir James Outram that the hero was beyond the risk of further danger. Then Mrs Kavanagh was made acquainted with her husband's heroic act, and received the congratulations of all.

We have no space to give all the details of Sir Colin Campbell's march to the Residency; but Kavanagh, by his bravery and intelligence during that march, was certainly the man who, next to the Commander-in-chief, contributed most to the success of the attack. Indeed, never was a nobler act than that of Kavanagh's; and when he appeared again within the walls of the garrison which he had risked his life to rescue, and was thus the

first man to relieve it, the cheers and greetings with which he was received by its half-famished defenders must have been dear to his soul.

'Lucknow Kavanagh' he was named on the spot; but it was not until the year 1860 that Kavanagh received the reward which was the height of his ambition—the Victoria Cross. This was fastened on his breast by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, in the presence of her body-guard and the members of her family; Kavanagh having been the first civilian on whom the decoration was bestowed.

TOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

WE were all gathered round the fire in the dining-room; Edgar close to papa, Jessie sitting on the rug, Fred nestling close to mamma, and I, as usual, at Aunt Edith's right side. It was a wild November night, with the rain beating pitilessly against the closely curtained windows, the wind whistling shrilly through the leafless elms outside, and playing mad pranks with the tall red chimneys of 'Garriek House,' as our home was called ever since Mr Garriek the famous player paid our great-grandpapa a visit. Before that, the house was simply 'The Elms;' and very proud we still were of the grand old trees from which it took its first and most appropriate name.

It was exactly the sort of night to make us all gather round the wide old-fashioned hearth, where the logs were blazing merrily, and to cause us to feel grateful for the blessings we enjoyed, and involuntarily to pity those who were less fortunate. The wind coming down the chimney in fitful gusts, made the candles flare and flicker so weirdly that Jessie proposed putting them out, and sitting cosily by the firelight. Books and work were neglected, the chess-board put aside, and pussy was making sad havoc of mamma's knitting without any one interfering. In fact, we were all in a delightfully comfortable indolent meditative mood, and it only wanted a story to complete our happiness. But Aunt Edith, whose resources in that respect fairly rivalled the inventive lady in the *Arabian Nights*, was silent and grave. Papa seemed grave too; and even our dear merry mother seemed to be thinking of something melancholy. We children, with that instinctive feeling of awe we sometimes experience, we scarce know why, glanced at each other in mute wonder and curiosity, expecting something to happen every moment. The day had been dull and oppressive, and the afternoon had been threatening a storm, when suddenly a loud peal of thunder seemed to shake the house to its very foundation.

'It was just such a night as this, Robert,' said aunt to papa with a little shiver.

'Exactly,' papa replied thoughtfully; 'and the same time of year too.'

'Suppose you tell the children all about it,' mamma said quietly; 'they look as if they wanted to know very much.'

'Well, since it is perhaps time they knew, I will tell you how Aunt Edith saved my life,' continued

papa, turning to Edgar the eldest of us, 'long ago, long before you were born, my boy!'

There was a little bustle as we settled more snugly into our places, a few moments' impressive silence, and then papa began.

'Aunt Edith and I were only brother and sister; ever so much greater cronies than you and Edgar are, Jessie, not only because we had but each other to love, but because we had to make common cause against an enemy, Jeffrey Lawson, our step-mother's son by a previous marriage. We lost our own dear mother when we were babies. Jeff was ten years older than I was; and after our father's death, which happened when I was eight and Edith six, we would have had a poor time of it but for Dame Turtle our dear old nurse. She looked after our interests, and fought all our battles valiantly whether we were in the right or the wrong. Our step-mother was so wrapped up in Jeff, that she bestowed little trouble upon us. I, especially, was no favourite, for she got a silly idea into her head that I stood between Jeff and the property of Garrick. He was a fine handsome fellow, as I remember him when I was fifteen, and he five-and-twenty; strong and daring, haughty in disposition and hasty in temper. I could see even then that he bitterly resented my being master, and himself as it were nobody; for all our servants had grown old with us, and were staunch and loyal to us children of the house.

'Our mother—we called her so, though she was "little more than kin and less than kind"—resented it too, and looked forward with very bitter feelings to the time when I would be twenty-one; for then, according to our father's will, she was to leave Garrick, and reside in a little cottage he owned in Wales. It would be a different position for her, as she had but a small jointure—all her own fortune had been spent on Jeffrey—and by some inexplicable chain of woman's reasoning, she blamed me for what she was pleased to call her unmerited misfortunes. Each year that passed made matters worse between us. As I grew older, many things in the management of the property struck me as very unjust. The best of the timber was being cut down; the house allowed to fall into a state bordering on ruin, because my mother would not spend money on repairs which I alone was to enjoy the benefit of. Our family lawyer was dead. Jeffrey chose his mother's legal adviser, and neither Edith nor I knew where to look for advice or assistance. Things remained very much in this state till I was nearly twenty, when one day Jeff entered my room in a state of wild excitement, and shewed me a will that he had discovered in some out-of-the-way corner. It was dated a few days before my father's death; and except that it bequeathed to Jeffrey the sum of five thousand pounds, and the reversion of Garrick if I died without heirs, it was substantially the same as the one already in existence.

'I had my doubts about the validity of the document, but I passed no comment; both the witnesses were dead, and I had not a shadow of proof to advance. Suspicions in such a case go for nothing, so I held my peace, the more especially as Judson our old steward was prepared to swear to my father's signature. So Jeff Lawson had his five thousand pounds.

'On the night of which I am going to tell you, there was a large part of the money in the

house. Jeff was going to London the next morning; and as he meant to start early, he said good-bye to us overnight, and went up to his room first, carrying the money with him. Edith and I remained in the dining-room a little longer, chatting on different matters; amongst others, of Jeff's departure, of a strange restlessness I had observed in his manner of late, of the possible date of his return; and somehow, quite unintentionally, I let fall a hint of my suspicions about the will, and discovered that they corresponded exactly with Edith's. At last, when the fire had burned quite out, and the candles were getting low in their sockets, we went up-stairs together. It was a wild November night, with just such angry impatient gusts of wind and vagrant thunder-claps as this. I occupied the west room; your aunt the one adjoining; and Jeff slept in the east room at the other end of the corridor; while his mother had her apartments in the south wing. As I bade Edith good-night, the clock on the stairs struck twelve, and she merrily wished me many happy returns of the day, for I had just entered on my twentieth birthday. In a few minutes more my light was extinguished, and I was cosily wrapped up. In less than half an hour I was sound asleep. Not so Aunt Edith. She was, she told me afterwards, restless and nervous, two most unusual things with her. All her efforts to sleep were unavailing, and she gave up the attempt at last and rising from bed, sat down by the fire to read. Twice she fancied she heard footsteps in the corridor, and opened her door to listen.—Your aunt was not afraid of the White Lady, our family ghost, nor Lady-anybody-else, girls.—Twice she threw herself on a couch with the intention of resting, since slumber was out of the question; but between the storm and the mysterious sounds through the house, rest was impossible. At length, about two o'clock, she fancied she heard some one moving about my room very cautiously; and nothing doubting but that I was as wakeful and restless as herself, she resolved to come in and speak to me. A sudden gust of wind in the corridor extinguished her candle, and she entered my room in the dark, save for a faint ray of moonlight which shone through the carelessly drawn curtains.

'As your aunt gently approached my bed, she saw a form advancing on the other side with uplifted hand, in which something bright gleamed in the moonlight. Quick as thought, without a moment's hesitation, her arm was thrown across my neck. The knife of an assassin descended with terrible force, and glancing off the bone, inflicted a long and jagged gash in her arm. The assassin, who had not seen or heard her approach, instantly fled, leaving his weapon behind; and I was aroused from my slumbers by Edith's shrieks, to find myself bathed in her blood. In a moment I was all awake. Binding my silk handkerchief round her arm tightly, to check the bleeding, I sent a servant—for the whole house was aroused by your aunt's shrieks and the violent ringing of my bell—for the nearest surgeon, and then proceeded to search for some traces of the murderous intruder. Mechanically I went first to Jeff's room, probably because I was astonished at not having seen his face amongst the wondering group gathered round my door. It seemed amazing that he should sleep so soundly through such a commotion. The

door of the east room (Jeff's) was open, so was the window; and *the room was empty.*

'I can never either forget or describe the sickly sensation of horror that crept into my heart as I looked round. Where was Jeff? Why had he gone so suddenly and mysteriously? Why the open window? I was all the more painfully perplexed, as the most careful examination failed to disclose any other means of exit by which the would-be assassin could have escaped. Every door was securely barred, every window except that of the east room was safely fastened. In the flower-bed underneath there were distinct tracks of a man's feet leading from the window, none whatever leading to it.

'These things made me terribly unhappy, and some suspicion of my thoughts must have crept into my countenance, for Edith divined them at once. However, she remained silent about the appearance of the man who had attempted my life, and I refrained from questioning her. At best there could be but a conjecture—the room was dark, the man disguised, and your aunt frightened. But the knife which lay upon my bed appealed with dumb but terrible force to us both. It was my pruning-knife, and that very afternoon Edith had seen me lend it to Jeff Lawson. Whether the knife had been in any way poisoned, or whether your aunt's wound had been badly dressed in the first instance, I do not know, but inflammation set in, and for weeks she was dangerously ill. For days her life was despaired of; and it was only saved at last at the expense of the brave right hand that had saved me so well from a terrible and sudden death.

'The matter made a sensation, which was something more than a nine days' wonder in our village; but as I kept my suspicions to myself, no one else ventured to express any, and Jeffrey's name was never mixed up in the matter. Indeed it somehow got circulated that he left Garrick the evening of the attempted murder, and no one contradicted it. The object of the attack, which was evidently robbery as well as murder, for every drawer and desk in my room was thoroughly ransacked, caused much wonder and discussion. It was pretty generally known that my allowance as a minor was scarcely adequate to my few simple wants. Being neither a landlord nor a prosecutor of poachers, I was not unpopular, and as far as I knew, I had not an enemy in the world. Altogether it was a most mysterious sad affair, and if in my secret heart I connected it with the new-found will of my father, and wronged any one by unjust suspicions, I hope heaven will pardon me. Appearances were strongly against one'—

'And appearances very frequently deceive, Robert,' aunt interrupted gently. 'Let us judge not, that we be not judged!'

'Heaven help the villain who cost Aunt Edith so dear, if ever I encounter him!' cried Edgar excitedly. 'I'll shew no quarter!'

'What became of Jeff Lawson, father?' Jess asked, with a stolen glance at aunt's face.

'From the night he said good-bye to us in this very room, thirty-one years ago, I have never heard of him nor from him. He disappeared in the most extraordinary manner. Doubtless he is dead; and as far as he is concerned, I have no hope of the mystery of that awful night ever being cleared up.'

'And his mother, papa?' Fred queried.

'Ah, his poor mother; she broke her heart over his disappearance, my boy. Mothers will do such things over the most worthless sons.—Well, Upton, what's the matter?'

'If you please sir, there's a gentleman wants to see you,' said our old butler, closing the door behind him, and looking mysteriously round. 'He says his business is urgent, but he won't give his name.'

'A strange gentleman, at this hour, and on such a night,' exclaimed papa, rising. 'He must be some belated traveller.—Shew him in, Upton.'

We all looked at each other, and glanced towards the door in eager nervous curiosity, as an elderly gentleman with very white hair and beard entered the room, made a courteous bow, which embraced everybody, and proceeded to unbutton an enormous travelling-cloak in which he was enveloped. For a moment or so his eyes wandered round the room, as if in search of something, and then he smiled sadly.

'You do not know me, Mr Neville,' quoth the gentleman, after what seemed an ominous silence, drawing more directly into the light of the fire, which blazed cheerily.

'I have not that pleasure sir,' papa replied, looking at our visitor more attentively.

'Ah! Yet my picture hung there once;' pointing to a vacant space amongst the portraits on the wall. 'My name is Jeffrey Lawson.'

'Jeff!' cried papa and Aunt Edith with one voice.

'Jeff!' we all echoed in amazement. Here was the sequel to the story, with a vengeance.

'You do not seem overjoyed to see me, Robert,' Mr Lawson said after another pause. 'Well, perhaps you are not to blame.—But you, Edith—after all those long years—might give me your hand.'

At that moment his eye rested on aunt's helpless right arm, and the most terribly awkward awful silence I ever witnessed ensued. Edgar was white with passion; Jess clenched her little hands defiantly; and even gentle Fred looked as if he could raise his voice and arm to avenge Aunt Edith.

Mr Lawson was the first to recover his self-possession. 'Forgive me,' he said, and there was a tremor in his voice. 'I did not know—I am sorry.' Papa remained stern and silent. I really pitied Mr Lawson, the odds were so fearfully against him. Not a single kind or encouraging glance met his eye as he looked round. However, he drew himself up a little haughtily, and continued addressing us all: 'I did you a great wrong once, Mr Neville. I have travelled many thousand miles to offer what reparation I can. That will by which I obtained five thousand pounds was a forgery. But I have come to pay it back, with interest.'

Papa bowed his head, but remained silent.

'Money was absolutely necessary then, for I had many pressing engagements to meet—my safety, my liberty, were at stake. I was desperate; but though my base trick succeeded, it was too late. Absolute ruin and disgrace stared me in the face, and I was compelled to fly like a thief in the night to escape the consequences of my folly. That night I secretly left the house, escaping by my bedroom window. Concealing all the money I had, I took passage for Australia, where by careful speculation and hard work,

I soon realised a considerable fortune. I had no desire to return to England. I formed new friends, new habits; squatter-life suited me; and so I remained year after year. But I was heartily sorry for and ashamed of the part I played about the will, and I resolved one day to try and make it square with you. Then the gold-fever broke out, and the spirit of adventure being strong in me, I resolved to go to the Diggings. I was singularly successful; but others were not so fortunate. One poor fellow who went by the name of "Down Ted" I heard frequently spoken of as singularly unlucky. One day I was surprised to receive a message from this fellow, requesting me to come and see him, as he was very ill, and had an important confession to make. I went at once, and saw at a glance that the man was dying; but imagine my surprise when, on a closer survey of his features, I recognised him to be Ted Judson, the son of your old steward—good-for-nothing, graceless vagrant Ted, who got me into almost as many scrapes as I got him out of. With the utmost difficulty, for he was dying, he told me a singular story. On the very night I left Garrick House, he tried to rob and murder me. Hearing from his father that I had a large sum of money by me, he resolved to have some of it; and entering the house in the dusk of the evening, he concealed himself behind the curtains of the corridor window, and waited till the house was all quiet; then he entered my room, and after searching in vain for the money, he seized a knife which lay on a table, and in a fit of drunken rage and disappointment, resolved to cut my throat if I did not give up my purse. Advancing to the bed where I lay sound asleep, he lifted the knife and made a slash at my throat; when, to his horror, he saw the White Lady who "walks" bending over me. Throwing down the knife, he fled in terror, and made his escape through a window he found open. In a moment, it flashed upon me that your room was mistaken for mine, and my window, which I had left open, proved the means of escape for the villain, as it had already proved the means of escape for me. I hope the timely appearance of the White Lady prevented any serious mischief?

'It did, to me,' papa said sadly; 'but the slash that missed my throat cost my sister her right hand. She was the Lady who saved me, Jeffrey!'

'I am better pleased to have this mystery cleared up than I would be to have the right hand back again, if such a thing were possible,' said aunt softly.

'The knife Judson saw on the table must have been your pruning-knife, Robert, which I asked one of the servants to return to you,' continued Mr Lawson. 'Here is Ted's written and signed confession, witnessed by a magistrate. And now, let me once more entreat your forgiveness; and as my mission is accomplished, I will not intrude any longer. I should have remembered that the Nevilles are not a race to forget or forgive!'

'Are the Lawsons, Jeff?' papa cried, advancing with outstretched hand. 'If so, I claim yours. I have done you an infinitely greater wrong than you did me. I am very sorry!'

A bright smile passed over Mr Lawson's face, altering its whole expression, as he grasped papa's hand; and I'm sure there were tears in his eyes as he bent down to kiss Aunt Edith's forehead;

and in the smiling silence that followed, while they looked into each other's eyes, all old scores were wiped out; all old sores healed and forgotten!

THE DROLL SIDE OF DUELLING.

THERE are few things however serious that have not their comic side, if one cares to look for it. The barbarous practice of duelling, fraught with tragedy though it be, is one example of a barbarous custom having its humorous side, as without further preamble, we will proceed to shew.

The old story of the Irishman who called a man out for expressing disbelief in his having seen anchovies growing on a tree, and when his opponent lay wounded on the ground, repentantly owned to suddenly remembering it was capers he meant, may be an invention, but duels have been fought for equally trivial reasons. One of the members of Louis XVIII's body-guard fought three times in one day; first, with a gentleman who had offended by looking askew at him; next, with one who had looked him hard in the face; and thirdly, with a stranger who had passed by without deigning to look at him at all.

Men disinclined to make targets of themselves in obedience to a conventional code of honour, have often got out of the difficulty by availing themselves of the right accorded to the challenged to choose the weapons. A Missouri backwoodsman daunted his antagonist by insisting upon a combat with raw hides, limited to half an hour's duration. An old whaling captain declared he would fight with harpoons or not at all, an alternative declined by his adversary. A French journalist fonder of fun than of fighting, on being challenged, accepted the cartel with: 'Of course I claim the choice of weapons. You wish to kill me; I will do my best to kill you. Good. I have in my house twenty loaves of siege-bread, which I have kept for souvenirs. We will sit down and eat against each other. One of us is sure to die.' Knowing by experience the nature of siege-bread, the challenger did not care to run the risk involved in such a contest, and like a sensible fellow, laughed, and shook hands. Equally satisfactory in its result was the very wise method adopted by two Americans, who, having fallen in love with one lady, found it necessary to settle by force of arms which should retire from the field. Having no desire to hurt one another, they concluded the matter could be decided by proving which was the better shot, by each trying his skill at a tree. The worst marksman acknowledged that if they had confronted each other in the approved way, he would have been annihilated, and left his rival to win the lady unopposed.

In another duel without danger, only one of the parties concerned was aware of the innocent character of the encounter. This was General Putnam, who being challenged by a young officer, proposed that each should sit upon a powder-keg, with a lighted fuse in the bung. As he would hear of no other terms, the General had his way. At the appointed time the belligerents took their seats; the fuses were ignited. The veteran watched the progress of the flame—as well he might—with unmoved countenance. Not so his opponent; he took intense interest in the fast-lessening match,

and when the flame got suggestively near the bung-hole, shewed his possession of the better part of valour by jumping off the keg and making for the open, till arrested by Putnam roaring out: 'Hold on, my boy; it's only onion-seed!'

With commendable discretion did some fun-loving rascals act when called upon to assist a couple of coloured gentlemen, of Monticello, Mobile, who agreeing to differ, determined to settle their differences white-man's fashion. In a very few minutes arrangements were made for bringing the affair off in the orthodox way. The seconds and surgeons stood in a grove hard by, and rifles loaded with blank-cartridge were placed in the hands of the bellicose pair. They presented a curious contrast, one being as cool as the proverbial cucumber, while the other was nervous and excited—a veritable black Bob Acres. When his eye caught the gleam of the rifle-barrel, he exclaimed: 'Look here, gemmen; dis'ere gun's too bright for me;' and tried to leave his ground, till brought to a sense of his position by an intimation from his second that if he attempted to stir he would shoot him down. Dropping his gun, the frightened fellow seized his second by the waist, and placed him between himself and the levelled weapon of the foe. The barricade quickly removed itself, and then the negro fled the scene at racing speed, followed by shouts of derision from the amused on-lookers.—When Egan and Curran met to decide their quarrel with the pistol's aid, the former complained that he might as well fire at a razor's edge as at his adversary's thin body, while he himself offered as fair a mark as a turf-stack; whereupon his ready witted foe declared he had no desire to take any undue advantage, and was willing to let his size be chalked out on Mr Egan's side, and agree that every shot outside the mark should go for nothing.

When General Shields challenged Abraham Lincoln, on account of a letter in a newspaper reflecting on the General, which Lincoln had avowed to save the real writer from the consequences; the latter having the choice of weapons, elected to fight with the broadsword. Not that he was skilled in its use, but because he had such a tremendous length of arm, combined with great muscular power, that he calculated upon being able to chop-off his adversary's head before he could treat him to a scientific thrust. Lincoln was first on the ground, and when Shields arrived, was hard at work with a hatchet clearing away the bushes. It was decided to sink a plank perpendicularly in the ground, leaving four feet of it protruding from the earth—the combatants to fight up to, but not beyond it. Shields examined the swords, and then looked doubtfully at Lincoln's arm. Noting the look, Colonel Hartin told the pair not to make fools of themselves; and like wise men, they concluded they would not; but played a game of 'old sledge,' to decide who should pay the expenses of the trip; a pleasure that fell to Shields.

Two Western editors once made fools of themselves to an unlimited extent. It came about through the editor of the *Athens Democrat* declaring in a leader that the caittiff editor of the *Athens Whig* was a bigamist; and that gentleman resenting the calumny by pulling the libeller's nose in the public street. The mayor kindly undertook to arrange for the difficulty being settled in a proper

way; and the two editors were soon ensconced, rifle in hand, behind two trees in a wood. For two mortal hours they dodged and peeped, neither caring to fire, lest by missing he should leave himself at his enemy's mercy. Then the rain came down, and the *Whig's* editor discovered it had saturated his powder. 'Is your powder wet?' shouted he to his rival.

'No,' answered the other.

'Mine's beautifully dry,' continued he of the *Whig*.

But his adversary guessing how matters were, came boldly out of cover, with his weapon ready to come to the 'present.'

'Stop!' cried the appalled man—'stop! Let's have a parley! You are a darned good fellow; suppose, instead of shooting me, we go into partnership?'

'All right,' replied the *Democrat*; and they returned home together.

Of course the editor of the *Whig* had to set himself right with his subscribers, which he did by telling them his gun was wet and wouldn't go off. To which his new partner responded in his paper with, 'No more wouldn't mine.' Mortified as he was at having 'caved in' when there was no occasion, the *Whig* man congratulated himself that at anyrate the affair of his first marriage would be hushed up; but curious to ascertain how the other came to know anything about it, he asked him: 'How did you know that I had another wife living, besides Mary-Jane?'

'Oh, you have, have you?' was the astonished answer; while the disgusted self-betrayer muttered between his teeth: 'Fool, fool! to forget he was an editor, and judge him only as a common man!'

The Athenian journalist would have had no cause to abuse himself, had he displayed the forethought of the French critic Saint-Beuve, who having to meet M. Dubois on a wet morning, appeared on the ground carrying in one hand a sixteenth-century flint-lock pistol, and in the other a nineteenth-century umbrella, which he unfurled as he took up his position. M. Dubois, backed by both seconds, protested against the umbrella, but to no purpose. Saint-Beuve said he had no objection to being killed, but decidedly objected to getting wet through; so they let him have his way, and the duel went on, till each combatant had fired four shots without damaging anybody, and all parties were satisfied, especially Saint-Beuve, who marched off without a hole either in his body or his umbrella.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Does oxygen exist in the sun? is a question highly interesting to astronomers and physicists. Dr Henry Draper of the United States believes that it does, being led to that conclusion by years of experiment and observation. Making use of a twenty-eight-inch silvered glass reflector, he took a large number of photographs of the spectrum of the sun. These, however, could not be understood unless they could be compared with photographs of metallic and non-metallic spectra. By means of a Gramme machine, worked by a petroleum engine of one-and-a-half horse-power, the requisite electric light, equal to five hundred standard candles, was obtained. The efficiency of

the machine may be judged of from the fact that, in combination with an induction-coil, it will give one thousand ten-inch sparks per minute. Working alternately in his study and in his laboratory, Dr Draper made a large number of the required comparisons, and found, as he thinks, support for his conclusions. At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society last June, he remarked: 'On the whole, it does not seem improper for me to take the ground that, having shewn by photographs that the bright lines of the oxygen spark spectrum all fall opposite bright portions of the solar spectrum, I have established the probability of the existence of oxygen in the sun.' And to convey some idea of the time and labour expended in the investigation, he made a statement of the production of electrical action that had been necessary. 'Each photograph demands an exposure of fifteen minutes, and, with preparation and development, half an hour is needed. The making of a photograph, exclusive of intermediate trials, requires, therefore, about thirty thousand ten-inch sparks; that is, thirty thousand revolutions of the bobbin of the Gramme machine. In the last three years the Gramme has made twenty million revolutions. The petroleum engine consumes a couple only of drops of oil at each stroke, producing two or three ten-inch sparks at each stroke, and yet it has used up about a hundred and fifty gallons.' Untiring, indeed, must be the patience and perseverance of him who devotes himself to scientific research. Astronomers generally do not agree with Dr Draper. We may therefore safely infer that he will not rest until he arrives at complete demonstration, or other physicists convict him of error.

Mr Maxwell Hall communicated during last session to the Royal Astronomical Society, a further instalment of his endeavour to determine whether there is a general movement of the sun and the stars, visible to us, around a central point. Some years ago, Madler, a German astronomer, from a series of calculations, placed the remote invisible centre in the Pleiades; but Mr Hall, having more elements at command, finds reason to believe that it is near the double-star ϵ of the constellation Pisces. Near, is of course a comparative term, for the central point is too far distant to be seen by human eyes; but it is something to have indicated even provisionally its latitude and longitude. The time of revolution is estimated at twenty million years, and the total attractive mass of the stars engaged in the movement, as seventy-eight million times that of the sun, while the distance of the mysterious centre is thirty-one million times the distance of the sun from the earth.

To the captain of a ship it is of prime importance to know whether the vessel is steering on her proper course or not. His first question before leaving his berth in the morning often is, 'Steward, how's her head?' and many a passenger will remember the steward's early visit to the binnacle in order to prepare his answer. Mr H. A. Severn has devised a tell-tale compass which obviates the necessity for inquiry and the trouble of going on deck, and gives the captain the information he requires even in his own cabin. An electrical apparatus connected with a compass is fitted into a small box, which may be carried to any part of the ship; two adjustable index hands are placed above the card, and these with allowance for

deviations are set to the vessel's course. Unbroken silence indicates that all is going well; but let the vessel once overpass the limits of deviation, and an electric bell rings and continues to ring until the right course is again steered. With two bells unlike in tone, one for starboard, the other for port, it would be easy to ascertain the direction of the deviation, and thus lessen to some extent the risks of navigation in crowded seas or near a coast.

The flexible shaft or drill, an instrument invented in America for delicate operations on the teeth, has been shewn to be capable of doing heavy work, such as the boring of wood and iron. It is used also in the brushing of horses and cattle, cleaning and polishing plate-glass, finishing morocco leather, and in boot-cleaning. Great is the surprise of those who for the first time see the instrument at work; not a rigid bar, but pliant as a snake. As described by a machinist, it 'leads mechanical power into the more intricate ways and remote corners heretofore only approachable by the human arm, and it is apparent that manifold applications of the flexible shaft will be made in the future that are not now thought of.'

At Pittsburg a method of burning petroleum as fuel for the heating of steam-boilers has been tried with encouraging results. Air, steam, and oil-spray are injected into a suitable fire-box, where, as is said, the spray is immediately converted into inflammable gas, yielding a bright, powerful, smokeless flame, and producing intense heat. On trial being made of the apparatus in a steamboat, it was found that in twenty minutes from the starting of the fire the safety-valve blew off steam at one hundred and twenty pounds pressure. To quote a local description: 'Here was a boat puffing through the water with no sign of smoke from her chimneys, no speck of soot in flues or fire-box, no fireman, no opening of furnace-doors, no dirt, no coal going in, and no clinkers or ashes to be seen anywhere. A turn of the hand regulated the terrible flame that seemed trying to overpower the limits of the furnace, and another turn of the hand brought the fire down to a quiet little flame, a foot or two long. . . . The space occupied by oil, as compared to an equal value of coal, is very much less, and this is gained for cargo. The wear and tear of boiler and grate-bars is less also, while the comfort of passengers is greatly enhanced. A tank of oil situated at a remote end of an ocean-going steamer would hold fuel sufficient for a double trip, and supplant the great coal-bunkers with their attendant dirt.'

An Automatic Coin Cashier has been exhibited in Philadelphia, which, according to the description, is intended to 'facilitate making change, and consists of a series of receptacles for coin of the various denominations, standing at an inclination from the perpendicular, and having at their lower ends a slide, which, when moved to the proper position, allows one piece of coin to drop out.' Each slide is marked with the denomination of the coin which it liberates, and the required amount of change can be rapidly collected.

Among odds and ends from America we notice inserted teeth for circular saws; a new insulating material for electrical purposes compounded of cork and paper-pulp; a method of propelling a boat by air instead of steam; a furnace for melting brass or steel, which can be tilted, and the

molten metal poured out without disturbing the fire or the crucibles; a new lamp (the Hitchcock lamp), which by means of peculiar mechanism, impels a current of air into the flame, supplies oil to the wick, requires no chimney, and will burn fat or greasy oils, animal or vegetable; a steam-engine of one-sixth horse-power; and a boring-machine which bores a square hole. For detailed information upon the foregoing American items, we would refer our readers to the Secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, U.S.

A project for an aqueduct twenty-seven miles long to supply Philadelphia with water, is under discussion. The source is at such an elevation that the distributing reservoir, to contain a billion gallons, would be two hundred and forty feet above the city datum. There will be a number of tunnels; but these, in the opinion of the devising engineer, will cost less than an aqueduct of masonry. The Croton Aqueduct, forty miles long, by which New York is supplied with water, cost eight million five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

We hear that a miller in France has invented a steam-engine which heats itself; but as yet we have no particulars. A diving-boat in which work can be carried on under water at a depth of five mètres, and in turbulent currents, has been described at a meeting of the Société de Physique, Paris; and from the same city comes word of the *densimeter*, an instrument for indicating the density of solid bodies. It is quick in its operation, and sufficiently accurate for all ordinary industrial purposes.

The discovery by a German chemist, which we mentioned some time since, that indigo can be produced in the laboratory by chemical operations, remains for the time undeveloped, no means having yet been devised for an economical application thereof. The discovery is, however, so important that its conversion at some time into a process of manufacture may be confidently expected. Twenty-five years ago, no one imagined that alizarin would one day be manufactured in quantities for the use of dyers, valued at nearly a million and a half sterling annually. Yet such is the fact; and the imports of madder have fallen from three hundred and five thousand hundredweights to less than thirty-three thousand hundredweights in the year. This success, in the words of Mr Perkin, F.R.S., is 'the fruit of scientific researches in organic chemistry, conducted mostly from a scientific point of view; and while this industry has made such great progress, it has, in its turn, acted as a handmaid to chemical science, by placing at the disposal of chemists products which otherwise could not have been obtained; and thus an amount of research has been conducted through it so extensive that it is difficult to realise, and this may before long produce practical fruit to an extent we have no conception of.' Among the results thus predicated may be the manufacture of artificial indigo.

Mr Cosmo Newbery, after examination of the building-stones used in Melbourne, found that the soft kinds are most liable to decay during the summer months (December—February); while those that grow hard on exposure harden most in the same period. And further, that taking two portions of the same stone, saturating one part with water, and leaving the other dry, the wet

stone hardens first, the hardening taking place from the outside inwards. On analysis, the hardened surfaces shewed an excess of silica and distinct traces of ammonia. Different kinds of freestone were then treated with ammonia: some were hardened, others disintegrated. In the former, the cementing material between the sand-grains is not softened, but changes from a dull opaque or white clayey cement to a vitreous or quartz-like material, and eventually, to a dense quartzite. 'I have to a limited extent,' says Mr Newbery, 'succeeded in changing clayey sandstones to hard silicious sandstones by causing them to absorb ammoniacal solutions in such a manner that the liquid was absorbed at one end of the stone and evaporated at the other, and obtained an outer surface hard and silicious like that found in nature.'

Dr Royston-Pigott, F.R.S., comes to the aid of microscopists with his 'Researches in High Power Definition,' in which, dealing with difficulties of microscopic investigation, he shews what can be done in the observation of objects having an individual diameter varying between the 1-80,000th and the 1-200,000th of an inch. The difficulties as stated are 'principally created by overlapping images, due partly to residuary aberrations spherical and chromatic; partly to the effects of diffraction, caused by brilliant illuminations of spurious disks of light; partly to the constant development of *eidola*, or false images.' Through these and other difficulties, the doctor offers guidance, and gives examples and methods 'of producing transcendent definition in cases found hopeless by a numerous body of observers.'

A few months ago, at the instance of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a conference was held in London on the subject of lightning-conductors, and the best means of protecting buildings from lightning-strokes. Meetings have been held, at which much information was gathered; but before proceeding to formulate what is already known, with a view to draw up a general code of rules for the erection of lightning-conductors, the delegates ask for more information, and on special particulars—namely, whether buildings struck by lightning had or had not conductors—of what size, shape and construction were the conductors—how attached to the building, or connected with the earth, and so forth. Persons in any part of the kingdom possessed of trustworthy information on any of these points would aid the work of the conference by communicating the particulars to their secretary, Mr G. J. Symons, 30 Great George Street, London, S.W., where a complete statement of the facts most in request may be obtained.

An account is given in the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society of Mr Cruickshank's twenty-one years of observations On the extreme Limits of View along the Earth's Surface. The conclusions arrived at, being based on so long a term of investigation, deserve consideration. They are: That 'the mean daily distance seen is only 25 miles—the mean number of days in the year on which a distance of 50 miles can be seen is 90—the greatest mean daily distance seen increases for each month from January to July, and then decreases again from July to January, correspondently with the monthly decrease and increase in the humidity of the air—and last, there is no regular relation between the monthly varia-

tion in the mean distance seen and the mean monthly amount of cloud in the sky.'

It was generally supposed that the long-continued severity of last winter would be fatal to insect life; but we learn from an entomologist's communication to the *Scottish Naturalist* that 'moths and butterflies were more numerous during the summer than in the past few years,' that they appeared a week earlier than in 1878, and from two to three weeks earlier than in 1877, and that larvæ which bury themselves survive the hardest frosts. It may also be noted that 'clouds' of certain species of butterfly, such as the Painted Lady, were observed in various parts of Great Britain. These are interesting facts for naturalists.

A work printed at the public cost deserves a word of notice. It is a catalogue of the very large collection of Persian manuscripts in the British Museum, prepared by Dr Rieu, whose skill and painstaking in dealing with such a mass of historical material are greatly to be commended. So well, we are told, has he done his work, 'that the mere perusal of the catalogue itself affords an admirable bird's-eye view of the history of the East;' and it may compare favourably with any similar work undertaken by the ablest scholars of Europe and published by foreign governments.

Intelligent readers will have much satisfaction in the fact that at last an arrangement has been come to for the uniform spelling of Indian proper names. Lists of names are to be furnished by the Indian government to the Royal Geographical Society: from these lists, a general list will be drawn up, and after revision by competent authorities, will be 'finally adopted as the Society's official guide for spelling.' Hitherto the anomalies have been bewildering; as Karachi for Kunriachee, Hummums for Hamams, and a hundred others almost as astonishing as the corruption by the British soldiers more than a hundred years ago of *Surajah Dowlah* into *Sir Richard Dowler*! It is a further satisfaction to learn that 'the same systematic treatment will be gradually extended to the spelling of proper names of all countries.'

We are informed that in our notice of the blasting of coal in mines by the use of compressed air (*ante* 622), the name of Mr Ernst Reuss, as the designer of the drill apparatus, should have been introduced. It may be that there are rival claims; but in any case the application is so important that it deserves to be fairly tried on its merits, and should it lead ultimately, by force of law or otherwise, to the setting aside of the use of gunpowder in mines, the mining folk will be relieved from much of the fearful risk to which they are at present exposed. We gladly assist in making the subject known, for it is one that should interest all classes of society.

Considering that prevention of colliery explosions, with their appalling consequences, is a paramount duty, the owners of mines are reminded that in the United States the telephone is used for signalling in mines with marked success. Instantaneous communications among all parts of a mine could hardly fail to render important service in a system of prevention. The Minister for Mines, New South Wales, in his last annual Report, strongly recommends it to the attention of the miners of that colony.

Cases at times occur in which it is important to have proof that a letter has been posted, and

suggestions have been made to shew in what way the evidence could be obtained. Mr Clifford Eakell (8 Grosvenor Street, W.) has published a pamphlet on the subject, with a specimen of the 'Proof of Posting' which he recommends, and pointing out the advantages that would follow were it generally taken into use. The proofs would be sold by the Post-office at one farthing each. The sender of a letter, book, packet, telegram, or newspaper would write any one of these descriptive terms in the blank on the proof, and write underneath the address written on the letter or packet; the proof then being stamped by the Post-office clerk, would be good evidence that a certain letter, book, packet, telegram, or newspaper had been posted. With this evidence in possession, it is obvious that inquiries for missing articles would be greatly facilitated; and we may fairly assume that persons employed to post letters would, knowing that they must carry back stamped proofs to their employers, discharge their duty honestly. The scheme appears to be simple: the best that can be desired is that it shall be freely discussed as a question between the public and the Post-office.

From a circular which we have received from the Secretary of the Mission to the Fallen Women of London—a truly beneficent institution—we learn that through the instrumentality of the missionaries more than ten thousand young women have been reached. Some of these have been placed in Homes, whilst others have been restored to their friends, or provided with situations. We also learn that though a small proportion have disappointed the hopes which had been formed concerning them, of many the most encouraging accounts have been received. The Mission, which is entirely wrought through female agency, is at present greatly in need of funds to enable it to carry on its philanthropic work. And such being the case, it will give us much pleasure to receive and acknowledge any sums that may be intrusted to our care for transmission to the proper quarter.—ED.

NOTES ON THE IVY.

FROM the earliest times the ivy has been the theme of poets. As Washington Irving has well said: 'The ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together the tottering remains, and as it were embalming them in a verdure.' The presence of this lovely creeper clinging about the ruined walls 'of cell and chapel and refectory,' does much to enhance the picturesque appearance of these stony relics of the past. The pretty foliage with its glossy hue, creeping over the gray old stones, and twining lovingly over broken windows and shattered tracery, is a sad but beautiful picture—the vigorous life contrasted with the decayed grandeur of the silent and deserted ruin, rich alone in the memories of bygone days. A child with its sunny hair, climbing on the knees of an old man whose locks are hoar with the winter of life, forms no greater contrast than the green ivy clinging to the buttresses of an old ruin.

More picturesque than useful, the ivy has, however, some reputed properties worth mentioning. The old physicians considered that a decoction

of its leaves was an excellent sudorific, and further that its berries were a preventive against the plague. But Pliny gives the ivy credit for having a far more useful quality. If he is to be relied upon, its berries taken before wine, have the effect of preventing intoxication. This notion most probably has some connection with the Bacchanalian fillet of ancient times, as well as with the more modern custom of using an ivy bough as the sign of a tavern. The plant is called the Bacchus-weed in old books of poems; for it seems to have constantly been associated with ale-houses and drinking. In the south of Europe and North Africa, the gum which exudes from the stem is considered to be a good remedy for toothache. But the use of this gum is probably attended with more satisfactory results as a bait for fish; for an old angler named Walker maintains that it proves a very attractive bait to the finny tribe; and we have ourselves heard that worms, steeped in 'ivy oil,' form a tempting lure, but are unable to give directions for its preparation.

When the stems of the ivy grow to a great size, wood is formed; but it is not of much value. Cut into thin slices it has been used in some places for filtering liquids; and the wood of the roots has been manufactured into knife-strops; but it is seldom found of sufficient size to be used for any other purpose. However, it is quite possible to carve or turn the large stems of the ivy, as it takes a polish which brings out very clearly the curious zigzag black lines which seem to be a peculiar characteristic of the wood. The writer has a pair of richly marked candlesticks turned from some ivy which grew round an aged elm.

Fortunately for lovers of ivy, it will grow almost anywhere; consequently many buildings can have their native ugliness most effectually concealed by the luxuriant foliage. But it is much to be regretted that those who love ivy and appreciate its decorative qualities are not more numerous. The comparatively small number of houses and walls covered with this cheap and unrivalled decoration plainly points to the fact that there are still many people who labour under the delusion that ivy renders a house damp. This is a common complaint brought against the plant; but a little reflection will shew, that so far from rendering a building damp, a rich growth of ivy-leaves is the best protection against wet. Nothing could form a more effective protection from the rain than the glossy surface and close growth of the plant. Unlike almost every other kind of creeper, it is always in leaf, always beautiful, and always a certain protection against wet. Moreover, ivy will often grow in situations where no other creeper can live. It seems able to thrive in secluded spots, where neither light nor sunshine can penetrate, and thus its value as a hardy ever-green is materially increased.

This property of adapting itself to circumstances is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Miss Strickland. The body of Catharine Parr, buried at Sudley, was disinterred, through curiosity, on several occasions. The last time the coffin was opened, 'it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself round the temples of the royal corpse. A berry had fallen there at the time of the previous exhumation, taken root, and then silently from day to day woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal.'

'MY HEROINE'

I'll introduce you to a girl I know.

'Pretty?' you ask.

Well, I'll attempt to sketch her portrait, though
No easy task.

I fear, however, you'll pronounce her 'slow,'
For nowadays

We vote a dash of fastness all the go,
(Excuse the phrase).

She's not accomplished—no, indeed, poor dear.

I dare assert

She does not know the latest slang—I fear

She's not a flirt.

She could not name the winner of the Oaks,

She does not bet;

I'm pretty sure she never even smokes

A cigarette.

A beauty? Well, she's not considered such—

You girls know best.

Her dearest friends do not abuse her *much*,

And that's a test.

Perhaps she has not Mrs L——y's eyes,

Or rose-leaf skin,

But still so sweet a face to criticise

Were downright sin.

She does not scream when skittish Polly rears,

Not she—and wait,

'Twould do you good to see the way she clears

A five-barred gate.

She cannot sing bravura runs and shakes—

She does not shine

When seated at 'a grand'—but then her *cakes*

Are just divine.

With high-heeled boots she cares not to distort

Her pretty feet—

Her lilies and her roses were not bought

In Regent Street

And still more shocking, I regret to state,

Her ~~want~~ of taste;

She cannot be induced to cultivate

A wasp-like waist.

You would not in her hair a vestige find

Of 'golden' tinge;

She wears it in a simple knot behind—

No trace of 'fringe.'

Such pretty hair! so lustrous and so long—

A modest brown.

'False, I daresay! Nay, ma'am, for once you're
wrong;

I've seen it down.

You horrid man! I've told you scores of times,

I won't again

Be made the subject of your stupid rhymes;

But all in vain.

'Tis quite too bad of you!—When next you err,

Look out for tears.

Or no; I'll prove you've wed a vixen, sir!

And box your ears.

Ah! then you'll change the burden of your song—

A truce to praise.

'Unruly wives' will be your theme—you'll long

For bachelor days.

You'll gravely say that matrimony brings

Domestic strife,

And add no end of nasty, spiteful things

About your wife.

G. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 823.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

SOCIAL CONTRASTS.

No one who was present in Westminster Abbey when, on Sunday 6th July, Dean Stanley preached a sermon on Lord Lawrence, whose remains had been interred in the nave of that hallowed fane the previous day, can forget the truthful and impressive words uttered on the occasion. The subject was of that kind which a preacher of good understanding and high-toned sentiment seizes hold of for a practical purpose. In his whole life, Lord Lawrence had exemplified the finer qualities of the English character. Unselfish, and grudging no trouble in the line of duty, his resolute vigour had largely contributed to save India when that great empire was in jeopardy. The indomitable energy and persevering industry of his Lordship, his honesty and thoroughness in all he undertook, were lovingly referred to by the preacher.

Lord Lawrence, said Dean Stanley in his thrilling peroration, 'was a fine example of the value of India as a school of training for the breeding of a race of civil and military administrators in whom it is ingrained, not as a theory but as a duty, to study those complex forms of human character, so unlike our own, and yet so deeply instructive for us to contemplate, even without regard to the usefulness of such a study for their effective governance. It was this wide-seeing circumspection which made every word of rebuke from him, to Englishmen or natives, come with double force. A story of him was worth recording as an instance of his lofty dealing and good influence upon inferior minds. During the conduct of some important cause for a young Indian Rajah, the Prince endeavoured to place in his hands, under the table, a bag of rupees. He answered at once: "Young man, you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult which he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you by this experience never again to commit so gross an offence against an English gentleman." Many of them would never forget the moral effect upon themselves of his indefatigable, untiring industry,

so long as health and eyesight were left to him—his profound contempt for the idle, lounging, loitering habits in which so much of human existence is expended and destroyed. Any one who saw him felt at once that his presence had a certain majestic dignity and assured repose, which made us feel confident that in his presence, and in whatever emergency, we were perfectly safe. He was not only a leader of men, but a leader on whom men could rely without the apprehension of those sudden weaknesses and betrayals, by which some of the most gifted of the human race have diffused around them a sense not of security, but of mistrust. We were reminded when we saw him of that passage in Isaiah which says, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?" That is to say, who shall endure the scorching flame of temptation, danger, pain? How shall we gain that supernatural strength? And the answer of the prophet is the only true one: "He that walketh righteously." But if we ask further why and how is this, the prophet's following words give a reply: "His place of defence shall be on the strong rocks, bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure." That is to say, he shall be like a man in an impregnable fortress. Though the earth be wrapped in a circle of flames, he will look down on the raging sea of fire without fear. There is a well of water within the citadel which will not fail. The upright Christian man, whether martyr or missionary, statesman or soldier, looks down on weakness, pain, and obloquy as contemptible. He has the bread and water which should not fail, an undefiled conscience which gives him invincible courage. Such was the inner character which formed the spiritual basis of that mountain of moral strength. In his early days his friends called him "Iron John." As time rolled on his character came to rely more and more on religious influences, his gentler nature became developed, he submitted to failing powers and failing eyesight, and became each year more prepared for the great change which at last suddenly overtook him. Farewell, the Dean exclaimed, 'great Pro-consul of our English

Christian Empire! Where shall we look in the times that are coming for that disinterested love, that abounding knowledge of India like his? Where shall we find that resolution, mind, and countenance, which seemed to cry to us,

This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I?

In these glowing sentiments we have a kind of word-painting of the present social condition of England. In numerous quarters are demonstrated an earnestness of purpose which bears up against the untoward circumstances which happen to present themselves in the ordinary battle of life; while alongside of this meritorious resolution are in too many cases provokingly seen those 'idle, lounging, loitering habits in which so much of human existence is expended and destroyed.' We know how people are apt to depreciate the present in comparison with a bygone generation; but with every allowance on this score, it is clear to us that vast numbers of young persons act as if idleness, amusement, and paltry indulgences were the chief concern in life. Labour, by which the world has been advanced in all useful learning and fine arts, is scorned as degrading and unworthy. Recreation carried to an unwarrantable extent is almost the sole object of consideration.

We are privileged to live amidst marvels of science and art. The electric light, steamers that resemble floating palaces—some of them floating farm-yards, railway trains that will transport you pleasantly at the rate of forty miles an hour, telegrams encompassing the earth with the velocity of Ariel! Unfortunately, science and art have outrun the capacity to make a good use of them. Among vast masses, the gifts of Providence are habitually and grossly abused. Everything satisfactorily improves but man. It would seem as if by no contrivance can society avoid being encumbered with swarms of people whom nothing can teach or admonish, and who, notwithstanding the prizes offered by industrial pursuits, ever keep themselves in the depths of wretchedness by their degrading excesses. We all know what efforts are made to stem the downhill current, and with what sadly disappointing results. In every town—the wealthier and more populous, the worse—there is apparently a mass of unimprovable human beings who prove a constant torment. Strange outcome of our boasted civilisation! This so-called civilisation is only like a gentle shower on the green-sward. It does no more than freshen the surface. Means to make it reach the roots of the social fabric remain to be invented.

The consequences are familiar to newspaper readers. Street disturbances, bad language heard in public thoroughfares, brutal assaults, homicides. A murder per diem now forms part of the ordinary intelligence. For the most part the murders take place in the idiotcy of drunkenness; poker, hammers, knives, hob-nailed boots, or

revolvers being usually the engines of destruction. It is hard to say, but it must be said, that weak-minded philanthropists who set themselves to uphold the 'gospel of idleness,' are less or more accountable for these disorders. Unaware of the ignorant and inflammable materials they work upon, they have encouraged by precept and statute the loosening of the obligations of thrift and professional diligence. Holidays and half-holidays are piled up with reckless indifference. The old days of religious observance, which were usually regarded with decency, have been swamped, blended in a catalogue of holidays which are a signal for the most odious revelries. There is a visible growth of this disorderliness and waste of means year after year. It is still on the increase, along with an increase in thriftlessness and demoralisation. The old accepted theory that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' is contemptuously repudiated. The doctrine is gravely put forward, that the true method for raising wages is to curtail production, to work as little as possible. One could laugh at this newfangled nonsense, were it not too grim a joke to make fun of the principles which regulate individual and national subsistence.

The idle, lounging, loitering, useless existence pointed to by Dean Stanley as a contrast to that of the late Lord Lawrence, is largely exemplified in the lives of young men, who at one time would, through personal favour, have found a lodgment in the civil or military service of the crown. The modern practice of competitive examination, whatever be its merits or demerits, has at least been the means of largely recruiting the ranks of genteel ne'er-do-weels. With vast continents still lying almost in a state of nature, and offering a splendid field for the settlement of the young and aspiring, it is pitiable to observe how few of this class possess the tact and enterprise to embrace the opportunity offered. Pampered by parents, or relying on some small patrimony, and perhaps with a silly pride of birth, they prefer a life of mere pleasure and amusement to one of honest industry, and constitute the loafers who hang about the clubs and bars of restaurants. You know them at once. Their cut-away tweed jacket, their moustache, their constitution weakened by depravity, and their boisterous laughing and talking, point them out as beings who never earned a shilling, and never will. Their chosen rôle is parasitically to depend on any one who will keep them without regard to the future, to eschew honest labour, play at cards and billiards, frequent horse-races, and dawdle away existence in a manner alike frivolous and mischievous. As torturations, some of them possibly have been sent to push their way in the colonies or South America; but with their idle and extravagant habits, success is out of the question. If they do not sink into a premature grave, back they come, to weary every one out with their luckless inaptitude and perversity. In comparison with such pretentious

yet utterly useless beings, how immeasurably more to be respected are the humblest toilers by the wayside striving to earn a bite and sup for daily subsistence!

Never before were there such strenuous and costly efforts made to extend the blessings of education, but practical advancement suffers a constant obstruction in the tendency to treat personal responsibilities with indifference. A learned professor, Dr Grainger Stewart, in lately addressing a body of newly appointed medical graduates in the University of Edinburgh, cautioned his young friends against professional indifference and superficiality. He entreated them to 'be honest, to be thorough.' Here he hit on a prevalent deficiency—a want of earnestness and thoroughness in the performance of professional and social duties. Of course, it is only the thoroughly earnest, patient, and self-sacrificing who ultimately succeed, and after a brilliant career, reap rewards like those which fell to the lot of Lord Lawrence—or let us instance Sir Rowland Hill, the successful projector of the penny post, who has just sunk to his rest after a long and useful career, followed by the blessings of mankind. The thing to be lamented is, that so comparatively few will put themselves to the trouble to secure any rewards whatever, including the greatest of all rewards, a sense of having done their duty, and the approval of their own conscience.

While men like Dean Stanley and Dr Grainger Stewart are pointing to those correct principles of moral discipline which are the glory of a people, there are hundreds who are doing their utmost to promote idleness and sensuality. There goes on a sort of war of good and evil. For example, is not the whole modern system of horse-racing and betting a disgrace to the country? In itself it is enough to counteract the best aimed beneficial influences. So, if not checked in time, is the spread of club-houses. We say nothing against the older and more staid institutions of this kind, but refer particularly to the clubs composed chiefly of young men, whose object seems to be the killing of time and squandering the means that happen to be at their disposal. When through laxity in balloting or other causes, clubs subside into this category, the more elderly members are apt to withdraw; the reading-rooms are meagrely frequented, and the crowding is towards the restaurant where drink is obtained, or to the apartments specially devoted to the playing of cards and billiards. According to all accounts, the favourite recreations are games with cards so extremely hazardous as to bring swift ruin on the inexperienced youths who engage in the play. We see by a London newspaper that the gambling club-houses in the metropolis are rapidly on the increase.

Whether from this cause or otherwise, thoughtful persons are beginning to entertain serious doubts as to the propriety of allowing club-houses to remain on their present footing. Though nominally of a private character, they are practically unlicensed public-houses, and offer convenient opportunities for wasteful indulgence when the different classes of licensed establishments are shut. Nor by any ordinary arrangement can this be prevented. As private institutions, they are as much beyond the scrutiny of magistrates and police as private dwellings. Looking to the abuses

that have latterly crept in, it would not excite surprise were the whole of the club-houses subjected to the laws and restrictions which regulate public hotels and taverns. It must, we think, shortly come to this. Meanwhile, we simply refer to them as being among the agencies which encourage idleness and misexpenditure.

W. C.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER V.—ON THE TRACK.

THE night passed slowly away. Just as Sol was pouring his earliest morning rays into the little room where Walter had lain unconsciously for so many hours, the sleeper awoke, rubbed his eyes, and called aloud for his companion; but to his surprise, received no answer. He was astonished to find that he had gone to bed without taking off his clothes, but suspected nothing until he saw that Seppi was not in the room, and at the same moment missed the belt from his waist and the papers from his pockets. When the whole extent of the calamity flashed upon him, he felt completely overwhelmed. A cold perspiration started to his face; he trembled in every limb; and but for the support of the bed, would have fallen on the floor. 'Merciful powers!' he exclaimed, when he recovered his speech, 'can it be possible that Seppi has robbed me and gone?'

He rushed to the door, which he found was locked. After kicking at it with great violence for some time, he aroused the attention of André, who came up and, after opening the door, demanded the reason of such behaviour.

'Where is Seppi?' exclaimed Walter, paying no heed to his inquiries. 'Tell me instantly what has become of him!'

'How should I know?' was the rough reply. 'He left the inn before daybreak.'

Walter's fears were fully confirmed. He sank into a chair, and gave way to an outburst of indignation.

'Don't trouble yourself about being left alone,' said André; 'your friend told me last night that he would be sure to return to-morrow, and has given me orders to let you have everything you ask for.'

'You've seen the last of him,' returned the youth. 'He has robbed me, and has got safe away by this time. But I won't rest till I have hunted him down; and woe to him then!'

He rushed to the door to carry out his purpose; but André stopped him. 'Oho, my fine fellow, that's what you're up to,' said he. 'I see now that your friend was right when he told me that you were not quite right in the upper story. You will please stay quietly here till to-morrow morning, and then you can make it all right with him yourself. You shan't stir out of this room till he comes back, so make up your mind for it.'

With these words the fellow quietly turned on his heel and left the room, and having locked the door, went down-stairs again without paying further regard to Walter's indignant remonstrances.

There being no possibility of escape by the door, Walter ran to the window, and looking out,

saw that the window-sill was scarcely twenty feet from the ground, and that no one was visible outside. His plans were quickly formed. Tying the sheets together, he fastened one end to the window-frame, and lowered himself to the ground. But a new difficulty presented itself. Which direction should he take? While he thus stood for an instant in doubt, he heard a shout from the window overhead, and looking up, beheld André, who by this time had brought his breakfast.

'What game is this you're up to?' exclaimed the unwelcome custodian. 'Stir a foot from there till I come, or it will be the worse for you.'

Paying no heed to this threat, Walter ran at the top of his speed towards the main road, and would perhaps have made good his escape, had not a broad ditch barred his way, which he was in the act of crossing when he slipped, and was overtaken by André, who, after a struggle, managed to secure his charge.

'I've got you again, my boy!' said his captor triumphantly. 'You might as well have paid attention to what I told you, for now you must march back again, and take up your quarters in the cellar, instead of having a comfortable room. I'll warrant you'll not get away again in a hurry.'

The unfortunate youth, half-stunned with the events of the morning, and considerably bruised with the fall, was overpowered by the superior strength of his pursuer, and had to resign himself quietly to his fate. They had just got back to the inn, and were in the act of entering, when the sound of wheels was heard; and on looking back, a post-chaise with four horses was seen rapidly approaching the inn.

The carriage was open, and two young men reclined upon the soft cushions, while a handsome dog lay upon the front seat, and looked up with an intelligent glance at one of the gentlemen who seemed to be its master.

'Let us have some refreshment,' said the gentleman to André, who was somewhat taken aback by the unexpected arrival of travellers at that early hour. 'Look sharp, my man! We must be in Paris in an hour, and have no time to lose.'

Forgetting his prisoner, André hurried in to make the necessary preparations; while Walter, pale and breathless, leaned against the side of the door.

'Mr Seymour!' he suddenly exclaimed, on beholding one of the travellers. 'Mr Seymour! Pray, assist me.'

The stranger leaped from the carriage and hastened towards the unhappy youth.

'Can I believe my eyes?—Watty!' he exclaimed, 'Watty, from the Bernese Oberland!—Look here, Lafond; this is the boy that got me the young vultures from the Eugelhorn, the narrative of whose courage you admired so much.—But what are you doing here, my boy? And what is the meaning of all this distress?'

'I have been robbed of a large sum of money here, and the thief has escaped with it. I was going in pursuit of him'—

'Don't believe a word of what he says sir,' interrupted André, who at that moment issued from the inn. 'The poor fellow is not right in his mind. His companion told me so, and I am going to take care of him till he comes back. He'll be here to-morrow.'

'Fool!' exclaimed Mr Seymour angrily, 'this young man is an old acquaintance of mine. Don't you dare to lay hands on him, or you shall suffer for it!—And now Walter, tell me the whole story as quickly as you can.'

The young man related all that had happened since his arrival in Paris.

'It's a bad affair, my good fellow,' said Mr Seymour, shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders thoughtfully. 'Your companion has most likely travelled all night, and it will be hard work to find out which way he has gone. But never mind; we must try what can be done. Come with us to Paris, and I will get the police to make instant search for the thief.—But in the first place,' he continued, turning to André, who looked on in sullen astonishment, 'let us have something to eat; and then we'll be off to Paris, where the scoundrel is most likely hiding himself.'

Mr Seymour's companion, a pale and delicate-looking man, had listened in silence to all that had passed; but while they were partaking of the refreshment that had been hastily prepared, he joined in the conversation.

'My dear Seymour,' said he, 'I think I know a better plan to get on the track of this swindler than if we had the help of all the policemen of Paris.'

'Name it,' returned his friend.

'Well, you know the St Bernard dogs are the best in the world for following up a scent; and as Hector is a capital specimen of the breed, I think we cannot do better than set him on the track.'

'But the dog doesn't know him, so how can he trace him?'

'The fellow has perhaps left something behind him in his hurry; if so, then let Hector get his nose to it, and I'll wager anything that he'll follow him up even if he is fifty miles off.'

'That's a capital idea,' assented Mr Seymour, delighted at the prospect of serving his young friend. 'Hector knows that we're speaking about him. See how knowing he looks!—Run Walter, and see if your precious companion has left anything behind him.'

Accompanied by André, who began to perceive that Seppi had cheated him, Walter sped up-stairs to the room in which he had slept, and soon returned in triumph.

'He has left some of his clothes,' exclaimed the now excited youth. 'They are worthless things; and certainly no loss to him, after getting possession of all that money.'

'Not so worthless after all,' signified Mr Seymour. 'Who knows but we may find this bundle worth fifty thousand francs to you, Walter, or rather to Mr Frieshardt? Lay it down here.—Now then, Hector, take a good sniff!'

The hound jumped from the carriage, smelt the bundle all round, then looked up at his master in an intelligent way and gave a short deep bark.

'Hector will be on the track immediately,' was the assurance given by Mr Lafond.—'Find—lost—find, my fine fellow!' he exclaimed.

The animal thoroughly understood its master's wish, and ran round the inn with its nose close to the ground. Suddenly it came to a stand, looked back, and gave another short bark, as if to say 'Here!'

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

'Bravo, Hector!' exclaimed both the gentlemen in delight. 'Come and smell again. Good dog!'

The dog sniffed the bundle once more, and after making another detour of the inn, stood still at the old spot.

'He has got the scent now, without a doubt,' said the stranger.—'Keep up your heart, young man, and we'll get the money out of this scoundrel's clutches just as certainly as you got the birds from the Engelhorn for my friend. Jump into the carriage.—Follow the dog, postillion. Off with you!'

This order set both the horses and the dog in motion. Hector kept his nose near the ground, and went on very fast, not, however, in the direction of Paris, but rather more to the south, along the left bank of the Seine.

'Aha! the fellow has been cleverer than we supposed,' said Mr Lafond. 'Instead of going to Paris, where he would have had the police on his track, he has most likely taken the road to Havre, and intends crossing to England or America with the first ship. He might easily have escaped if we had not had the dog with us.'

'We haven't caught him yet,' said Mr Seymour; 'but I feel sure that Hector knows what he's about, and we shall most likely overtake the fellow before night comes on.'

The pursuit continued rapidly. The sharp-scented hound never shewed the least doubt or wandering. On a few occasions it turned off into by-paths to the right or left, but always returned in a few seconds to the main road that led to Havre.

The horses were changed two or three times, but the dog seemed as fresh as when the pursuit commenced. It was growing late in the afternoon; but although Hector continued to hold on as before, Mr Lafond shook his head, and began to doubt whether they were on the right track after all.

'I hope our guide isn't misleading us,' said he. 'Supposing the fellow left Boissy about eleven last night, and went on in this direction without stopping to rest himself, he couldn't have got any farther than here. We have come so fast that we ought to have overtaken him by this time.'

The two friends made a careful calculation of the time and distance, and Mr Seymour also began to feel rather anxious. He stopped the carriage, called the dog back, and made him smell Seppi's bundle again, which they had taken care to bring with them. The dog gave the same short sharp bark as before, then turned round again, and continued the journey in the old direction.

'I haven't the least doubt now,' said Mr Seymour cheerfully. 'We must be on the right track.—Go on, postillion!'

On they went, the wheels rattling over the uneven road, the horses trotting merrily, and the faithful hound running on in advance, and shewing scarcely any signs of fatigue.

After the lapse of half an hour, the dog stopped suddenly, threw its head up in the air, and sniffed all around in evident confusion; then after making a slight detour with anxious speed, leaped across the ditch by the road-side. With a loud bark that seemed to express satisfaction, the intelligent creature made for a small clump of bushes at a little distance from the road, into which it disappeared. In the course of a minute or two the

barking was renewed; but *this time in a threatening tone.*

'We've got him!' exclaimed Mr Seymour. 'There's no doubt the fellow found he could get no farther, and has taken up his quarters in the cover yonder, to make up for the sleep he lost last night.'

'Let us go over there, then,' said his companion, leaping from the carriage and across the ditch. 'Hector is calling us, and is sure to be right.'

Mr Seymour leaped the ditch, followed by Walter and one of the two postillions. Guided by the barking of the dog, they soon reached the thicket, and there found the man they were in quest of pinned to the earth by the sagacious animal.

'O Seppi, Seppi!' exclaimed Walter in astonishment and sorrow, 'how could you be guilty of such an act as this!'

The conscience-stricken man paled before the indignant youth.

'You robbed me, and thought that you could get away without being found out; but you have over-reached yourself this time, and must suffer the consequences. Hand back the money you've taken, and suffer the disgrace of being regarded as a common thief.'

'I will give you back everything, and beg your pardon for all I've done,' whined the wretched drover, 'if you will only release me from this savage brute, that has nearly been the death of me.'

At the call of his master, the dog quitted his hold reluctantly, but seemed ready at the least sign to seize his prisoner again. As the terrified thief, however, made no attempt to escape, and commenced to unbuckle the money belt, the dog was secured.

'Open the belt, and see if the money is all right,' said the drover in a cringing tone.

Walter counted the notes and gold, and was glad to find the contents untouched. Seppi rose to his feet meanwhile, but stood looking to the ground in shame and fear.

'What shall we do with him?' asked Mr Lafond, pointing to the trembling scoundrel.

'The best thing would be to tie his hands behind his back and hand him over to the nearest police station,' was the reply.

'Have mercy upon me!' howled the drover, throwing himself on the ground and clasping the knees of his captors. 'Do have pity on me, gentlemen!—Don't be hard-hearted, Watty! It's the first time I ever did such a thing in my life. The devil tempted me when I saw such a large sum of money.—Forgive me this time, gentlemen, and I will never again be guilty of stealing!'

'Do you know nothing else against him?' inquired Mr Seymour.

'No; nothing, sir,' replied the generous-hearted youth. 'I believe he was always looked upon in Meyringen as an honest fellow, and I think he is telling the truth. Pardon him this time, and let him go his ways. I hope this will be a lesson to him.'

'Be off with you then!' said Mr Seymour. 'Although you have behaved so shamefully towards your companion, he begs that you may be forgiven.'

Seppi was overjoyed at being let off so easily.

He had not dared to expect that Walter would have taken his part, and felt really thankful that his first great crime had not met with a severe and terrible punishment. With earnestness in his tone, he thanked his former companion, and with unaffected emotion, assured him solemnly that he would never again stretch out his hand to that which did not belong to him.

'I forgive you with all my heart,' said Walter; 'and as God has so ordered it that you couldn't carry your wicked design into execution, I will say nothing about it to Frieshardt when I get home again. Good-bye, Seppi, and take care that you don't allow yourself to be tempted this way again.'

The drover renewed his protestations, and assured Walter that he should never forget his kindness. 'You shall never,' quoth he, 'have reason to be sorry that you have spared me this time.'

He kissed Walter's hand and moistened it with his tears, and was gone.

'The unhappy miserable fellow!' said Mr Lafond. 'Upon my word, I really believe his repentance is sincere. If he takes this affair as a warning, I shall not be sorry that we have let him off so easily.'

'I hope he may turn out an honest character,' rejoined Mr Seymour. 'I expect to go back to the Bernese Oberland next summer, and I shall look after him then. It will be a bad thing for him if I find he has gone astray again.'

'I don't think there is any fear of that sir,' said Walter. 'Mr Frieshardt told me that he was looked upon as a respectable young man, and I think this is the first time he has fallen into crime.'

'Then so much the better for him,' replied Mr Seymour. 'We shall find that out some other time. But now I think we must set off towards Paris, if we are to get there to-night.'

After a long journey, the travellers reached the French metropolis; and Walter repaired with Mr Seymour to one of the best hotels, where in a soft and luxurious bed, he soon forgot the toil and anxiety of the day, and slept sounder than he had ever done in his life.

SALMON FOR THE MILLION.

THAT the salmon is a prolific fish has long been popularly known. A female salmon yields as a rule about a thousand eggs for every pound she weighs; but while that fact may be held as being established, it is a fact equally well known that out of twenty thousand ova which may be deposited by a particular fish, only a very small number reach the market in the shape of adult salmon. Of the countless thousands of eggs which are annually deposited in the spawning-beds, probably not one half yield fish; because in the first instance, a vast number of the ova escape fertilisation from the milt of the male salmon; and in the second place, large quantities are devoured by hosts of enemies during the spawning season, or are carried from their places of deposit (redds) and destroyed by floods.

Of those fish which in course of time are hatched,

many thousands, unable to seek their food, die of starvation, while other thousands fall a prey to animals of various kinds which instinctively seek their destruction. In consequence of these drawbacks the salmon is, comparatively speaking, a scarce and costly fish. A fish of twenty-five or thirty pounds-weight is, in the early part of the season, of more value than a South Down sheep of three times the weight. It is not unusual for a cut of salmon to be sold at the West End of London during the months of February and March at the rate of about seven shillings and sixpence per pound-weight. At the season indicated, the salmon is emphatically 'the rich man's fish.' Enthusiasts in fishery economy tell the public that a day will come when it will be possible to purchase salmon at about fourpence per pound-weight; but all such statements must we fear be taken with more than the proverbial grain of salt. At the present time the dainty is dearer than ever, and notwithstanding that artificial spawning and protected breeding have been largely resorted to during the last quarter of a century, the fish does not increase in the ratio of the increasing demand for it. It is to the high price demanded for fresh salmon that the public are doubtless indebted for the importation of those vast supplies of 'tinned' fish which are now imported to this country from America.

On the Columbia River, a surprising trade in this commodity has been developed during the last ten years; and if the public is obtaining what may, in a comparative sense, be called 'cheap salmon,' it adds greatly to the wonder which attends the fact that it is brought from the distant shores of Oregon. Scotland for quantity and quality of fish is a salmon country *par excellence*, a remark which applies in a lesser degree to Ireland; but the fish of these countries can seldom be obtained under eighteenpence per pound; whilst in the remote towns of the United Kingdom the canned fish of the M'Leod or Columbia River can be purchased, can and all, containing a pound-weight of salmon cooked and ready for eating, for less than half the sum named. How is that accomplished? will be asked. How comes it that a pound of salmon nicely cooked and packed up in a neat tin case, can be prepared and brought to us from such a distance as has been indicated, to be sold at eightpence or ninepence, whilst fish caught at our own doors cost double the money? We are quite able to explain the reason. The salmon in this country is a proprietary fish. On the river Tay for instance, which yields the finest quality of salmon now brought to market, those who capture the fish have to pay a rental of over twenty thousand pounds per annum whether they capture any fish or not. But no rent is exacted on the rivers of Oregon; the fish of the Columbia River are free to all, although the plentifulness of those salmon will ultimately prove in all probability the cause of their extermination. With no rent to pay and every man fishing for his

own hand, the exhaustion of the largest river is but a work of time.

As many as twelve million pounds-weight of salmon have been taken from the Columbia River in the course of a season; that weight of fish, estimating each to have weighed twenty-two pounds, represents a capture of say five hundred and forty-five thousand four hundred and fifty salmon. The fish now taken from the Columbia River are nearly all 'canned;' and as has been indicated, a large proportion of the salmon so prepared is exported to Europe. The work of canning salmon, however, is not confined to the Columbia River; there are flourishing canneries on the Umpagna, Fraser, Roque, and other waters. To start a cannery, notwithstanding that the fish cost nothing beyond the wages and allowances paid to the men who capture them, requires a 'bit of money.' In some of the American canneries the capital required has been as much as ten thousand pounds, and some newly projected establishments will involve double that amount. For the greater convenience of receiving the raw material and shipping the manufactured article, the canneries of the Columbia about on the river, a portion indeed of the building being erected over the water. At one end of the erection the newly captured fish are taken in, and after being made to traverse a semicircle of workshops, in which they are manipulated, the boxes containing the filled cans are shipped for San Francisco, or Portland at the other end, both ends being quite accessible to the boats or steam-vessels engaged in the trade. The extent of the salmon-canning on the Columbia River will be more obvious when we mention that as many as three hundred thousand cases have been made up in one season, each case containing forty-eight cans of one pound each; which indicates a total of between fourteen and fifteen million pounds. These figures are quoted from official records of the trade. In another year as many as four hundred and fifty thousand cases were filled and despatched to Liverpool and elsewhere; that quantity representing the capture of six hundred and sixty-one thousand salmon, weighing twenty-two pounds each.

The economy of a cannery is simple enough, and may be briefly described. But first of all it is necessary to say a few words about the fish, and the river whence they are taken. The Columbia is of vast extent, and its volume of water enormous, occupying an area which would embrace with great ease all the salmon and other streams of the United Kingdom. Salmon run up the Columbia to a distance of four hundred miles from the sea, so that they obtain ample living and spawning room in shallow places of the main stream, as well as in its numerous tributaries, which, if joined together, would extend over two thousand miles in length. Various fishes of the salmon kind inhabit the Columbia River and its affluents; but the fish which is selected for the canneries is locally known as the 'Chinook salmon,' and differs in no appreciable way from the salmon of the Tay or the Tweed. Curiously

enough, considering the expanse of water, the plentifulness of its food, and the room for growth, the size of the Columbia salmon is not greater than those of our own rivers—the average being only twenty-two pounds; out of a capture of one hundred thousand recently taken, only one weighed as much as sixty-five pounds.

The Chinook salmon is a migratory fish, ascending and descending the river at its appointed seasons. There are, it is said, twelve distinct varieties of anadromous or migratory salmon native to the Columbia and its tributaries. The fish are captured in a variety of ways. Before the days of canning, when Columbia salmon were killed only for local consumption, clubs and spears were in universal use; and in places where the water was shallow and the fish numerous, they were easily taken by means of large hooks attached to long and slender poles. They were also caught by hook and line, the bait being one forbidden to us—salmon roe. In order to supply the now enormously enhanced demand, drift-net fishing is resorted to, as also seining. The nets in use are of vast size, and of a mesh sufficient to allow the head of the fish to enter as far as the gills. As a rule, a Columbia River drift-net is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and twenty feet in depth. Such nets have a grand power of capture; so also have the seine-nets, as many as two hundred fish having been taken by the latter at one draught.

During the fishing season, which lasts from April to July, the round of work at the canneries is prosecuted with great eagerness, and an all-pervading anxiety to push ahead so long as the fish are 'running.' The canning works of to-day are an improvement on those which originally set the trade in motion; they are complete and self-contained, everything required in the business being manufactured on the premises; the tins in which the salmon are sold, as well as the wooden cases in which they are forwarded to market. Foreigners are largely employed in the enterprise. Italians capture the fish, and Chinamen prepare them for consumption by the public. Without the aid of the cheap labour symbolised in the employment of John Chinaman, the canning interest would never have attained its present dimensions. From the moment the salmon are placed in the receiving-rack of the cannery till they are ready for shipment, it may be safely said that none but Chinese hands touch them.

Hundreds of fish as they are brought by the fishermen are accumulated on racks at the entrance of the cannery, so as to be accessible to those who require to handle them. A flexible water-pipe with a strong and searching flow of water is used for cleansing the salmon, which so soon as they undergo that process, are marshalled according to size within reach of the first operator. This person seizes a fish by the gills, lays it out on a table, and with great dexterity, by means of a sharp knife deprives it of those portions not required for filling the can, namely the head, fins, tail, &c.; an incision is made in the back, and the intestinal matter quickly removed, after which process the carcass is thrown into a large tub half-filled with water. The decapitating and eviscerating process it may be mentioned reduces the weight from an average of twenty-two pounds to an average of seventeen pounds. The duty

of the second operator is to wash, scrape, and otherwise cleanse the so far prepared fish; having done so, it is passed on for inspection to man number three, who at once remedies any defect in the cleansing, and sees generally that the previous operations have been thorough. The fourth person ranges the fish in the cutting-trough, where, by means of a series of blades driven by a powerful crank, they are divided into portions; which in turn are operated upon with great rapidity by another Chinaman, who cuts them into longitudinal sections. Carried away in baskets, the pieces are neatly and quickly filled into the cans in which they are to be presented for sale.

Nothing but constant practice could have perfected this part of the work. It is a treat to see how neatly the men, in the most impartial way, fill the box with an alternate thick and thin layer of the fish. A little spoonful of salt being placed in each can, as rapidly as each is filled, the lid or top is soldered down, after which they are ready for the cooking-house. In that place the filled cans are treated in quite a wholesale fashion; arranged on frames, they are run to the cooking-house in quantities containing ten dozen; and as many as three frames at a time are immersed in a huge steamer constructed for the purpose, the period allowed for the cooking of a can being exactly one hour. Removed from their bath of steam, the cans have each a small hole or breathing-place bored in them, so as to admit of their cooling as speedily as possible and of the air with which they are filled blowing off. The tins are next placed, for a period of two hours, in a gigantic boiler full of boiling salt water; after which they are individually examined, to see that the ends have assumed a concave shape. Such tins as have not taken this shape are condemned, whilst the others are passed rapidly forward to be varnished and labelled. All the processes are pushed forward with great celerity; and as the men engaged in the work are paid by result there is a sufficient guarantee against idleness. Before being placed in the cases in which they are forwarded to market, they are again subjected to a close scrutiny, and tapped with a hammer to see that they have the proper ring and that there is no flaw of any kind; and it is a proof of the care and dexterity of those employed that but few of the cans are rejected.

By means of the division of labour above indicated, immense numbers of fish are caught and cooked in the United States, in the course of the few months during which the season lasts. Last year over a million and a quarter of salmon were captured and canned, the largest number brought to the canneries in one day being twelve thousand, one of which was a patriarch of the weight of sixty pounds! In some of the larger establishments, as many as three thousand salmon can be manipulated in the course of a day; these are received in the morning, and in the course of twelve hours, thanks to the unceasing industry of the Chinese labourers, they are cut up, canned, cooked, and ready for market.

Avoiding matters that are too technical, we have now gone over the whole range of business connected with salmon-canning. Counted by single tins, the profits of a cannery would appear infinitesimal; it is the enormous quantities which

are prepared that yield the return necessary for the amount of capital invested, and the intelligence and enterprise which have created this trade of purveying salmon for the million.

THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago—so long ago, in fact, that most of our readers were at the time we speak of either in their infancy or not yet come into existence—a douce, middle-aged gentleman, whom we shall call by the name of Simon Lee, was travelling in the east of Ireland. The greater part of his journey, as it has no connection with the incidents which we are about to present to the reader, may be passed over in silence. We confine ourselves to the narration of the adventures which he encountered at the close of his tour.

At the time of which we speak, railway travelling was yet unknown, and stage-coaches, though drawing near to the termination of their existence, were still the ordinary means of locomotion. Mr Simon Lee was therefore forced to accomplish his journey in the lumbering old vehicles which then existed, occasionally making use of a small car or chaise when his destination happened to be inaccessible by coach. It was on one such occasion that the adventure occurred to him which it is the purpose of this paper to narrate.

Early one morning Simon set forth in a car from Dublin, where he had been staying, with the intention of reaching the town of W— ere the night set in. It was one of the last days in the month of August, when the warm charms of summer are fading into and blending with the rich ripeness of the yellow autumn. Our traveller's way lay among sunny meadows and green fields, intersected by silvery streams, shady lanes, and vast expanses of waving corn, which were crowned in the distance by woody hills. The blue sky was unflecked by the smallest cloud; the air was deliciously soft and warm; and the birds sang merrily and sweetly, as though they entered into the spirit of the season. No wonder therefore that it rejoiced our traveller's heart. No wonder that often and often, when some flowery nook or bosky dell came to view, or when some more than ordinarily rich expanse of country was presented to his gaze, he bade the driver of the car rein in his horse, in order that he might gaze on the newly discovered beauty to his heart's content. This is certainly the way to enjoy a drive, but is by no means favourable to rapid progress; and it was therefore not surprising that, when evening set in, and the sun sank in splendour behind the western hills, our traveller found himself but little more than half-way upon his road. He therefore enjoined the driver of the car to push on rather more rapidly, and to make no further stoppages on the way. This being done, they in due course arrived at the little village of A—, which is about five or six miles from W—. By this time, however, the lateness of the hour, the fast-gathering gloom and wild-looking clouds, which had for some time been assembling on the face of the sky, all combined to disincline the traveller to continue his journey. Huge drops of rain fell with a heavy thud on the road, or on the garments and faces of the two occupants of the chaise; and

this circumstance, together with low mutterings of distant thunder, rendered the prospect of any further drive somewhat disagreeable.

Before we proceed with our story, let us say a few words on the appearance and position of the village at which our hero had arrived.

A—— is, or was at the time we speak of, a beautiful and romantic little spot. It nestles cosily among the mountains, in a deep ravine or valley, which on either side is lined with grassy hills of considerable height. These hills stretch up for some distance along the valley, and then unite in one common range. Down their sides gurgle various streamlets, which continue to give forth the sweetest and clearest music, till blending with a large and stony brook which intersects the middle of the valley. On one side of this brook, somewhat detached from the rest of the village, which is more elevated in position, and lies perched on one of the hill-sides, stands a small but solidly built inn, which with its white-washed walls, quaint porch, and dark-green mantle of ivy, presents an exceedingly romantic and picturesque appearance.

Before this inn it was that Mr Simon Lee directed the driver of his chaise to pull up, though yet uncertain whether to remain there for the night, or to carry out his original intention of proceeding on to W——. There he stayed irresolutely for several minutes; while his attendant, probably not relishing the prospect of a long cold drive in the dark, earnestly entreated him to take the former course of procedure, adducing in favour of it the insecurity of the roads in consequence of the late heavy floods. This settled the matter. Our hero consented to stay. But what great events both in the life of individuals and of nations depend on apparently unimportant and insignificant circumstances! If Simon had not decided to remain at the inn, the adventure which we are about to relate would never have occurred to him.

At this juncture, it happened that the landlord of the establishment, in order to welcome the guest, advanced to the door; and as he threw it open, such an agreeable odour of various savoury compounds in the kitchen of the little house of entertainment, was wafted to the nasal organs of Mr Simon Lee, that flesh and blood could hold out no longer. On the one hand was a good supper and a comfortable bed in prospect, for as Simon thought to himself, the two go together; on the other hand was a cold journey in a dark night, with the probability of being drenched by the impending storm. With these considerations laid bare before him, no living mortal would have hesitated as to which course to take. Simon decided as other men would have decided, had they been in his place. He therefore, having descended from the car, suffered himself to be conducted into the inn by the obsequious landlord, while the driver of the car retired to the stables.

As the reader will naturally be desirous to be in some measure acquainted with the personal appearance and character of our hero, we proceed to furnish him with the required information. Simon Lee or, as he was familiarly called, Simon, in outward deportment and exterior somewhat resembled the redoubtable Don Quixote. He was of respectable middle height,

with a tendency to baldness, small greenish eyes, a high forehead, and a somewhat receding chin. He had occasionally, when excited or alarmed, a quick and nervous manner, which by ill-natured people was considered as a token of his possessing what is commonly called 'a bee in his bonnet.' This, however, was a libel, for no one could be further removed from madness than Simon Lee. Not even a 'fine frenzy' of poetry could be adduced as a token of eccentricity. He was careful, sensible, and practical; and if he had anything in his character which might detract from his other merits, it was his extreme nervousness and timidity. He was one of the most nervous and timid men who ever did, or ever could have existed; and indeed in this respect he rather resembled a woman, and a very timid woman, than a man. He was always on the lookout for danger and misfortune, always seeking to avert it, and withal seemed to have a peculiar instinct for it. He resembled, if we may employ such a simile, the hunted deer, whom the faintest indication of the approach of the hunters who seek to destroy him, the slightest rustle made by their advancing footsteps, even the displacement of a twig or a leaf, will arouse from his woody covert, and cause to bound away to find safety from the pursuers. Simon was like a hunted animal. The fear of danger perpetually haunted him. As a necessary sequence he was always endeavouring, by all possible means, to avoid it. But like most timid people, he was often unnecessarily cautious, which not unfrequently brought down upon his head the very misfortune from which he made such strenuous exertions to escape.

Now, the chief objects of Simon's fear and aversion were robbers. For a score of years it is said he slept with a pair of loaded pistols beneath his pillow; and during that period his midnight slumbers were entirely undisturbed by any nocturnal visitors. One night, however, he actually did hear a noise at his window, as of some one endeavouring to obtain entrance unlawfully. He raised himself up in bed, and with a tremulous hand fired off one of the deadly weapons in the direction whence the noise proceeded.

He then awaited the result with his head smothered up in the bed-clothes (a position which timid people seem to think is the one most likely to protect them from danger). After the explosion of the pistol there came a sound of shattered glass, which fell with a crash on the ground beneath, and, as afterwards transpired, upon the head of an unfortunate foot-passenger, who happened to be standing under the window, and who brought an action for damages. And though Simon remained in the uncomfortable posture described, not daring to stir till the morning dawned, it never transpired that any burglar had been endeavouring to obtain ingress to the chamber. This little circumstance, combined with the fact that upon a subsequent occasion one of the pistols went off of its own accord in the middle of the night, thereby startling the neighbours very considerably, and Simon himself most of all—since the explosion took place immediately beneath his head—induced our hero to abandon these somewhat dubious instruments of self-preservation.

Thus the reader will see that the prevailing features in Mr Simon Lee's character were

timidity, nervousness, and excessive cautiousness, the latter, as we have remarked, often involving him in the very danger from which he desired to escape. But the object of this story is not, as the reader may imagine, to give some further instances of these peculiarities in Simon's moral organisation, but rather to shew how, by a very simple and natural mistake, a man may appear to act with great courage and coolness in a moment of extreme danger, though he be not in general either courageous or cool; that is to say, by being ignorant of the nature or imminence of the danger, he may seem to act very coolly and indifferently with regard to it. This, as the reader will perceive, if he will kindly continue the perusal of our story, was the case of Mr Simon Lee.

We now proceed to take up the thread of the narrative where we relinquished it.

Mr Simon Lee's entry into the inn set, as we have implied, the seal upon a momentous epoch in his existence. Of this, however, he himself was of course unconscious. He walked into the neatly sanded parlour, where a brightly blazing fire leaped up and flickered on the hearth, and cast a ruddy light on the walls, latticed windows, and old-fashioned chairs which stood around. We will pass over our traveller's hearty supper, and the cautious and qualified eulogium vouchsafed to the landlord and landlady, upon the arrangements of their inn; vouchsafed, partly, we believe, in order to put them in good-humour, and partly to impress them with a due sense of his own dignity and importance; for qualified praise, we may here remark, goes to shew that the laudator, while condescending to take matters as he finds them, is nevertheless hard to please and has been accustomed to much better things.

After conversing a while with his host and hostess, Simon felt a sensation of exhaustion creeping over him, which was probably engendered by his long day of travelling in the open air. He accordingly expressed a wish to be shewn to his sleeping-apartment, and the hope that it was clean, and the sheets of the bed well 'aired.' The landlord on this broke out into such an extravagant eulogy on a certain bedroom and its appurtenances, with which he could furnish the traveller, that Simon was fain to withdraw to that luxurious apartment. He retired accordingly, and accompanied by the landlord, ascended a creaky staircase, and entered a bedroom on the first floor, which appeared neat and comfortable enough. At this juncture, Simon suddenly recollected that he had forgotten to put his usual question, which he invariably made to the host or landlord of any inn or hotel at which he had not stayed before, as to whether there was a fire-engine in the place which could be made use of in case of emergency. He accordingly put the momentous question with much solemnity. The host replied in the affirmative.

'Then, my good man,' quoth Simon with still greater solemnity, 'one thing more, and I shall sink to sleep with a mind at rest. Is there enough water in the place to supply the fire-engine?' For Simon had known some cases in which, though there was a fire-engine, there had been no water, so that houses had been burnt to the ground for want of that important element. Again the host answered in the affirmative, and by way of a practical rejoinder, threw open the

little latticed window belonging to the apartment. A sound became immediately audible as of a rushing stream considerably swollen, emitting a hoarse and not unpleasing murmur. Simon was completely satisfied. He hastened to betake himself to rest; and while he dismissed the landlord with a benevolent 'good-night,' thought with a smile of self-complacency of his own sagacity and foresight in choosing to remain at the inn, instead of pursuing his journey in a cold and rainy night. He then sank into a delightfully profound slumber—the not unusual concomitant of a day spent in the open air—with an expression on his countenance of calm and placid self-content.

But alas! this well-earned slumber was doomed to meet with a speedy wakening. A wise Latin poet observes in one of his satires that no man can be for ever on the watch for danger, and is therefore often unable to confront it when it arrives. The truth of this aphorism he evinces by various apposite and highly poetical examples. But had he, with that powerful mental eye ascribed to the poet, been able to behold Mr Simon Lee as he lay slumbering in the inn, he would have found in him as convincing, though we confess less poetical, a proof of the veracity of his assertion. For a danger was impending which Simon in his wildest dreams could never have anticipated, and which, had his mind been able to foresee it, would have filled him with unspeakable dismay.

In the dead of night, when Mr Simon Lee's slumbers were of the deepest, there occurred a circumstance which, to Simon at least, was, or would have been at any other time, of a most ominous and startling nature. The door of the room in which he slept was suddenly assailed by a tremendous storm of blows and knocks. The person who was the occasion of these violent manifestations of physical energy, finding that they did not succeed in arousing the sleeping guest, endeavoured to open the door which intervened between him and the slumberer. In this too his efforts were balked, for the prudent Simon had, according to his wont, locked the door and piled up a barricade of chairs and other furniture against it. But the knocker recommenced his former exertions still more vigorously, accompanying them at the same time with several kicks, which spoke at least as well for the muscular power of his legs and the size and heaviness of his boots, as his former efforts had spoken for his arms and fists. As these sounds grew louder, Simon gradually grew conscious that an unusual proceeding was taking place, and sleepily raising his head, inquired huskily who the individual was who had thus aroused him, and what might be his intent by so doing. To this interrogation the knocker replied concisely and with a strong Irish brogue, in the following short but significant words: 'The flood be coming!'

Now, the fact was that, in the upper part of the valley, a mass of water had been slowly but surely collecting for many weeks, augmented by every shower that fell, and reinforced by every rivulet that played down the mountain's side. Owing to an alluvial obstruction, this body of water had not been carried off, and thus had swelled to the size of a small lake, and on the particular night when Simon was sleeping at the inn, was just succeed-

ing in forcing its way through the barrier which obstructed its path, and about to precipitate its enormous bulk on the valley below. The village, as we have said, stood somewhat elevated from the centre of the valley, and was thus in great measure preserved from the approaching devastation. But the inn, from its exposed position in the very middle of the path which the flood would take, had, to all appearance, but little chance of escaping from the ruin and destruction which was about to ensue.

The reader will thus be able to appreciate the nature and extent of Mr Simon Lee's peril.

The landlord and his family having become aware of the impending calamity, had hastily aroused themselves from their beds, and were proceeding to cumber themselves with such articles as could be carried with them in their flight. Their second thought was for the weal of their English guest Mr Simon Lee. The waiter or attendant, who was the son of the landlord, and whose name was Daniel, was accordingly despatched to the chamber of the unconscious Simon, in order to arouse him from his slumbers. By what success his endeavours were attended, the reader shall see.

We left Simon Lee when he had just become aware of the fact that somebody had been knocking in a rather unusually vigorous manner at his door, and in reply to his question as to the name and purpose of the knocker, had received the startling announcement of the approach of the flood. Now, whether Simon's senses and intellectual powers were somewhat dazed by the torpor which, as we have said, was produced by his long drive the day before, or whether the waiter Daniel spoke in a more than usually strong Irish brogue—pronouncing as he did the word 'flood' much in the same way as 'food' or 'mood'—is certain that Mr Simon Lee completely mistook his meaning, and after a moment's reflection, came to the conclusion that 'the floode' must be the name of a *stage-coach*, which, as he knew, having been told so by the landlord, stopped at the inn on its way to W— at about the hour at which he had been awakened.

'Stupid people!' thought Simon; 'as if I want to get up in the middle of the night to go by a stage-coach!' So the rudely awakened one raised himself slightly from his pillow, and in a sharp decided tone replied: 'I'm not going by it!'

Simple words, yet they appeared to startle the knocker very considerably. If any person possessed of the desirable gift of seeing on both sides of a door, could have put that faculty into exercise at the spot at which the scene we have described took place, the sight which would have been presented to his gaze might have somewhat amused him. On the one side of the door was Simon Lee, just settling himself in bed preparatory to sinking into a second sleep, with a complacent smile at having so quickly discovered the knocker's meaning, and at having so decisively replied to his noisy summons; his cotton night-cap, which had during his slumbers become disarranged, and was now perched waggishly over his left eye, making the picture complete. While on the other side of the door was a figure equally calculated to provoke the spectator's mirth. A huge uncouth countryman standing before the entrance to the apartment, and whose face, dimly

seen by the tallow candle which he held in his hand, presented the appearance of ludicrous astonishment and incredulity. There he stood, his clownish features growing more and more perplexed, with one hand uplifted, as though uncertain whether to recommence his former battery of the door-panel, or to take himself off altogether. But after remaining in this grotesque attitude for a minute or so, he decided upon giving the drowsy one a last chance.

Once more he brought down his huge fist on the quivering wood, and once more the unhappy Simon was awakened by the sound of the tremendous blow, and heard the repetition of the former alarm: 'Oi! oi! Get oop, yer honour! The floode be coomin'!'

Simon sprang up with an exclamation of anger. 'Stupid ass!' he muttered; 'didn't he hear me telling him I wasn't going by the coach? "Floode" indeed! What an idiotic name for a coach.—Go away, fellow!' he added, raising his voice. 'I tell you once more I don't want to be disturbed in this violent manner. As I've said before, I'm not going by it!' Nothing was heard after this except a rapid scuffle of retreating footsteps, and then a tremendous clatter of huge boots on the stairs, which seemed to betoken the final disappearance of the obnoxious Hibernian.

PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT RUINS AND MONUMENTS.

INCREASING interest is felt—not only by archæologists and historical students, but by the educated portion of the public generally—in the old structures and earthworks which are found in nearly every county in the British Islands. It is now admitted, with more and more emphasis every year, that such memorials of the distant past serve some of the purposes of authentic documents, in the absence of written and inscribed records. They throw light on the races, creeds, art, industry, and mental culture of ages long gone by. The peculiarity in the present condition of these old works and constructions is, that most of them are at the mercy of persons who care nothing about them. The railway engineer, the drainer of large estates, the constructor of roads and the builder of houses and streets, have made havoc with the old ruins in many instances, and seem well disposed to repeat the process—turning into ready-money a kind of property that scarcely seems to belong to any one.

There are amongst us some men commanding our respect by their poetical and contemplative temperaments, who regret the invasion of beautiful secluded spots by railway holiday people and tourist-ticket holders. They want the lovely lakes and lochs, the majestic mountains, the stern glens and ravines, to be left for the quiet enjoyment of the poet and the painter. But is there not a little selfishness in this? The beautiful world is made for others besides poets and painters. The hard-worked professional man, the manufacturer and the shopkeeper, the steady artisan, all can feel somewhat, at anyrate, of the pure pleasure associated with scenes of natural beauty; and it so happens that many of the ancient monuments and ruins which form our present subject are situated in the very localities which improved means of

communication are placing within reach of the public. What is everybody's business, however, is nobody's business; the public would like to see the old memorials preserved; but the public are a somewhat disorganised body, and cannot act effectually without a leader or leaders. Antiquarian and archæological societies have very properly taken up the matter; but as it is found that not much of a protective character can be insured without the aid of the legislature, members of parliament are endeavouring to render assistance.

At the time we are now writing, an Act of Parliament for the purpose has been framed, though it has not yet passed through all its stages; but it may be well to give a sketch of the last five years' proceedings.

In 1874 a Bill for the preservation of our ancient monuments was brought into the House of Commons by Sir John Lubbock, Mr Beresford Hope, Mr Russell Gurney, and Mr Osborne Morgan, gentlemen well entitled to speak in its favour. On the motion for the second reading, Sir John Lubbock drew attention to the fact that 'our ancient national monuments are rapidly disappearing, generally for very trifling reasons: not because they interfered with any important improvements or great engineering works. One notable reason is the following. The tumuli or funeral mounds, though each usually the burial-place of one chief, contained not only his remains but those also of the animals sacrificed in his honour, and sometimes those of his wives and slaves. *The earth of the tumuli thus became generally richer than the average, and is often carted away to be used as manure!*' Sir John proceeded to say that 'the great stone monuments are too frequently broken up to serve as gate-posts, or to mend the roads. Three dolmens [a *dolmen* is nearly the same as a *cromlech*, consisting of one large unhewn stone laid horizontally on the tops of two others placed vertically] near Marlborough were standing a few years ago; in 1872 one was left; one had been recently removed by a farmer because it interfered with his ploughing; and the third was being broken up to mend the roads. The Irish remains known as Con O'Neill's Castle, Castlereagh, were ordered by their proprietor to be inclosed within a wall built around the ruins.' If ever there was a real Hibernian bull, the agent of the estate perpetrated one on this occasion; for he actually pulled down the ruins themselves, to obtain stone for a wall to inclose them!

Abury or Avebury, renowned for the so-called Druidical remains that once belonged to it, has been sadly shorn of them in recent times. The old monoliths have in many instances been pulled down and sold merely for the few shillings they would bring. In 1872 the remains had a narrow escape. A Building Society purchased or leased much of the site, parcelled it out for cottages, and sold many small plots to members of the Society. By the exertions of three gentlemen residents, however, the allottees consented to exchange for other localities in an adjoining field, equally good for their purpose.

In Dorsetshire a stone circle at East Lulworth has entirely disappeared; as have four dolmens and two Roman Camps in other parts of the county.

It has been suggested by some of the Irish members of parliament that a protective shield, if

thrown around pre-Christian antiquities, should apply also to those of Christian origin. Unfortunately, Ireland is afflicted with this evil—that many of the ancient monuments in that country belong to absentee proprietors who live in England or Scotland, and who care very little what becomes of the old ruins.

An inquiry concerning Caesar's Camp, Wimbledon, curiously illustrates the difficulty of dealing with these matters. The owner of the land has memorialised the Parliamentary Committee in reference to his interest in the site. The Camp is, roughly speaking, a circular area of about nine acres. One half has been recently let on a building lease. The lessee is checked in his intended building operations through the want of a road to bring his materials; and he coolly asks permission to do this over the remaining half of the site. As to the Camp itself, it had originally an embankment and ditch around it; but the earth of the one has now pretty nearly filled up the other, and the whole area is nearly a dead level. Indeed many persons fail to see any indications whatever of an ancient camp.

Many influential members of parliament, although well disposed towards the preservation of these and similar ancient monuments, nevertheless object to the expenditure of public money for the purpose; they would rather see the work accomplished by means of private subscriptions. To this Sir John Lubbock replies that many valuable old monumental fragments are so prized by their present owners that they are sure to be preserved; that others could certainly be obtained by private subscriptions; but that the state might reasonably and judiciously aid in acquiring the remainder—with due precautions against inordinate prices. Let us bear in mind that countries much poorer than England manage to do this. Denmark has made arrangements for maintaining a large number of the old Scandinavian remains with which that country abounds, especially megalithic monuments. Holland has done the like, in regard to the relics of the low-German section of the Teutonic race. The late Emperor Napoleon III. directed much of his attention to the old Frankish, Gaulish, and Roman remains of France.

We have not deemed it necessary to dwell on the clauses of the Bills which have in past years been brought into parliament on this subject; but it may be opportune to glance at those in the Bill of 1879.

After declaring that 'it is expedient to make provision for the preservation of certain ancient national monuments,' the Bill provides for the appointment of a Board of Commissioners, to comprise the Inclosure Commissioners and the Trustees of the British Museum. This 'National Monuments Commission' is empowered to apply the Act to all the monuments named in a schedule annexed thereto; and also to any other which, in their opinion, is of sufficient national importance to be worthy of preservation, and which is *not situate in any park, garden, or pleasure-ground*. Previous notice in a prescribed form, is to be given to owners, occupiers, clerks of the peace, &c. that the Commissioners intend to take the charge of this or that ancient monument. Ample time is to be allowed between the issue and the fulfilment of the notice for the consideration of the subject by the parties interested.

Owners are carefully shielded from injustice in regard to any ancient monument which is entangled in the network of fee-simple, heirs of entail, life-interests, &c. The Commissioners may at any time acquire by agreement a freehold or other right in any ancient monument; and such rights of way as may be necessary for obtaining access for the public to such monument.

Next for the money question. No one can possibly say what is the intrinsic value of an old tunulus, cromlech, or round tower; and as it would never do to permit the owner to put a fancy price upon it, some other mode of estimate must be adopted. It is arranged, therefore, that the provisions of the Defence Act of 1860 shall apply, *mutatis mutandis*, throughout the United Kingdom, with certain modifications. Upon payment by the Commissioners of the purchase-money or compensation in regard to any ancient monument, such monument shall vest in them absolutely, as trustees for the nation. All the money is to be supplied by the Treasury, out of such grants as parliament may make for the purpose. The Commissioners are to send in a report of their proceedings every year to parliament.

Scotchmen and Irishmen of the humble class, to their credit be it said, are more alive to the ancient monuments of their native land than the analogous class in England. The driver of a Scotch four-horse coach, in the season when South Britons find their way to the north, has usually something to say, not only about the natural beauties of brae, ben, carse, glen, strath, and loch, but also about the old ruined or semi-ruined structures, and the stirring historical incidents with which they are associated. The driver of an Irish jaunting-car has in like manner his bit of animated talk about 'ould Ireland,' and if he is a little prejudiced at times, we can well afford to forgive him. The English John, on the other hand, usually neither knows nor cares aught concerning the ancient remains that are to be encountered in his daily journey. Be this as it may, we should like to see a general concurrence in preserving the ancient historical ruins which are found in nearly all parts of the British Islands.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

'CLUBNOSE.'

It was in a hospital at the East End of London that I first made the acquaintance of 'Clubnose.' An old college friend of mine, who was one of the resident surgeons, was shewing me over the wards, and there passed us two or three times a hospital nurse, whose remarkable appearance arrested my attention. She had, I think, the most hideous and repulsive face I ever saw on man or woman. It was not that the features were naturally ugly, for it was simply impossible to tell in what semblance Nature had originally moulded them; but they had been so completely battered out of shape, that one would have fancied she must have been subjected to much the same treatment as the figure-head on which Daniel Quilp used to vent his impotent fury. The hero of a score of unsuccessful prize-fights could not have shewn worse facial disfigurement than this tidily dressed, cleanly looking woman.

When we had finished our tour of the wards, I turned to my friend, and pointing to the receding figure of the nurse, who had just passed us again, I said: 'What a dreadfully ill-looking nurse you have there! Why, it must be enough to send a patient into fits to have that face bending over him.'

'Oh!' said he, laughing, 'that's "Clubnose."' Then lowering his voice, he added: 'She's not a nurse really—she's a detective.'

'A detective!' I exclaimed. 'Why, you don't mean to say that the police dog the steps of a poor wretch even in the hospital?'

'No,' he replied; 'I don't think she has her eye upon any of the patients—it is the friends who come to visit the patients that she watches. It is her way of doing business. Whenever there has been a crime committed in a neighbourhood, she goes out as a nurse to the hospital of the district. I don't exactly know what her *modus operandi* is. She has a proper certificate as a nurse, and performs her duties like any of the rest; but it is understood that every facility for getting the information she requires is to be put in her way, without of course exciting suspicion. How she picks up her information I don't know, but I suspect it is by listening to the talk of the patients and their friends, on visiting-days. At anyrate, I believe she has obtained clues under this disguise when others have failed her; and if the game wasn't worth the candle, I don't suppose she'd try it.'

'Do the other nurses know her real character?'

'No. They may have their suspicions; but it is kept a secret from all but the authorities.'

'Is "Clubnose" your nickname for her, or is she generally known by that *sobriquet*? I asked.

'No; I did not christen her so; it is the name she is known by in the force. Her real name is Margaret Saunders. She has a very queer history, I believe; but she is exceedingly reserved, and I have never had a chance of drawing her out.'

And this was all I learnt about 'Clubnose' on that occasion.

Three or four years later, two ladies with whom I was intimately connected were robbed of a considerable quantity of valuable jewellery, and I was intrusted with the investigation of the case. I had paid numberless visits to Scotland Yard, and had had no end of interviews with detectives, but still there was no satisfactory clue to the identity of the thieves. One evening I was sitting alone after dinner, when the servant entered and said that 'a person' wished to see me.

'Man or woman?' I asked.

'A woman sir—says she wishes to see you particularer sir.'

'Well, shew her in,' I said, inwardly wondering who the strange female might be who wanted to see me at so unseasonable an hour. The door opened, and a respectable-looking woman wearing a thick veil was shewn in. I requested her to take a seat. She did so; and as soon as the servant had retired and the door was closed, she threw back her veil and revealed the distorted features of 'Clubnose.'

I remembered her in an instant; indeed who that had once seen that face could ever forget it?

'You have come from Scotland Yard?' I said interrogatively.

'Yes sir,' she answered quietly. 'I am Margaret Saunders from the Detective Department.'

Her voice was harsh and unpleasant; but there was a firmness and decision about her manner, and a look of intelligence and resolution in her keen gray eyes, which at once inspired confidence. The bonnet she wore concealed to a certain extent the terrible disfigurement of her face; but even then the most reckless flatterer dared not have called her physiognomy prepossessing. It was not a bad face; but one could not look at it without a shudder, so frightfully was it mutilated. The nose in particular I noticed had been knocked into a grotesquely fantastic shape, thereby giving rise to the *sobriquet* by which she was familiarly known. She had come to inform me of a very important piece of evidence which she had discovered, and which, I may say at once, led ultimately to the identification and conviction of the thieves. Into the details of the case I need not enter; it was only remarkable because it introduced me personally to 'Clubnose,' and enabled me eventually to learn from her own lips the story of her life, which I purpose here briefly setting down.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, a crime was perpetrated in London which was marked by such exceptional features of atrocity as to send a thrill of horror through the whole community. A middle-aged gentleman of eccentric habits was attacked in his own house, and not only beaten and left for dead, but mutilated in a peculiarly shocking manner. The miscreants also carried off a considerable quantity of valuable property. The victim of this atrocious crime, strange to say, in spite of the horrible injuries he had sustained, was not killed outright, and though for weeks his life was despaired of, he eventually recovered, only, however, to be for the remainder of his days a helpless cripple. For some time the police could find no clue to the perpetrator of this barbarous outrage; but at last suspicion was attracted to a woman who was known to have been occasionally employed about the house to do odd jobs of cleaning. A person answering to her description, it was discovered, had been seen leaving the house in company with a man on the day on which the crime was committed. Some minor circumstances tended to confirm the suspicion that this woman was implicated in the affair, and she was accordingly arrested and charged before a magistrate. After one or two remands, for the purpose of obtaining further proof, the magistrate decided that there was not sufficient evidence to justify him in sending the case for trial, and the accused woman was discharged. That woman was Margaret Saunders. She had all along emphatically protested her innocence; and after her discharge, she vowed that she would never rest until she had proved it by bringing the real offenders to justice. The police, baffled by the failure of their charge against herself, were compelled to confess themselves completely at fault; from them, therefore, Margaret Saunders could expect no assistance. Alone and unaided, she set to work upon her self-imposed task. At the very outset, when it seemed to her that every moment was of value, she had the misfortune to fall down a flight of steps and break her leg. This necessitated her removal to the hospital, and it was as she lay there chafing at the enforced

delay and inaction, that there came to her the first ray of light to guide her on her search. In the next bed to her there was a woman who was also suffering from a severe accident. One visiting-day she heard this woman say in a low, anxious voice: 'Is Robert safe?'

'Yes' was the reply, also in a woman's voice. 'He's in Glasgow, ready to bolt if necessary; but there'll be no need for that—the bobbies have chucked up the game, as they mostly do when they've failed to fix a charge upon the first person they spot—unless there's an extra big reward offered, which there ain't in this case.'

How it was suddenly borne home to her that this 'Robert' was the man she wanted, 'Clubnose,' told me she never could quite make out. It flashed upon her all of a minute, she said; and she never had a doubt of the correctness of the instinct that prompted her to the conviction. She lay and listened, but could catch nothing more. She got a good look, however, at the woman who was a visitor, and felt certain she should know her again anywhere. Before leaving the hospital, Margaret Saunders had scraped up a speaking acquaintance with the patient who was so anxious about 'Robert,' and learnt enough to find out in what part of London she must look for information about the character and antecedents of the said 'Robert.' It was this incident, by the way, that suggested to her afterwards the value of assuming the disguise of a hospital nurse.

The ingenuity with which she ferreted out the facts which eventually determined her to track 'Robert' to Glasgow, was wonderful. And not less wonderful was her dogged patience. Even when she had run her quarry to earth and was convinced in her own mind that she had her hands upon the real criminal, she had to wait until she could piece the bits of evidence together, and above all until the victim of the outrage, whose brain had been seriously affected by the injuries he had received, had sufficiently recovered his mind and memory to give some intelligible account of the attack upon him. Even when he could do so, he professed himself exceedingly doubtful of being able to recognise or identify his assailants; he knew, however, that there were two of them, a man and woman. It was nearly eighteen months after the perpetration of the crime before the patience and perseverance of Margaret Saunders were rewarded with sufficient success to justify her in communicating with the police. The Scotland Yard officials were at first hardly inclined to credit her; but her earnestness convinced them at last that there was 'something in it.' Perhaps they were helped a little towards that conviction by the fact that she solemnly swore that she would never finger a penny of the reward. 'She had hunted this man down to clear her own character and set herself right with the world,' she said, 'and not a farthing of the reward would she touch.' It is unnecessary to dwell upon the sequel. Suffice it to say that 'Robert' was arrested, that his accomplice, who was the niece of the victim's housekeeper, was subsequently taken also; that the pair were tried, convicted, and sentenced, the woman to ten years, the man to penal servitude for life. Margaret Saunders was highly complimented by the judge upon the sagacity and acuteness she had displayed, his lordship observing that she was 'a born detective.' The press too was loud in her praises; and a subscription was set on foot as an

expression of the public admiration for the indomitable courage, resolution, and patience, and the extraordinary astuteness which had enabled her to bring two great criminals to justice.

The journal which had suggested and started the subscription deputed a member of its staff well known as a master of the 'picturesque' style, to interview Margaret Saunders and write up a sensational article upon her. He applied to the police for her address; and an inspector from Scotland Yard volunteered to go with him—Sir Richard Mayne, the then Chief Commissioner of police, having expressed a desire that something should be done for Margaret Saunders, to shew the official appreciation of her conduct. The journalist and the inspector accordingly proceeded together on their visit to the heroine. They found Margaret Saunders among very unsavoury society—in one of the lowest of the filthy dens that swarm about the London Docks. Not a very inviting subject for interviewing, and but a sorry heroine for a sensational article. However, they did interview her; and she soon, in language more vigorous than polite, gave them her mind upon the proposed recognition of her services. She wouldn't have anything to do with any subscription or reward—wouldn't touch a farthing.

'Look 'ere,' she said doggedly; 'what I done I done for my own sake, and nobody else's. I meant rightin' of myself, and I have righted myself. That's my business, not yours. I don't want nobody's money nor praise. Let 'em keep that to themselves.—But I'll tell ye what,' she added, turning sharply to the inspector; 'if ye mean true by all them fine compliments'—

'Most certainly we do,' interposed the inspector.

'Well then, I'll tell ye what ye can do to shew it.'

'What is that?' asked the inspector.

'Why, make me one o' yourselves. If I'm as good as you say, I might be worth something in your line. Make me one o' yourselves—a detective. That's all I ask; and if you won't do that, I don't want to have nothing more to say to ye.'

It was a novel and startling proposition, and the inspector was somewhat taken aback by it; however, he faithfully promised to lay the matter before the authorities at Scotland Yard, and let her know the result; with that, he and his companion left her. The end of it was that her wish was granted. Margaret Saunders was duly enrolled as a female detective, and a most active and intelligent officer she proved herself to be.

That is in substance the strange history of 'Clubnose's' connection with the police, as she herself told it to me. I questioned her also upon her professional career; but here she was more reticent; still, I gathered that it had been marked by many exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes from death. I learned, for example, that she owed the horrible disfigurement of her face to the polite attentions of two water-side ruffians whose lady-companions she had been instrumental in consigning to the tender care of the jailer of Pentonville. 'They took it out o' me werry hot,' she said in her rough but undemonstrative manner. 'I reckon they thought they had done for me; but bless ye, I'm tough, and they got their seven years apiece for me—though mind ye, the Scotland

Yard folks would never let on as I was one o' them. They was tried and convicted for assaultin' of me as a ordinary person. The lawyers tried to make out as I was a police spy; but they couldn't prove it. But I had to keep clear o' that district for a long while arterwards.'

I was curious to know how with such a remarkable physiognomy she was not recognised in a moment wherever she went, and I put the question to her as delicately as I could. I at once found that I had touched her hobby. If there was one thing that she prided herself upon more than another it was her power of disguising herself; and indeed I afterwards learned from one of the inspectors that she had good reason for being proud of this accomplishment, for there was no one in the force who could compete with her in the cleverness and variety of her disguises. Twice, however, she admitted that her disguise had been penetrated, and on each occasion she nearly paid the penalty with her life. On the first occasion, she was pitched out of the window, and had her leg broken. On the second—which happened not more than a year before my first introduction to her in her professional capacity—she had what she herself called 'a precious narrow shave o' bein' sent to kingdom-come outright.' She had been for weeks on the trail of a very clever gang of thieves, and had actually been admitted a member of the fraternity and wormed herself into their secrets, so perfect and artistic was her disguise. On a certain evening it was agreed that the police were to swoop down upon the gang, acting on 'information received' from 'Clubnose.' On this evening it unfortunately happened that there was present for the first time an old member of the gang who had just got his ticket-of-leave. Whether 'Clubnose,' through over-confidence in the perfection of her disguise, committed some indiscretion or not, she could not tell; but at any-rate in some way the suspicions of the returned convict were roused. He communicated them privately to some of his 'pals'—a rush was made at 'Clubnose'; she was overpowered, stripped of her disguise, and then 'welted,' to use her own expression, about the head and body with pokers, bars, legs of chairs, and any other available weapon, until she was left 'a mass o' jelly.' She contrived, however, before they knocked her senseless, to break the window and sound the whistle she carried. The police burst in, too late to save her from the vengeance of the thieves, but in time to make an important capture. They found 'Clubnose' with her skull fractured, and with hardly a whole bone in her skin. The injuries to her skull were so severe as to necessitate the operation of trepanning, which was successfully performed; but, she said, she had never been herself since, and was constantly troubled with terrible pains in the head.

'Ay,' she added with the rude kind of philosophy which was a curious trait in her character, 'that was a gallus bad job, that was. They nigh done for me; but it might ha' been worse. Supposin' now they'd ha' smashed me up afore I spotted their little game, eh? That would ha' been somethin' to grumble at.'

It was a worse 'job' for poor 'Clubnose' than she imagined. Within six months after my last interview with her, she was dead; the cause of death being an abscess in the brain, produced by

the frightful injuries to her head on the occasion when 'they nigh done' for her. She must have been missed in the force; for she was—as the judge described her at the trial which first brought her remarkable qualities into prominence—'a born detective;' and it will be long before the police of this or any other country obtain the services of a woman possessed of the nerve, the astuteness, and the dogged resolution of 'Clubnose.'

SILVER IN SCOTLAND.

THE story of the 'Golden Age' in Scotland, some of the scanty particulars of which we gave in a former number of this *Journal*, may be supplemented by a few facts with reference to the less precious metal, silver. Mr Cochrane-Patrick, from whose work on the *Early Records of Mining in Scotland* we previously quoted, has only a brief paragraph of the earlier history of silver in that country. It is even considered likely that lead was wrought in Scotland in the days of Roman rule. From the thirteenth century downwards, the story of lead-mining appears to be continuous; and it is not improbable that the extraction of the silver almost invariably found with the lead ores, has been practised from even an earlier date. The recognition of the silver used in Scotland as native may be illustrated by the fact that James IV., when at the church of St Ninian at Whithorn, offered a relic made of the king's own silver. In the Lord Treasurer's accounts of the same period, recently published, there is evidence of the possession of large quantities of vessels and ornaments in silver; and in one entry we read of broken silver vessels to the weight of over fifty pounds troy being sent to be coined. In 1562, the 'maister cunyeor,' or Master of the Mint, John Acheson, and an Edinburgh burgess named Aslowan, obtained power from the Privy Council to work and export to Flanders or other parts beyond sea, twenty thousand stone-weight of lead; and they were bound, in return for the privilege, to send into the mint forty-five ounces of 'uter fyne silvir' for every thousand stone-weight of lead exported. This obligation, as the licence goes on to shew, meant the payment of nine hundred ounces of pure silver; and this was to be delivered between January and August of that year. Three years later, Mr Stewart of Tarlair and his son got power to labour all and sundry mines of every kind of metal between the water of Tay and the sheriffdom of Orkney. This grant is of interest, because it mentions the price paid for silver brought to the mint three centuries ago—namely twenty-three shillings the ounce. In the same year, Acheson and Aslowan satisfied the Lord Treasurer for the nine hundred ounces of silver by paying £1176, 9s. 10d. This is above twenty-six shillings the ounce, and indicates a tolerably heavy seignorage, if the difference in price may be so understood. Grants similar to those given to Acheson and Aslowan followed, the Earl of Athole obtaining one in which the lordship for the export of lead is given at fifty ounces of silver to the thousand stone-weight of lead.

A very curious story, from Atkinson's *Discoverie and Historie of the Golde Mines of Scotland*, relates

how silver was accidentally discovered in Linlithgowshire by Sandy Maund, a Scotch collier. This was on the property of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Binnie, who got a charter under the Great Seal in 1607, to work all the mines and minerals on his property. But the silver mine was shortly afterwards taken possession of in name of the king; and the public accounts connected with the working of the silver remain to this day in the General Register House at Edinburgh, in the shape of three large folio volumes, extending from May 1608 to December 1610. Sir Bevis Bulmer, governor of the work, received eight pounds Scots a day as 'wages' (equivalent to 13s. 4d. sterling); and the accounts are perhaps more interesting as giving evidence of the rate of pay drawn by various kinds of workmen, than from the fact of silver being wrought in the district. Pickmen, working in day and night shifts, received various rates, from thirteen shillings and fourpence to six shillings and eightpence Scots, a day; the former rate being paid to one man, presumably a foreman, as none of the others received more than ten shillings a day. The whole cost of the mine for a year is shewn to have been £20,848, 8s. 9d. These mines did not fulfil the great expectations formed of them; and in 1613, Foulis the Edinburgh goldsmith and two partners—one of them a Portuguese—got a grant of the right of mining, on condition of paying the tenth part of the result to the crown, but with the reservation of the right to buy back the mines on payment of one hundred thousand pounds Scots.

For nearly a century the story of silver-mining in Scotland remains a blank; but about Queen Anne's time a great discovery of silver was made in the Ochil Hills, on the property of Sir John Erskine of Alva. The ore was so rich at first, that fourteen ounces of ore produced twelve ounces of silver, and for a time the mines yielded a profit of four thousand pounds a week. This was, however, too good to last long. In Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, it is narrated that Sir John Erskine, walking over his estate with a friend, said: 'Out of that hole I took fifty thousand pounds;' and presently coming to another excavation, he added: 'But I put it all into that hole.' Two communion cups, presented to the parish church of Alva by Lord Alva in 1767, are inscribed as made *ex argento indigena* (from native silver); and although silver is still found to a small extent in the working of lead, this is the last important record of the working of silver in Scotland. At the annual show of the Highland and Agricultural Society held at Perth in July of this year, a notable 'exhibit' by a firm of Edinburgh silversmiths was a plateau and vase made from silver obtained from the Duke of Buccleuch's mines at Wanlockhead. On the plateau were chased scenes from *Marmion* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, while the vase bore representations of the Battle of Bannockburn and the Coronation of Robert Bruce. Thus, not to speak of the massive silver chains, &c. of undoubted Scottish origin and of unknown age, in the Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh, we have a record of silver in Scotland more or less complete for a period of about seven centuries.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 824.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

RAILWAY PILFERINGS.

IN a previous article ('Railway Claimants') we drew attention to one heavy item of expense in the half-yearly balance-sheets of all large railway Companies—to that, namely, which is incurred for the settlement of merchandise claims; and endeavoured to shew how liable the Companies were to be imposed upon by such claims being in many cases grossly exaggerated and little better than barefaced attempts at swindling. We now propose to deal with the same item of expense from another point of view, and shew that a liberal percentage of the amount so paid may be set down as a consequence of the numerous losses and pilferages of goods by the railway Companies' own servants.

It may be taken as granted, we think, that nearly one-half of the employes of a railway Company are more or less directly engaged in the handling of goods-traffic, either in the loading or unloading of it, in its collection and delivery at the different depôts, or with the charge of it while in transit from one point of the line to another. For their own sakes and for the protection of their customers' property while in their custody, the Companies are naturally anxious that the men whom they engage to fill such subordinate positions as porters, carmen, and shunters should be possessed of antecedents that will bear the brunt of careful investigation. Yet notwithstanding every precaution, black-sheep will occasionally creep into the fold; while others originally honest and reputable, but weak-minded, are led astray in time by drink or evil companionship, till they end by becoming the tools or accomplices of rogues less scrupulous than themselves.

It may surprise an outsider to be told that a number of private constables and detectives are constantly employed by railway Companies to look after their property and that of their customers; yet despite all this care and vigilance, the amount paid for claims by the Companies in the course of a year, arising from pilferages or carelessness on the part of their own servants, is something more surprising still.

Owing to an unexpected flush of traffic, a Company will sometimes be called upon to engage a considerable number of extra hands without having previously had time to inquire into their characters and antecedents. This being well known to the gangs of loafers who infest all large centres of industry, and who when not temporarily employed at one terminus are on the look-out for a job at another, it can hardly be wondered at that the number of pilferages increases in something like a corresponding ratio. In many cases the thieves are never discovered, and many are the ingenious ruses made use of by them to escape detection; while equally clever are some of the modes adopted to bring the culprits within the grasp of the law.

Among the minor class of pilferages, one of the most frequent and most annoying is the robbery of cheese. After every fair, the produce of the different dairies—ranging say from fifty to five hundred cheeses—is distributed by rail to various parts of the country; but on reaching their destination it is frequently found that two or three of the cheeses have mysteriously disappeared in transit; and very rarely is any clue found which leads to the discovery of the thieves. So numerous some few years ago had the cheese robberies become on a certain line, that the expedient was at length adopted of sending a constable in one of the trucks, who lying there hidden, might naturally hope to catch the culprits in the act of purloining. The man slipped in under the sheet of the wagon at the last moment, taking with him his truncheon, a dark-lantern, and a pair of handcuffs, and was well provisioned for his long and uncomfortable journey. Three times a week for some two or three months was Mr Constable jolted about in his dark hiding-place from one part of the line to another without a single capture rewarding his labours.

The following instance of what might almost be termed retributive justice happened some years ago near one of the largest railway depôts in the heart of England. One or another of the wagons travelling by a certain night-train had several

times been broken into and robbed of its miscellaneous contents. The train was a through one, running between London and several large towns in the north of England; but the exigencies of the traffic necessitated its being shunted on to the sidings for an hour or more at two or three different parts of the line; and though it was nearly certain that the robberies took place at one or another of these compulsory stopping-places *en route*, it was not easy to discover the precise spot. A watch was set, but to no purpose. The *modus operandi* of the thief was to cut a slit in one of the sheets, large enough for a man to creep through. Once inside, the contents of the truck were ransacked, and such articles selected as were likely to be of some value and yet not too bulky to be carried away. The articles were then pitched out, and the man followed, after readjusting the sheet as far as he was able. The presumption was that the stolen property was then rolled down the embankment and hidden away in some dry ditch or hedge-bottom till it could be safely 'lifted.' It has been found from experience that a large proportion of railway robberies, despite the watchfulness of guard and driver, are committed at lonely sidings during the long dark nights of winter, and so no doubt it was in the present case; the difficulty being to find out when and where; but it was a difficulty that solved itself in a very curious way. One morning at daybreak the dead body of a man, with his chest crushed in, was picked up on one of the sidings; near him were strewn some half-dozen packages or parcels of goods addressed to different consignees. There could be no doubt that he was the thief. It was supposed that after throwing the goods out of the truck he had been about to follow them, when the engine giving a sudden jerk at the train, caused him to overbalance himself, and that in falling he was caught between the buffers and crushed to death on the spot. He proved to be a workman employed at one of the Company's 'shops,' and had been noted as a quiet, steady-going man, who never seemed to have much to say to his neighbours. When his house came to be searched, stolen property of the value of more than a hundred pounds was found secreted in it.

A short time ago, a series of robberies took place from certain trains travelling between two particular points. The chief of the railway police, who had the case in hand, after much quiet investigation, made up his mind that the pilferages occurred at a certain junction where the trains left one Company's line and passed on to that of another. At this point the trains were generally delayed an hour or two for shunting and other purposes. Within a mile of the junction was a small roadside station which employed some half-dozen hands in all, and not far from the station was a public-house. Feeling pretty sure that neither guards nor drivers were implicated in the matter, the superintendent of police called one of his trusty men to his side. 'Wheeler,' he said, 'I

understand that now and then you are addicted to taking a drop too much?'

Wheeler coloured up, coughed behind his hand, and then said in a hesitating sort of way: 'Well, sir, I don't mean to deny that once or twice I'—

'That will do, Wheeler. It is quite evident that now and then you are troubled with a dryness of the throat. You will take the six o'clock train and go down to the station at B— Junction. At the station you will let it be known that to-night you intend to be on the look-out for the thieves who have robbed the down-train so frequently of late. After a little chat, you will go across the way to the *Stanhope Arms*, and if you take with you any of the men who are not too busy to be spared, so much the better. You will stay at the *Stanhope Arms*; and when the station shuts up for the night, which it does as soon as the ten o'clock train has passed, the rest of the men will no doubt follow you there, especially if you let them see that you are one of the right sort, and not above treating them to a pint or two. Don't give the men too much to drink, but drink as much as you like yourself—in fact I want you to get as tipsy as you possibly can.'

'Do you mean me really to get tipsy, sir?' asked Wheeler in bewilderment.

'Of course I do. As tipsy as ever you were in your life.'

'But if I do that, how can I look after the thieves?'

'Do as I tell you and ask no questions. You will become intoxicated, stay at the *Stanhope Arms* all night, return to your duty as soon as you are sufficiently recovered to do so, and give me a bill for your expenses.'

Wheeler scratched his head for a moment, and then went without a word. It was his duty to obey instructions; and he did obey them. He took the train as far as B— Junction, and on alighting told the station-master, in the hearing of one or two of the porters, that he had been sent down to see whether he couldn't lay hands on those plaguy thieves who had robbed the down-train so often of late. Meanwhile, as nothing could be done till after midnight, he would go to the *Stanhope Arms* and have a pint and a quiet pipe.

In the little bar-parlour where he sat in the chimney corner, Wheeler was by-and-by joined by the foreman porter. Later on, three more of the station hands came straggling in. Wheeler treated them to drink, but partook of three times as much as any of them. As long as his articulation was tolerably clear, he kept his audience amused by recounting one yarn after another; but after a time neither he nor they knew quite well what he was talking about.

Still bearing in mind his chief's instructions, he struggled manfully with the task before him; but at length his pipe dropped from his fingers, his head fell forward on to the table; and it was quite evident to all there that Mr Wheeler was help-

lessly intoxicated. The men sniggered among themselves. 'A nice sort o' chap he is to come thief-catching!' said one.

'He's safe for the night anyhow,' said another. 'He'll not trouble anybody before daylight.'

'You'd better help me to lay him on the settle, lads,' said the landlord. 'With a pillow and a blanket he'll take no harm till morning.'

Soon after daybreak, Wheeler's slumbers were disturbed by a violent shaking. Opening his eyes, he saw his chief standing before him. 'Get up; you're wanted,' said the latter.

Yawning and rubbing his eyes, he stumbled out into the passage; but what he saw there made him rub them still harder. Before him stood three men handcuffed, two of whom he recognised as having been among his boon-companions of the previous night.

The superintendent's ruse had succeeded. Rightly calculating that the thieves—if the men he suspected were really the thieves—would take advantage of Wheeler's drunkenness, feeling themselves perfectly safe for once, and would make a foray that very night, he had followed his subordinate by the next train with two more men, and leaving the line at a station short of B—, had driven the remaining distance in a hired trap, so that no one at B— had the slightest suspicion of his presence in the neighbourhood. Planting himself and his men in three likely positions shortly before midnight, he had there awaited the course of events; with what result we have seen.

A few months later, the same superintendent effected another rather clever capture of a railway thief. At a certain large goods-terminus the mysterious disappearance of one or more packages had for some time been a matter of almost daily occurrence. The lost articles were chiefly medium-sized parcels, often samples of silk or velvet goods, and not too bulky for one man to carry off without difficulty. The goods in all cases had been received at the terminus, checked from the truck on to the stage, and there left for a few hours, while waiting to be loaded up and delivered to the consignees. When the time came for the delivery of the parcels, they could not be found; nor for a time was there any clue to the thief or thieves, and Mr Superintendent was much exercised in his mind thereby. The day and night watchmen were changed, fresh men being put in their places, but still the pilferages went on with undiminished vigour. Extra watchmen were placed in hiding behind large piles of goods conveniently left for the purpose; but all without effect. While walking about the goods-shed one day, intent upon some other business, the superintendent noticed that in a certain place some of the planking which faced the space between the ground and the floor of the platform, a height of about three feet, looked loose, and as if it had been recently disturbed. On trying the planks, he found that he could move them aside without much difficulty, and that then a dark cavity between the ground and the floor of the platform was exposed to view. Sending one of his men for a dark-lantern, and taking care that his actions were not observed, the superintendent proceeded to make an exploration of the cavity, crawling into it

on his hands and knees—fortunately he was only a little man—and taking the lantern with him. Presently, he emerged, his face one broad grin of satisfaction. 'We shall cop 'em after all, Jack,' he said to his man as he replaced the planking and walked away.

Late the same night, attended by his trusty subordinate, but without the knowledge of even the watchman on duty, the superintendent went back to the cavity under the stage and crept into it again. His man then replaced the planking and left him. Hour after hour passed, and the superintendent became horribly tired of his position. The space was so confined that he could not even sit up. He was compelled to lie extended at full length, and could only vary his position by turning from his left side on to his right. But between three and four o'clock, when the first sounds of the coming day's work were beginning to be heard, and the lamps on the up-side were being lighted, his patience was rewarded. That part of the shed where he was hiding was still in semi-darkness when he heard the sounds of footsteps coming nearer and nearer. 'My heart never beat before as it did at that moment,' said the superintendent afterwards, when recounting the adventure. 'The footsteps stopped opposite my hiding-place. There was a moment's pause, and then the loose boards were pushed aside, and a hand holding a parcel tied up with string and brown paper was thrust into the hole. There was just light enough from the lamps on the opposite side for me to see what I was about. I had previously got my handcuffs out, and had fastened one ring of them round one of the iron supports of the platform. The moment the fellow thrust his hand into the hole, I knocked the parcel out of his fingers, grasped him firmly by the wrist, gave him a sudden jerk forward, and before he could say Jack Robinson, the other ring of the handcuffs was slipped on to him, and there he was in as nice a little trap as ever I saw.' He proved to be a man who came on duty early to assist in loading up the fish and other market goods. He had generally taken the parcels while the watchman was absent for a few minutes to open the offices, hiding them for a time under a heap of empty boxes, till an opportunity offered itself for removing them to the hole under the stage. In the hole more than a dozen parcels were found. The contents of others he had either pawned or sold.

The next case was one of an entirely different kind, and the parties implicated in it were never discovered. At a certain north-country terminus there was delivered one evening a bale of valuable cloth addressed and consigned (say) to Mr Smith of A—. It was checked from the van on to the platform, and there left to be loaded up an hour or two later on. By-and-by, when the truck for B— came to be loaded up, a bale of cloth was found addressed to a Mr Jones of that town, which bale was accordingly put into the wagon and sent off. When the invoices for A— came to be made out, the bale of cloth for Mr Smith was entered on one of them, on the supposition that it had been duly forwarded, although in reality such was not the case.

About half-past nine next morning, a small pony-cart containing two men drove up to B— Station. One of the men alighted, and asked

whether a bale of cloth addressed to Mr Jones had come to hand. The reply was that they certainly had received such a bale, but without any entry for it on their invoices. The reply of the man was that he, as being Mr Jones the consignee, was quite prepared to pay the carriage if they would only weigh the bale and charge it out at the proper rate. This being feasible enough, Mr Jones's request was at once complied with. The bale was weighed, a bill made out, and the charges duly paid. Then the bale was hoisted into the pony-cart; Mr Jones signed his name in the Company's books as having received it, and the two men drove off with their booty.

When A—— telegraphed for the missing bale, and the facts came to be ascertained, there was a considerable rumpus among the officials at the sending station. The case was evidently one of ingenious collusion. It did not matter so greatly who the sham Mr Jones might be. The question was, which of the Company's men at the sending station had removed the original address of the bale and substituted a false one in its place? As it happened, a few weeks previously the Company had engaged a number of new hands, whose testimonials and antecedents they had not yet had time to investigate. About a week later two or three of these strange hands failed to turn up to their work; and all further investigations by the railway officials failing to bring the culprit to light, the loss had to be settled by the payment of something like sixty pounds.

The following story, which is of quite recent date, we extract from *The Railway Sheet and Official Gazette*, an excellent little paper published once a month, and brimful of information on matters of interest to the railway service generally. In the case here given, it would appear that the thieves were totally unconnected with any of the officials of the Company.

'A novel illustration of the ingenuity of thieves has just been afforded by an incident reported from the continent. For some time past a North-German railway Company had been suffering from the repeated loss of goods which were sent by luggage-train, and which, notwithstanding all researches and precautions, continued to disappear in a very mysterious manner. The secret which the inquiries set on foot had failed to discover was at length revealed by a rather amusing accident. A long box, on one side of which were words equivalent to "This side up," had, in disregard of this caution, been set up on end in the goods-shed. Some time afterwards the employes were not a little startled to hear a voice apparently proceeding from the box in question, begging the hearers to let the speaker out. On opening the lid the railway officials were surprised and amused to find a man inside standing on his head. In the explanation which followed, the fellow wanted to account for his appearance under such unusual circumstances as due to the result of a wager; but he was given into custody, and it was soon found that the thieves had adopted this method of conveying themselves on to the railway premises, and that during the absence of the employes they had let themselves out of the box, which they at once filled with any articles they could lay their hands on, refastened the lid, and then decamped, leaving the box to be sent forward to its destination in accordance with the address upon it. But

for the unfortunate inability of poor human nature to endure an inverted position for an indefinite period, the ingenious authors of the scheme might have flourished a long time without detection.'

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VI.—A GLIMPSE OF PARISIAN LIFE.

THE bright rays of the morning sun filled the room when Walter awoke from his long and refreshing sleep, to gaze in astonishment at the rich and beautiful furniture that adorned the apartment. Silk curtains, mirrors that reached to the ceiling, beautiful carpets, attractive pictures in gilt frames—all was new and dazzling to the unsophisticated mountain youth. He was still gazing in wonder at all these glories, when Mr Seymour, who had slept in the next room, suddenly opened the door.

'Jump up, Walter,' said he. 'Breakfast is ready, and my friend wants to speak to you; so be as quick as you can.'

'I shall be ready in a few minutes sir,' he replied, as springing out of bed, he washed and dressed himself, and respectfully greeted the two gentlemen, who sat enjoying their coffee in an adjoining room.

At Mr Seymour's invitation, Walter helped himself to breakfast; and when he had finished his meal, looked up inquiringly at the stranger.

'Well then, Walter,' said he in a kindly tone, 'tell me in the first place what you intend to do, now that you have got your money back?'

'Oh, that is very easily answered sir,' replied Walter. 'I shall buckle the belt round my waist again, and return home to-day.'

'I thought that was your intention, Watty,' said Mr Seymour; 'but it would be much safer and far easier to send the money through the post. You will then have no further risk of being robbed, and Mr Frieshardt will be sure to get it in a day or two. As regards yourself'—

Mr Seymour hesitated; and his friend took up the conversation. 'Yes, Walter—you must stay here for the present,' said he, 'and not dream of leaving me—at least for a long time.'

Walter was taken aback. What could the stranger mean? Unable to comprehend the motive of such a remark, he looked in confusion first at one, then at the other, and was greeted only with a hearty laugh.

'I am very much obliged to you for suggesting how I should send the money home,' said the lad; 'and it was certainly very strange that Mr Frieshardt did not think of that, for it would have saved all this trouble with Seppi. But what sir am I to do here? What is there to prevent my returning home?'

'A proposal that my friend Mr Lafond has to make to you,' replied Mr Seymour. 'My friend is in want of an active and trustworthy servant, and thinks that you would suit him well. I think you should take the situation, Walter, for you

will be looked upon rather as a confidential attendant than as a servant; and you will be well paid into the bargain. In a few years you will have earned money enough to provide comfortably for your father in his old age.'

The last words decided Walter. If he could only relieve his father's declining years from care and anxiety, he was content to give up his home for a time, and therefore agreed to accept the proposal. The contract was soon arranged, and Walter entered upon his new duties the same day. He wrote a long letter to his father, explaining the reason of his remaining in Paris, and comforting him with the assurance that when he returned home he would bring plenty of money with him. By the same post he sent a bank-draft to Farmer Frieshardt equivalent to the value of the cattle-money; and a few days after removed into Mr Lafond's splendidly furnished mansion. Mr Seymour did not accompany his friend, having to leave Paris to continue his travels.

'Keep up your heart, my good fellow,' said he, shaking hands with his honest young friend. 'We shall see each other again next year, I hope; and I also trust that you will have a good account to give me of your new home.' With these words Mr Seymour sprang into his travelling-carriage; the postillion cracked his whip, and tears sprang to Walter's eyes as the sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

Thus Walter, who had suddenly risen from the position of a poor drover to that of the principal servant and favourite of a rich young Parisian, found no reason to regret the change that he had made. Mr Lafond treated him in the kindest and most friendly way, so that he soon became thoroughly attached to him. But in the course of a few weeks he observed certain traits in the character of his new employer that occasioned him both sorrow and anxiety, and almost made him regret that he had not returned to his quiet but innocent home. Although a kind-hearted man, Mr Lafond was weak-minded and changeable; and like many other wealthy young men without any occupation, he was addicted to pleasure and dissipation, and spent whole nights at the gaming-table, to the ruin of both his health and morals. As he was of a delicate constitution, these excesses soon produced a very marked effect upon him, and did much to shatter his health. Had Walter been an indifferent or ordinary servant, the ruinous dissipation in which his master indulged would have given him little concern; but as he was sincerely attached to him, he could not avoid expostulating sometimes upon the reckless course of life which he led.

Early one morning Mr Lafond came home after a night of gambling, looking paler and more exhausted than usual. Walter, who had been sitting up for him, was terribly alarmed at the appearance which he presented. 'O my dear sir,' said he with a deep sigh, as he gave him his hand out of the carriage, 'how grieved I am for you!'

Mr Lafond stared at Walter with his glassy eyes, and tried to speak, but could only utter a few disconnected words that were quite incomprehensible. Besides this, he was so unsteady on his feet, that he was obliged to lean on Walter, to prevent himself from falling. The faithful servant

was terribly shocked to find his master so intoxicated as to be almost deprived of his senses, and lost no time in getting him to his room, that his distressing and disgraceful condition might not become known to the rest of the household. After undressing him, which cost a great deal of trouble, Walter got his master to bed, and then sat down and became lost in thought.

It was not until late in the day that Mr Lafond woke from his troubled sleep, and was surprised to find Walter sitting by his bedside. 'Poor fellow!' he said in a good-natured tone, 'I'm afraid I kept you waiting long for me last night. You are a faithful servant, and shall have your wages raised immediately.'

'I am very much obliged to you sir,' said he; 'but I cannot take more of your money. I have only waited here to request my discharge from your service.'

Mr Lafond stared at the young man with surprise. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'you want to leave me! What has put that in your head? Has any one here done anything to make you uncomfortable?'

'No sir, no one,' was the quiet but firm reply. 'I have met with nothing but kindness since I have been in your house, and you have been more than generous to me; but I can't bear to stay here and see you digging your own grave. It breaks my heart sir; and I would rather wander barefoot back to my own mountains than witness it longer.'

'Why, Walter, I'm afraid you're turning crazy,' exclaimed his master angrily. 'Don't let me hear any more of this nonsense! What can it matter to you whether I die soon or not? At anyrate you must stay with me, and give up such foolish notions.'

Walter shook his head. 'No, sir; I must go,' he replied. 'I can be of no use here. It makes me quite miserable to see how you waste your money in the gaming-houses, and ruin your health by over-indulgence in wine. If my caring for you were not sincere, it would be a matter of no consequence to me whether you went to destruction or not; but'—he added, while tears started to his eyes—'I trust sir, you will pardon me for saying that I cannot look on carelessly while you are ruining yourself; and so I hope you will let me go.'

The reckless gamester was quite moved at the devotion and faithfulness of his servant. Springing from bed, he wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and walked hastily to and fro in the apartment for a few minutes in silence. At last he paused before Walter and grasped his hand. 'You are a straightforward, warm-hearted fellow,' he exclaimed. 'But the more I am convinced of that, the less disposed am I to part with you. Will you not stay with me?'

'No, my good master; I cannot,' answered Walter firmly.

'Not even if I promise to turn over a new leaf, and neither to drink nor gamble any more from this day?'

Walter was in a measure reassured by these words, and his eyes were lit up with a new hope. 'Ah! if you really will do that, sir!' he exclaimed. 'That alters everything; and I shall be as overjoyed to stay with you as I should have been sorry to leave you.'

'Then, that is settled,' said his master in a serious tone. 'I am obliged to you for speaking so faithfully to me. I know that I have been living in a foolish way; but I will be different for the future. That you may rely upon.'

Walter's joy was so great at hearing this unexpected resolution that he nearly burst into tears. Unhappily, however, he was soon to experience the disappointment of all his hopes.

For a fortnight Mr Lafond kept his promise faithfully; but at the end of that time he again yielded to the old temptation, and after a night of revelry, returned home in broad daylight in a state of complete helplessness. The servant renewed his entreaties and warnings; reminded his master that the physician had declared that his existence depended on his leading a sober life; and obtained from him a renewal of the broken promise. But alas! it proved as vain as before. In a few days all his hopes were again crushed, and his prayers and entreaties were only answered by his master with a shrug of the shoulders.

'You know nothing about it, Walter,' said he. 'The temptation is so strong, that one can't be always resisting it.'

'But it is your duty to resist it sir; and you can succeed if you will only make up your mind to do so.'

'It's too late now,' replied the other with a faint smile. 'I have fought and fought, and been beaten at last. I shall give up fighting now.'

'Are you really in earnest?' inquired Walter seriously.

'I am really in earnest,' replied Mr Lafond.

'Then I must indeed quit your service sir. I will not stay here if I cannot save you from rushing headlong to destruction.'

'Silly fellow!' replied his master testily. 'What more would you have? It will be for your direct advantage to stay with me. Look at my condition. The doctor was quite right in saying that I couldn't live another year. Remain here for that short time, and you shall be well paid for your services. I will take care too not to forget you in my will.'

The young Switzer could not restrain his emotion at hearing his weak-minded but good-natured master talk in such a careless way about death. Unable to speak, he turned to leave the room, when Mr Lafond called him back.

'Have you no reply to make to me?' he demanded in an offended tone.

'Nothing more than this sir—that your doctor assured me you might live for ten, twenty, or even thirty years longer, if you could only be persuaded to live in a sober and reasonable way. O my dear sir,' he exclaimed, 'do give up these habits, that are ruining body and soul, and I will devote my whole life to you!'

'No use!' was the gloomy reply. 'If I were to make new resolutions, they would only be broken, as the others have been. The doctor is quite mistaken in his opinion. I suppose I must fulfil my destiny. So let the matter drop, Walter.'

'Anything can be done if one is only determined,' persisted the young man, with entreaty in his tone.

His master turned away and shook his head. 'Too late, too late! I haven't the moral courage or determination.'

'Then may God have mercy upon you!' replied

the servant solemnly; 'this is no longer a place for me.'

Swayed on the one hand by a sense of duty to himself, and on the other, by pity for his terribly misled master, Walter sorrowfully quitted the apartment; and after packing a few things, returned to take his final leave. Mr Lafond, however, would not bring himself to believe in the reality of such a sudden and determined resolution, and used every argument to induce the lad to change his mind. He even begged him as a personal favour to remain; but Walter persisted in his determination; nor could the most lavish offers of emolument induce him to stay and be a helpless spectator of the ruin of one whom he was unable to save.

'If I were only as determined as you are,' sighed Mr Lafond, 'how much better it would be for me! But now it is too late! Farewell then, Walter, if you have made up your mind to quit my service. But though you leave me, it is not necessary that you return to your mountain-home. I received this letter from my uncle, General De Bougy, who lives in Rouen. The old gentleman is in want of a steady and trustworthy servant, and asks me to send him one; so I think the best thing you can do will be to go there for a twelvemonth. You will find him a better master than I have been; and if you are really determined to leave me, you might do worse than enter his service. I feel sure you will be comfortable.'

Walter shook his head. 'I shouldn't like to go into another house sir, after the experience I have had in your service.'

'But you will be serving me, Walter, if you go and assist my uncle in his old age. Recollect, I only ask you to go for a year. It is the last request I have to make. Surely you won't refuse?'

'Well sir, I will go for a year, since you urge it so strongly,' assented Walter, who could no longer resist his master's appeal. 'When shall I start?'

'When you please. You will be welcome there at any time.'

'Then I will set out at once, sir; the sooner our parting is over, the better.'

'But if it is so painful to you, why go away at all? You know how glad I should be for you to stay.'

'And you know sir, why I am obliged to go,' replied Walter firmly. 'Pardon me, dear sir, for speaking any more on the subject; but if you only had had the resolution to—'

'I'll make another trial, Walter,' said Mr Lafond with a smile that contrasted strongly with his sunken and wasted features. 'You shall hear from me in three months,' he continued; 'and perhaps— Well, we shall see. Good-bye, and my best wishes go with you!'

Walter grasped the hand which his master extended, and kissed it fervently. 'God bless and preserve you!' said he with tears in his eyes. 'If prayers, earnest prayers for you can be of any help, you will be saved!'

'Farewell, Walter. You have been a faithful servant,' exclaimed Mr Lafond, with painful emotion. 'God be with you—perhaps we shall never meet each other again!'

So they parted. Walter went by the first conveyance to Rouen to the house of General De Bougy; and his former master sunk into profound

grief as he dwelt upon the affection and solicitude which the young Switzer had shewn towards him. 'Only a year sooner,' he mused with torturing anguish, 'and I might have been a saved man! Now, alas! thou hast come too late, noble and generous heart!'

LIFE ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH.

It became the fortune of the writer to leave San Francisco in September 1878, and after crossing Santa Clara Valley—one of the richest in the state—to ascend by a fine stage-road into the very heart of a spur of the Santa Cruz Mountains. This road begins at a little village at the foot of the hills, and creeps gradually higher and higher, turning this bluff and that spur, until after a league, the traveller looks down into the glowing valley, and if timid, shudders in secret at the depth.

The path thus leading away from the inhabited valley, full of men and towns, into the quiet seclusion of the land among the hills, finally comes to a fair broad region, where the 'ranchmen' plant their acres with vines and fruit-trees, and where a stranger may live without ever wishing for the world of commerce, or thinking of it. There are high hills upon every side except towards the west. In that direction the land sinks in alternate ridges and ravines toward the ocean, and the great redwoods line the horizon. The houses are made of inch redwood boards and building-paper, and are accordingly somewhat rude structures, but they sufficiently answer the purpose in this agreeable climate.

There is no stone fit for walls, like those with which the New England farmers separate their fields, and so the inhabitants split the trunks of the redwood pines into rough pickets three inches square and five feet long; and after driving them into the soil in-lines, bind them close together at the top with strips of board. The fence thus constructed is cheap, quickly made, effective, and durable. There is little concern for appearances; the soil of many years remains undisturbed upon the wagon-wheels; no flower-garden is well cared for; they mend the harnesses with bits of ropes; and they trust little or nothing to the vanity of paint. You see no vegetable gardens, no patches of potatoes, lettuce, peas; no little areas carefully fenced and carefully cultivated in odd moments, when greens are in season. It does not pay to be at the trouble, and for this reason—the warmth of the soil and the early heat of the sun tend to force the vegetables into premature ripeness, and thence into coarseness of fibre.

The grapes that grow in this favoured place are wonderfully large and fine. They are much better than those of the valleys, and are eagerly sought for by those who use the better kinds. A neighbour to me grew sixty varieties last season, though it is probable that not more than twenty kinds went to market. Every one's vines are prosperous, and the yield is enormous. The plants grow lying upon the ground; the dryness of the summer preventing the rot which attacks them in regions where rains are more frequent. It is quite a common thing to go out in the cool of a delicious morning and cut off bunches of these grapes, and devour them three or four at a time,

gazing meanwhile at acres more of the same kind. A certain ferocity develops in the reveller after a few weeks' indulgence in this sort of repast. One would lose the respect of all his friends were he to write down faithfully what his capacity for grapes at length becomes. In number, in weight, in kinds, the result is alike prodigious.

The ranchmen make boxes out of the clear redwood, and pack twenty-five pounds of grapes in each—all honestly picked, and decorated with the leaves of the vines. These are carried in wagon-loads to the valley below or to Santa Cruz on the coast. Now and then you perceive a most delicious odour in the roadway, and after a while it is seen that the dust has received a slight sprinkling. You walk on, half intoxicated, charmed by the soft air, the scenery, and the shade of the overhanging trees, and you overtake a wagon laden with grapes *en masse*—a purple sight, rich and tempting. They are on the way to some wine-press. Nearly every ranchman fills a few casks yearly with the juice of some of his grapes, thinking that he is laying up a claret which will be fine some day. But he has his labour for his uneducated pains, and produces only an acrid liquor the reverse of palatable.

The Californian ranchmen have wonderful aptitude for driving, and one sees some pretty good examples among these hills. The road down the mountain-sides is entirely unguarded upon the outer edge, and the descent in most places is precipitous. A balky horse, or a fractured wheel, or a slight carelessness in handling the reins, might easily send a carriage-load of people to destruction—and an awful destruction too. The path is wide enough for one pair of wheels only, but at intervals in favourable places it broadens so that teams may pass each other. To drive in such a manner as not to meet another traveller midway between these places is a special branch of the art. The huge lumber-teams which carry wood from the mills in the mountains to the yards in the valleys, being unwieldy and very heavy, are especially hard to manage. Yet the drivers always seem easy and nonchalant. First there is a large four-wheeled oaken truck, with a seat in front ten feet above the ground; behind it is another truck, something shorter, but still enormously stout. These are fastened together, and loaded with from ten to fifteen tons of freshly sawn lumber—boards and joists. This mass is drawn by six or eight mules or horses, guided by reins and a prodigiously long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the driver upon his seat. The driver is a man of nerve and courage. His skill must be of the highest order. It will not do for him to take fright even if in imminent danger, and he must know almost to a hair's-breadth where he can go and where he cannot. Towering up far above the road, overlooking the most stupendous depths, and guiding with a few slender lines a tremendous force, he must needs be an adept and a tireless one. But a beholder, ignorant of the danger that constantly surrounds him, would say his work was simple, and that he managed matters with ease. True, he seems so. With his broad-brimmed hat shading his sun-burned face, his sinewy hands holding the reins with carelessness, his legs out-

stretched, with one foot feeling the all-important brake, he jogs onward with his monster charge without trouble or concern; the bells upon the horses' breasts jingle a little tune; the great wheels crush the stones in the path; the load creaks like a ship's hull in a sudden gust; wild birds sweep down into the hazy, sunny depths below—yet the driver seems to take no heed. But let a 'scare' take place; let a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then see what will happen. The day-dreamer will become a giant of strength. He is up in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the reins, and feeling his wagon start up beneath him, places a foot of iron on the brake. The horses snort and rear and surge; the harnesses rattle, the dust arises, the load shrieks again, and the huge wheels turn fatally faster and faster. An instant may hurl the wagon down into the valley with its struggling train—a mad rush to the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. Muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly together, that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the ways of the land, regards the teamster with profound respect thereafter.

The horses that are used in the country are mostly of the mustang sort. A mustang is a creature which has indeed the form of a horse, together with certain characteristics of his own—namely, a bad memory, which permits him to shy at a harmless shrub twenty times a day, if he sees it as often; ingratitude, which permits him to kick and injure his best human friend; absence of mind, which permits him to run furiously after it has been made clear to him that he is expected to walk; and a power to develop energy with great rapidity, which enables him to change in a twinkling from a simple trustworthy looking nag into a snorting, biting, kicking demon. With these vices, he has the one virtue of being enduring as so much brass.

There is a peculiar dress worn by the out-of-door folk of this land among the hills that deserves to be introduced into other lands, so fit is it for the wear and tear of farming. It consists of pantaloons or overalls, and jacket, made of canvas, coloured brown, and fastened in all important places with small copper rivets. It wears astonishingly well. The hunters wear a 'jumper' of the same material, filled with pockets inside and out for their innumerable wants, while the lower part forms a game-bag of considerable size.

Trees of various kinds, such as oak, cherry, &c., form an agreeable variety, where so much 'redwood' predominates. The redwoods have become famous for their size and height all the world over, the *Wellingtonia gigantea* of Calaveras belonging to the family. They usually grow in fraternal groups of three or four, and it is impossible not to feel impressed by their solemnity when walking among them. The ground at their feet is covered with their browned spines, and their trunks rise one hundred and fifty feet before putting forth a branch. Many are ten feet in diameter at ten feet above the ground, and a few are so large that speculators hew and burn cavities in the bases when the road runs conveniently near, and therein set up a kind of restaurant for the benefit of the thirsty traveller!

The writer had hoped to leave at least the dust behind, and derive from the tall trees and the cooling streams a little of the summer comfort which had been so signally denied him in the region below. Disappointment, however, was his lot. On reaching the hills he found the brooks dry, and their courses marked with boulders, upon whose nether sides one could light a match. The depths of the woods were airless ovens, where in a moment the hands and face ran with perspiration. There was not a blade of grass to be seen. The earth was brown, powdery, and hot. The dust in the roads was astonishing for its depth. It arose in obedience to the slightest breath, and after a little acquaintance with the sunburnt region, one foretold that a friend was coming by seeing a moving cloud over the top of the hill. For twenty yards on each side of the highways and lanes the underbrush was whitened. When people went to ride, they pulled linen coats over their better garments, and tied their wrists and collars. For the first mile or two the traveller snorts the dust out of his nostrils, and at intervals surveys his powdered clothing with dismay. Through his blurred eyes he barely sees the features of his neighbour upon the same seat; the horses are entirely beyond his view; a sense of suffocation overcomes him; and all sounds are drowned as they are in a snow-storm. At length, however, instead of being annoyed at the quantity of dirt which settles upon him, he refrains from shaking himself, and with a certain amused interest, wonders how high the pile upon the back of his glove will grow before the journey comes to an end. The dust is a feature of the land, and strangers who have heard of it, regard it with curiosity, as they do their first gold mine.

This persistent recurrence of dry days, the everlasting pouring down of yellow light upon the parched yellowish landscape, the breathing of hot air from all quarters, the absence of flourishing crops and greenery from the fields, soon dry up the soul of the new-comer, and weary out his patience.

At the close of October the skies were yet clear, the atmosphere a little hazy, the mornings and evenings enjoyably warm, and the nights refreshingly cool. The fruit of the orchards had been marketed long since, and the grapes were two-thirds gathered. The affairs of the year were winding up; two or three weeks in November would give the farmers ample time to clear away their tardy crop, and then the winter might fall, and welcome. One bright day succeeded another; the 'verdulo' ripened, yielding sweet, pale-green grapes; and piles of newly made redwood boxes stood in every yard ready for their luscious burden. At length there came a moment when further effort became useless; when the summer, with its fruits and its glories of colour, went out, and winter, like a 'spook' in a pantomime, came suddenly in.

In California, the two seasons end and begin respectively with the same event—a shower of rain. Autumn does not intervene; there is no fall of the leaf, no augmentation of the winds. Last year the summer ran on until the 1st of November. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a few drops fell. After that the people spoke of the winter as having arrived. Everything seemed taken by surprise; the rain had come; the horses

gazed strangely about them; the children ran out with wild noises, and stood bareheaded and laughing in the thick of the storm; the men leaned in the doorways with their hands in their pockets, silently pleased: the dust turned slowly into mire; the leaves of the madrones, the cherry-trees, and the oaks lifted themselves up and glistened in the pale light, and mills began to murmur everywhere. The yearly adjustment had begun; the other side of the balance had started downward, and the land rejoiced. Everything was changed out of its old course. The choppers, with their axes upon their shoulders, came out of the deep recesses of the woods, the mills put out their fires, and the grape-gatherers came down from the vineyards. The teams ceased to traverse the roads, stages were exchanged for wagons, and letters and papers came but rarely. A sense of being thrust out of the world, a notion of common ill-fortune, made good neighbours of the people in the foot-hills, and a lively interchange of visits between ranch and ranch soon followed the beginning of the rains.

Rain followed rain in quick succession, always coming from the Pacific, and nearly always attended with a degree of cold that made it uncomfortable to stop in the open air even if thickly clad. The ranch upon which the writer lived was some eighteen miles from the nearest salt-water; yet even as far inland as this, there were none of those calm gently dropping showers that fall in England—those soft rains that gather the odours of the gardens, and instil the senses with so much that is grateful. Here the rain always came on the wings of a tempest, and poured down furiously. But given a pleasant day in the midst of this Californian winter, and the discomfort of the rain and its attendant gloom vanishes, and the dweller in these parts goes forth charmed. The very early morning of one of these incomparable days is truly a wonder of softness and gentleness. The geniality of those few early hours is inexpressibly soothing; one is not exhilarated, but quieted; not wrought up to saddle his horse and ride a race, but impelled rather to sit in some sunlit spot and watch the world awaken in tranquillity. By the latter part of November the farmers are out with their ploughs, and the toil of the sower begins. The fields grow dark with the subsoil, and then change, and grow verdant with the grain. Rye-grass springs up on the brown hill-sides that have been dry all summer, and the streams in the deep wooded gulches make a low roar that never ceases. The flowers gather themselves up and shew their faces, and the almond-trees put out their clouds of fragrant blossoms. On the oaks, whose branches are hung with mistletoe, a gray-green moss gathers and sways to and fro above the head. Numberless blue-birds dash across the fields, and now and then a meadow-lark lifts up its clear sweet voice, and turns December into August. Quail, rabbit, and deer are abroad, and in the night-time the coyotes howl and bark in the forest.

The ranchman's one amusement is dancing, which he enthusiastically avails himself of. No matter if the night be stormy—no matter if the host's house be a board-cabin a mile from a road, and deep down in a gloomy ravine where the sun and moon rarely penetrate—the ranchman is bound by all the instincts of his nature to be on the spot, and to stand up in every

quadrille in which he can find a place. Wood-choppers, farmers, teamsters, miners, squatters, together with a number of wives and daughters, some remarkably pretty, and some remarkably ugly—get together at an hour's notice, and keep up reels and polkas until a very late hour next morning. A single violin is the motive-power. No matter if a cloud of dust arises from the ill-cleansed floor of the woodman's shanty—no matter if few appear upon the scene who have not danced together hundreds of times—the fun abates not; and at the breaking up there is no one who will not promise to be on hand 'to-morrow night,' in case to-morrow night is to be marked with another similar festivity.

THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER II.

ONCE more Simon laid himself down for the enjoyment of his often-disturbed repose, and once more he sank into a gentle slumber. And now for the third time he was awakened, but from a cause very different from the other occasions. The scene which ensued was as follows.

When Dan the waiter took his departure from the door of the obstinate guest whom he had been so vainly endeavouring to arouse, the flood must already have been descending upon the valley. For a brief interval, however, Mr Simon Lee was not awakened by the noise of the torrent, partly because it was still at a distance, and partly because the roar which it emitted was deadened by the intervening walls. He was only conscious of a soft, rushing, and not unpleasing murmur. (This murmur could hardly have proceeded from the flood; but was more probably due to the stream outside, which had become swollen in the night.) If, on a summer forenoon, the reader has ever lain with his back on the grass, and listened to that most delicious of all sounds the songing of fir-tree tops in the breeze, he will be able to form some conception of our hero's sensations. There lay the blissfully ignorant Simon in bed, with his nightcap perched slightly over one eye, half unconsciously enjoying that sweet and gentle murmur. Presently, as the sound grew louder, he became more fully awake.

'What can that noise be?' thought Simon drowsily. 'Rain? I never heard rain like that before. Wind? It's too loud for wind. And, dear me!' exclaimed Simon, raising himself to a sitting posture in bed, 'what an extraordinary noise! It sounds like some one pouring a can of water outside my door! What curious people the persons in this house must be to pour water about outside the doors of their guests! Is it a regular custom in Ireland, I wonder? But, dear me!' added Simon, for the noise was growing still louder, 'if I don't stop them they will be flooding the whole house. Hillo, there, hillo!' cried Simon, raising his voice. 'You can leave off making that noise, thank you! It's very kind of you to do it, but I have heard quite enough; thanks!'

But the noise instead of leaving off became still louder. 'Extraordinary persons these Irish,' quoth

Simon again, half-angrily and half-sleepily. 'If they have a guest or stranger staying with them for the night, they appear to make it the business of their lives and their greatest delight to endeavour to wake him up at all possible hours in the night. First comes a lumbering waiter and bangs at the door; then some one comes and pours water about, and won't leave off when he's told to. But if they expect *me* to get up, they're mistaken. And so saying, Simon drew the bed-clothes over him, and laid himself down again to sleep. But scarcely had he done so when a horrid thought struck him. 'Is it possible,' was the sickening thought, 'that the house can be on fire? Can the noise proceed from the fire-engine playing water on to the top of the house? Mercy preserve us!' And with these words in his mouth he leaped out of bed, and with his nightcap still on his head, scarce stopping to put on his clothes, rushed downstairs. The house was entirely deserted. All the doors stood open. Numerous articles lay strewn upon the floor, which their possessors had left behind, being probably too heavy-laden or too frightened to carry them.

The hero of this memoir was horror-struck as he viewed this strange spectacle. He called, but no one answered; screamed, and finally, in a frenzy of terror and apprehension, rushed to the outside door, and was on the point of escaping through it, when he was driven back by the same noise he had heard before, hitherto deadened by the intervening walls, but now swollen to a roar. It was indeed the harbinger of the flood, which in a few moments was to burst on the devoted dwelling. A sudden instinctive feeling of the nature of the danger which now beset him, for the first time penetrated into Simon's mind. With hasty and trembling steps he scrambled up the staircase and tottered into his chamber. He was just in time. A sound like thunder literally shook the house as the flood approached. The windows rattled as with the anticipation of the coming devastation. Sick with terror and gasping for breath, Simon, who had put his head out of the window, drew it in again as quickly as he could when he saw the mighty torrent bearing down—so it seemed—on the inn itself. There was a roar, a shock like an earthquake as the flood came on; and the water tossing and foaming, rose half-way up to the window of the chamber; while within the house it could be heard splashing and dashing in wild tumult. The cheek of the terrified prisoner was blanched with an agony of fear and apprehension, as he stood clinging to the bed, scarce knowing where he was, and momentarily expecting to be whirled away by the torrent. But the house being, as we have said, of solid construction, withstood the shock. For the time then it was safe. But the sight which met Simon's gaze as he stood, staring with all the intensity of terror, was a sight indeed to be remembered. The turbid water rushed along like a mad thing, foaming, dashing, and sweeping everything before it. Huge trees torn up by the roots were whirled along in its gigantic eddies, rising and sinking in the waves. The flood literally leaped and bounded in the air, as though rejoicing in the havoc it was working. It seemed like some huge demon let loose from the chains in which it had been pent, to wreak vengeance on every object within its reach.

Its surface was fretted with waves, which with their curling crests and leaping forms, resembled—so it seemed to Simon's excited imagination—a pack of fierce wolves hounding the terrified occupants of a sledge of which they have caught scent, and thirsting and yelling for their prey!

The raging torrent bore on. Simon spell-bound, viewed it tearing down the valley at headlong speed. At a short distance from the inn stood a mill. The flood met it; but the crash which ensued was lost in the roar of the water. The mill sank down into the fatal embrace of the boiling waves, and was immediately whirled away. Farther down stood a good-sized bridge, solidly built; and in the twinkling of an eye, so silently, so noiselessly that Simon could scarcely believe his senses, the bridge, strong as it was, was swept away!

How the fine genius of Coleridge would have revelled in the sight! It was precisely the spectacle which a pen such as his would have magnificently embodied in verse. There is a well-known poem by him entitled *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, wherein he has powerfully described a scene somewhat similar. 'Fire' is there personified and represented as a gigantic fury of colossal stature, who is recounting her recent exploits to her colleagues 'Famine' and 'Slaughter':

'Sisters, I from Ireland come;
Hedge and corn-field all on flame.
I triumphed o'er the setting sun;
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides.
It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweltered cattle run,
Scared by the red and noisy light,
With uncouth gallop through the night.'

Fine as this passage is, we think that Coleridge, had he been in Simon Lee's place, might have found a still nobler demon in 'Water,' for nothing could have been more sublime than the mighty torrent we have attempted to describe, dancing and tearing onward down the glen and through the valley, and tossing huge trees like playthings in its gigantic arms. The water, here and there whitened by huge flakes of foam, bore on its surface not only trees, but vast fragments of turf, covered with brushwood and weeds. These floated swiftly along, sometimes sinking in the waves of the torrent, and sometimes rising suddenly from the depths of the water. The whole scene was so strange and fantastic, that Simon could scarcely believe that he was not the victim of some hideous delusion or of some unhealthy dream.

Several hours passed away in this manner, Simon, anxious and terrified, momentarily expecting to be swept away, or buried in the ruins of the inn, when it should succumb to the force of the flood. To him every minute seemed an hour, every hour a day. The water he could hear dashing against the steps of the staircase. Worse than all, it seemed to be ascending higher and higher every moment. Each splash which it made against the walls or wooden steps fell on Simon's ear like a death-knell. Each minute his terror grew more extreme. His face was so ghastly, that when he happened to catch sight of it in the looking-glass of the chamber, it startled even himself. As he listened, he could hear the splashing in the

interior of the dwelling growing louder. It wanted only this to work up Simon's apprehension to a point beyond endurance, for at this stage of the proceedings our hero sank into happy unconsciousness.

How long Simon remained in this trance is uncertain. When, however, he awoke it was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the gray light of dawn, by means of which he had witnessed the flood and its ravages, was exchanged for the rays of the morning sun, which streaming through the latticed window, gradually aroused him from his swoon. Our hero lifted his head drowsily, and dazed and stupefied, succeeded at length in exchanging a vertical for a horizontal posture. At first he hardly realised where he was, or the circumstances under which he was placed; but when the adventures of the night came back to his remembrance, it flashed across Simon that he must have been completely and wonderfully preserved from the danger which had threatened him. For though a considerable space of time had passed since he had first resigned himself to unconsciousness, the house had remained firm on its foundations,* nor had the water risen sufficiently high in the interior of the dwelling to endanger the life of its solitary inmate. Simon therefore was safe. And yet, great as was the relief which this discovery afforded him, we cannot say that he displayed any very strong manifestations of exuberant delight when the reassuring fact dawned upon him. He took it all very quietly and composedly—we had almost said philosophically, which is, at anyrate, at variance with the assertions of some people who still are possessed of the idea that he then and there flung his cotton nightcap to the ceiling, and performed a sort of hornpipe dance on the floor. But even if we could put aside or forget the indecorum of such a proceeding, and reconcile it with the circumstances of the case, it is so completely at variance with the customary soberness and gravity of that gentleman's demeanour, that we lean to the philosophical side of the argument.

Meanwhile the landlord and the landlady and the other denizens of the inn were anxiously waiting on the hill-side for the flood to subside. The air was raw, and so piercingly cold indeed, that it almost literally froze their blood. To secure themselves from its deadly influence, they wrapped themselves in blankets and sheets, which they had carried with them in their flight, and kept perpetually moving to and fro, resembling in fact so many spectres in grave-clothes engaged in their nightly revels. They had had timely warning of the approach of the flood, and from their elevated position had seen it encircle the inn to a considerable depth. It was no wonder therefore that they thought with sinking hearts of its effects on their little home. The hostess wrung her hands in agony, as the picture arose on her mind of fractured glass and crockery, and the bedraggled linen which had once been the pride of her heart. The landlord groaned as he thought of the cows and the pigs which had been purchased at the market only the day before.

'The purtiest critturs that ever was seen,' said he sorrowfully; 'and the English gentleman too,

so dacent and fair-spoken! Bad luck to it! the pigs an' them lovely cows'—

'Pigs! cows! ye fool!' interjected his help-mate gruffly; 'what's them to my new sheets and iligant furnishings? We'll never see the like o' them again!'

While this little colloquy was going on, Dan, who had so vainly endeavoured to arouse Mr Simon Lee from his slumbers, approached the worthy pair.

'What's come over the English gentleman, Dan? Why didn't ye bring him down with ye, me boy?' said the landlord, who now for the first time had composure enough to put the question.

'Sure how could I?' replied Dan; 'sorra a bit of him would git up.'

'Did ye tell him that the floode was coomin'?'

'Sure I did.'

'And what did he say?'

'Why, says he, as cool and unconcerned as Biddy M'Guire's cow, "I bein't agoin' by it." Who knows, but he's many a mile down the wathers by this time, poor gintleman. Ah! he was a cool one!'

In this last sentiment the landlord and his belated companions were not long in acquiescing; for in a short time Dan had quite a crowd of listeners round him, composed of the inhabitants of the village, who now heard with sorrowful interest the story of the 'cool Englishman' who would not get up from his bed even to avoid destruction!

So the hours of that eventful morning wore away. At about six o'clock the sun rose wan and red behind the hills, and revealed to them the inn half buried in the water. At seven o'clock the violence of the flood began to slacken; and by eight o'clock the water had sunk so far that the landlord and his family, accompanied by their neighbours, ventured to descend the hill. As they neared the inn, they were able to discern more clearly than they had hitherto done the nature and extent of the loss they had sustained. The water which had penetrated into the inn, had in retreating, carried with it various articles of furniture, linen, &c., leaving in exchange a somewhat less desirable commodity—mud. Alas too for the pigs and cows! The cows had both been drowned in their byre, and now lay half buried in slime and entangled with weeds. Three of the four pigs had been carried away by the flood; one of them, the pride of its master's heart, lay stretched dead on a bank. The inn itself presented a sorry spectacle, the whitewashed walls being muddy and discoloured, and the glass of its windows shattered.

Whilst the family and their friends were bemoaning the hapless fate of the cool Englishman, and devising measures for recovering his remains, a sudden and startling noise was heard proceeding from the interior of the inn. It sounded like some one in large clumsy boots descending a flight of wooden stairs. This noise considerably alarmed the neighbours, who had imagined the house to be entirely unoccupied; nor were the landlord and his family less alarmed, as they speculated upon the ghost of the English gentleman, who they all imagined had been carried away and drowned by the flood. Many of the most timorous shewed a strong disposition to flee, and one of them hazarded

* Its preservation, we are informed, was due to a large bank which partially sheltered it from the water.

in a whisper that it must be the Demon of the mountains, a personage held in great awe by the villagers at that time, and who was represented by local traditions to emerge from his place of concealment—a woody covert in the glen above—in time of floods, and to stalk down with gigantic steps into the valley below. The conjecture thus thrown out as to the cause of the mysterious noise inside the inn was but too readily believed by the other rustics; but Dan valiantly combated the absurd notion. But at that very instant, however, the true author of the disturbance appeared to view. This was, as the reader will have guessed, no other than Mr Simon Lee himself!

If the Demon of the mountain presented half the extraordinary appearance that Simon Lee presented when he issued forth from the inn-door before the astonished eyes of the assembled villagers, that Demon must have been well worthy of his race and of his name; for be it known that our hero came attired in nought but a long blue dressing-gown, a pair of heavy boots, and a white cotton nightcap. And so sudden was this apparition, that the villagers manifested more than ever a strong disposition to take to their heels, and would doubtless have made themselves exceedingly scarce had not the valiant Dan again restrained them.

'The sorra a Demon is there,' he shouted; 'sure, it's the cool English gentleman himself. Look at his dressin'-gownd and noightcap. Did ye iver see the Demon wearin' a dressin'-gownd loike that before?'

While Dan was thus rallying the fears of the assembled rustics, our hero advanced in a dignified manner, astonished at the sensation which he appeared to have excited. After a moment's consideration, however, he came to the conclusion that it must be all due to the awe and respect which—as he flattered himself—his deportment never failed to inspire. Much gratified by this idea, he infused into his manner even more dignity than was his wont.

Attired in his long blue dressing-gown and huge white nightcap, and situated as he was with regard to those who had given him up as a lost man, Simon may well have awakened terror in the superstitious minds of those ignorant rustics.

Gradually, however, they discovered their mistake, and having learned that it was really the cool Englishman, and no apparition, they mustered up courage enough to approach him.

Superstitious fear, we may remark, is near akin to superstitious reverence—reverence, that is, for people who do not deserve it at all, or only in a small degree. The villagers who had at first been afraid of Simon, now lionised him. The account which Dan had given them of his bravery had so worked upon their imaginations, that they now came to regard him as some great hero, and testified their admiration in a way which was somewhat unpleasant to the object of it. There was literally a rage for him. The rustics shoved and jostled each other in their efforts to obtain a nearer view of the illustrious stranger, at the same time giving vent to their enthusiastic emotions in such exclamations as, 'Three cheers for the hero of the inn,' 'One cheer more for the brave Englishman,' and the like; and as there were more than half a hundred of them, and each rustic was

gifted with stentorian lungs, the clamour may be better imagined than described. To add too, to the confusion of their hero, the rustics crowded round him so closely, that the unfortunate little man suffered not a little physical discomfort. It was therefore with no small difficulty that Simon succeeded in extricating himself from the hands of his troublesome admirers; and having at length done so, ascended a small knoll, and there took up his position; while the natives formed a dense circle below him, their numbers being every moment augmented by fresh stragglers from the village.

A WORD ABOUT TOYS.

THOUGH toys are becoming every year more complete, more expensive, more luxurious, it is a question whether, for all their wealth of playthings, the Ernests and Ediths of to-day have a real advantage over the Jacks and Jills that went before them.

Jack of the good old times had his ship which he himself constructed, and which was always imperfect, and often ungainly. He had his box of tools, and was handy with them; and his soldiers—two dozen in a blue card-board box, with a picture of a battle on the cover—were the greatest heroes that ever trod the earth. They were the delight of his holiday heart, and so was his brass pea-cannon, until on some luckless and very early day he discharged it with too much military ardour, and pulling out the spring, disabled his whole battery of artillery at once. As for Jill, she had her doll, which she loved with a distinct personal affection, and which Jack despised and yet tolerated. She held long conversations with it on the moral responsibilities of a young lady with such a grand dress—made out of a piece of her own old muslin frock: she cut out and sewed its clothes, dressed it, and put it regularly to bed. A lady of advanced age of our acquaintance, noted for taste in dress, traces her accomplishment to the practice of making doll's clothes when a girl. The old-fashioned toy system at least among ladies had therefore its uses.

As for Jack and Jill together, they lived in a realm of fancy as bright, if not as tangibly real as fairyland itself—for fairyland was real, at least to Jill. They were king and queen when they chose, had 'sham' armies and a 'sham' court; killed each other in battle, with brown-paper armour on their gallant breasts. They had a castle on the top landing, with more gorgeous tapestries and furniture—out of the lumber-room—than are to be found at Windsor. They played at 'house' behind the easy-chair, and served princely suppers with delicious dishes of orange-peel and paper. We have known children to go farther than this, and soon forgetting all toys from the shop, amuse themselves endlessly with a quantity of coloured bugle-beads ripped from old mats, and such odds and ends as old squares of paint, neat American clothes-pegs, and draughtsmen. With these poor materials and a foreign

coin they were wonderfully constructive. The beads standing on end served for armies; or they constructed cities, houses, railways and railway companies with full stock, or banks for which they kept accounts, though necessarily of a most primitive nature. The coin was used to decide, by tossing up on a corner of the table, whether the men fell or stood in battle, whether passengers came into the 'paint' railway carriages, or depositors to the bank. The tossing was carried on with the greatest intelligence, and thus chance was made the grand new element in this wonderfully diversified system of play. Happy Jack and Jill! wherever Fate has sent you drifting now far out into the real world, you have carried with you, from your old self-created unreal world, gifts with which no fairy godmother could have dowered you—a power of imagination vivid and inexhaustible, a quick invention, a capability of rising from the poor tangible sources of enjoyment to the rich and invisible ones; and above all the faculty of being easily made happy, which is in itself a purse of Fortunatus such as too few in the hard-worked world are lucky enough to possess.

Now, Ernest and Edith, born some years later, and endowed from their infancy with a silver spoon, have such an abundance of perfect and luxurious toys, that they run the risk of losing not only most of the childish pleasures of fancy, but much of the grand imagination and ready wit which the nature of their toys helped to bestow on Jack and Gill. Look for a proof of this at the dolls destined for dainty Miss Edith, which are to be seen any day in the Burlington Arcade, or which were, last year, shewn in far more imposing array in the Paris Exhibition. Dolls ranging to several guineas in price are common enough in London; but in Paris a greater excess was reached. In the Exhibition were to be seen dolls dressed in the most unchildish manner in the highest fashion, placed in a sort of tableau arrangement, every part of which was minutely perfect. For instance, there was a drawing-room in which the mimic upholstery was of the richest description; the waxen ladies were supposed to drink tea from a miniature set of real china; the clock upon the mantel-piece had a tiny mechanism that made it go; and the pianoforte, small as it appeared, proved to be no dumb show when its keys were touched. We cannot suppose that even the most wealthy are in the habit of giving to their children such wonderful effects of mechanism as this; but articles of lesser degrees of luxury, perfect and marvellous, are often enough played with and thrown away by children whose parents can afford a few extra guineas for their amusement.

The dolls' clothes are no longer made by the deft fingers of little girls; they are the work of milliners and doll-makers, who save the purchasers all wholesome trouble in the future; and the sizes of Parisian dolls being numbered, and their shoes, clothes, and hats numbered to correspond in the shops, the little girl who requires a new doll's mantle or pair of shoes has only to go to the toy-shop and state the number of her doll, to obtain something

exactly fitting it! In a word, the best days of doll-keeping seem to be over, and with the simply dressed dolls, or those that their little mistresses clothed with their own busy fingers, all the best meaning of the toy is vanishing. Once the much-loved doll led to taste in arranging and fitting pieces of dress, and then to a just pleasure in the finished work neatly done—work which led to the pretty custom of cherishing and treasuring up and hugging still the dear old plaything, even when its beauty had departed. And it led also in not a few cases to better things. For instance, there was but an easy step from the pleasure of doll-dressing to that beautiful and but too rare custom of the children preparing clothing at Christmas-time for the poorest infant that could be found.

Master Ernest's toys keep pace with Miss Edith's. There was but a poor show of boys' tool-boxes to be seen in the Exhibition, which one may take as a fair index of the present fashion of playthings. Soldiers, of the new solid-lead make, were there in boxes containing hundreds—the result of which last arrangement is that, for the child, the fatigue of preparation is greater than the amusement of the game. We have seen a little boy tire of 'standing up' his men before there was even talk of the battle beginning; and his father, who had a man's perseverance and patience, set the troops in order. There were also forts elaborately made, but not permitting any play of invention in placing or managing their garrison. Instead of the good old race games—at which we ourselves have played not till all was blue, but till all was red, that being the complementary colour of the bright green board—there are nowadays circular boards covered with dark-green, on which horses run by hidden mechanism, one being destined to run faster than the other; and the only interest of the game attaching to guesses as to which is the fast horse, and consequent bets thereon—a fair introduction for Master Ernest to perilous speculation on the turf.

In the old days, Jack took a pride in securing a suitable piece of wood at the timber-yard, and slowly shaping out of it his own boat or ship, and carving every mast and yard. In these days, Ernest, when he wants to construct anything, has only to buy the various parts and put them together. Of course money is necessary, but he is never at a loss for that; and instead of saving up pence like Jack to buy wood and tools, he saves shillings and half-crowns, and purchases everything, beginning with the carved and painted hull, and going down to minute blocks and capstan and compass. Of course his ship is much finer and more correct than was Jack's of old; but it is to be doubted if he had as much real pleasure—not to speak of instruction—in putting it together as Jack had in laboriously and diligently making his. So it is with the whole range of playthings. Fancy and imagination are no longer brought into exercise by them; and these are qualities which are of no small value, and which children possess at the outset in an extraordinary degree. A taste for money is developed, and an inability to enjoy small pleasures or be amused by little things. Of those who have considered the question, there are few who will not admit that the luxurious toys of the present age are

stunting in children's minds some qualities well worth cherishing, and introducing in their stead unchildish feelings and tastes. The beautiful toys that crowd the best shops of our great cities have in many cases too much of the glitter of money behind their beauty. Their free use, and their swift advance to a greater completeness and luxury, are calculated to make Ernest and Edith less childlike than Jack and Jill—less childlike, because possessing in a far less degree three of the grand prerogatives of children—their glorious imagination, their power of being easily made happy, and their winning and enviable simplicity.

UP THE RIVER WITH A LUNATIC.

ALF DIXON, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering-lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr Rawle. As I understood it, the Doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gipsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular, as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-bye, preparatory to getting into the boat, the Doctor laughingly said: 'Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of shewing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favour you with some observations which will make you open your eyes.'

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-bye, and left the Doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze, fanning the surface of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily.

I am a good bit of traveller, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably, we had come for river beauties and the camping-out; presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lilian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mister—there was no Missis. We had met the young lady at several dances and such-like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs Mackenzie. Apparently Mr Travers was not a party-man. But Lilian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverwards had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the Doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds; we talked little, and that little was of Lilian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yards; we were close to the shore; Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazying, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in colour. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out: 'Stop!'

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

'Gentlemen,' he said, still at the top of his voice, 'I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired.'

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favour; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

'I am afraid,' said Alf, 'we have hardly room; she's only built for three.'

'Oh, that doesn't matter,' he said; 'you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you.'

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

'All right,' said he; 'we don't mind, if you don't.—Steer her in, Jack.'

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore, than quite unexpectedly he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

'Hang it!' I said; 'take care, or you'll have us over.'

'What if I do?' he returned. 'It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?'

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence of the remark, was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilt us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat see-sawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering-lines from my hands, and slipped them over his shoulders.

'Excuse me,' I said, making a snatch at them; 'but if you'll allow me.'

'Not at all,' he said; 'I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it.'

His coolness was amusing; he was impenetrable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a second or two.

'Come,' he said, 'when are you going to start?'

'Perhaps,' said Alf, a bit nettled, 'as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time.'

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

'Where are you going?' said Alf. 'Keep us in.'

'I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong.'

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other; he took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow-trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

'I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat.'

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash, Dr Rawle's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair; a habit of shewing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay the probability of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them, have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr Rawle's warning: 'Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue,' made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped

right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes, my muscles were strung, my fists clenched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

'What the dickens are you up to?' said Alf. 'What's the matter with you?'

'Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth!' said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

'N-o—nothing,' I said. 'I think I'll sit in the bow.' I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

'Is the fellow mad?' roared Alf.

At the word 'mad' the stranger rose up straight as a post. 'Mad!' he said; 'do you know, sir?—' He checked himself and sat down. 'Pooh! he's only a boy.'

In passing Tom, I whispered in his ear. 'The lunatic,' I said.

'What!' said Tom right out loud.

'Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr Rawle's!'

'The'—

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering-seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned: there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

'What's the meaning of this insolence?' he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

'I beg your pardon,' said Alf, cool as a cucumber. 'To what insolence do you refer?'

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent but risky; I couldn't forget Dr Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise, he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

'Thank you,' he said; 'I shall not forget this.'

There was a sound about his 'I shall not forget this,' I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporised a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behaviour before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes travelled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every

second. If I hadn't called out, he would have run us right into the shore; when I called, he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

'I—I will get out,' he said, in an odd nervous way.

'With pleasure,' said Alf; 'in a minute.'

'Why not now? Why not now sir?' he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

'Where are you going to get?—into the river?' I admired Alf's coolness, I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said: 'This will do; I'll get out here.'

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough, than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leapt on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

'Now, come,' he said, 'don't be foolish; we know all about it.'

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. 'What do you mean?'

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. 'Come,' he said, 'don't let's have a row.'

The stranger raised himself to his full height, and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet, and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf finding their feet, made for him together; and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful; his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by-standers seeing a row, came up; they interfered, and pulled us off.

'Here's a pretty go!' said one. 'What's all this?'

'Stop him! lay hold of him!' said Alf; 'he's a lunatic!'

'A what?' said the man.

'He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr Rawle's asylum!'

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. 'There's some mistake,' he said; 'this gentleman is Mr Travers of Tollhurst Hall.'

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate

idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lilian Travers' father! I could have shrunk into my boots, I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted, and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lilian Travers' father! Never did three men look such 'fools' as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it, that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first-rate joke; but he *must* have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusion to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we never should forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this, I have never seen Lilian Travers, nor do I wish to.

A SUMMER REQUIEM.

SPIRIT of Summer! thou whose honeyed sweets
Ne'er fail fulfilment of their promise fair;
Thou at whose smile Earth's odorous voices rise,
To fill with balmy breath the gladdened air;
Where are thy songs, thy melodies, thy lays,
That cheered our weary hearts, and soothed our pain?

Silent thy music now, thy songsters fled,
And nothing but their memories remain;
Faded thy blossoms, all thy buds decayed,
While hollow winds moan sadly through thy bowers.

Yet though thy smiling gardens bloom no more,
We'll not forget the perfume of thy flowers.
Gone are thy cloudless days; thy happy skies
Are dim and tearful now 'neath Winter's frown;
Disrobed thy trees, as the last dying leaves
From naked boughs come slowly fluttering down.

How sad to wander through thy sodden woods,
Gray with a brooding mist, damp with decay,
Where Summer's leaves lie rotting at our feet,
Or by the chilly blast are borne away.

Now faint the scent of dead and dying plants;
Now clings the fungus to the humid stone,
And croaks the frog from yonder weedy marsh,
For all the woodland happiness is gone.

If on the blackened stems some wintry ray
Athwart should fall and linger there awhile,
'Twould be but as the echo of a song,
The shadow of a once familiar smile.

Our brightest joys are ever quickest fled,
As fade the rainbow colours in the sky;
We do not prize our happiness enough;
We scarcely feel it as it passes by.

Through looking always for some joy unknown,
To-day must ever incomplete remain,
And not till past, we know how sweet it was.
Spirit of Summer, visit us again!

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 825.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WHEN, thirty years ago, we began to reside during the summer months on the banks of the Tweed, we were fortunate in having for acquaintance, in the neighbouring town of Peebles, a gentleman of agreeable manners, singular sagacity, versatility of talent, great earnestness of purpose, and withal a keen sense of humour and love of anecdote. This was Mr John Bathgate. Professionally a solicitor and banker, he occupied the responsible position of Procurator Fiscal for Peeblesshire. Mr Bathgate was one of those rare individuals who are able at once to 'see the idea.' At the slightest hint he saw the bearings of a case, which others failed to comprehend. Desirous to promote improvements of all sorts, he took a lead in establishing a railway between Peebles and Edinburgh, which in spite of dolorous prognostications, has proved a marvellous success; for besides being an eight per cent. line in perpetuity, it has largely increased the prosperity of the district. He had 'seen the idea,' which a number of people who affected to be very wise could not see at all. Useful in forwarding every good work, and never grudging trouble, a pang came over the neighbourhood when he announced his intention of emigrating with his family to New Zealand. 'What could he mean? He was much esteemed, had an excellent business, and got through his varied duties without difficulty.' We happen to know why he contemplated taking this extreme step. One of his reasons was that his numerous family were growing up, and the settling of them in life might become a source of perplexity. But a more serious reason consisted in an alarming bronchial affection, and he felt that if he tried to encounter a repetition of winters in Great Britain, his doom would speedily be the churchyard. For safety, a warmer and more equable climate was necessary. Moved by these considerations, Mr Bathgate gave up all

his appointments, disposed of his property, and honoured with testimonials of public respect and remembrance, shipped himself off with his wife and family to New Zealand.

This was in 1863, at which time, as a British colony, New Zealand was still in its infancy. We, in fact, remember the commencement of it in 1840, under the auspices of the New Zealand Association, of which Edward Gibbon Wakefield was the moving spirit. Wakefield's notion was to found settlements of a temptingly denominational character. One, to be called Canterbury, with Christchurch as its capital, was to be specially a home for members of the Church of England. Another, designated Otago, with New Edinburgh as its capital, was to be set aside for Scottish Presbyterians. Possibly, the scheme was of service at the outset in attracting settlers. A prospectus having fallen into our hands, we felt an objection to the name New Edinburgh. Indeed, we dislike all names of places with the word 'New,' such as New York, New Orleans, and so on. The term New Zealand, which like others of its kind shews weakness of invention, is particularly senseless and objectionable. With this opinion, we suggested in a letter to the Editor of a New Zealand journal, published in London, that for the name New Edinburgh might advantageously be substituted the term Dunedin, which is the Celtic name for Edinburgh. The suggestion was embraced by the New Zealand Association, and hence Dunedin became the accepted name for the capital of the province of Otago. Dunedin, to which, from the incident mentioned, we entertain somewhat the feelings of a godfather, was the port to which our friend Mr Bathgate was bound; and after some professional changes, he has been appointed a judge in this part of the colony.

As for New Zealand generally, the denominational characteristics have long since vanished, and so have the separate provincial jurisdictions. The whole colony is under a central government at Wellington; the country at large possessing free county and burghal administrations. The law of

England, with some modifications, is universally established, and is well administered by judges and magistrates in various quarters. There is no Church established by statute; but there is a profusion of self-supporting churches of different denominations, and all exist in harmony with each other. There is a system of elementary and secondary education under the direction of an Education Department, as effective and successful as that in the United Kingdom.

Sixteen years have elapsed since our friend voyaged fourteen thousand miles across the ocean in search of a new home. Once more, to general delight, he visits his old haunts on the Tweed, being absent on leave for a year, and designs to deliver some popular lectures on New Zealand as a field for emigration. Of his private affairs we say nothing, further than that with children and grandchildren his surroundings are quite patriarchal. The real interest in his reappearance consists in our procuring thoroughly trustworthy information concerning the country of his adoption, now eagerly inquired after by persons who think of bettering their circumstances by emigration. On this topic we propose to offer the following particulars, gathered from conversations with Judge Bathgate, and from a perusal of his lectures on the subject.*

Situated in the southern Pacific, the New Zealand islands, three in number, enjoy a remarkably fine and salubrious climate, without extremes of heat or cold. While Canada is under snow for several months in the year, and parts of Australia are scorched with droughts and hot winds, New Zealand is green, fertile, and beautiful all the year round, with but a small difference in temperature between summer and winter. The circumstance that few places in New Zealand are more than a hundred miles from the sea, must also be beneficial. Some parts of the coast are indented with picturesque sounds or fiords, such as are seen in Norway and the west coast of Scotland. There are ranges of lofty mountains, from which flow refreshing rivers, that are sometimes in high flood, but never run dry. Much of the unimproved land is covered with natural fern, which is a good indication of a capacity to produce heavy grain crops. When reached by the early settlers, thirty-nine years ago, New Zealand was inhabited by scattered tribes of Maoris, with whom there was some trouble; but by judicious arrangements there are no longer dissensions on this score. The entire number of colonists is now four hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and twelve, against forty-five thousand Maoris, and these are chiefly in the Northern Island, there being only nineteen hundred widely scattered in the Middle Island. Since the imperial government withdrew the troops ten years ago, the people of New Zealand

have been taught self-reliance, and are now able to defend themselves and keep the peace by means of a volunteer force and body of armed constabulary. The true peace-makers, however, are roads, railways, and the spread of civilised usages.

'No one,' says Mr Bathgate, 'who thinks of New Zealand either as a field for investment or for settlement ought to look upon the Maori element as deserving the least consideration, further than this, that the land which could produce and maintain so noble and handsome a race as the Maoris undoubtedly are, must be admirably adapted for the support of a population having capital and skill to turn its resources to satisfactory account. I have often seen at Government House elegantly dressed Maori belles going through the figures of a set of quadrilles with as much grace and appreciation as their fairer *vis-à-vis*. The dusky matrons, wives of chiefs, richly and fashionably dressed, but with tattooed lips, would cluster round their lithe and handsome daughters, and view their performance with intense and admiring interest. One of these girls was nicknamed Grace Darling, from her having on one occasion swum out to a wreck and rescued two men. Many of the Maoris have let their lands, live in affluence, some of them keeping their carriages. A silent change is going on, which will gradually assimilate both races and habits of thought. In the meantime old tastes will occasionally crop up. A chief being strongly urged to drain a shallow lake on his land, asked the reason why. He was told that the land would keep so many sheep if improved. "Who," he replied, "would care for mutton when they could get eels?"'

Wellington, the seat of government, is situated on a point of land at the south extremity of the North Island, near a strait of five-and-twenty miles wide, which divides it from the Middle Island. In the North Island are extensive settlements, with good-sized towns, one of these being Auckland, which has attained considerable commercial importance. On the east side of this Northern Island are some wide-sweeping bays, the Bay of Plenty and Hawke's Bay being perhaps best known. A resident in this quarter, the Rev. J. Berry, says of the climate: 'In my own garden in Napier, Hawke's Bay, my geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, &c. flowered the whole of the winter in the open air, and from my fig-trees I gathered two heavy fully ripened crops in one year. An English farmer finds it difficult to realise how little is needed to farm in such a climate. Horses, sheep, and cattle live in the open air all the year round in five-sixths of New Zealand.' Christchurch is situated on the east side of the Middle Island; and further on lies Otago, with its harbour, called Port Chalmers, leading to Dunedin, in the forty-fifth degree of south latitude—an exceedingly good latitude to live in; for it is ten degrees nearer the equator than Edinburgh, and is as joyous as the more pleasant parts of France.

Mr Bathgate, who finally dropped down on this agreeable latitude, and has travelled about all round for a few hundred miles, is in raptures with the climate of part of Otago, even although it does

* The Lectures are preparing for delivery in different places, and will thereafter be published. Judge Bathgate's present address is 'Peebles.'

not grow figs and oranges like that of Hawke's Bay. Here is what he says: 'A hundred years ago Captain Cook observed that when he put into one of the sounds of the Middle Island to refit, almost the entire crew were affected with scurvy. In fourteen days they were all restored to health. As regards personal experience; when in the old country a winter never elapsed without a touch of bronchitis, or as it was called taking a bad cold. During sixteen years' residence in the colony, I have enjoyed excellent health. For the last six years while occupying my present judicial position, with a large amount of hard work—there being on an average three thousand five hundred civil cases disposed of yearly, many of those most important and intricate—I have never been a day absent from illness. The same good health has prevailed in my large family, eleven of them residing with me, or settled in the neighbourhood. I am therefore fully justified in expressing my confident belief that New Zealand is one of the healthiest countries known. Travellers from the adjoining colonies, where the same high conditions in regard to health do not exist, are invariably struck with the ruddy complexions and vigorous healthful look of the children in Dunedin. It is so observable, that in a family where the elder members are born in Victoria, a marked difference in favour of the children born in Dunedin can be observed. The healthful character of the New Zealand climate is partly owing to the clear elastic atmosphere, the evaporative power and the rainfall being nicely balanced; to an absence of extremes of either heat or cold; to an abundance of running water, without pestilential swamps; and to the cool refreshing nights even in the height of summer.'

In conversing with Judge Bathgate, he mentions the curious fact, that, arising from the buoyancy and mildness of the climate, the children born in New Zealand do not seem to shew the craving for stimulants that is apt to be demonstrated in the northern countries of Europe. Among them, generally, he says, there is a marked absence of a taste for alcoholic liquors. They do not need artificial exhilaration. He has seen large numbers of these New Zealand youths collected on festive occasions, and they never thought of the indulgences that with us form part of the common routine. The idea is suggested that the appetite for intoxicating drinks in the old country may be as much due to the depressing nature of the climate as to mischievous social influences. At any rate, there is a satisfaction in knowing that with exceptions arising from special causes, there is now growing up a robust English race at the antipodes free from the degrading vices that are a constant and increasing reproach to our community.

In his lectures, Judge Bathgate states that in New Zealand there is the same healthy conditions in animal life. He says: 'Among sheep, diseases are almost unknown. Horses, cattle, poultry, all thrive amazingly. Imported birds and quadrupeds increase at an unprecedented rate. Starlings, introduced only a few years ago, are now found very numerous. Hares and game-birds are abundant. Rabbits have multiplied on some runs so as to be a pest; but the owners have in several instances subdivided their estates into small farms and sold them to settlers, by whom the

rabbits are easily and freely extirpated. Combined with the healthiness of animals deemed valuable by the agriculturist, there is a total absence of noxious wild beasts and reptiles. Surveyors and early settlers could encounter tent-life for months with impunity. New Zealand maintains the same pre-eminence in other branches of vital statistics. It stands first in order among the Australian colonies, and much before the United Kingdom, in birth-rate. The excess of births over deaths is higher than in any of the Australian colonies.'

Such is the general prosperity of New Zealand, that already among the Australasian colonies, it stands third in point of production. It annually exports wool to the value of about four million pounds; the principal export of the article being to London. Of gold, its exports in 1877 amounted to £1,476,312. Of agricultural products, principally wheat and oats, its exports reached the sum of £443,721. The export of wheat is largely on the increase. 'The climate in South Canterbury and the adjoining part of Otago is proved to be specially adapted for the growth of cereals. A crop of sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is not uncommon. Ninety bushels of oats to the acre have been reaped. The average is about thirty-two bushels per annum, which average production is double that of New South Wales and Victoria, and three times that of South Australia. In point of return, it is far before European countries, excepting Denmark and Holland, which are almost equal. The nearness to the sea, and the excess in fertility compared with other grain-producing countries, do far more than compensate for the distance of the colony from the English market. Wheat grown in New Zealand ten miles from a harbour, can be placed in London at an average freight of a shilling and eightpence a bushel. With wheat as low in price in London as forty-five shillings per quarter, the New Zealand grower would receive a return of six pounds per acre, which after deducting three pounds as the expense of cultivation, would leave a clear profit of three pounds per acre. These favourable circumstances will enable the New Zealand farmer to compete advantageously with the growers of Europe, Egypt, and the American continent.'

In different parts of New Zealand there have sprung up large and successful manufactories. One timber and woodware factory employs seven hundred hands. This species of manufacture is facilitated by the most improved American machinery. Doors and window-sashes, as well as expensive furniture, are rapidly becoming articles of export. An agricultural implement manufactory in Dunedin made and sold last year eleven hundred double-furrow ploughs, three hundred and fifty reaping-machines, two hundred and eighty farm-drays, besides harrows, rollers, and a host of small articles. The establishment employs one hundred and seventy-five hands, mostly at high wages. The reason why double-furrow ploughs are used is because the soil is so easily turned over that a plough can execute two furrows at once. Carriages are now produced in Dunedin of as elegant workmanship and finish as anything in Longacre. And why not? English artisans have carried their skill to the other end of the world. At a woollen factory set up ten miles from Dunedin, first-class tweeds, blankets, shawls, and hosiery are produced. A hundred and fifty hands are employed;

the wages of girls and young men ranging from ten to thirty shillings a week, boys from ten to fifteen shillings, and men from thirty-six shillings to seventy shillings. A capital of seventy thousand pounds is invested, yielding a profit of ten per cent. The demand for goods is larger than the supply. In the iron-trade there are flourishing concerns, producing the machinery of flour-mills, flax-mills, oatmeal mills, paper-mills, land and marine steam-engines, bridges, and so forth. Besides miscellaneous manufactories, there are now twelve printing-offices in Dunedin, which employ over three hundred hands. There is a large army of newspaper runners, by whom the daily journals are delivered from door to door.

New Zealand abounds in mineral wealth. Besides gold, almost every variety of iron ore has been discovered, and only needs to be dug and worked to advantage. The colony may be said to be one vast coal-field. In seven collieries in the neighbourhood of Dunedin, about two hundred and fifty men are employed, putting out upwards of fifty thousand tons annually, which sells in town at thirteen shillings a ton. This industry is extending rapidly. In the abundance of coal and iron alone, there lie the elements of prodigious prosperity. Eleven hundred miles of railway have been opened in the colony. All the lines are of three feet six inches gauge, which is exceedingly suitable for a young country. Carriages for the lines are now built in the colony. The locomotives are imported from the United States, American makers, as it seems, being more flexible in meeting orders of a special kind than English manufacturers.

Whatever be the inducements held out for manufacturing and commercial industry in New Zealand, they are greatly exceeded by enterprise in the acquisition of land and in agricultural pursuits. On this account, Judge Bathgate addresses himself principally to capitalists and farmers. He points out that there is no idle class in the colony. All are actively employed in some kind of useful industry. We postpone to a second article the arrangements respecting the purchase and working of lands, and meanwhile only say that by exercising prudence in acquiring lands by ready-money payments, or by postponed annual payments over a space of ten years, a young agriculturist will be able to set himself up as a proprietor of freehold estate at an outlay equivalent to the capital required for stocking and working a farm in the old country, for which he would have to pay an annual rent, and find himself as landless at the end of his lease as at the beginning. Some large land-holders are willing to sell farms on postponed terms, extending up to twenty-five years. New Zealand, therefore, is peculiarly adapted as a home for those who wish to farm their own lands. No doubt, labour is dearer in New Zealand than in England or Scotland; but this dearness is not felt, because there is no rent to pay, rates and taxes are trifling, less labour is necessary on account of the mildness of winter, horses are maintained at a small expense, and for a time at least, there need be comparatively little outlay for restoratives to the lands under culture.

In reflecting on these advantages, one is startled with the conviction that Great Britain, with its rent charges, its heavy taxes and rates, and its sadly deteriorating climate, which now can scarcely

be said to comprehend any regular summer, has no chance against New Zealand, where the farmer is a gentleman, owning the land he occupies. Let it be understood, however, that the balance in favour of this flourishing colony cannot continue long as it is. The lands are getting speedily settled, and must inevitably rise to a value which will be beyond the means of small capitalists. Those who wish to transfer themselves to this new field of enterprise have no time to lose. Following the example of Judge Bathgate, the sooner they are off the better. W. C.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONCLUDED).

CHAPTER VII.—THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

WALTER met with a friendly reception from General De Bougy, a brave old warrior who had served under Napoleon, and fought at Waterloo, where he had been severely wounded, and had lost his right foot by a cannon-ball. His hair was gray, and his countenance weather-bent; but in spite of his age and infirmities, he enjoyed tolerably good health, and was always in good-humour. Having from long experience become a keen observer of those around him, it was not long before he recognised the merits of his new servant, to whom he soon became as much attached as his nephew had been.

Walter had been about three months in the General's service, and it seemed to all appearance as if he was likely to become a permanent there, when a letter arrived from Paris, the reading of which suddenly changed the customary quietude of the old man into the deepest gloom.

'This is a sad affair,' said he to Walter, who happened to be in the room at the time. 'My poor nephew!'

'Mr Lafond? What is the matter with him?' inquired Walter earnestly.

'He is ill, dangerously ill, poor fellow, so the doctor informs me,' replied the General. 'You can read the letter yourself. He seems to complain of being surrounded by strangers, with no one in the house that he can rely on. If I were not such an old cripple, I would go and help him to the best of my ability; for although he has led a thoughtless, reckless life, a more thorough-hearted gentleman does not live. Poor Adolphe!'

'I must go to him sir,' said Walter suddenly, after hastily reading the letter, the perusal of which had driven all the colour from his cheeks.

'You! Why, it is not long since you left him; and what do you want to go back for?' inquired the General in surprise.

'Can you not guess sir? I must go and nurse him. He must at least have one person near him to pay him some attention.'

'If you care for him so,' exclaimed the General, 'why did you leave his service?'

This led Walter to explain to the old gentleman the reasons which had compelled him to give up his situation, and again to beg permission to act the part of nurse to his former master. A tear sparkled in the old man's eye as the youth declared the attachment he had always cherished for Mr Lafond. 'Go to him then,' said he. 'I cannot trust him to a more faithful attendant; and as soon as I can, I will follow you, and

take my place with you by his bedside. Poor Adolphe! Had he only possessed firmness of character and avoided bad company, he might have been well and strong to-day. But his unhappy weakness has brought him to the grave before his time, in spite of all my warnings and entreaties. As he has sowed, so must he reap. Ah! Walter, his fate is a terrible proof of the consequences of evil habits. But all regrets are useless now. Let us lose no time in giving him what little help we can.'

Making all the necessary preparations for the journey without a moment's delay, Walter soon reached Paris. When he entered the chamber of Mr Lafond, he was shocked at the change which a few short months had made in his appearance. It was evident that the doctor had rather disguised than exaggerated the danger he was in. The sunken eyes and withered face shewed only too plainly that the space of time allotted to him on earth was but short. Walter sank on his knees by the bedside, and taking the pale and wasted hand in his, breathed a prayer that God might see fit to deal mercifully with a life yet so young; while the invalid smiled faintly and stroked the cheek of his faithful attendant.

'Dear Walter, how good of you to come back,' murmured the invalid. 'I thought you would not leave me to die alone. I feared that your prediction would prove true, and therefore I did not wish you to go home. I wanted to have a true friend with me at the last moment, which I feel cannot be far off now.'

The mountaineer was too overpowered with grief to make any reply. He tried to utter some words of hope and encouragement; but his heart sank within him, and he felt that the physician's prediction had been only too true.

'Too late!' whispered the dying man, motioning Walter to a seat. 'I am dying, because I had not the decision and resolution of character to control my evil passions. But do not let us speak any more on that subject, for my fate is settled, and cannot be altered now.'

The faithful Switzer saw that Mr Lafond too well knew the critical condition he was in to be deceived by any false hopes, and he therefore did everything in his power to make the last days of the dying man as free from pain and discomfort as possible. Who could tell what might be the effect, even at so late a period, of careful nursing and devoted attention? But all his thoughtful and loving care seemed in vain.

'The end is coming,' said the invalid one evening as the glowing rays of the evening sun streamed into his apartment. 'I shall never more look upon yonder glorious sun, or hear the gay singing of the birds. I have something to say to you, Walter, before I go. Do you see that black cabinet in the corner? I bequeath it to you with everything it contains, and hope with all my heart that it will help you on in the world as you deserve. Here is the key of my desk, in which you will find my will, which confirms you in the possession of the cabinet and all its contents. And now, give me your hand, dear boy. Let me look once more upon your honest face. May heaven bless you for all your kindness and devotion! Farewell!'

Walter bent over the face of the dying man and looked at him with deep emotion. He smiled

and closed his eyes; but after lying in a quiet slumber for about an hour, he awoke with a spasm; his head fell back, and the hapless victim died in the arms of his faithful servant.

The long hours of the night were passed by Walter in weeping and prayer beside the corpse of the master to whose kindness he had owed so much; but when morning dawned, he roused himself from his grief, and gave the directions that were necessary under the melancholy circumstances. It was a great relief to him that General De Bougy arrived towards evening to pay the last honours to his deceased nephew. Two days afterwards the funeral took place; and as the mortal remains were deposited in the family grave, Walter's tears flowed afresh as he thought of the many proofs of friendship he had received from his departed master.

A day or two afterwards he was awakened from his sorrow by news from home. The letter was from neighbour Frieshardt, who again thanked him for the money he had received for the sale of the cattle, praised him for the faithfulness and ability with which he had managed the business; and then went on to speak of Walter's father. 'The old man,' he wrote, 'is in good health, but he feels lonely, and longs for you to come back. "If Watty only were here, I should feel quite young again," he has said to me a hundred times. He sends you his love; and Seppi, who is still with me, and is now a faithful servant, does the same. So good-bye, Walter. I think you now know what you had better do.'

'Yes; there's no doubt about that,' said Walter, after he had with considerable trouble got to the end of the letter. 'I must go back to my mountain home, and keep my poor old father company. There is nothing more to keep me here.'

Without further delay he hastened to the General, shewed him the letter, and told him he had decided to leave Paris and return home.

'Nonsense, Walter!' growled the old gentleman. 'Am I to lose you as well as my nephew, the only relative I had in the world? I won't hear a word of it.'

But the thought of his father's lonely and helpless situation had made such a deep impression on Walter's heart and stirred up such a home-sickness, that he held to his resolution. 'My old father wants me back sir,' said he, 'and you must allow me to go.'

The General used all his powers of persuasion; promised to regard the young mountaineer as his own son; but it was all of no use. Walter spoke so earnestly of his father's solitary home, and the desire he felt to see his native mountains once more, that the old gentleman had to reconcile himself to parting with him. 'Go home then,' said he. 'When the voice of Duty calls, it is sinful to resist. But before you go, we must open my nephew's will. It will surprise me very much if there is nothing in it of importance to you.' Unlocking the desk, the will was found sealed up as it had been left by Mr Lafond. After opening it, the General read the document carefully through, and laid it down on the table with an expression of disappointment. 'Poor fellow!' he exclaimed. 'Death must have surprised him too suddenly, Walter, or he would certainly have left you a larger legacy. This is all he says about you: "To Walter Hirtzel, my faithful and devoted servant,

I bequeath the black cabinet in my bedroom with all its contents, and thank him sincerely for all his attention to me." That is the whole of it. But never mind, my young friend; the old General is still alive, and he will make good all that his nephew has forgotten.'

Walter shook his head. 'Thanks a thousand times dear sir, but indeed I wish for nothing. My feet will carry me to my native valley; and once I am there, I can easily earn my living. I daresay there will be some little keepsake in the cabinet that I can take in memory of my poor master, and I want nothing more.'

'Then search the cabinet at once. Where is the key?'

'Here,' said Walter, taking it from his pocket. 'Mr Lafond gave me the cabinet shortly before his death, and handed me the key at the same time.'

'And have you never thought of opening it to see what it contained?'

'No,' replied Walter. 'It did not occur to me to do so. But I will go and see now.' With these words he left the room, and went up to the apartment where the piece of furniture stood. In the various drawers were found the watch, rings, and jewellery his master had been accustomed to wear. As he viewed these tokens of regard, his eyes were bedewed with melancholy gratitude. Carefully placing the jewellery in a little box, he was about to close the cabinet again, when his eye fell upon a drawer which he had omitted to open. Here, to his infinite surprise, he found a packet with the inscription in his late master's handwriting, 'THE REWARD OF FIDELITY,' which on opening, he found to contain bank-notes for one hundred thousand francs!

'Well, what have you found?' inquired the General eagerly, when the half-bewildered youth returned.

'This watch and jewellery, and a packet of bank-notes,' replied Walter, laying them on the table.

'One hundred thousand francs!' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'That is something worth having. Why, that will be a fortune to you; and I am now sorry that I did my nephew the injustice to think he had forgotten you. I wish you joy with all my heart!'

'For what do you wish me joy sir?'

'For what? For the money,' said the General in surprise.

'But that is not for me,' said the Switzer, shaking his head. 'This watch and the jewellery I will keep as long as I live, in memory of my good master; but the money must have been left there by mistake, and I should feel like a thief if I were to take any of it.'

The old General opened his eyes as wide as he could, and stared in astonishment at the simplicity of the youth. 'I'm afraid you are out of your mind,' said he. 'The will says, "the black cabinet with all its contents." The bank-notes were in it, and of course they are yours.'

'And yet, it must be a mistake.'

'But I tell you it is no mistake,' exclaimed the General impatiently. 'Look at the inscription, "The Reward of Fidelity!" To whom should that apply but to you? Put the money in your pocket, Walter, and let us have no more absurd doubts about it.'

But the young man persisted in his refusal, and

pushed the packet away from him. 'It is too much,' said he; 'I cannot think of robbing you of such a large sum.'

'Robbing me!' ejaculated the General. 'Why, the idea, my good fellow, is preposterous! You will rob no one but yourself if you refuse the windfall. I insist upon your taking the money.'

'No sir. I cannot bring myself to think of it. Mr Lafond can never have intended to give me such a large sum. It is quite impossible!'

'Well, then,' said the General, greatly touched by such singular unselfishness, 'I must settle the business. If you won't take the money, I will take you. From this day, Walter, you are my son! Come to my heart. Old as it is, it beats warmly for fidelity and honesty. Thanks to God that He has given me such a son in my lonely old age!'

Walter stood as if rooted to the spot. But the old man drew him to his breast and embraced him warmly, till both found relief for their feelings in tears.

'But my father!' stammered the young man at last. 'My father is all alone at home!'

'Oh, we will start off to him at once, bag and baggage!' exclaimed the General. 'I know your Fatherland well, and shall very soon feel myself more at home there than I am in France, where there is not a creature left to care for me. Yes, Walter, we will go to the glorious Bernese Oberland, and buy ground, and build a house, within view of your noble mountains, and live there with your father! He shall have cattle and goats to cheer his heart in his old age, and we will lead a happy life together as long as God spares us! I know you would not feel comfortable here, so let us make up our minds, and start for the mountains as soon as we can.'

Walter in his happiness could scarcely believe his ears, and thought the whole a splendid dream. But he soon found the reality. The General sold his property in France, and departed with his adopted son to Switzerland, where he carried out the intention he had so suddenly formed. Old Toni Hirzel renewed his youth when he had his son once more beside him, and he and the General soon became fast friends. A year had scarcely passed ere a beautiful house was built near Meyringen, and furnished with every comfort; while an ample garden surrounded by meadows, in which cows and oxen fed, added to the beauty of the scene. Walter's dream had become a reality; and everything around him was so much better than he had ever dared to hope, that his heart overflowed with gratitude to God, and to the benefactor who had done so much for him.

Nor was this prosperity undeserved. Walter had not spent his time in idleness and sloth. He knew that the diligent hand maketh its owner rich, and he managed the land with so much energy and skill, that he soon became renowned as one of the best farmers in the Oberland. The General and Toni assisted him with their counsel and help as far as they were able; and the old soldier soon experienced the beneficial influence of an active outdoor life and the change of air and scene. His pale cheeks grew once more ruddy with health, and he soon grew so active, that he even forgot that his right foot lay buried on the field of Waterloo.

Thus the little family lived in happiness, enjoy-

ing the good wishes of all their neighbours, and the gratitude of all who were in want; for they were always ready to relieve out of their abundance any who needed it. Mr Seymour increased their happiness by visiting his friend Walter nearly every year, and rejoiced in the prosperity which God had bestowed upon him as a reward for his honesty and uprightness.

THE END.

SUB-EDITING A LONDON NEWSPAPER.

BY A LONDON SUB-EDITOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written about the inner life of our great newspaper establishments, the popular conception with regard to it is still of a very hazy and, indeed, incorrect character. The intricacy and magnitude of the work done cannot be well imagined by one who draws his conclusions from the completed broad-sheet at his breakfast-table. It is rather in what does *not*, than in what does appear, that the untold labour skill and experience brought to the compilation of a morning newspaper, can be justly estimated.

Though it is popularly supposed that the main work connected with the compilation of a morning newspaper is accomplished in the editor's room, the work is really done in that of the sub-editor, and by that important functionary and his staff, to whom we shall now introduce our readers—leaving out of account in the meanwhile, the important responsibilities of the editor-in-chief.

Imagine then a moderately sized apartment in which there are five or six writing-tables; on each table a green-globed lamp, and before each lamp a pale-faced man. The principal of the sub-editorial staff sits a little apart from the others, and to him all the letters and 'copy' (manuscript) addressed to the editor are brought. It is his duty to sort this miscellaneous heap of news and correspondence into separate bundles. Letters for the editorial department make one mound; letters relating to advertisements and business matters another; and those containing telegrams home and foreign, with the ordinary news paragraphs and 'copy' of reporters and correspondents, a third. The first two parcels are despatched, one to the editor's room, the other to the composing-room, there to be at once set into type; the third is divided among the sub-editor's assistants—the pale-faced men aforesaid.

Having premised thus much, we shall see the beginning of the practical work of the evening—the selecting and preparing of the 'copy' for next day's paper. It is seven o'clock, and all the gentlemen are at their posts. To one the chief sub-editor hands the police 'flimsy' or thin paper upon which, by means of a stylus, several copies of the same subject are simultaneously produced. This police intelligence if printed in full would, probably, occupy about six or seven columns in the next issue; but the assistant to whose task it falls has to choose from this mass of badly written, badly spelled, ill composed, and ungrammatical material, as many cases as will, when improved, modified, and animated by him, make an interesting column of news. The revelations of the London police courts are painful in the extreme; and no one can pass many months in the duty of sub-editing 'copy' of this kind

without acquiring a melancholy insight into the viciousness of human nature. Having had some years' experience of the work, the writer can safely say that the odious crimes with which Rome's declining days were marked will easily find a parallel in modern London. There are statutes in our law-books which we imagine are seldom enforced, because we seldom read of them; but the waste-paper basket of the sub-editor is the oblivion into which many of the most atrocious offences imaginable are mercifully cast. The assistant having finished his revision of the police reports, and having written two or three paragraphs out of them for the summary of news, next receives perhaps a telegram in French from the correspondent at Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, or elsewhere. This translated, he may then be called upon to read through the 'copy' of the reporters, and make into neat paragraphs the items of news sent by the country correspondents, or to correct a telegraphed speech of Mr Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield.

But while this assistant is thus busily engaged, the others are not idle. News has just been received in the office that some public man has died. If he be great enough to be on the list of those whose biographies lie in the sub-editorial desk—'graveyard' this compartment is grimly called—calmly waiting the decease of their illustrious subjects, there is an end of the matter—the date and a few particulars regarding the last hours of the deceased personage are added, and the printer receives the 'copy' at once. But if he be a minor light, and yet one who must receive special notice to the extent of say a quarter or half a column, one of the assistants is called upon to compile a memoir. He forthwith furnishes himself with Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, with *Men of the Time*, an *Encyclopædia*, and one or two other books of reference, and in the course of a couple of hours the compositors are at work on the biography. Just then a messenger from the Messrs Spottiswoode, government printers, arrives with a bundle of blue-books, containing perhaps official despatches, or reports upon subjects interesting to the general community. The assistant having completed his memoir, is informed through his chief, that the editor requires an abstract of a blue-book of probably four or five hundred pages, to the extent of about a column or a column and a half. The unfortunate man settles down to his task, and plods on wearily until, in the space of perhaps three hours, his work is done. Then, to vary his monotony, he is requested to look through the country papers, with a special eye, usually, to the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Irish Times*, to see if there be any scraps of news worth reprinting or quoting; and having finished a hasty overlook of the principal home papers he, in all likelihood, extends his survey to the American, Colonial, and French journals.

Assistant number three is meantime preparing the sporting news, which, if from the country, is telegraphed. This he arranges and, where possible, reduces in quantity; and what with horse-racing, cricket, boating, sculling, pedestrianism, and other kindred subjects, this gentleman's time is fully occupied for the evening. The fourth assistant has been all this time preparing the foreign telegrams. He will spend a quarter of an

hour in looking out on an immense atlas the name of some obscure place, the spelling of which has been rendered still obscurer by its being incorrectly telegraphed. He puzzles and racks his brains over the meaning of phrases made mysterious in their passage through a variety of continental telegraph offices with clerks of all nationalities. His skill in expanding curtly (owing to the immense cost) telegraphed news, from the other end of the globe, is in constant requisition; he is a standing gazetteer and a court newsman as well, his geographical knowledge and his acquaintanceship with the leading politicians and eminent personages of the world being about equally required. In the intervals that occur between the arrival of telegrams, this fourth gentleman is whiling away his time by reading a huge pile of flimsy, giving accounts of suicides by hanging, drowning, poisoning, and other means—of which a large number take place daily in London, only the most interesting of which, however, are published—of attempted suicides, of accidents of every conceivable kind, and of alleged mysterious occurrences which the fertile brain of the impecunious penny-a-liner endeavours to palm off on the wary and suspicious sub-editor and his astute assistants.

But what is the chief sub-editor about during all this time? He is busily engaged in throwing 'copy' away. As the news comes in, he hastily glances over it, and that which at the first sight appears to his practised eye unfit for publication is immediately, to use a technical expression, 'basketed.' That which he thinks may yield some readable matter is accumulated into a little heap, to be lifted by the first assistant disengaged. Then as the revised 'copy' leaves the hands of the assistant, the chief sub-editor again looks over it, to ascertain whether, in his judgment, the whole or some part of the particular matter may not indeed be worth publishing, or whether the assistant may not have allowed some injudicious sentiment or libellous expression to escape his attention. The principal generally writes the summary of the foreign news, and is particularly attentive to the titles given to the various paragraphs, telegrams, reports, and so forth, as well as to the arrangement and disposition of the news into articles of so many paragraphs, the prominence to be given to the article in the paper, and as to whether particular news shall be given in the form of a paragraph, or as a separate article with an imposing heading, and whether the type shall be minion, leaded minion, or bourgeois.

Thus the night wears away, and half-past one A.M. is reached without much cessation in the amount of silent progressive work in the sub-editorial room. Then there is a great and sudden falling off, and by two o'clock the assistants are generally dismissed, the chief remaining another half-hour to see the paper 'to bed'; that is, to ascertain that the foreman printer has carried out all his instructions, and to see that no hitch occurs at the last moment. During the night, this important functionary has had interviews with the Editor himself and foreman printer as to the number of columns in leading articles, specially ordered articles on general topics, literary reviews, or letters from correspondents, which the Editor intends to print; and as to the number of columns out of the total extent of the paper which the printer has in type at a specified hour. 'Thus the amount of 'copy'

required is regulated with an accuracy, often calculated to a line!

The sub-editor's peaceful routine is frequently interrupted by importunate visitors. This man wants to know whether the report of a secret meeting of the International Society would be acceptable; and that person whether he could have a letter inserted in next day's issue shewing how badly he had been treated by the magistrate at a district police court, who had fined only a few shillings, a cabman by whom he had been grossly insulted. Then a tradesman's assistant will call to see if he cannot, under the guise of giving the public information respecting a wonderful new invention, obtain the assistance of the newspaper in puffing his master's wares. A critical question will sometimes arise as to whether some special intelligence ought or ought not to be inserted, and a grave conclave of all in charge of the journalistic department of the paper is then held. And thus the night wears away—the paper is at length out of the hands of the literary staff, stereotyped, and got to press; and the tired sub-editor trudges home to enjoy his well-earned rest. And if his home be at some distance, say in the suburbs of London, his head may be hardly laid on the pillow ere the first batch of printed sheets is issuing from the office, or perhaps on its way north or south by rail.

The typical sub-editor is a man of large journalistic experience, and generally between forty and fifty years of age. He is not ordinarily one of your press Bohemians, but quiet, severe, and respectable. His work is of an exhaustive nature, and it quickly ages him; yet the necessities of his position requiring a constant attention to his health, he not uncommonly reaches a green old age, and may be met with in a suburban retirement living upon the savings of his more vigorous years.

ALPINE FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

THERE is no grander spectacle than sunrise in the Alps. The atmosphere is so perfectly clear, that distant objects seem close at hand, only too soon to be obscured in the haze produced by the hotter rays of the noonday sun. My first view of this great awakening of Nature was from the summit of one of the Jura peaks about three o'clock on a May morning. The sky assumed the deepest violet hue; and as the sun rose behind it, the edges of the clouds were streaked with golden and scarlet rays. Then, as with a joyful bound, the orb of day burst forth on the horizon, and all Nature seemed to be hymning its morning song of praise. Far away, rose one pure virgin peak of stainless snow against the azure sky; it was the summit of Mont Blanc, a hundred miles distant. Imagination might easily picture it as the pinnacle of some celestial city.

We can scarcely wonder, when this god of the sky clothes himself with his sparkling robe and golden crown, that heathen nations made him their first object of worship. The early inhabitants of Switzerland sang hymns of triumph at the break of day. Then fire became the symbol, and the shepherds on the Alpine slopes believed they could bring their god down to earth by collecting a handful of dried leaves and rubbing two pieces of wood together. The red spark was kindled, the

tongue of flame broke forth, and then they brought their offerings to propitiate a being so powerful. Milk, butter, and sweet-smelling herbs were poured into it. Happy indeed was it when nations were satisfied with these simple offerings, and did not demand hecatombs of cattle or the blood of men for their deities. Relics of such superstitions are to be found even in this enlightened age: when a fire bursts out in a Swiss chalet, the shepherd may be seen with a small cup of milk in his hand, slowly pouring it drop by drop into the devouring element.

To return to that daybreak scene in the Jura. The snow had not yet melted on the roadside; but over the white surface and beneath the pine-woods, thousands of crocuses and other spring flowers of varied hue raised their lovely chalices, content to adorn that lonely height, where the steps of man so seldom trod. To the lover of botany, not the least attraction of 'the playground of Europe' lies in its Alpine plants. Those travellers who can visit Switzerland about the month of June have their reward in the wonderful profusion and variety of the tapestried pastures. A month later, I was wandering over the slopes of the Val des Ormonds, gathering cluster after cluster of flowers, drinking in the sweet air, listening to the bells of the cattle, and admiring the rich brown of the picturesque wooden chalets of Sepey; whilst above all towered the peaks of the Diablerets, then covered with snow, soon to be melted under the July sun.

Here were acres of the beautiful white narcissus, beloved of the gods, with its powerful scent, so dangerous to the nerves, that for this reason it was consecrated to the Furies, who stupefied with its odour those who had incurred their vengeance. The commonest of this class, which we know well as

The daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and slake
The winds of March with beauty,

were over; but the smaller kind, sometimes called Lent lilies, might occasionally be found. There were large patches so brilliantly blue with the small gentian that the grass could scarcely be seen; this was the (*G. verna*), a star of about half an inch across, with a pure white eye; even more beautiful than the grander bell, which is often used for edging our gardens. The varieties of this class of plants are very numerous, and few display so full a series of colours. It has been said that red, blue, yellow, and white are never found in the same class; yet they are all exhibited here, with many compound colours.

Though the snowdrop had only left its leaves to mark its habitat, yet there was the spring snowflake, so easily mistaken for it, which, from its loveliness and purity, the Swiss have dedicated to St Agnes, the patron saint of young virgins, and call it St Agnes' flower. The silvery artemisia spreads its highly aromatic leaves, from which the bitter liqueur called *crème d'absinthe* is distilled. One variety is known by the name of the 'old man,' so gray and powdery is its appearance. In France it is the *garde-robe*, as the housewives place it in their drawers to save their apparel from the attacks of the destructive moth. Tarragon is another of the same genus, giving flavour to salad and vinegar; and all are dedicated to Diana, the

goddess of chastity and purity, from the appearance of the leaves. The cardamine was there, sometimes called the cuckoo flower, as it is found when that bird utters its welcome note. It was introduced into England in 1629, and is described in an old book called the *Paradise of Pleasant Flowers*, as being sent to the author 'by my especial good friend Tradescante, who brought it among many other dainty plants from beyond the seas, and imparted thereof a root to me.' Here is the blue chicory, and harebells richer in colour and variety than Scotland can shew, justifying the poet's words:

The harebell bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean blue
Heaven's own blest tint we view;
On days serene and mild,
How beauteous, like an azure gem,
She droopeth from the graceful stem!

Saxifrages are most numerous, and form a beautiful covering to rocks and old walls. The silvery margins to the leaves mark the longifolia; and the mountain-climber when he sits down to his frugal dinner will not forget to gather the golden variety, so well known as the *cresson de roche*, to add a piquant flavour to his bread. It grows at a height of eight thousand feet; whilst the bryoides has been found above eleven thousand feet high. Here is the favourite of Linnæus, which he named the pink dianthus, or flower of God, with its delicious fragrance; the purple aster; countless hyacinths; tall blue and white campanulas; the sweet-scented yellow Alpine wallflower; and the chaste and elegant wood-anemone:

Nymph of the wood and forest glade,
In thine own fair vestal robes arrayed,
In the calm of the silent silvan bowers,
'Tis sweet to gaze on thy drooping flowers;
Chaste and pure as the driven snow,
Yet faintly tinged with a purple glow;
Like mountain crests
On some Alpine height,
When the snow-drift rests,
In the evening light!

One more must be added to this long list, the pretty *Clochette des Alpes*, its delicate stem bearing two bell-shaped lilac flowers, fringed at the edges, growing out of a tuft of round leaves like a shilling, and therefore named soldanella. From all these let us make up our bouquet, placing round it the maiden-hair, the holly fern, the cypripedium, and numberless club-mosses and lichens.

But the flowers are not the only attraction to the lover of nature. Ere the sky is coloured, or the light breeze announces the approach of day, the birds give the signal for Nature to awake. There are those that seldom descend lower than the snow-line, and love the wild and magnificent peaks. Such are the now rare birds the golden eagle and the lammergeier, only met with in the deepest recesses of the Tyrol. Organised for the highest flights, they are the true sailors of the atmosphere. There is also the *chouca* or chough, a crow of intensely black plumage, with a yellow beak and bright red claws, which loves the snowy regions. Those tourists who seek the glaciers of Monte Rosa and the Col du Géant will perhaps remember large flocks of them uttering their discordant notes among the broken rocks and steep precipices.

Everything that rises to a dizzy height in the air has a charm for them. Tall fir-trees, steeples, old towers, the battlements of castles overlooking the valleys, isolated peaks, sharp pointed *aiguilles* are the places they choose for their nests. Sociable hermits of the air, condemned like those who dwelt in the desert of Thebes to the most frugal and austere food, they delight in solitude, and the more space that separates them from man the more are they in their element.

There are other interesting species which the Swiss naturalists describe for us. The snow bunting, as well as the accentor, chooses the stony bare ground which lies between the place where vegetation ceases and perpetual snow begins. Nine thousand feet above the sea do they seek and find the insects necessary for their existence; beetles, butterflies, and spiders are nestled in the crags and clefts of the rocks, placed there by Him who giveth food to every living thing in due season.

It has often been remarked by naturalists that the song of birds is borrowed from the sounds heard around. Whether that be true or not, the cry of a bird has often formed its name. Some of these have passed down to us from age to age, and from people to people. Take the crow as an instance; in the Sanscrit we find it called *kara-va*, in Greek *korax*, in German *krähe*, in Latin *corvus*, in French *corbeau*. The imploring cry of the crane is expressed in many languages by its name; German *krane*, in French *grane*, in Latin *grus*, in Greek *gera-nos*. Where is the sportsman who, when hearing that the Sanscrit name for partridge is *titiri*, would not recognise the sound he has so often heard in the evening? A particular page in Aristotle puzzled naturalists, until the curlew's cry pronounced its own name, and cleared up the mystery.

One very remarkable but shy Alpine bird should not be omitted. When the traveller is passing through the pine forests he will hear a sound proceeding from their deep recesses resembling 'crack,' or at some seasons 'curr.' It is the nut-cracker, which feeds on the pine-cones, and is rarely seen. Long before other birds have begun to build, in March, ere the snow has melted off the ground under the trees, it builds its nest; and instead of being noisy, it becomes silent and stealthy in its movements. Standing beside the torrent as it rushes down over the huge boulders, the observer will notice a conspicuous little bird, with throat and breast of white, darting arrow-like up the stream, or perched upon a rock. It is named, like its British congener, the dipper. Then there is the beautiful wall-creeper, with its ash-coloured back and breast, crimson and black wings, and black tail tipped with white, ranging to above ten thousand feet, playing on the snowbeds, and feeding on the scanty vegetation which here and there takes root among the rocks.

Strange to say, there is an abundant supply of insects upon which these birds live, even in the most desolate regions. The Desoria or glacier flea thrives in a temperature seldom rising above the freezing-point; they may be seen in great numbers in the shallow pools of water under the glacier stones, and when disturbed, jump about and rush to the bottom, where they form an animated mass of black dots. Grasshoppers and beetles love the higher pastures; and many butterflies, very rare in England, may there be collected as

they flutter from flower to flower. Very interesting it is to notice the various examples of the wonderful way in which the Creator adapts the forms of animal life to their position. Let us learn a lesson of joy from each of them, breaking through the chrysalis, like the insect, to reach a higher life, and rising like the bird with its joyous song, 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE family record from which the latter part of this story is derived, is so extremely fragmentary that the story might almost have ended here. From another source, however, the writer has been enabled to present to his readers what they may rely upon as an authentic sequel to the foregoing narrative. It may be that our hero was flattered and pleased by the enthusiasm with which he had been received, which, as he had a very good opinion of himself, could not have failed to be highly gratifying to his vanity. But what is still more puzzling is, that Simon, in a speech which he delivered upon the knoll to the assembled listeners, so twisted the real facts, and misrepresented the whole case, as to make himself appear a man of heroic valour and almost superhuman coolness, which with all reverence for our worthy friend, we have no hesitation in saying was somewhat far-fetched. As the family tradition to which we have before referred does not attempt to explain this extraordinary behaviour on the part of our hero, the interests of strict veracity call upon us to do so, though the task may perhaps be slightly prejudicial to the character of that personage.

The chance of immortalising himself, the prospect of seeing his name spread far and wide, not only among the country-people of A—, but wherever his fame might reach, must have been an almost irresistible temptation. Besides, if the truth must be told, our hero had partaken freely, perhaps rather too freely of usquebaugh, which, by the merest accident we presume, he had found in the inn, and which he had doubtless quaffed to drown the fatigue and excitement of the preceding night; and as his constitution had never been inured to the effects of Irish whisky or indeed strong liquor of any kind, the reader will easily allow for any flights of imagination in the discourse which Mr Simon Lee made to the assembled rustics.

With his insignificant little figure reared to its full height, with his huge white nightcap standing erect on his head, and with one hand raised aloft, to lend emphasis to his words, Simon commenced his discourse in an attitude like that of a Roman orator in the Forum. On the other hand, the auditors below, with their grotesque limbs and eagerly upturned faces, might be fitly compared to a crowd of Satyrs, the fabulous half-human inhabitants of the woody glades.

At first Simon assumed a tone of affected modesty and humility. He did not, he said, take very much credit to himself for the courage and presence of mind which he had displayed on the preceding night. It was only what a man of determined and resolute disposition like himself would have done in similar circumstances; and besides the desire to shew an example to those

whom nature had less lavishly endowed with courage than himself, would naturally have prompted him to preserve a calm demeanour in such a time of danger.

But the usquebaugh beginning to work, Simon gradually launched into a still more self-confident strain, to which the rustics below listened with respectful attention.

It was not for him, he said, to trumpet his own praises, and such he was never in the habit of doing. Nevertheless he must direct their attention—if it were only for their own sakes, and that they might profit by his example—to the peculiar nature of the courage which he, Simon, had fortunately had the opportunity of displaying on the previous night. It might be, continued he, that he had had a kind of pre-science or fore-knowledge of the coming of the flood when he first went to sleep. It was accordingly without any great degree of surprise or alarm that he was awakened at midnight and made aware of its approach. He was aroused from his slumbers, he was called upon to flee for safety. There was the alternative of an awful death, or an ignominious flight. Simon was, he confessed it, subject to human frailties and weaknesses. What human being was not? For a moment he hesitated as to which course of conduct to pursue—but only for a moment; ‘for never,’ exclaimed Simon, growing more and more grandiloquent, ‘will I suffer my honour to be soiled by a base and degrading flight; never will I forsake my post when Duty bids me stay!’

How Simon’s honour could possibly be soiled by taking a common and reasonable precaution to secure his personal safety, or what our hero could mean by ‘his post,’ we have always been at a loss to conjecture. The rustics, however, though the latter part of the oration was somewhat too high-flown to be comprehensible to them, yet understood sufficient of it to perceive that it was lofty and dignified in tone, and worthy of the great man who uttered it. They gave a deep murmur, or rather growl, of approbation and admiration.

Determined to push to the uttermost the opportunity thus afforded, our hero proceeded, by forcibly contrasting his own resolute conduct with that of others who, in time of sudden danger, are too apt to neglect the safety of others in seeking their own.

His first impulse had been to render assistance to those who might be in need of it, when he discovered that the inmates of the inn had fled just before the flood burst upon the dwelling. Thanks, however, to his exertions—though what these were the writer has never been able to ascertain—the inn and a considerable portion of the property it contained was preserved from destruction! ‘But I ask no reward for what I have done,’ continued Simon, with an air of lofty self-denial; ‘an approving conscience is its own reward; and it will be enough if the humble part I have taken in what might possibly have been a frightful catastrophe, shall incite others to go and do likewise upon all future occasions.’

Here, as before, the rustics gave a deep growl of applause, for Simon had evidently spoken something very fine indeed. Our hero concluded his discourse with some fine moral axioms, which coming from so brave a man, could not fail to be both impressive and instructive.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the enthusiasm and excitement which the oration occasioned among its auditors, who, forced to control their emotions while our hero was speaking, were now at full liberty to give vent to their pent-up feelings. Three deafening cheers were given for the ‘cool Englishman’ who had done such heroic deeds—deeds, it must indeed be admitted, somewhat vague and shadowy as regards reality. Indeed, such an outburst of enthusiasm, we are confidently assured, had never been heard, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Mr Simon Lee had intimated his intention to proceed to W— as soon as the flood had sufficiently subsided; whereupon the rustics noisily volunteered to *carry* him there. This offer, however, Simon, after some consideration, declined, stating as a reason his unwillingness to put their zeal and enthusiasm to so severe a test. But his real motive for declining their assistance was, we strongly suspect, a slight doubt on his own part as to the kind of sensation which might be created in the good old city of W— by his appearance in its streets accompanied by so noisy and numerous a band of admirers. He accordingly thanked the energetic villagers in a gracious manner for their proffered aid; but added, that being a man of humble and modest disposition, he was not ambitious of such a public entry into the town of W—, but would be well satisfied if permitted to perform his journey by the stage-coach. Re-entering the inn, Simon changed his garb for that of travelling costume, and after many effusive farewells, was in due course whirled off to W—.

We pass over a period of twenty years, and find that a great change has come over the village of A—. It seems as if some mighty enchanter had waved his wand over the scene, and transformed it by the magic of his potent spell. The little rustic village has disappeared, and in its stead now stands a thriving town, whose streets are noisy with the hum of traffic. Even Nature herself seems to have put on another garb, that she might not be behind-hand in this modern age of progress. The stream which erstwhile traversed the valley, seems somehow to have enlarged itself into a river, with villas and sloping gardens lining its banks. Water-works too have been established upon the river, and a Railway traverses the town, while a large tunnel pierces the hills near the supposed abode of the once dreaded Demon.

Many strangers come and go, some upon business and some upon pleasure. Summer was waning into autumn, when upon a certain day an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a party of ladies, alighted at the platform. They have evidently come from a distance, and to judge by their luggage, they intend to pass some time in A—. Placing themselves in a fly, they are driven to a hotel of somewhat pretensions aspect, in the coffee-room of which they find, posted up over the mantelpiece, the following strangely worded piece of information:

NOTICE.

This is to certify that this Inn—though considerably enlarged and renovated—is really *the* Inn which many years ago witnessed that great Flood, which was so destructive to all other

buildings except *this* Inn. This is also the Inn where the English gentleman lodged on the night of the Flood, who behaved so bravely on that occasion, and whose memory yet lingers in these parts.

The bell is rung, and the landlord is summoned.

'May I ask,' interrogates the elderly gentleman of the party, 'if you recollect the great flood which took place twenty years ago?'

'Indeed I do sir,' replies the obsequious host, 'for I was landlord of this inn when it was nearly carried away.'

'Have you ever again seen the English gentleman who stayed in the inn upon that occasion?'

'The Cool Englishman, as we called him sir. No; he has never, to the best of my knowledge, been in A— since.'

'Well,' quoth the elderly gentleman, raising his hat, 'the Cool Englishman was your obedient servant, come to revisit the scene of the disaster!'

THE NATIONAL ALBUM.

THERE are many national records stowed away in various corners of the vast metropolis of the British Empire; but there are none of so sadly interesting a character as those of which we are about to write. Some records immortalise all that is good in a nation—its valour, its industry, and so forth; but there is a dark side to every picture; and merry England, with all its beauties, its smiling fields, its pretty cottages, lordly mansions, and industrious people, possesses a record, the sadness of which is vivid and striking.

We find this dark record in a series of books which are kept at the Home Office; and from the fact of their being continuous volumes, and having every page illustrated with the portraits of persons who have at some time or another been confined in one or other of Her Majesty's prisons, we cannot find a more appropriate name for the whole series than that of *The National Album*. The volumes in question are of the ordinary ledger size as used in commercial houses, are bound in dark-coloured leather, and are arranged in presses according to the year and letters of reference. In these books are to be found the 'record' and *carte-de-visite* of every prisoner confined within the limits of the United Kingdom; the governor of each prison being required by law to forward to the Home Secretary within a prescribed period the particulars relating to each new prisoner whom he takes into his charge. On arrival at the Home Office, the records and portraits are placed in a box with alphabetical compartments to it, where they await their turn to be entered and fastened in the particular book for which they are destined, the portrait being gummed upon the left-hand side of the folio, and the record written to the right of it.

In many of these portraits the prisoners, especially those sentenced to short terms, appear in their own clothes; while those who are undergoing long periods of imprisonment are photographed in their prison dress. There they stand, row after row, men, women, and children of all ages, and of every condition in life, from the fraudulent bank director with the gray hairs of age, down to the little ragged Arab of the London streets, forming

in never-ending file the great criminal army of England. Sadly and painfully interesting are the pages of these fearful volumes; and as we turn over the leaves, the eye becomes fascinated with the stolid faces, and the mind absorbed with the details of the dark secrets which the dread records on every side ruthlessly reveal.

When a prisoner is charged with committing a crime, and it is thought that he has been previously convicted, the police have only to refer to the index to the Album, and if the name of the person is there, they will also find the number of the folio in which his portrait and record are entered; and on turning to it will of course immediately see whether it is the same individual or not. This is how the previous convictions of the prisoner in a late notorious murder case were brought to light. Very few of the faces in the National Album, when allowance is made for the disfigurement caused by the prison dress and cropped hair, exhibit any very marked peculiarities, though here and there we find a countenance of a sensual and somewhat forbidding aspect. Strange to say, the records of many of these unhappy creatures shew that they have received a liberal education, and have also at an earlier period of their lives attended Sunday-schools.

During the past six years about *one hundred and eighty thousand criminals* have thus been registered; and a volume, under the title of the *Habitual Criminals Register*, containing the portraits and records of those who have been convicted more than once, has lately been published by authority, after having been printed by prisoners in Her Majesty's Prison, Brixton. There is a severe touch of irony in the fact that some of those whose features and acts are recorded in the pages of the Album should thus be engaged on a work destined to do themselves a bad turn at some future time; though, even with these precautions on the part of the authorities, a goodly portion of criminals and their confères manage to escape the clutches of the law.

Many of the personages who figure in the National Album have passed the greater part of their lives in prison; and the number of *aliases* adopted by them is rather amusing; one woman, for instance, who had been convicted for the thirty-ninth time, having no fewer than sixteen *aliases*. In addition to the volumes already mentioned, there are others containing the descriptions of certain marks which have been found on the bodies of prisoners on their first entering the prison; and in cases where these have been found difficult of explanation, rough pen-and-ink sketches of the same are given. These marks are principally tattoo-marks, and vary in size and description, from the simple ring pricked into the finger, to the figures of ships, anchors, birds, quadrupeds, &c.; while the figures of men or women are exhibited on the breasts or backs of some of the prisoners. The vegetable kingdom is also well represented, and one man was found to be tattooed from shoulders to feet with the representation of a large fish. Many of the marks are of a description fit only for record in the pages where they are to be found, and are calculated to excite wonder at the depraved taste of those permitting themselves to be decorated in this terrible fashion.

Crime of all kinds is of course represented in

the sad records which cover the pages of the National Album; but one is struck with the frequency of the convictions for assaults on defenceless women and children, and for other crimes of a nameless nature. Many of these, if not the majority of them, are, strange to say, committed by old men, or men long past the meridian of life; and the saddest sight of all in these saddest of books is to see the man, whose gray hairs and bowed shoulders tell us only too plainly of the Destroyer's approach, spending the last days of his life in a prison for a foul and degrading crime.

The national sin of drunkenness must be credited with most, if not all, of the crimes which fill the National Album with these portraits and records; and it is a sad thing that one of the most civilised nations on the face of the earth should be a prey to such an unmitigated evil.

One singular fact connected with the portraits of prisoners is, that men who have been charged with and convicted of crimes of a ferocious character appear to be the most meek-faced individuals in the vast criminal army. There are exceptions, but the fact is nevertheless a striking one. There is one important omission in this fearful picture-gallery, for we miss among the faces of the greatest criminals those whom the law has been compelled to deprive of their existence. Neither portraits nor records are forwarded to the Home Office in such cases, as of course there would be no object in doing so. They will never be 'wanted' again!

Many things are done now by the authorities to assist prisoners when discharged from jail, which at one period would have been condemned by some persons as a piece of useless sympathy. For instance, when a prisoner leaves the place in which he has been confined he has, if his conduct has been good during his incarceration, to receive a certain sum of money from the jail authorities, besides a railway pass to his home or the town he wishes to reach. To reach their homes, many of these persons have to pass through the metropolis, where, if not looked after, they would doubtless soon fall into bad company, and quickly find their way back to prison again. To prevent this, a gentleman from the Home Office awaits the discharged man's arrival at the railway station, takes from him his pass, and conducts him in a cab to the terminus of the other railway along which he is to ride to his destination. The ex-convicts are very thankful for this care and attention, and often try to express their gratitude in many amusing ways.

So much for the efficacy of English prison-discipline. It would nevertheless be much better if there could be a system of classification adopted in all our prisons, by which old offenders or habitual criminals might be kept separate from others, and submitted to a severer form of prison-labour. Prisoners might also be classified according to the crime they have committed, so that those who have been convicted of unnatural offences might be altogether deprived of the means of communicating with, and depraving the minds of, fellow-prisoners of purer morals than their own. It seems strange, for instance, why soldiers and sailors who have only been guilty of purely military offences, such as insubordinate conduct, absence without leave, &c., should be compelled to herd with a lot of thieves

and other criminals of a much worse description; but so it is, as the National Album testifies; while even youths and children are thus brought into contact with the vilest characters.

When we remember, however, what vile dens of squalid infamy most of our prisons used to be at the beginning of the century, we must acknowledge that vast strides in the cause of humanity have been taken; for instead of hot-beds of disease, these places are now—as we recently had occasion to remark in an article entitled 'Life Under New Aspects'—like so many palaces of health, in which, though the regulations may be harsh, and the food without variety, everything consistent with the principle of punishment is done to make the inmates well acquainted with the blessings of cleanliness and fresh air. There is no question, however, that the labour, which is undoubtedly severe, is somewhat indiscriminately applied to strong and weak persons alike; and hence the cause of some of the deaths in prison of which we have lately heard a great deal, prison doctors, as a rule, being very much hardened against suffering, in consequence of the impostures with which they so often have to deal. A good anecdote of a case of this kind was related by us in a former number of this *Journal*, in which a man who pretended to have injured his spine, deceived not only the judge who tried him—and so got off with a much lighter sentence than he would otherwise have had—and all his attendants, but also all the doctors who saw him, save one who recognised him and laid bare the imposture.

Amongst the most notable portraits in the National Album are those of the Tichborne Claimant—who is wonderfully reduced in size, and but a shadow of his former self, though looking hearty and well—Sarah Levenson of 'Beautiful for Ever' fame; the Stauntons; the notorious detectives, who succeeded ultimately in getting detected themselves; and—saddest of all perhaps, from one point of view—Dr Baxter Langley, the imprisoned director. These are of course but an infinitesimal portion of the sad array which this remarkable series of black-books discloses to our view, and which extends backward over a period of more than twenty years. There is ample material in their pages for the philosopher, the romancist, and the historian; while the knowledge that the cause of most of the crime therein recorded is due to the evils of intemperance, should cause the advocates for a better state of things to redouble their efforts, and never to cease until the greatest curse that ever blighted the prospects of a civilised community is eradicated from our midst.

THE HALF-TIDE ROCK.

WHEN the writer—who now resides in America—first knew and went to school at Ryde, Isle of Wight, it was little more than a village. Now it is a town of considerable importance, with railroads, telegraphs, and all modern improvements. Then there were no steam-packets plying across the Solent. The principal portion of the growing town was situated on the rising land west of the flat, then called 'the Dover,' through which meandered a small salt creek or inlet of the sea, from whence

the salt-pans used to be supplied in the days of the old French war, when England was chiefly dependent on her supplies of salt from the evaporation of sea-water. The part of 'the Dover' near the sea-shore was covered with graves of the men who had been drowned or destroyed by the sinking and destruction of the ships *Royal George* and *Boyne*, whose corpses drifted on shore from Spithead, and were buried in what was then a common and valueless piece of land, although now doubtless covered with streets and buildings. On the rising ground to the east, towards Nettlestone, were situated the delightful house and grounds then called Atherly, at the time of which I speak the residence of the Hutt family. On the front of these grounds, towards the sea, the subsidence of the land, or the washings of the water, discovered the existence of a large underground brick-arched chamber; doubtless constructed in former years of the French war, when contraband trade was extensive, and amongst certain classes popular; and when profits were so large as to admit of the construction of such underground and secret receptacles—unused when discovered—but which being built in a bank of earth, formed a safe method of concealing from the officers of the law all kinds of contraband wares.

This place we schoolboys knew as the 'Smugglers' Cave;' and in those days there was many a legend connected with it, which curious youth extracted from garrulous old age. There never was such a place for tales of adventure and smuggling, in which the narrators had taken part, as Ryde; and amongst others, the following tale was told to the writer by an aged seafaring man, who took delight in getting hold of young folks and spinning the toughest yarns, none the less wonderful for having occurred so many years ago. One of these yarns related to the Smugglers' Cave, the neighbourhood of which had been the scene of the tragedy which we now proceed to narrate.

James Morrison was one of a band of smugglers, and one of the most efficient of the body—always active and enterprising—the first to point out a hazardous exploit, and the first to carry out his own plan. He was admired by all his mates, and was the very life of the lawless society in which he moved. His comrades adored him; and his natural enemies the custom-house officers, looked upon a capture as nearly hopeless when once James was known or suspected to have a share in the transaction. His youth alone prevented his being the captain of the tribe; but the elders, although they admired his spirit, feared his rashness; and it was always considered necessary to call in the aid of the older heads to moderate the zeal and repress the recklessness of his advice and proceedings. He was never known to desert a friend under any circumstances, or even a cargo whilst there was a chance of success left; and his uniform good-luck shewed what daring can accomplish, when upheld by an intelligent head and a dauntless heart.

William Lowe was another member of the fraternity, and his gifts lay in an almost opposite direction to those of Morrison. Covert and sly, he was always ready to catch at a half-suggested idea and make it his own. Cautious to almost the verge of timidity, he seldom or never undertook anything in which he did not succeed. But although every one of his fellows recognised his usefulness, none loved him. None distrusted him, because all believed that the dreadful oaths by which the society were bound together were too terrible to be broken by one so careful; and the awful punishments which were known to await a convicted informer, would, every one supposed, deter even the worst amongst them from committing the blackest crime with which a smuggler can be branded—that of informing against his accomplices.

Strange as it may appear, these two men were friends. They were seldom apart. On more than one occasion they had rendered the most material service to each other. James had saved William's life, and rescued him several times from the fangs of the law. William had by his prudence saved more than one cargo for James. And to all appearance, their friendship ought to have been cemented by mutual benefits bestowed and expected; but it was so on one side only. William often envied James his brilliant success, and more than all, envied his larger gains and his influence with his companions. On one occasion Morrison had injured Lowe, without knowing it, in a tender point, 'the affection of woman;' and the latter vowed, though secretly, to have revenge.

Morrison had embarked his all in one transaction, the favourable result of which would give him independence, or, at all events, would enable him to marry the object of their joint affections, who preferred his bold and brilliant character to that of his more sly and prudent associate. What will not a combination of self-interest, anger, and injured affection effect? The tempter saw his opportunity; the means were at hand. Secret information was given by Lowe to an officer of great activity and address; the best methods were adopted to secure success by the officers of the law, and the result could scarcely be otherwise than favourable to their wishes.

The eventful night came; the whole gang of smugglers were collected; the venture was one of more than ordinary value, and expectation was at its height, when one of the scouts rushed in amongst the smugglers and gave the alarm that they were betrayed and surrounded. The kegs of spirits had all been landed; the horses loaded with the rich parcels of silks and other excisable articles, and all was in readiness for a start inland. The boats had shoved off in security, after effecting the landing. What could be done? If the boats were recalled, the necessary signals would betray their position. If they were not recalled, the loss of the whole venture seemed inevitable. In this dilemma, Morrison proposed that a division should be made—that the least valuable but most numerous of the packages should at once be taken in the direction in which the officers were known to be; whilst the remainder of the goods, being the chief hope of the expedition, should remain stationary for a time; and when those in charge

heard their comrades engaged with the officers, the reserve should make a rush in another direction and, if possible, escape. This plan was too hopeful not to be carried into immediate effect. Morrison was left in charge of the reserve, or most valuable part of the cargo; whilst Lowe went with the other. At that time, forfeiture of the goods was the worst to be expected; the severe laws against the persons of such offenders had not been enacted. The punishment of a *row* was only a short imprisonment, if detected; but they generally managed to escape; for the officers were too eager to seize the goods, upon which their hope of reward rested, to look much after the offenders, from whom nothing but hard knocks could be had, and the capture of whom was, to the most sagacious of the officers, very much like cutting the throat of the goose which laid the golden eggs.

The expedition, divided as aforesaid, proceeded towards the officers' station, and as was expected, were immediately pounced upon. The usual rattling of sticks in the fight which ensued, and the shouts of the combatants, warned Morrison that his time for action had arrived, and he moved quietly off accordingly, with every chance of success, so completely had the ruse taken. Suddenly a cry arose amongst the officers: 'Divide lads, divide; they make off with the best part of the booty towards Nettlestone.'

The word of command was given; the already captured goods were left in charge of half the number of officers; and the rest and strongest party of the custom-house people, mounting the captured horses and their own, started off in the direction pointed out. Then occurred a fearful race. The smugglers having the advance of nearly half a mile, had at first the advantage; but their heavily laden horses could not long preserve their speed; and after a severe chase, the flying party were overtaken. Morrison, nothing daunted, rallied his men, and placing the horses in the rear, with directions to the drivers to move on immediately they had recovered their breath, and as soon as the fight commenced, if possible still to effect their escape.

James Morrison and his men fought like tigers at bay; to him capture was ruin, not only to his fortune, but to his hopes of love and happiness. He was everywhere through the fight; none seemed able to stand before his blows, when at last he came hand to hand with the chief officer in charge of the party. If he were vanquished, the goods would be safe. James's strength seemed doubled, his eyes flashed fire, and the blows of his stick could be kept off no longer. The officer had behaved with great forbearance as to sacrificing life; but finding himself hard pressed, and after several warnings, drew a pistol and fired. James fell. The rest of the smugglers seeing resistance hopeless, and yet determined to save their leader, made a desperate rally and carried him off, leaving the goods undefended. The capture of the goods was complete, although all the men escaped; and in an hour or two James awoke to consciousness in the hands of his friends.

Shortly after their rout, the whole party of smugglers met at their usual place of rendezvous, which was the cave or subterranean chamber before mentioned. The labourers had according to custom immediately dispersed to their own houses; for

they, although employed, were never trusted with the secrets of the gang. When the muster was complete, the whole party arranged themselves for a consultation. Poor James was made as comfortable as possible; for it was found too dangerous to remove him to his usual place of residence, which was at a considerable distance; and since the effusion of blood had been stopped, he had rapidly revived. The wound was not considered very dangerous, and the hardy fellows were used to treat everything but death lightly. Lowe was nearly the last who arrived. He had hesitated a long time whether or not he should come at all; but with the consciousness of guilt, had considered that his staying away might have a suspicious appearance; he therefore put a bold front on the matter, and with an air rather more swaggering than usual with him, he made his appearance with his fellows. The arrival of the few remaining members of the body was the signal for the commencement of the consultation as to the cause of the misfortune, and the best mode of avoiding such a thing in future.

The old captain of the gang was the first who spoke; in a few nervous words he explained to the meeting that it was quite clear treachery must have been at work; that the very force in which the custom-house officers mustered, was of itself a convincing proof that they expected great booty and considerable resistance. The idea of treason was generally repudiated by the smugglers. Who, they said, could be guilty of such a thing? Were they not all as brothers? Had they not too often been tried, to allow even for a moment of such a suspicion being cast amongst those present?

'It must have been the boat-people,' said Lowe.

'It could not have been they,' replied the captain; 'for, as was customary, they did not know where the fall was to be made until a few minutes before, when the information was given to them by signal by myself with the usual flashings and cross-lights.'

One brought forward one suspicion, another a different one, until at last an old smuggler, almost borne down by years, whose duty it was to watch about through the country, and do the other light business of the company—for his strength for carrying goods and fighting was gone—quietly rose and said: 'Comrades, guard the door.' Every one started to his feet. All knew that some information of the greatest importance was about to be given, and that the traitor must be amongst themselves. Every one looked at his neighbour with blank dismay; the blood left Lowe's cheek, but the light was too gloomy to shew it to his fellows.

Those whose duty it was, reported that all was secure, and the old man then called out: 'William Lowe, step forward, and answer for your treason to your comrades!' All shrank from him; and although he did not advance, he was instantly standing alone. The old man then resumed: 'William Lowe, where were you last Thursday night?'

He hurriedly answered: 'At home;' that he had not stirred out after dark.

'If so,' said the old man, 'how was it that I met you in Union Street in Ryde after eleven o'clock at night, coming in a direction from Lieutenant's Austen's house? I could not be mistaken;

for I have lived too long in the world and had too much to do with the "fair trade" not to make myself certain where my suspicions are once aroused. I should have mentioned it to the captain, but that it was then only suspicion, and I dared hardly think you were a traitor.'

William answered not a word; in the hard-set looks of his comrades he saw his fate.

'Further than this,' pursued the old man; 'Bill Simmons, one of the labourers, told me that at the first fight he saw a man with a red neckerchief leave our ranks, run behind a bush, and speak to the lieutenant just before the cry was raised that the best part of the goods had gone off towards Nettlestone. Who present has a red neckerchief but William Lowe?'

All looked round; the proof was deemed conclusive, and each man looked in his neighbour's face for confirmation of his own opinion. There was evidently but one feeling.

The captain, after a few minutes' consideration, and examining the faces of his comrades pronounced the fatal words: 'William Lowe, you have betrayed us. You have broken your oath. You must die!'

The unhappy wretch saw not one gleam of pity in any face—his fate was sealed, and he well knew that his death would follow. Notwithstanding all this, he did not fail; his cheek was livid, and the moisture oozed from every pore, yet there he stood erect gasping for breath, condemned as well by his own conscience as by the voice of his comrades. A sudden cry from the man who stood nearest Morrison's bed called attention to the wounded man. All thought for the time that he was dead; but he had only swooned, overcome by his own feelings on hearing the sentence given; for at that moment the reality of his friend's treachery flashed suddenly on his mind.

Nothing now remained but the mode of carrying out the sentence. It was the first crime of the kind that had taken place in that neighbourhood and amongst that set; and it was deemed necessary that the mode of execution should be the most horrible and protracted that could be devised; yet at the same time no one liked to stain his hand with blood.

The old man who had brought the accusation solved the difficulty. 'When I was in Doherty's gang in the north of Ireland,' said he, 'we were betrayed then as now, and the sentence was that the informer should be tied on to a half-tide rock at the time of the rising flow of the tide, and left to drown.'

No acclamation greeted his proposal; but in the stern murmur which arose from the assembly, the old man read their approval of the plan.

The captain again addressing the culprit, said: 'This night, at the rise of the flood-tide, you shall be exposed to its mercy; and all within hearing of our justice shall learn what is the fit fate for an informer.'

Lowe's heart died within him. One cry for mercy passed his lips; but he saw that all was in vain, and he again sank into a gasping silence. As it was now early dawn, all except those left to guard the prisoner separated, and returned to their homes.

The following night—it was a calm, bright, beautiful moonlight—the tide turned to the flood at nine o'clock; at ten some dark bodies were seen

moving over the sands from the wood on the shore in front of Atherly—where the Smugglers' Cave is situated—in the direction of a number of isolated rocks, or rather large stones which were sprinkled here and there on the sand in front of the cave, but about a quarter of a mile from the high watermark on the shore. The tide runs out and leaves a great extent of sandy beach, for possibly nearly a mile on that shore, and the rocks spoken of are more than half-way between high and low watermark. They are all black with a growth of seaweed, so that a man's figure in dark clothes would not at a distance be observed upon them. In a short time the dark objects were seen returning. For an hour afterwards all was silent; when suddenly through the night-air arose a cry so appalling, that it struck at once to the hearts of all who heard it. Some of the nearest residents in Ryde not connected with the boatmen rushed to the beach, feeling assured that some accident must have happened; but all connected with the water seemed to be absent, and their boats were all stranded on the beach awaiting the return of the tide. 'It comes from the rocks near Atherly,' said one; and the whole posse of listeners rushed to the spot, where in various attitudes of silent attention they found a number of men apparently boatmen. 'What is the meaning of that unearthly cry?' they eagerly inquired. But from the men assembled they received no reply. At the time, it was supposed that all were too much horror-stricken to interfere; but afterwards their behaviour was attributed to a different motive.

A slight ripple now curved the surface of the water; and the moon, previously sometimes obscured by light clouds, shone out in full refulgence. The ripple must have washed above the poor wretch's lips, for instantly there burst forth a torrent of gurgling cries; these continued for a few moments, when fainter and fainter grew the sobs of mortal agony, and it was apparent to all that human assistance was of no further avail. As soon as this was certain, all the boatmen left in parties of two and three, none looking back or speaking. The towns-people after agreeing amongst themselves to be on the spot the moment the tide rendered examination practicable the next morning, separated for their homes, to retail the mysterious and dreadful story to their expectant families.

The morning came fine and clear. The earliest of the spectators of the night before rushed to the spot; and there, in the centre of the group of rocks, they found the body of a man in a sitting posture chained to a 'half-tide rock,' stone dead—the expression on his countenance indicating the awful death he had died. It was William Lowe.

Even in the days of the narrator's school-boy life, the old inhabitants of Ryde shunned the spot of a moonlight night when the tide came rippling on. The same shrieks in imagination were again heard by them; the horrors of that fearful night were recalled to their minds; and they used to point out to their children and visitors to the watering-place the spot where 'the condemned smuggler was chained by his comrades to that "half-tide rock," and drowned.' A proper fate, they used to say, for all informers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 826.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

TWO REMARKABLE TAILORS.

NEITHER the late Professor Craik in his very interesting book on the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, nor Dr Samuel Smiles in his *Self-help*, has exhausted the material illustrative of self-education which diligent readers may find in the annals of the remote or the recent past. We have before us two brief biographies of men who, in the eighteenth century, astonished not only their neighbours, but many others, to whom fame made them known by the extent of their acquirements, and by the ardour with which they had struggled against adverse circumstances to obtain the knowledge they sought. It is not quite so easy now to appreciate the difficulties in the way of these men as it was when the biographies were written, more than a hundred years ago. We can recall to ourselves the successive changes which have occurred in that time in the condition of our working-classes, and the marvellous increase in the means of self-culture. Scarcely one of the societies, either public or private, which have since done so much for the enlightenment of the masses of the people had then begun working. There was no cheap literature of any kind. Newspapers were then a luxury even to the middle classes, and a stray glance at them was all that a working man could hope to obtain, even though he possessed the ability to read. To us, looking back to these times, it must seem to have been terribly arduous for a man depending on the labour of his hands for bread, to become worthy of the epithet 'learned.' And yet that epithet was rightly applied to the two men of whom we are about to write. We have two reasons for linking their names together: they were both tailors, and they both devoted themselves to the study of languages. Their names were Henry Wild and Robert Hill.

Perhaps the best way to introduce the two men will be to mention an incident in the life of Wild. It was whilst he was residing at Norwich, and working there as a common tailor, that Dr

in estimation by the learned world—was offered some singular Arabic manuscripts by a bookseller of that city. The doctor evidently thinking that the demand for such goods must be next to nil in Norwich, declined to buy at the price named. That was a ruse of his. He thought he could get them at a cheaper rate when he next called, and even fancied that the bookseller would send to say he might have them at his lower rate. To his surprise, the bookseller did not send, and he called again, asking that he might have a second look at the manuscripts. 'They're sold,' said the bookseller. On asking 'To whom?' he was told, to a poor tailor; and he despatched the bookseller at once to stop the tailor from cutting them up for measures. In a short time the poor tailor Wild came with the bookseller, carrying the manuscripts in his hands and, to the delight of the Dean, uninjured. The Dean's delight was, however, changed to surprise when Wild declined to part with his Arabic treasures. He was incredulous. What could the man want with them? Wild simply replied that he wanted to read them. Prideaux hardly comprehended the tailor, and asked that humble individual to favour him with oral proof; and was astonished at the ease with which the man first read a passage and then translated it into English.

The Dean did not let this incident pass without seeking to benefit this out-of-the-way student. He made inquiries about the life of Wild; and what he learned added to the impression which the poor tailor's reading had made. It seemed that Wild's friends, when he was a boy, were able to send him to the grammar-school; and there his success was so great, that an effort was made to enable him to go from school to the university. But unfortunately his friends could not manage that, and were forced to apprentice him to a tailor. After his seven years' apprenticeship, he served seven years as journeyman, and then another seven years after that. During this twenty-one years' working on a tailor's bench, he had almost forgotten all that had made him remarkable at school; but at the end of it, a long illness of fever and

ague, continuing from between two and three years, so reduced him, as to make work impossible. Whilst thus compelled to be idle, he amused himself by reading certain odd volumes of old divinity which fell in his way; and the frequent references which he found to the original Hebrew text, bred in him a desire to study that language. How to manage it was not easily found out. At last he obtained an English-Hebrew grammar and lexicon; and working at that, he was astonished to find how his old school knowledge came back to him. Strange to say, this new and now abiding interest seemed to have a good effect upon his health; and as he became stronger, he went on stitching through the day, and studying persistently half through the night. The Hebrew did not satisfy him. He found that as he came to understand it, its relations to other oriental languages became apparent, and he set himself to master them. It is difficult to make out how he obtained the requisite books for his studies, but he did get them; and he used them to some effect, as his strange introduction to Dean Prideaux was the means of shewing.

The Dean was so much interested, that partly from his own means, and partly by the aid of gentlemen who had a fellow-feeling for this tailor-orientalist, he enabled Wild to remove to Oxford, where, though he never became a member of the university, he was yet able to prosecute his studies in the Bodleian, and to maintain himself in a very humble way by translating or making extracts from oriental manuscripts. He lived thus for several years, and was known to the other students in the famous Oxford library as the Arabian tailor. Wild next removed to London, where Dr Mead helped him to some little patronage; but he never obtained more than was sufficient for his very small wants. He taught and translated, and in 1734 he published the only book to which he put his name. His poverty continued to the very last, but never seemed especially irksome to him. He had no notion of, and indeed was every way unfit for that kind of success which most men seek to obtain. Knowledge was to him all in all.

Our other tailor, Robert Hill, was a native of Tring in Hertfordshire, being born there in the last year of the seventeenth century; but the greater part of his life was spent in Buckingham, in which town he died in 1777. The story of his life, from which we cull the following information, is dated 1754, when he had still more than twenty years to dwell among men. We cannot therefore speak of the end of his life—of what he was and of what he did in these twenty years—but what we do know of him is worth repeating. He was indebted to a relative for his acquaintance with the alphabet; and having that, he managed to obtain such further knowledge of letters as enabled him to read while he was a boy at home. All the time he ever spent at school was about seven weeks, during which he obtained some notion of writing the letters and words which he already knew how to read. When he was fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a tailor at Buckingham, and even then manifested a strange desire to master languages. The first money he managed to scrape together went in the purchase of a Beza's Testament in Latin and a Latin grammar. He found it far from easy to learn Latin from these books, and hit on the admirable

device of doing some service for one or other of the boys attending the Free School, stipulating that he should have in return the English of certain words that puzzled him, or an explanation of a perplexing rule in his grammar. Before he got to the end of his apprenticeship, he had not only learnt his trade—he was quite diligent at that—but he was proud of being able to read several Latin classics with much ease. Of course this sedulous studying of his was talked about, and at last became known to a gentleman who, having recently lost a son, gave to Hill the books which had belonged to his boy. Among them was a Greek Testament which proved an attractive curiosity to the young tailor. He was fortunate in having a little help to acquire this language, and in about three years could read Homer with some pleasure.

His desire 'to know' became so great that he failed to attend to his work; and for some years he became a sort of travelling tailor, going from town to town, and from district to district, but always on the look-out for some one who could help him with this or that language. His was not an ordinary sort of life to lead; he seemed unsettled and of a vagabondish nature, but was nevertheless intent on what was then the one thing needful to him—knowledge. When he was thirty-four years old he began to study Hebrew, but found that his Shindler's grammar was not very helpful; it took for granted that so much was known which, in this case at least, the student did not know. Hill thought that if any one knew Hebrew, a Jew should, and accordingly looked out for one. He found one on tramp like himself, and proposed that they should travel together, in order that the Jew might with the greater ease teach Hill the grand old language of the Bible. Unfortunately, this was so little, that Hill was disappointed, and looked out for another member of the ancient race. He had to seek not one only, but many, and all alike wanted the ability to teach. Then he turned again to grammars, and working steadily through eleven different ones, he at last became familiar with the language in which the Bible was given to mankind.

Besides his study of languages, he devoted himself to all sorts of out-of-the-way inquiries, tramping on from place to place in the daytime, and asking many questions as he went; or while he sat cross-legged on some cottager's table mending his torn or worn garments, and then sitting up long into the night with his grammar and his books in strange tongues.

At last advancing age warned him that he must end this vagabond life; and so he went back to Buckingham, where for the rest of his days he remained in obscurity, earning just enough to keep him from starving; but always content; his mind filled with the curious information picked up by him in his little travels, and ever turning with pride and interest to the great books which in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew always had in them food for his hungry mind. He made more in appearance as an author than Henry Wild did, having in his later days published *Remarks on Berkeley's Essay on Spirit*, *Criticisms on Job*, and *The Character of a Jew*; this last work being one in which he could well illustrate the old saw that familiarity breeds contempt. We need not say that Hill's knowledge of Jews was small, and that

if it had been his lot to have been known to men of that race who were then, and whose sons are now distinguished for their learning, he would have appreciated the distance and the difference between the vagabond and the educated Hebrew.

LANCASHIRE MEMORIES.

We have been perusing a pleasantly written work, 'Lancashire Memories,' by Louisa Potter, seemingly a young candidate for literary fame. The book consists of a series of sketches. One of these, styled *The Maudesleys*, we offer in an abbreviated form as a specimen of the authoress's description of early remembrances.

'There are few people I remember better or regret more than my mother's old friend and relative Mrs Weston; partly because, in virtue of relationship, she claimed a right to tutor, direct, and advise me; but chiefly because that same relationship procured for me the charming privilege of frequent visiting at her house from my earliest recollection until the time when she, alas! could welcome me no more.

Maudesleys, where she lived, and had lived all her life, was a steady, comfortable, respectable, unpicturesque dwelling, with a red brick front, a portico, and two windows on each side of the door, with five above. Mr Weston was a thriving merchant in the large town seven miles off, and in addition to his interest in bales of cotton and packs of gray calico, was smitten with farming, and cultivated acres and acres for his own particular pleasure; and so between steain-churns and turnip-cutters and thrashing-machines and divers breeds of cattle, contrived to lose a very tolerable income each year, as most gentlemen-farmers do. Then he could not give much personal attention to it; for he drove to town in his gig early in the morning, dined in his warehouse in a comfortable room, commanding a grim view of carts loading with cotton bags, enlivened by a very suggestive rope, with a large hook at the end, dangling from the teagle above; and in winter rarely saw his pretty home by daylight.

It was a pretty home (in spite of its bright red front), with its velvet lawn and belt of shrubbery, and a broad winding gravel walk leading up to the front door, so smooth and level—not one pebble out of place. Indeed, how should it? when old Diggle, the gardener, followed the wheels of a departing carriage with his roller; and neither the family, nor those who were very intimate, ever dreamed of driving up to the front of the house, but always alighted at a side-door close to John's pantry, which arrangement spared both John and Diggle much trouble.

A walk through the fine-grown laurels led into the flower-garden, so sheltered, warm, and sunny, that in the early spring, before the neighbouring gardens had recovered from their winter sleep, this was gay with the bright blue hepatica, the graceful jonquil, and the pale lilac flowers and broad spotted leaves of the dog-toothed violet. One side of the garden was bounded by a high wall, covered with peach and nectarine trees, and in autumn a matting was nailed below, in order to catch any fruit that might fall. Many an earnest inspection have I made of that matting!

The fruit-trees were interspersed with climbing roses, the sweet-scented clematis, and the trumpet honeysuckle; and then came the greenhouse, of an obsolete construction—a mere shed of glass, such as Cowper might have sat in, and apostrophised the friendly goldfinches that cause mankind to blush. In front of the greenhouse were beds of ranunculus and anemones, dazzling in their rich crimson and purples; and in autumn the gorgeous scarlet geranium or verbena, that gem of a flower, whose brilliant colouring seems to emit a light of its own. A gravel walk, neatly edged with box and bordered with flowers, encircled the garden; and in the centre was a smooth lawn, dotted over with azaleas, rhododendrons, pink thorns, and the magnificent tree peony. A pleasant, sweet smell floated about in that garden, warm, aromatic, and fragrant—a gentility of scent, so to speak, that is quite indescribable, and which I have never perceived in cottage gardens, or farmhouse gardens, or nursery gardens, though there may have been as many flowers, or more. A laurel hedge on one side of the garden divided it from a large park-like meadow of undulating land, surrounded by a belt of plantation; and being used as a ley (from which, probably, the place derived its name, Maudesleys), was usually enlivened by sheep and cattle. A pond, near the edge thickly set with water-lilies, was at once a mournful interest and a solemn warning; for long ago, when Mrs Weston was quite young, she had a little brother Willie of five years old, and his mamma was very ill, and died, and Willie was forgotten; and when all was over, and the children gathered together, there was no Willie. They searched everywhere; and at length he was found floating amongst the water-lilies, and his hands still grasping the dazzling white flowers that had cost him his little life; so that pond was always a reminder of little Willie and the danger of gathering water-lilies. The large farm-yard beyond the garden teemed with live things—horses, cows, dogs, pigs, and poultry, the pet pony "Gipsy," that would carry three at a time, and—when she condescended to dawdle out so far—the pet lap-dog "Sylph." I can hear now the gobble, gobble of the turkey-cock, the queer shrill cry of the guinea-fowls, the jovial quack, quack of the ducks, and the inward, complacent crooning of the hens, as they pecked about in the train of the lord of the seraglio, a fine large game-cock, always on a visit at Maudesleys, and sent by the lord of the manor for board and education until wanted for the cockpit; a provision for which and also for the support of a foxhound, was empowered by a clause in the lease.

There was often a brood of turkeys airing on fine days under a coop on the lawn, the mother's blue-and-pink head coming out at all points to recall the wandering chicks. Of all feathered things, the turkey is the most difficult to rear; but these generally did well, under the especial care of Cicely the maid, a steady, severe-looking damsel, who had lived in the family from her youth up, and demure as she looked, had "kept company" all that time in the laundry, on the off-nights of the wash, with bass William of the chapel choir. Cicely was a strict Presbyterian, with a sour, uncompromising manner, and was in the habit of displaying her love of Dissent and stiff-necked opposition to Episcopacy

by flinging open the front door widely, with a warm smile of welcome, to all Dissenting callers; but held conversation in a forbidding "don't-come-in" tone, through the narrowest possible chink, with all orthodox visitors. Cicely kept an eye on the doings of the establishment; didn't "quite approve of John," though he did set up an air of integrity and uprightness as dauntless as his red waistcoat; looked suspiciously on the red cheeks and bright cap ribbons of Mary the housemaid; detected flirtations in the dairy, and expressed her sentiments thereupon in no measured terms, and with very indifferent success; for the principal culprit, Charles the cowman, would retire to the shippon whistling and muttering: "When sarvants is cross I ne'er heed 'em; poor folks' anger means nowt."

There was a fine large fruit-garden near the farm-yard, filled with strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, apples, pears, and all manner of tempting things; but it was inclosed partly by a wall and partly by a hedge, and had a gate that locked, and of which the old gardener kept the key for reasons of his own. Still, fruit was to be got at somehow; for Maggie was not very well one night, and being questioned closely, acknowledged to having eaten sixty green chisel-pears during the day. There was the same plentiful "well-to-do" air indoors as out; no aim at grandeur, but thoroughly comfortable. None of the rooms were large; the dining the most spacious, furnished with bright solid mahogany chairs and tables. A portrait of Mrs Weston's mother over the chimney-piece, and a round mirror suspended by chains from the beak of an eagle, and in which the reflection of the room appeared half a mile off, were all the decorations. The colour of the walls was a pale buff, kindly suggested by the great Sir Charles Barry, who was luckily on a visit when the house was being painted; but then he was only Mr B., a young beginner with a portfolio full of drawings from Athens, just to shew what he could do, and employed in the construction of the neighbouring church. However much that church may have done for the spread of the gospel, it has done uncommonly little for the spread of architectural taste. But nobody talked then of "Early English" or "Later Norman;" and such notions as "transept," "nave," or "clerestory" were obsolete, or savoured of popery.

Up-stairs, the front rooms were devoted to visitors, who occupied the "best room," the "chintz room," or the "green room," according to the place they held in the hostess's estimation. She herself occupied a bedroom over the kitchen, and commanding a view of the stable-yard. The colour of her bed was a grave drab; and right opposite to it on the wall was a good round clock, by which she could regulate the rising of the maids and the punctuality of the men. Next to her bedroom was the workroom, where Cicely might always be found seated at work before a lead pincushion that had once been scarlet, but pricked out of all colour; and there Cicely could and did furnish, to all who were willing to listen, the gossip of the district for miles round. Of the other parts of the house, my memory rests most distinctly and lovingly on the storeroom, and the very promising scent that came out when the door was open—a fragrant combination of sugar, apricots, candied lemon-peel, and gingerbread.

In the early part of my recollection, the only conveyance kept at Maudesleys for the use of the family, besides Mr Weston's own particular vehicle, was a heavy gig with a hood, drawn by old "Smiler," who varied his occupation between airing the mistress and carting the coals. But prosperity advanced; and ambition, like appetite, "grows by what it feeds on;" so the old gig was exchanged for an inside car, and that again made way for a real green chariot, and then the boundary was passed between respectability and gentility. Mrs Weston—or, as her husband always called her for shortness, Mrs W.—had a strong love of the genteel; and an overweening preference for those she conceived to be "somebody" was the one little weakness in her character. In other respects she was eminently strong-minded, and in manner the exact counterpart of Cicely. If there was a disagreeable truth that need not be mentioned, it was sure to come out. She openly disapproved Mrs Thornton's new velvet curtains, bordered with needlework done by the dowager Mrs Thornton with incredible pains, and made a call on Mrs T. purposely to let her know it. She would earnestly request any friends removing to a larger house, to "think well what they were doing, or they were certain to get into debt;" and begged to be permitted to pay her annual visit to her friend Miss Marriott in winter instead of summer, at which season she hoped she should not find it so "very disagreeable." In the company of a steady Whig of the old school, she was sure to speak slightly of Charles Fox; and in that of a Dissenting minister was certain to lament the necessary inferiority of Dissenters' education. She entertained one gentleman caller particularly tenacious about family and proud of his own, by assuring him that his wife's father had once been a stay-maker. That gentleman dropped her acquaintance; but if he did, there were others who did not; and the old teas and suppers were put down with the gig, and dinner-parties succeeded at the fashionable hour of five; and besides all this, there was a fire in the drawing-room every day, instead of only on Sundays. The first effort in the dinner-line was rewarded by Mrs Philips remarking loudly, when oyster-sauce was offered with her boiled turkey: "Well, I did not expect to have met with this here!" But Mrs P. was a sour old widow, that would not have been asked, only she was related to the Philipses of the Park; so what she said did not signify.

Cleaning must have been a very favourite pastime with her. She was for ever painting or scouring or shaking the carpets; the silver was bent and thin with John's continual rubbing; and the knives were worn to a point with the energy of his daily exercise in the boot-hole. John had a habit of letting down visitors, from being company, to forming a part of the family, in a manner peculiarly his own. The first few days he made a grand display of plate, and would then withdraw it piece by piece—first the wine-coolers, then the best dessert knives, an extra cream-jug or butter-cooler, till in about ten days he had got down to what was commonly in use, by which time he concluded the visit was, or at anyrate ought to be, over.

Maudesleys was a lively, cheerful abode; for though Mrs Weston had no children of her own,

she contrived to adopt many of other people's, one niece or another always living there; and a kind and ready hospitality that invited not only her own friends, but her friends' friends, insured a plentiful supply of visitors. She dearly liked children about her, but not in the way of fondling or caressing them. With all her kindness, I never heard her say "my love" or "my dear" to any human being; but she liked superintending children through her spectacles, smoothing their hair, examining their nails, or diving into remote corners in order to see if they were well washed; and if no others came in her way, must needs invite a selection of boys from the minister's school, to the discomfiture of both the nieces and Cicely; for school-boys are no company for girls, and Cicely vowed they ate more sponge-cake in the day than she could make in the week. . . .

The brightest, cheeriest thing at Maudesleys was Maggie, the daughter of a brother of Mr Weston, who resided in France; but owing to the demolition of property occasioned by that very common event, a Revolution, Maggie was glad to accept an invitation from Maudesleys to pay a visit that ended only with the lives of the inviters. Half-English, half-French, the gayest, liveliest, merriest little cricket was Maggie. A face by no means pretty, and a figure a little warped, yet she slid along sideways in a fashion of her own, that was positively graceful; looked up to as an oracle of fashion, and a very mirror of taste, such little jaunty hats she wore set sideways on her "crêpèd" curls, such well-made gigot sleeves, and petticoats judiciously shortened to shew the pretty foot that in her inmost heart she was so proud of; kindly, sprightly, loving, what would Maudesleys have been without Maggie? The great secret of her popularity was her warm and hearty sympathy in the interests of those about her: she was as busy and interested in the school-going and well-doing of the poor weavers' children, as in the plan of a conservatory or the make of a new velvet gown for Mrs Thornton, her wealthy neighbour. . . .

Life went on smoothly and evenly at Maudesleys for forty years and more, and then came a change in the failing health of Mr Weston; when his daily visits to his warehouse were discontinued, and the account-book and ledger, which were hitherto his principal studies, were laid aside for "Blair's Sermons" and "Porteous's Lectures," steady, respectable divinity that could be taken in moderate doses, and was doing something towards preparing for the inevitable journey. He had never played a very important part in the establishment; no need of that; but he had fulfilled the two duties which my friend Miss Humble assures me she conceives to be the sole advantage in husbands, "finding the money and frightening the servants."

Mrs Weston was indefatigable in her attentions to her husband; stood over him whilst he ate, with a determined, "doing-my-duty" air; saw that he followed exactly the doctor's prescriptions; walked out with him, sat with him, and spared no trouble or fatigue in the endeavour to lengthen out his days; but in vain. Death would come; so she waited with a calm endurance for the blow, watched the moment of departure with a sad serenity, and immediately mounted a chair and stopped the clock.

She shewed his memory every respect. The

mourning was solemn and decorous; John was stripped of the red waistcoat for ever, and came out in a full suit of black, with a tuft on his shoulder. Mrs Weston's cap was of the most widowed build; her bombazine was of the finest, her crape of the deepest; but a despairing widow she was not. Indeed, despair depends a good deal on the income: hers was rather diminished, which decided her on leaving Maudesleys, and taking a house at a short distance, and in a rather more genteel neighbourhood—a gentility that amply compensated for any grief she might feel at leaving the home of her life. Changes and misfortunes, it is said, never come singly. She was scarcely settled in her new abode, when Cicely one morning announced her intention of marrying forthwith. She said it reluctantly, with every mark of regret, and would for her own part have continued her engagement for the term of her natural life; but bass William was growing infirm, and thought Cicely might as well attend on him as any one else; and there was no time to spare, as she was past fifty and he verging on three-score. So, with many admonitions on the folly of marrying young, and how uncomfortable she would find it, and how inferior her table and accommodation would be to Maudesleys, and how disagreeable men were in general, and Cicely promising faithfully to come back whenever she was wanted, her mistress was won over to consent, and presented her with a feather-bed, and the stair-carpet with needle-work borders, and a work-table, and that eternal lead pincushion, and a variety of oddments brought to light in the removal.

Mrs Weston reckoned without her host if she calculated on commanding Cicely's services in the future; for in spite of the promise that deluded her into consenting to the marriage, the very first time she wanted Cicely to accompany her as usual on a visit to Ireland, bass, doubly bass William, with a total disregard to both their feelings, observed, he'd "rather hoo didn't go; mebbly hoo'd be sick, or mebbly hoo'd die, or" (and the gist of the matter lay in the third reason) "mebbly I should be poorly while hoo were away." So poor Mrs Weston learned the lesson "The Tatler" tells us, so prettily, he was taught a hundred years before, that his sister, after her marriage, would have him to know that she was no longer "Jenny Distaff, but Mrs Tranquillus."

I rather owe Cicely a grudge myself; for once, when her mistress was feelingly regretting to her my very large family, she replied, in a most unsympathising tone: "Serve her right; she and Miss Phillis were always laughing at large families;" and I do think the weight of the dispensation might have softened even her unpromising notion of retributive justice; but it didn't.

Servants who have lived more than thirty years in one family acquire ways of their own that would scarcely be tolerated under a new dynasty. There was many a tiff between John and his mistress about the mode of putting coals on the parlour fire, which resulted in his placing the coal-box on the rug, and retreating a few paces, with an air of lofty magnificence, and a determination to wait until she had helped herself to her own satisfaction.

Phillis, one of Mrs Weston's nieces, had found a Strephon in the neighbourhood, and was carry-

ing on a flirtation unknown to her aunt, but discovered by John, who knew all the news in the parish, acquired in the kitchens of the houses about, whilst waiting with his lanthorn to follow the ladies home from the tea-parties, and regularly disburthened his mind of it to the younger branches by the way. It so happened Strephon was a little lame, but "quite an elegant lameness," Phillis said; and that atrocious John would walk solemnly behind his very unconscions mistress, and in advance of Phillis and her companions, in order, as he said, "to light them both at once"—indulging in a very unmistakable limp as he swung the lanthorn to and fro down the lane.

At one time, Mrs Weston was wishful to alter the name of Maudesleys for one more picturesque or significant. Her neighbour, Mrs Ramsbotham, had built a high brick wall between her own dwelling and the high road, and called it in consequence Wallfield; but Mrs Weston inclined to Daisy Bank, only for this difficulty. Thanks to Tommy Diggle's care and attention, the lawn was so trim and velvety, there was never a daisy to be seen; all were carefully rooted out; and her zeal for Daisy Bank was somewhat quenched when, relating the dilemma to a gentleman friend, he replied: "Then, madam, suppose you call it Lack-a-daisy Bank." The names of the farms and demesnes all around were quaint and old; in use, possibly, since Lancashire was a county—Hollin-hurst, Ditch Ash, Thatch Leach, Besses o' th' Barn, Poppy Thorn, Sheep Hey, could not well mangle with Daisy Bank or Mount Pleasant. Then Woodley was proposed as meeting every requirement, and Woodley it remains.

I saw it again after the lapse of forty years. The kind hostess was no more, the nieces all dispersed, the friends all gone, the house was let to a stranger, and I was forgotten.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS are not, in a general way, entertaining reading, yet, even outside the agony column, they often pique our curiosity and afford matter for speculation. If some advertisers vex our minds by propounding unsolvable riddles, others amuse us by ingeniously contriving to say what they do not mean. No honestly intending tradesman could possibly desire 'a sleepy partner in a respectable ready-money business;' nor can anybody require 'an experienced nurse to take charge of a young child between thirty and thirty-five years old, of unexceptionable character.' The owner of a double Bath-chair may perhaps be warranted in describing it as 'capable of holding two persons in good condition;' but that a mail phaeton was ever 'the property of a gentleman with a movable head as good as new,' is more than we can credit. A certain excellent young horse that 'would suit any timid lady or gentleman with a long silver tail,' must assuredly hail from the stable of the Dublin horse-dealer who is open to an offer for a 'splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail.' A feminine switch would hardly be worth so much in Birmingham, where we read: 'Ladies will be sold as low as seven shillings a pair.' The sex would seem to be at a discount in the foregoing town, and reduced

to taking up with each other, for a householder offers to let apartments to 'two women, married couple.' Women have married women before now, and the *Matrimonial News* once notified: 'A handsome young lady of twenty-one, educated, accomplished, and of good family, desires to marry some lady going out to India.'

The following unsophisticated productions, selected partly from a *History of Advertising*, written by Mr Sampson, and from other sources, may prove amusing. From a Spanish paper is gathered the following: 'This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hild and Enuna, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. — His disconsolate widow, VIKONIQUE ILLMAGA. P.S. — This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual; only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Lessi de Leinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.' It is impossible to avoid admiring the adroitness with which the disconsolate widow continues mourning and money-making, and takes the opportunity of giving a rap at the heartless landlord.

Ireland has the honour of the next production, unsurpassable as it is for delicious pomposity. It is only fair, however, to add that it made its appearance at the beginning of the present century, before examinations for schools and school-masters were fashionable.

'Mr Hendrick's devoir to the gentry of Limerick. Would be elated to assign his attention for the instruction of eight or ten pupils, to attend on their houses every second day, to teach the French language, Geography on the Principles of Astronomy, traversing the globe by sea or land on the rudiments of a right angle, with a variety of pleasing Problems, attached to Manners, Customs, &c. of different Countries, Trade, and Commerce; Phenomenons on Volcanos, Thunder, Lightning, Sound, &c. Such as please to continue may advance through a Course of Natural Philosophy, and those proficient in French may be taught the above in that Language.

'N.B.—At intervals would instruct in the Italian Language.—J. HENDRICK, *Philomathos*.'

A mayor of one of the university towns immortalised himself by the following:

'Whereas, a Multiplicity of Dangers are often incurred by Damage of outrageous accidents by Fire, we whose Names are undersigned, have thought proper that the Benefit of an Engine bought by us, for the better extinguishing of which, by the Accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a Rate to gather Benevolence for the better propagating of such useful Instruments.' Perhaps some clever undergraduates may recognise the style, and be able to decide whether Light or Dark Blue has the honour of such a literary genius.

The following warning against indiscriminate charity appeared in 1804, and it is an undoubted fact that though such claims may not in the present day be so publicly advertised, they are yet considered strictly personal property: 'To be disposed of for the benefit of the poor widow a

Blind Man's Walk in a charitable neighbourhood, the comings in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected.'

While small-pox was making extensive ravages some years ago, a Frenchwoman thus advertised: 'Madame XX. permits herself to say that she has pearl-white skin, full health, rosy cheeks, sweetly expressive face, blue eyes, black hair, and a coquettish figure. She will be vaccinated next Friday; and in as short a time as possible the lymph of her arm will be ready for any one desiring a purely healthful vaccination.'

Which is the greater rogue, the cheat or the man who supplies him with the means of cheating? The law, we know, deals more severely with the coiner than with the passer of base money; but although 'confidence'-tricksters occasionally come to grief, we never hear of the manufacturers of their stock-in-trade Bank of Elegance notes and Hanoverian sovereigns being brought to book; while to deal in endless kinds of shams, labelled as the genuine article, is apparently held legitimate trading. We are ashamed of nothing nowadays. A practical distiller lets all the world know that having succeeded, after seventeen years' experimenting, in producing a fair port and sherry without a drop of the grape-juice, he wants a partner with two or three thousand pounds, to establish a house in Hamburg for the manufacture of wines. A Chicago tradesman advertises that he keeps on hand every article known to the sporting fraternity, and used by them to win with in games of chance; and a Boston firm is prepared to supply all comers with 'A sure thing,' in the shape of a new method of marking playing-cards, 'which enables a person to read the cards as easily by the backs as the faces'—and defies detection.'

Shakspeare complained that too many women

Put on nature's power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face;

and the sex are not less guilty now. Men may well doubt if beauty is even skin deep, when they see a good complexion is to be bought for a shilling; artificial eyebrows for a guinea a pair; tails of hair, as twists or plaits, or to add to the fullness of a scanty head of hair, to be had for ten shillings; and long curls for a crown apiece; while a very moderate sum will purchase an 'ideal corset,' guaranteed 'to impart any degree of fullness to slim figures, while reducing the waist with that roundness which is the great beauty of a good figure.' Even dames of the fair, fat, and forty type may hopefully enter the lists against their more sylph-like sisters, at the cost of a trip to Paris, and a call on Madame H——, who 'has the secret of fairy-like elegance. In spite of nature, the customers she dresses seem to float in the air, and day by day her scissors perform prodigies of art. The shoulders emerge from the corsage, the shape becomes as fine and slender as the stem of a lily, and the arms acquire an adorable curve. But such a dressmaker, you will say, must set a high value on her services. By no means. The modesty of her charges attests the modesty of her character. Judge for yourself. She composes an adorable ball-dress for a hundred francs, and she lives at No. 76, in the Boulevard —.'

As a specimen of what we may term 'ornate

style,' a certain Northumbrian auctioneer announced for sale: 'A quaint mansion and appurtenances, draped in the foliage of its stately pines, its ornate lakes abounding with trout, and decoying the wild-duck to the fowling-piece, wrapped in sylvan beauties, and imparting a dignified air to the amplitude of its lawns and finely timbered park, presenting a *tout ensemble* of a country-seat, highly expressive of the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement.' Then, after babbling eloquently of 'meads watered by a bosky trout-stream, and selvaged by sloping woods and birchen braes;' of 'a rookery lending a bari-tone to the soprano of the mavis and the merle, in grove and in glade, in sequestered dell and breezy upland,' he condescended to come to more prosaic matters, and tell those concerned that the property was rich in 'the élite of winged game,' thanks to its 'populous nurseries of pheasant and partridge;' winding up with a bit of fine writing worthy of Robins himself, who never beat this: 'Pastoral in complexion, the stock-farmer has here a choice field for the exercise of his favourite pursuits. Over these well-fenced and skilfully sheltered estates, the patriot in his benevolence of multiplying blades of grass has ready command of the Wendale lime at the contiguous depôt of Rowley station. Intersected by never-failing streams of pure water, hydraulics might here neutralise the aridity of periodical droughts.'

This worthy would have been better appreciated in America, where sounding phrases and big words are much in favour. There Dolliver the tent-maker boasts that the tented field displays his handiwork, while his canopies shield bridal parties, and regally-attired dames and demoiselles, from the gaze of the vulgar crowd, as they alight from their chariots and pass into the halls of festivity.

We have seldom come across an English advertisement in any way resembling the following Yankee sketch of 'Mr Diogenes': 'This singular man,' we are informed by the advertiser, 'lived in Greece. He was distinguished for his eccentricities, bad manners, and bad disposition. It was his chief business to find fault. For example, he took a lantern one day, when the sun was shining brightly, and went out to search for an honest man, thereby insinuating that such persons were exceedingly rare. When Alexander, a distinguished military gentleman, paid him a visit, and inquired what he could do for him, he had the impudence to tell him to get out of his sunshine. To cap the climax of his oddities, he dressed like a beggar, and lived in a tub! He was a sour, crabbed, crusty, old bachelor. We infer that he had no wife; first, because history does not mention her; second, because no woman could take kindly to one of his habits, dress, or manners, or aspire to become mistress of his mansion. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; but the woman who would live in a tub, especially with such a companion, has not been heard from. The misanthropical spirit which possessed this man was doubtless due to disordered digestion and biliousness, one of the prominent symptoms of which is a morose, fault-finding disposition. Unfortunately' (and here comes the gist of the advertisement) 'Mr Diogenes lived several centuries before Dr P——'s Pleasant Pellets were invented; a few doses of which would have enabled him to find

scores of honest men without his lantern. Under their magic influence, he might have been led to take a more cheerful view of life, to exchange his tub for a decent habitation, to spruce up in personal appearance, and have taken a wife to mend his clothes and his manners; and become the happy sire of little Diogeneses, who would have handed down to posterity the name, not of a cynic philosopher, but of a cheerful, healthy, happy, virtuous man!

Our friends across the water conduct their advertisements in their usual go-ahead style. Not content with posters and newspaper publicity, for miles along the country roads the fences are painted over with the names of quack medicines, and the rocks give their 'testimony' in a clear and unmistakable way that would have astonished Hugh Miller. The vein of drollery with which the Americans are so richly endowed never gives its owner more satisfaction than when managing at one and the same time to puff his own goods and hint a flaw in those of his neighbours. For instance, the fences on the road between Troy and Albany were painted over every few yards with the name 'Castoria' (a preparation of Castor-oil), varied by, 'Castoria is nice,' and 'Castoria would cure a mad Buffalo.' A far-seeing firm engaged in the 'statuary line' seized the golden opportunity, and added: 'When it kills, buy your monuments at Bacon's.'

'Take vinegar bitters, and be happy,' was another piece of advice freely bestowed. 'Port-wine pure as the tears that fall on a sister's grave,' was well known; while 'Those who buy their tombstones of us look with pride and satisfaction at the graves of their friends,' is a remark that lingers in the memory. Our American cousins are slightly deficient in that reverence for 'grave' subjects that characterises the English, and indeed frequently choose them. 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here,' was painted by a grocer on the wall of a graveyard; and undertakers frequently laud their goods in a way that jars upon people not in 'the trade.' The beauties of 'let-down caskets [coffins] luxuriously quilted with white satin,' are frequently dilated upon; and one upholstery firm advertises:

Their parlour furniture is elegant.
 Their bedroom furniture is rich.
 Their mattresses downy.
 Their coffins comfortable.

The last specimen we shall offer to the reader has produced many a hearty laugh, and was presented to the writer as quite unique in its way. It runs thus, and is the production of one 'Roger Giles,' of Romford, Essex: 'ROGER GILES, Imperceptible Penetrator, Surgin, Paroch Clarke, &c. &c. Romford, Essex, hinforms Ladis and Gentlemen that he cuts their teeth and draws corns without waiten a moment. Blisturs on the lowest turms, and fysicks at a penny a peacc. Sells god-fathers cordial and strap-ile, and undertakes to keep any Ladis nales by the year, and so on. Young Ladis and Gentlemen tort the heart of rideing, and the gramer language in the natest manner, also grate Kare takein to himprove there morals and spelling, sarm singing and whisseling. Teaches the jewsarp, and instructs young Ladis on the gar-tar, and plays the ho-boy. Shotish, poker and all other ruls tort, at home and abroad. Per-

funery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashionary, barth bricks and all other sorts of sweatmeats, including bees wax postage stamps and lusifers; likewise tatur, roobub, sossages, and other garden stuffs; also fruits, such as hardbake, inguns, toothpicks, ile and tin ware, and other eatables. Sarve, treacle, winegar, and all other hardware. Further in particular, he has laid in a stock of tripe, china, epsom salts, lollipops, and other pickels, such as oysters, apples, and table beer, also silks, satins, and hearthstones, and all kinds of kimistry, including waxdolls, razors, dutch cloks, and gridirons, and new laid eggs evry day by me Roger Giles. P.S.—I lectures on jogrefy.'

THE GOLDEN CROWN.

A FEW years ago I was advised by my physicians to try the effect of the waters at that beautiful place in Germany, Spa. The noise, the gaiety, and the constant fêtes were, however, not in unison with my spirits, and produced so enervating a result that, instead of curing me, I gradually became worse. I therefore sought a calm, country retirement, where I could enjoy nature's loveliness, and make excursions to the villages in the neighbourhood.

On one bright day I was strolling through the hamlet of Walberg, where the small population of two or three hundred inhabitants were holding their annual feast. A level, hard piece of ground, with no other roof than the blue sky, surrounded by wooden benches, served for a ball-room. Dancing needed no midnight excitement, for it began at two o'clock and ended with the departing daylight. Tall, robust girls, in holiday costume, fitting subjects for the pencil of Rubens; and young men with cheerful faces, were looking earnestly in one direction, where I could discern nothing but a deep sandy road, unshaded by trees. A murmur of impatience was heard through the confused sound of voices.

'Who are they expecting?' I asked of an old matron seated at the end of a bench.

'Eh, parbleu, they are waiting for the dear old Father. He is always so exact, and the children would have been dancing by this time had he not been delayed.'

I understood then that she was speaking of the village fiddler, and remarked a sort of dais raised within the circle. It was composed of a board laid on two barrels, and the chair placed on it seemed ashamed of its solitude; an old desk stood before, to hold the music. Soon a joyous hurrah came from the peasants, and I perceived a poor old man, hobbling painfully through the dust. His head was nearly bald; but its form was massive, and the face was still handsome. He appeared to be about eighty, yet his eye still retained the softened reflection of its youthful fire. His smile was all goodness as he affectionately pressed the hands of the young ones who gathered round him.

A country minstrel seldom pleases the refined taste, and to escape from the noise and intense

heat, I turned away to a small group of beeches, and began to read the book which was my constant companion. Presently I heard sounds so soft, penetrating, and sweet, that the memory of them will never be effaced. It was one of Weber's waltzes executed by a master's hand on an excellent violin. I rose to return as if by magnetic attraction, and walked beside two peasants who were on their way to the feast.

I remarked: 'It is impossible to waltz to a tune played so slowly.'

'You are right,' replied the young man; 'but in the intervals of the country-dances we often ask the old Father to play us some of his airs, and he never refuses. Ah! sir, they move us to the heart just as we shake the grain under the flail; there are some of our girls who cannot help weeping as they listen.'

I hastened forwards, and was soon below the desk. 'Friend,' I said, without preamble, 'you are a great musician.'

'I was so a long time ago, sir, or at least they flattered me by saying so; but now the airs that I play to these good people are only the remembrances of youthful follies.'

'Noble follies that I wish I had committed,' replied I to this singular old man. 'Will you favour me with your company at breakfast to-morrow morning at the house where I am staying?'

'A thousand thanks; but I never take a meal out of my own house; it is an old man's fancy. I ought to be as proud as a young man is, at eighty-two years of age. But I perceive that you are a musician; so we are brothers. If you will extend your walk to the little village of Hoth, over the flowery turf, you will hear the birds singing in the branches, which is far finer than Weber's waltz, and when you reach my home I will give you fresh eggs and water from the hills.'

'To-morrow I will come,' said I, pressing the old man cordially by the hand, more pleased with the invitation than if it had been to one of the grandest châteaux.

Ten o'clock on the following day found me before a detached cottage, clean, small, and pleasantly shaded, beside a running stream. The old man came to meet me, and his table was spread with the best fare he could provide. When I asked him about his name, he said: 'Sir, the peasants have given me the name of the Father, because as you can guess I am still cheerful in old age, but my real name is Vrangél.'

'Vrangél!' I cried, 'of Munich?'

'Yes,' he answered simply.

'The teacher of Weber, the chapel-master to the king of Bavaria!'

'Why not?'

'The illustrious Vrangél now changed to a village minstrel?'

'By my own choice, dear sir, which proves to you that Vrangél is a Christian philosopher. Music has been the passion of my life; but it has caused me unspeakable sorrow and disappointment. I was the king's professor, and he loaded me with money and honours. I taught the noblest women in my country, and they paid for their lessons with gold. I have given my children and grandchildren a love for the best music, the feeling which makes it eloquent, the science which gives it correctness. Thus I know that my life has not been useless; I

have gained the greatest prize, which I would not exchange for anything that earth can offer.'

'And what is this prize?' I asked.

'Come with me,' said the old man, leading the way to another apartment.

I entered a very small, whitewashed room, where a walnut-wood bed concealed by curtains filled up a space. He drew these back, and I saw a golden crown of laurel in a frame. Beneath was written: 'To my friend and excellent professor, Vrangél.—WEBER.'

'Sir,' said the old man with trembling voice, 'this is the crown that all the Bavarian composers sent to Weber after they had heard *Der Frieschütz*, the finest of his works.'

'From that time,' added he, 'everything was against me. I lost my wife and the youngest of my sons. The envy of others was the cause of my dismissal from my post as chapel-master. A banker in whose hands I had placed my savings was made a bankrupt, and my friends deserted me. Life became a weariness, a sadness impossible to describe seized upon me; the doctors ordered me to try the country air and quietness. I engaged a house near Spa, but the bustle of the visitors reached me. Walking through the secluded lanes I found this hamlet, where there are only forty or fifty honest labourers, and bought a cottage. I love to see the young people dance to my music; they do not pay me with money, but they never forget to shew their gratitude by sending me poultry, eggs, and milk. I angle in the stream when I fancy fish for dinner; and I can walk four leagues without weariness to any of the seven villages, when I am sent for to play my violin at marriages, baptisms, and feasts.'

'But,' I said to this singular old man, 'how can a man of your intellectual powers, and accustomed to society for so long a time, deprive himself of all the pleasures of thought, of progress, of mental advancement?'

'My good friend,' he replied, 'everything in society is changed—men, things, and ideas. What was once considered as the enjoyment of luxury, permitted only to those who possess large fortunes, has now become an imperious necessity to every class. The vanity which is grafted into envy grows so rapidly in the field of the human heart, that the good seed is choked. Each for himself, that gospel of egotism, is the universal religion. From the workman up to the capitalist, every one practises it. Villages which are far from these commercial centres have not yet yielded to this plague. But it will advance and invade them; though I shall have gone to my rest before that occurs. Our peasants love their wives, their children, and their fields; but they never covet your horse, your house, or your servant. They have just opinions, sincere friendships, true joys, and simple feelings. I admire their ignorance more than modern philosophy, and I am happier among these rustics who love me, than I should be in drawing-rooms where they would ridicule me.'

Our conversation was carried on for a long time, and I promised to come and see him the following year. I did so; but only to find the door closed. The pigeons were no longer on the roof; no dog barked a friendly welcome. An old woman I met told me that the musician had died the previous February. All the villagers around had wept over his tomb. When his will was opened, it was found

that he had bequeathed three thousand francs to each of the villages; his furniture to the old woman who waited on him; and his much prized possession, the crown of Weber, to the city of Munich. This was all he possessed.

SOME NOTES ON DREAMING.

Few subjects have been oftener written upon than that of dreams and dreaming; yet, frequently as the theme has been treated, it is of that sort which never seems to lose interest for the generality of persons. No doubt the subject is a vague and to a considerable extent an unsatisfactory one—one upon which you may talk and write a very long time, and at the end be not much wiser than you were at the beginning. But as long as people dream they will continue to talk about their dreams, just as mankind will continue to talk about the weather so long as there is rain and sunshine, heat and cold; and not only to talk about but to be more or less curious concerning them. We have no wish to speak about dreams either from a psychological or any other aspect. What it is proposed to do is to record a few facts and observations, with the preface that the greater portion of what follows either came under the writer's own experience, or was related to him by friends as having happened to themselves. Upon this fact indeed depends altogether whatever interest these notes may possess.

The following shews how a dream may be true and yet not true, in a curious way. It was lately told to the writer by one secondarily connected with the circumstances. The narrator occupied lodgings in Edinburgh in company with a friend at the time of the occurrence. One morning, during the winter before last, his fellow-lodger said to my informant: 'I had a curious dream about John Fleming last night. I dreamt he was drowned while skating on Dunsappie Loch. I haven't been able to get the thing out of my head. The loch will be bearing to-day. Supposing we walk over after office hours and see the skating?'

The two young men took their way in the afternoon to Dunsappie Loch. There, sure enough, among the skaters was their friend John Fleming. Portions of the ice were in but an indifferent state for skating, and the two young men, who were not themselves skaters, warned their friend off the dangerous ground. But the skater made somewhat light of their fears, and shewed himself more bold and venturesome than was quite judicious in the circumstances. However, no mischance befell; the skater finished his sport unscathed; and the dreamer of the dream and his companion—my informant—the former a good deal relieved in mind, returned home. While the dreamer was looking over the *Scotsman* next morning, one of the first things his eye fell upon was a paragraph recounting the death on the previous day of a young man named John Fleming, who had been drowned while skating. It was of course some other John Fleming—another young man of the same name.

In the above, though I have changed the name of the chief actor, the circumstances happened as here set down; the form in which they were narrated to me by one in whose good faith I have implicit trust. Some may regard this as a more curious result of the dream than if the friend of the dreamer had been drowned. It would almost seem to shew that dreams may make mistakes in the sense of going astray and visiting the wrong people.

It is not a very rare thing to meet persons who have had, or believe they have had, dreams that were subsequently verified. In relating the following, therefore, the writer hopes not to be regarded as unusually superstitious or credulous. The circumstance occurred not a few years ago, but a very distinct recollection of it is still retained. On entering college-life I parted from a friend who had been to me, in school-boy phrase, a chum, and whom for some years I had been used to meet frequently. My school-fellow—for whom the name of Fred Smith will serve as well as another—on quitting school entered the office of a brother who practised as a solicitor in a country town some hundred miles distant from the city in which Fred had up to that time resided, and in which I continued to live. For two years my friend was absent from the capital, during which time he and I—chums as we had been—ceased to correspond after the first letter or two, both being, like the majority of young fellows, careless and remiss about such things. New interests and new occupations no doubt came to fill and engross the thoughts of my school-fellow, as they did mine; and in my case, to say truth, Fred Smith ceased to bulk much in my memory.

One night I dreamt that I met Fred at a certain corner in town where two of the principal streets in the city met and crossed. The dream was a very vivid one. My school-fellow crossed the street from the other side to meet and greet me; his hand grasped mine, and his voice rang in my ears in the old hearty fashion. He had grown greatly, had shot up into a tall and, it struck me, somewhat angular youth, and his upper lip and chin were yellowing with the down of callow manhood. Next morning on going into town as usual, the first person I met with whom I was acquainted was Fred Smith, exactly at the spot indicated in my dream. He crossed the street to accost me, looking precisely as in my dream, tall and angular, with an incipient beard on his chin, which when we last met had been as smooth as a lady's. He had come to town on the previous night.

A well-known and esteemed Edinburgh advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following. While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school-life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honour. On regularly recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labour and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the

exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem late into the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamt that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamt about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty. The sequel to the story was, I think, that the two boys were bracketed equal, and that each therefore received a prize.

It is not of course an uncommon thing, as we have on more than one occasion noted in these pages, for persons to have dreams of this character—for the poet to dream verses—the novelist plots and situations—the barrister causes—the mathematician problems—but it is very rarely that these dreams are of any practical service to the dreamers. They vanish with the waking, leaving only a vague and incongruous memory. We have all heard persons relate how they have successfully wrought out in their sleep some piece of work that has been exercising their mental faculties all day; but the above is one of the few instances the present writer has ever known of a dream of this nature resulting thus practically.

There are, however, historical examples of the same kind—one of which relates to the poet Campbell, and is not, I think, very widely known. While Campbell was engaged in composing *Lochiel's Warning*, he became perplexed as to how he should best put into rhythmical shape an idea which was working in his brain. He had been striving a whole day to find adequate expression for his thought, but night found him still unsatisfied. It will be remembered by readers that Campbell was fastidious and difficult to please in regard to niceties of language. With his mind still running in the same groove, he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept, the idea flashed through his brain clothed in fitting and adequate words. He started up in bed, suddenly wide awake, rose, struck a light, sat down at a table, and instantly wrote the well-known couplet:

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And events to come cast their shadows before.

The poet then went to sleep again. In the morning he made a single alteration in the couplet, writing for 'events to come,' 'coming events,' the shape in which of course the lines appeared in the completed poem.

One word may be offered in the way of reply to and possible explanation of the question frequently asked: 'How is it that dreams do really sometimes come true?' The answer that has been suggested—and it seems a by no means unsatisfactory one—is, that considering the myriads of dreams that do not come true, it would be rather wonderful than otherwise if occasionally one were not verified. It is the same method of explanation which has been applied to the familiar phenomenon of people appearing who have the moment before been in your thoughts, or of whom you have been actu-

ally speaking to some third person—a coincidence common enough to have long since become embodied in a proverb. The proposed solution of the phenomenon is, we think, equally legitimate in both cases.

TWENTY-FIVE DEGREES BELOW ZERO ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

THE following account of the sufferings of two persons, who by accident were separated from a party engaged in laying out and constructing the Canada Pacific Railway in Manitoba, goes to prove what has frequently been advanced on the subject of human endurance in these northerly latitudes. One of the men was a Scotchman, aged about twenty-three; and the other an Indian boy, about eighteen years of age. The story was told by the eldest of the sufferers in the simplest and most truthful manner, and was elicited by the question asked of my young friend: 'Jem, when can you let me have the old family watch I lent you, and where is it now?' (The watch in question was an old-fashioned, thoroughly reliable silver one.)

'As to when I can return the watch,' answered my friend, 'there may be some doubts; but as to where the watch is at this present moment, I imagine there can be but little doubt. The watch at this moment is, as nearly as I can tell you, at the bottom of Lake Winnipeg, about five miles from the shore, in company with my father's compass; both articles having been lost in the lake in the middle of the night through an ice-crack, during one of my journeys with a provision dog-train across the lake; and I assure you it will be many a year before I forget that night and the frightful position I was in.'

'Tell me all about it, Jem,' I said. 'If I lose my watch, do not let me lose the story of it too.'

'I left the station,' said Jem, 'when I had got the dog-train load of provisions, on the afternoon of the 20th January 1878. The weather was clear and fine, but extremely cold, the thermometer registering nearly twenty-five degrees below zero. There was, however, no wind, and the cold was quite endurable. Both myself and the Indian boy were dressed in our ordinary clothes, mufflers, and overcoats, with snow-shoes on the train for use as wanted. We could not walk in fur-coats, and had therefore concluded to leave these behind, for the dogs were fully loaded with the provisions. Our course lay through the timber that skirted the southern part of the lake, and was consequently quite sheltered; and as we had to return on foot to the station within a day or two without the dog-train, all unnecessary wraps were left behind, not liking to be too heavily loaded on our homeward tramp. Provisions at our camp on the railway having quite run out the day previous, we were desired to lose no time in loading up and starting on our lonely journey. The distance we had to travel was about thirty miles; and if the weather kept fine, we calculated we could easily do this by the evening of the following day. We intended to camp for a few hours at a certain spot about twelve miles from our starting-point, so that we had daylight sufficient to reach that place. The moon would rise about eleven o'clock, when we could again move

on, as moonlight in these northern latitudes is most brilliant and clear.

'Our friends in the old country and in the civilised part of Ontario would think such a journey, with the thermometer at twenty-five degrees below zero, and made at night on foot, driving a dog provision-train, would be a great hardship. We, however, thought nothing of it, and we take these things quite as a matter of course. In fact, I was thirteen months out surveying on the line of the new Pacific Railway without once sleeping in a proper bed or a regularly built house. We always camped under canvas, with bark and evergreen brush as a screen from the wind and snow. No pillow, except perhaps a knapsack or two or three pairs of boots tied up, a blanket and buffalo skins rolled round us individually, with evergreen brush on the ground, constituting our bedding. I was never in better health than during the time I was so primitively lodged. Of course we lived principally on pemmican and pork, and sometimes we consumed huge quantities of these strengthening and cold-repelling provisions.

'Our course lay, as I before stated, through the timber that skirted the southern part of Lake Winnipeg; but as we proceeded we found the swampy inlets were not frozen so entirely solid as to make travelling over them very advisable. This partial freezing—or rather partial thawing—is caused by the warmer spring-water continually welling up in such positions; and from this reason we determined to strike directly across that portion of the lake that lay in our route. We knew that the ice out in the open space would bear an elephant; and moreover, there was less snow on the ice than in the timbered shore, and from the snow being frozen the travelling was much better. The night being quite calm, although dark at the time we reached the shore, we finally decided to adopt the above course. I had my compass and plenty of matches, so that if I thought we were deviating from our course, I could correct it by striking a match and examining my compass. Before leaving the timber, however, we carefully examined the sky all round the horizon so far as we could see, to ascertain the certainty of there being no chance of a snow-storm. We had about twelve miles to travel on the ice before we reached the point we desired to approach. The Indian boy shook his head at the proposition to cross the ice at night, especially as we had heard wolves howling in our rear; and we knew that if they struck our dog-trail, they would in all probability follow it after us. I had my revolvers, and the fourteen chambers loaded; consequently, I did not apprehend much danger from wolves, unless they followed us in great numbers.

'All things considered, we determined to push on; and after five miles of excellent travelling, we were congratulating ourselves on the choice we had made, and had stopped a moment to strike a match and determine the correctness of our present course. The dogs were a few yards ahead, and we noticed by the glare of the burning match, that they were apparently jumping or moving in a different manner from their usual mode of travel. I threw down the match, and we both hurried after them, thinking they might intend running away. (Dogs are never driven with check reins.) The glare of the lighted match pre-

vented our perceiving that a crack had formed in the ice about two feet wide, and it was over this crack, covered with thin ice, that the dogs had apparently leaped. (The dog-trains were of sufficient length to cross the crack without falling in or upsetting.) The sagacious brutes were not to be deceived by thin ice, nor should we have been but for the blinding glare of the match. I had both the compass and watch in my hand; and as we accelerated our pace to overtake the dogs, down we both went through the thin ice into the water; both compass and watch flew out of my hands into the water, and of course at once sunk; and we were only saved from the same fate by throwing out our arms and catching the edge of the solid ice. We were wet up to the armpits, but soon scrambled out. Our dogs stopped when we fell in, looking back at us as much as to say: "Why did you not jump as we did?" Of course their instinct not having guided us, we were not much the better for the apparently mute inquiry.'

(*Note.*—These cracks in the ice of the Canadian lakes are problems which have never been solved; they differ in width in different situations; but always keep open, and are most dangerous to sledge-travelling.)

'Our position was now terrible in the extreme. We were wet through, with the thermometer at twenty-five degrees below zero. We knew we were five or six miles from the shore, even at the nearest point; and to add to our difficulty, we had not observed in which direction the crack ran. There was no moon, and would not be for several hours; we had completely lost our "polarity," and did not know which way to go. The sky had clouded over since sundown, and we could not even see the north star. Our clothes froze stiff in five minutes, and we began to feel that our hours were numbered. As you are well aware, I could always bear exposure; but my Indian's teeth chattered like a pair of castanets. After a few moments' delay and indecision, we concluded at any rate to keep moving, and accordingly started forward at a jog-trot. We knew nothing as to the direction we were going in, and might be moving towards the centre of the lake and towards open water. We cheered on the dogs, and hoped they would prove wiser than ourselves, and that their instinct would lead them towards the land.

'After about an hour's travel and terrible sufferings, we struck a very small islet, not more than half a quarter of an acre in extent. It was only about two feet above the water's edge, and quite destitute of timber except some dead and partly dried willows. Of course this islet was also covered with snow, and but for the sagacity of the dogs, we never should have seen it. We soon had the dogs unharnessed, and a fire made of the dead willows. It was certain death to fail now; stiff and sore as we were, we knew our only hope lay in getting warm again. We pulled off our wet clothes, dried them as well as we could in the flame and smoke of the fire, and partially dried our under-flannels, first allowing them to freeze hard, and shaking them well when frozen. A great deal of moisture was thus got rid of; and after again dressing ourselves, we began to have a little sensation of warmth. We ate heartily of our cold provisions, and fed the dogs; and our fuel being by this time quite exhausted, and

the greater part of the night yet to get over, we spread all available medium between us and the snow, using some willows first; and calling the dogs, we all—canine and human—curled ourselves into the smallest possible space, with two dogs before and two behind each of us, and our blankets over all, so arranged as to keep in every particle of animal heat. We soon fell fast asleep, with a feeling of comparative comfort I never expected to feel again. As I expected, the wolves followed up our trail, and were howling round us all the rest of that terrible night; but we took no notice of such minor troubles as being eaten by wolves. It seemed to be almost a luxurious death in comparison with the awful feeling of being frozen stiff and solid on Lake Winnipeg, with the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero.

'Morning came at last, and we with difficulty got under weigh once more; but now we knew the direction in which to travel; and at about eleven A.M. we arrived all safe at our destination.

'My skin was badly chafed, from the effect of the frozen clothing, otherwise I took but little harm from the experience. I suppose that heavy fat-meat diet enabled me to bear hardship that would have killed a vegetarian in half an hour. How the instinct of the dogs enabled them to hit on the small islet, I am at a loss to imagine; and how human nature ever endured what we had to bear that night, would seem beyond comprehension to an inhabitant of cities and heated houses; but the facts are as I have related them; and that was how I lost your old family watch.'

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Long Vacation as usual has brought opportunity for sayings and doings, for discussion of questions, and ventilation of grievances, which at other times are lost in the crowd or treated with indifference. If the First Lord of the Admiralty speaks on education during the holidays, and says he does not 'advocate the piling of subject upon subject, the straining after what appears to him an unattainable standard of excellence, the pushing and driving of children from one subject to another;' and when he suggests that the aim of schooling should be to train up a child 'to be a good father, a good man; more useful, stronger, more vigorous, and more self-reliant than without that schooling,' then people listen to him. And if a learned and right-minded Professor ventures to intimate that acquirement (otherwise cram) is not knowledge, the intimation survives, and may be turned to profit by students when the holidays are over. And if scientific men say that the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield was not very successful, and talk about the great object-glass, the largest in the world, to be made in New England for the Russian Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, they too find listeners. And the Royal Commission on Agriculture while publishing the list of subjects into which they intend to inquire, and announcing that they have sent competent men to the continent of Europe and the United States of America, to draw up Reports on the

agriculture of those countries, feel pretty sure that their utterances will not be wasted. And if the International Congress of Physicians, sitting at Amsterdam, decide in favour of compulsory vaccination, of Contagious Diseases Acts, the localisation of epidemics, and periodical examinations of the eyes of persons employed on railways, they anticipate at least tolerance for their decisions. And while in wine-growing countries there is a renewed outcry against the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, Mr J. Ball, the veteran Alpine traveller, publishes a dissertation on the *Origin of the Flora of the European Alps*, which will not fail of readers. And International Meteorology, which has been so praiseworthy promoted by the government at Washington, puts forth an exposition of its purposes, and not in vain, for there is 'no nation which is without interest in the work proposed to be based upon exchanged simultaneous Reports, and no nation has hitherto hesitated, when the subject has been properly presented, to aid in a duty which, so easily done as to require very little effort on the part of any one person, has for its object a good to mankind. The work cannot, from its nature, be for the selfish good of any section.' And is it not for the good of mankind that such grand steam-ships should be built as the *Orient*, of five thousand four hundred tons burden, with one rival only in respect of dimensions, and capable, as is anticipated, of making the voyage to Australia in thirty-six days?

The City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, have published their programme for 1880, stating that they will afford facilities for carrying out an examination in certain specified subjects, wherever a class for instruction is formed, or a sufficient number of candidates present themselves. They offer money grants varying in amount to teachers, according to qualification and success in teaching. The subjects for examinations comprise Alkali manufacture, blow-pipe analysis, brewing, carriage-building, cloth and cotton manufacture, electro-metallurgy, manufacture of gas, glass, iron, lace, paper, silk, steel, sugar, goldsmiths' and silver-smiths' work, photography, pottery and porcelain, printing, tanning, telegraphy, watch-making, and other trades. Inquiries may be addressed to the Secretary of the Institute, Mercers' Hall, E.C. It is further worthy of record that the Guilds have endowed the chairs of Engineering and Mechanical and Chemical Technology in University College.

We have from time to time mentioned the experiments made on blast-furnace slag, with a view to apply it to useful purposes; and we are now informed by a technical Report that in certain important particulars the experiments have proved successful. In the neighbourhood of Middlesborough, extensive works are in active operation converting slag into sand, into shingle, into bricks and into 'wool,' or 'slag-cotton' as it is sometimes called, by very ingenious processes. The sand when mixed with a given quantity of lime is shaped into bricks at the rate of twelve thousand a day: these bricks do not require to be burned in a kiln, for they harden in the open air, are ready for use in less than two months, and are

well adapted for interior walls, as they do not split from the driving in of nails, and have a uniform surface. It is found too, that when properly mixed with other substances, slag is convertible into cement, concrete, and mortar. With another transformation, it appears as chimney-pieces, window-heads, balustrades, and other articles described as 'artificial stone' for the use of builders. And in the iron district of Northampton, the slag, after suitable treatment, is fashioned into glass bottles, green in natural colour, and remarkable for strength. If strong glass bottles can be made, why not glass railway-sleepers? It was stated at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Liverpool that the slag-glass could be toughened, and that on trial it had borne heavy weights without breaking. Should this be confirmed on further experiment, it will settle the question, and the cumbrous heaps of waste slag will be moulded into imperishable sleepers. The successes thus achieved are perhaps the beginning only of discoveries which may lead to further useful applications of this hitherto intractable material. Thereat will the dwellers in the iron districts rejoice, for, as we are told, blast-furnace slag accumulates to the extent of eight million tons a year. Students of technology could hardly employ their time better than in finding out profitable uses for the at present waste and useless heaps of manufacturers' refuse.

Some years ago, certain lead mines in Flintshire, extending many miles underground, were abandoned because of the great inflow of water. The improvements recently made in machinery for boring and tunnelling led to the formation of a project for the drainage of those mines, and we learn from an official source that an adit level which was driven at great cost by an ancestor of the present Duke of Westminster, is now in course of extension by the Diamond Rock Boring Company; and that in six months, a tunnel eight feet square has been driven three hundred and forty yards through hard limestone. At this rate, the time required to carry on the work to a distance of twelve miles may be calculated. To 'unwater' a large metalliferous district is a worthy task for modern enterprise, to which we wish success.

At the last meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, a much improved rock-drill, described as the 'Eclipse,' was exhibited. The construction is simple; it is self-feeding, and may be worked either by steam or compressed air; and in the statement of its merits we remark that 'let the rock be hard or soft, or full of seams, whether the pressure be low or high, or whether the drill be fixed to any peculiar angle, and boring at the rate of two inches or twelve inches per minute, it does not affect the regularity and effective duty of the feed, and the perfect mechanical result of advancing the machine forward at precisely the rate of its progress into the rock.' Moreover, when once started, it 'may be left to complete the hole by its own action;' hence the man in charge may attend to two or perhaps three machines at the same time.

Messrs Jordan and Company point out that for quarrying or mining, hydraulic power is the most economical, and is to be found in the 'pump columns' of all deep mines. 'No deep mine,' they state, 'of any importance can be worked without pumps and a large pumping-engine; and this is

the source of power suggested. Therefore, in order to arrive at the cost of any power we may require for driving small hydraulic engines underground, we have only to determine the cost of pumping the quantity of water used through the head employed;' and they shew that the cost is much less than that of compressed air.

A prize offered for a method, mechanical or chemical, of making marketable, with commercial advantage, ores or minerals raised from mines in Cornwall or Devon, was gained by the Chudleigh Road (Devonshire) Patent Brick, Tile, and Pottery Company. Their vitreous pottery, made from clays hitherto considered worthless, occupied a deservedly high place among works of art exhibited at the meeting above referred to, and will probably compete for public favour with the now well-known Lambeth ware. The articles, whether bricks, tiles, jars, bottles, vases of various colours, are 'vitrified without any artificial admixture; while the burning, fixing the colour and enamel, are all done at one and the same time.' Not least among the merits of this novel manufacture is its economy; for the local land-owners and clay merchants had always regarded the top clays as useless, and in mining for the potter's clay found in that part of the county, had thrown them aside as waste and rubbish. 'Sanitary bricks' are made which withstand a crushing weight of three hundred and twenty tons to the square foot, and 'non-porous bricks' which effectually resist damp and the action of the strongest acids. In the production of these satisfactory results, the kiln, described as Carder's Patent Continuous Kiln, plays an important part. It contains 'a series of burning chambers, arranged in an oval ring, on the continuous principle, so that while the contents of some are being fired, others may be cooling, or filling, or being emptied, the distribution of the heat being governed by a series of dampers. The waste heat of the chambers which are cooling is either directed into the drying tunnels, or allowed to flow on towards the chamber in full fire, to supply it with heated oxygen. Day by day one chamber is filled, one drawn, and the fires are advanced a stage, until the whole circuit of the kiln has been made.' Meanwhile the process of drying is going on in the drying tunnels, the capabilities of the kiln being such 'that green bricks direct from the machines can be dried in the drying chambers or tunnels by the utilisation of the waste heat from the main fire, without the additional cost of fuel, labour, and separate buildings.' If these things can be done in Devonshire, why not in Cornwall, where waste clays are overabundant, and where people are disquieted because of hard times and waning trade?

A new machine-gun, named after its inventor, the Nordenfeldt, has been tried with a view to use in the navy, being specially intended to repel the attacks of torpedo boats. It has four barrels placed side by side, each of which discharges a bullet of about half a pound weight, that penetrates steel plates from three-quarters to one inch in thickness, at a distance of one hundred yards. The cartridges are made of gun-cotton, and are fired by means of electricity in a way not yet made known outside the official precinct. But it appears to be demonstrated that the Nordenfeldt will take a formidable place among destructive appliances.

Mr H. Wilde of Manchester, whose dynamo-electric machines have been noticed in these pages, has succeeded in lighting a ship by electricity, with results that seem to settle the question as regards practicability and completeness of effect. Any one who has been on board a vessel of war knows how dark and dismal, notwithstanding oil-lamps, the lower decks are: henceforth they will be as bright as day, and even brighter in gloomy weather, for Mr Wilde can now divide the working-current without difficulty, and introduce as many points of light as may be necessary. Instead of pairs of carbons separated by plaster of Paris, he coats the carbon separately with a film of hydrate of lime, and mounts them in couples in such a way that when the current is passing they stand at the proper distance apart for producing a perfect light. An experiment made on board the *Inflexible* may be taken as the commencement of a change which will very greatly mitigate the discomfort of life in an ironclad. Four of Mr Wilde's improved lamps were placed in one of the engine-rooms, and, according to the official Report, 'when lighted up, the effect was most startling: the opal shades gave off so powerful and brilliant an illumination that the engine-room, which is considerably below the water-line, appeared to be filled with daylight, and the moving parts of the engine were rendered visible.' Apart from the abundant light, there is the advantage that neither heat nor smoke is generated, a very important consideration within the narrow limits of a ship; and it is not surprising that the Lords of the Admiralty, in whose presence the experiment was made, 'were warm in their expressions of surprise and gratification.'

On the Nature of the Fur on the Tongue is the title of a paper by Mr Butlin, F.R.C.S., read before the Royal Society, in which it is shewn that the fur does not consist of epithelial cells, as generally supposed, but (1) of remains of food, and bubbles of mucus and saliva; (2) of epithelium; (3) of fungi, which attach themselves to the filiform papillae, are gray in colour, and, as Mr Butlin states, correspond in colour and appearance with the thin gray pellicle which forms upon the surface of bacterium-producing fluids. This pellicle when examined is seen to become whiter and more opaque as it becomes thicker, and the fur on the tongue behaves in a similar way with increase of thickness.

In order to ascertain the true nature of the fungus, Mr Butlin cultivated a small quantity from different tongues on a 'warm stage.' Free growth and development, he says, 'took place; but instead of the expected single fungus, several fungi were found. Only two forms, however, were present in every instance—namely, *Micrococcus* and *Bacillus*; and from a comparison of the natural fur with the results obtained by artificial cultivation, he has little doubt that the fur consists chiefly or essentially of these two fungi.'

Micrococcus developed itself in 'small spherical bodies, generally in pairs or groups of four, but often forming chains. Upon the warm stage, rapid multiplication took place, with the production of pairs, fours, long and short chains often twisted and looped, and small and large colonies. When these colonies reached a large size (which happened in the course of a few hours), they pre-

sented a granular appearance, and assumed a yellow or brownish-yellow colour, and all movement in them ceased.'

Bacillus, a rod-like growth, as its name indicates, moved actively about the field of the microscope, the rods forming short chains or pairs, but not forming colonies, though they sometimes congregated in large numbers in the *Micrococcus* colonies. In two instances, another kind, *Bacterium termo*, made its appearance, and 'developed with such rapidity that the whole of the fluid was crowded with these organisms to the exclusion of every other form.'

Mr Butlin is led to conclude from his observations, that while the two first-named fungi predominate, four other kinds are occasionally met with; and he remarks, 'the slime which exists around and between the teeth is composed of the same constituents as the fur on the tongue; all the organisms which are found in the one are found also in the other. *Bacillus subtilis* exists, however, in greater quantity in this tooth-slime, and the rods and filaments are usually much longer than in the fur, probably because they are not subjected to so much disturbance.'

The experimental cultivation on the 'warm stage,' allowing for local conditions, represents the growth of fur on the tongue. One conclusion is plain—namely, that cleansing of the mouth after every meal, as at the beginning and the end of the day, should not be neglected.

From facts and statements concerning the mouth, it is easy to pass to a question of food. Mr Ernest Hart writing in the *British Medical Review*, once more points out the 'extravagance of our people in their feeding, notably their extravagant excess in flesh-food, their ignorant neglect of nitrogenous vegetables and fish, and their carelessness and unskilful waste in cooking. The fallacy that meat alone can give strength for hard work, and beer alone give adequate stimulus to its digestion, are fallacies so deeply rooted, and which underlie so many extravagances and follies of the poor and the well-to-do, that a campaign against dietetic fallacies would be as patriotic as well-founded. The first step should be to lengthen our list of legumes, those immediately available being peas, beans of different kinds, including varieties from India, and rice and lentils; the second to introduce the pipkin and the stew-pot. Until the English housewife learns how wasteful is the roasting-jack, how costly the gridiron, and how unnecessary the "clear fire" and the blazing mass of coals, without which she can at present usually neither cook a cutlet nor boil a cup of coffee, the first lessons of household economy are still unknown to her.' Another writer declares that we have to overcome prejudice and learn to eat; that food is abundant and cheap, and might be cheaper if we were not the most backward people in Europe in the art of cookery. 'We are surrounded by water, yet fish is a luxury. We eat only one vegetable, except when we invade the domains of our cattle, and indulge in poorly cooked greens. Of peas, French beans, cauliflowers, and fruit, the majority of people are stinted, if not debarred. We complain of agricultural depression, chiefly or in great part because we have discovered that other nations can supply us with corn and beef cheaper than we can grow them ourselves; and yet we cannot get good fresh butter, pure milk,

new-laid eggs, and chickens, except at extravagant prices.

After all this, it may seem trivial to notice an improved nose-bag; but in behalf of horses we state that the improvement consists in dividing the bag, so that one-half hangs on each side of the head. The two halves are connected below with a perforated metal bowl or trough, into which the feed gradually descends. Special provision is made for breathing, and for the escape of hot air from the horse's nostrils while feeding: the food is always at one level, and can be eaten without any resting or tossing of the bag on the part of the horse.

EDUCATION BY POST.

In this *Journal* for 30th November 1878, a short notice was given of the system of *Education by Post* carried on by the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. Presuming that all our readers are interested in matters relating to education, we deem it desirable again to draw their attention to the movement, and to the extension of a scheme of which many have already taken advantage.

There is always a large class both of young men and young women in every grade of society who, after they have left school, desire to gain a clearer knowledge of the subjects there taught, and also to gain a knowledge of the higher subjects included in a university curriculum. Formerly, the only means by which such knowledge could be obtained by those whose sex or work in life shut them out from a university career, or even from the classes which sprang up in various places, was private study. The private student has two great difficulties to contend against. The first is, that the zeal is apt to be flitting, and the work consequently unmethodical. The next is, that even though there is perseverance and method, the student often gets up from the study of a subject with a head full of undigested facts, whose relations to each other have not been clearly thought out. The object which the Association has in view is to meet these difficulties, to stimulate the efforts of those who are seeking knowledge, and to help them to systematise their thoughts. With this object, tutors of acknowledged ability have been appointed for the various subjects. Before the opening of the session, plans of study, giving the subject of each paper, are prepared by them, and a copy is sent to the pupil. During the course of the session, examination papers are posted every fortnight, the answers to which are returned to the tutors, who correct and criticise them and explain any difficulties that may occur. The benefit to be derived from being thus educated to write clear and connected answers to the questions, can hardly be over-estimated.

In preparing the papers, the tutors have always in view the necessity of keeping the questions within the range of a mixed class of students. They also aim at drawing up the questions in such a form as to suggest a wide relation of facts, and thus force the pupil to think about them. The subjects of study being the same as those chosen by the Glasgow University examiners, the pupils are prepared for, and can if they choose present themselves at, the Local Examinations.

The high place taken by many of the 'corre-

spondence' pupils of this and similar Associations is a gratifying proof of the efficiency of a scheme which, beginning with the preliminary course of grammar, geography, history, and arithmetic, is adapted to the wants of those whose early education, from one cause or other, may have been stunted or interrupted; which provides the opportunity of carrying on the study of a wide range of subjects in remoter districts where instruction is not otherwise easily obtained; and which prepares students not only for the ordinary Local Examinations, but also for the 'Higher Examinations for Women,' which have this year been granted by the Glasgow University Examination Board.

The Secretary for the correspondence classes of the Association has received from many of last year's pupils, resident in all parts of the kingdom, letters expressing the great pleasure and benefit which they have derived from the session's work; and the success which has already attended the system has determined the Glasgow Association to open their classes to young men as well as young women.

One other important extension of the scheme remains to be noticed. The Irish Intermediate Education Act opens a wide field; and to meet the wishes of many of the pupils residing in Ireland, classes in the lines prescribed by the Intermediate Education Examining Board will be carried on.

Information with regard to all the classes may be had from the Honorary Secretary for the Correspondence Classes, Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

LOST.

In other years, when life was gay,
And I was young and knew not care,
I took a gem of priceless worth,
And idly placed it in my hair.
I marked not when the breezes wild,
That through my locks did rudely play,
Unloosed the jewel from my brow;
It fell to earth, and there it lay.

Time drove the roses from my cheek,
And dimmed the radiance of mine eye,
And then I thought me of the gem
That I had cast so lightly by.
I went to seek it where it fell;
And while I searched in vain the place,
I saw another maiden pass,
A vision fair of youth and grace.

And lo! upon her brow of snow,
I saw my long-lost treasure shine,
Far far less brilliant than of yore;
And yet I knew that it was mine.
I stretched my hand, and eager cried:
'Give back, restore what is mine own!'
She answering said: 'Nay; once 'twas thine;
But now 'tis mine, and mine alone!'

'I found the gem thou couldst not prize
Lying unheeded in the mire;
I cleansed it with my love's pure tears,
And now 'tis all my heart's desire.'
She went her way; and I was left
To gaze into a cold blank life,
Of love and hope alike bereft.
A cheerless lot of toil and strife.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 819.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

LAND TRANSFERS.

It is now about two years since the Dimsdale frauds, which consisted in the manufacture of false titles to property and similar documents. It was a system of swindling on a comprehensive scale, arising out of the loose slip-slop legal procedure of England as regards the purchase and transfer of real estate. Being detected, tried, and convicted, Dimsdale is now suffering the penalty due to the enormity of his crimes. Till this day, however, the law which permitted tricks of this kind remains unchanged; for even when shewn they are wrong, the English are from various causes difficult to move. At length, the subject of land transfers has been under the consideration of a Parliamentary Committee, and may be legislated upon. Meanwhile, we should like, for general information, to run over the arrangements prevalent in Scotland.

According to the Scotch system, there is no huddling up of land rights. All transactions are above-board, and open to general observation—not that unconcerned persons give themselves any trouble about the rights of this or that one, but the law offers facilities, if people, by paying a small fee, like to inquire. Practically, none but a party interested ever institutes any inquiry. This publicity, to call it so, is secured by means of registers, dating from an early period. At one time, registration was optional; but that, as has been exemplified in England, was found to be illusory. The true date of the present system of registration was 1599, when, by the introduction of district registers, every species of conveyance of lands had to be recorded, under pain of nullity. The system was put on an improved and permanent footing in 1617, when a statute was passed which has since remained the leading one on the subject. It is thus observable the Scottish law of land rights is nearly three hundred years old.

The estimation in which Scotch lawyers held the system, as then established, may be judged of by the strain in which Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate of his day, refers to it after it had

been in operation more than sixty years. 'Some inventions,' he writes, 'flourish more in one country than another, nature allowing no universal excellency, and God designing to gratify every country he hath created; so Scotland hath, above all others, by a serious and long experience obviated all fraud by their public registers.' From 1617 till 1868, when all the district registers were directed to be kept at Edinburgh, one for each county, improvements have been made from time to time; so that if the eulogium just quoted was at all merited two centuries ago, we may assume that perfection has now been nearly attained. We need not enter into details of the several changes. It will be sufficient to indicate shortly the way in which the system now operates.

The principle of the system is that priority of registration secures priority of right. Thus, if two parties hold conveyances to the same property, the one whose conveyance is first recorded, though granted subsequent to the other, has a preferable title. The same result follows in mortgages or bonds over property—the lender whose bond is first recorded having a security preferable to all others, purchasers or lenders, whose deeds may be recorded subsequently, and this irrespective altogether of the dates they bear. It will thus be seen that conveyances of property, or bonds over it, do not act as completed transfers or securities till recorded, and may be rendered altogether nugatory by a deed being put upon the record before them. Unrecorded deeds are binding on the granters personally, but do not affect third parties ignorant of their contents.

The centre of the Scottish registration system is the General Register House, Edinburgh, a spacious modern building, carefully arranged for its assigned purpose, and forming the receptacle of numerous state papers and records of much public value. The chief officer of the establishment is the Lord Clerk-Register, who, besides having a Depute, presides over a large staff of officials, noted for their assiduity in carrying on the public service. In the department connected with the transfer of land rights, where there is

usually a pressure of business, clerks are ready to receive any deed affecting heritable property. When lodged, the first step is to enter in a register known as the Presentment Book such particulars as are necessary to identify it; and the order in which the several deeds appear in this register determines the priority of the rights of the parties in whose favour they are granted. Suppose a mortgage to have been lodged and entered in the Presentment Book at seven minutes past twelve o'clock noon, a second mortgage on the same property lodged and entered one minute later, would be postponed to the former, though it may have been granted previously.

This rigorous accuracy has given so much public confidence, that the impugning of land titles is scarcely known in Scotland. Deeds sent by post to the registrars are in like manner entered in the order in which they are received. The deed is afterwards engrossed verbatim in the Sasine Register; and before being returned to the person by whom it was lodged, has a doquet indorsed upon it stating the date of presentation, and the volume in which it is engrossed. A short abstract of the deed is also prepared and inserted in a Minute Book, so as to supersede the necessity for referring to the book in which it is written at length, and so to facilitate subsequent searches for encumbrances affecting the property. The charge for recording is made on a graduated scale according to the value of the property. A deed conveying property worth five hundred pounds, or a mortgage for that amount, costs two shillings per two hundred words. The maximum rate is charged when the value exceeds five thousand pounds, the charge then being three shillings per two hundred words, with seven and sixpence additional per deed. An ordinary conveyance often contains about eight hundred words, and the expense of recording such a deed would accordingly range from eight shillings to nineteen shillings and sixpence, as the value might be less or greater.

All the records are accessible to the public; but to wade through the piles of volumes which would require to be searched with regard to any one property situated, for example, in the county of Edinburgh, would be a hopeless task. To assist the public so far in making searches, printed abridgments and indexes are now transmitted to the sheriff-clerks of the respective counties; but as it is not practicable to keep these up to the current date of recording, they cannot be trusted to as affording complete information. The practice therefore is to employ a professional searcher, who possesses a thorough familiarity with the registers, and by the aid of indexes, might on an hour or two's notice give particulars as to the state of the title and burdens. In practice, however, searchers are seldom called upon to supply the information with this urgency. The usual way in which a transaction is settled, when the agents for the parties possess the confidence of each other, is for the seller's agent to give an obligation to produce a 'clear search'—that is, to produce a searcher's certificate that there are no burdens existing over the property—within a month or so. The title of the purchaser is put on the record in the meantime;

and the search which is thereupon procured should shew that there are no bonds over the property remaining undischarged, that the chain of titles by which the seller came to possess the property has no missing link, and will close by shewing that the purchaser has now an absolute right to the property by the recording of his conveyance.

Burdens not appearing in the records for forty years, and not kept up by regular payment of interest or otherwise, are held to be extinguished by prescription, so that a search is rarely made for a longer period; and as a search is usually made on each change of ownership, or when a loan is effected, it is comparatively seldom that a search for the full period of forty years is necessary. A search made at one time serves on any subsequent occasion, merely requiring to be continued from the period it left off.

The expense of making a search varies in the different counties, as the number of deeds recorded are less or more. Thus the charge for a search over property in the county of Edinburgh is three shillings per annum; while in the county of Cromarty one shilling per annum only is charged; there being also in every case a fee payable for the use of books, varying from two shillings to ten shillings according to the length of the period over which the search extends. For properties under the value of five hundred pounds, only half-fees are charged.

Separate registers exist for deeds relating to lands within the ancient boundaries of royal burghs. These are kept by the respective town-clerks, who, except in the larger burghs, usually make such searches as are necessary.

Besides the property registers for counties and burghs, there is also kept at Edinburgh the Register of Inhibitions and Adjudications, a search in which discloses any bankruptcy and certain legal diligence affecting the property or the right of the owner to convey it. The charge for a search in this register is threepence per annum and upwards, according to the number of names searched against, besides a small fee for the use of books.

Of course, the processes of registration just described can be satisfactorily carried out only where a reasonable degree of confidence is reposed in the integrity of the different parties concerned. Where there are solicitors of the Dimsdale type, disposed to be fraudulent, and where due care is not exercised by registrars, it might be difficult to establish an unchallengeable system of public registration of land rights. We have seen it stated in letters in the London prints that compulsory registration would only increase the number of deceptions, and consequently lower the value of titles to property. We put no faith in such apprehensions. Ridiculously loose dealings in title-deeds have encouraged frauds which would probably disappear under peremptory regulations, along with a stern code of punishment.

In consequence of the universality of registration in Scotland, it is not necessary to write deeds in a costly and cumbrous manner upon vellum. Their durability being of little consequence, they are written plainly on paper, foolscap size, easily folded up in a bundle. In that condition they are as a matter of convenience ready for consultation. Should any of them be lost by fire or otherwise, the loss can at all times be made good by the proper registrar. In point of fact, a

man no more thinks of dragging his title-deeds about with him than he does of a certificate of his birth or marriage. Here, there will be observed to be a material difference between the usages of England and Scotland. Title-deeds in England are written in a formal and expensive style on sheep-skins, and are intolerably cumbersome. Their preservation is a matter of great importance, for they may be used as a ready and convenient pawn. Taken to a banker, they are accepted as a security for borrowed money. In this manner they may be employed on all occasions of emergency to raise a sum requisite to tide over a temporary depression of funds. Though in some respects convenient, this practice of handing about title-deeds as securities must be somewhat hazardous, and does not commend itself to ordinary business notions. Yet, if the practice be as common as it is alleged to be, we can imagine how much it stands in the way of any thorough introduction of the Scottish system of registration into England.

The cost of land conveyance in England has long been matter of complaint; and no doubt the process might be simplified and cheapened. Even in Scotland, there is room for some improvement. Any general reform on the subject involves a revision in the 'land laws,' not to be lightly entered upon. One thing is properly to be borne in mind. The cost of land conveyance is prodigiously augmented by stamp duties, for the sake of revenue. A case in point has just come within our experience in Scotland. The cost of conveying a property valued at nine thousand four hundred pounds, and where searches were dispensed with, amounted to one hundred pounds eight shillings and eightpence, in which was included the sum of forty-seven pounds and twopence for a stamp, or nearly a half of the whole. Those who agitate for a modification of the land laws would need to begin with the stamp duties, though involving the trouble of considering how the public service is to be carried on without an equivalent tax being spread over the general community.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the reforms that might be made as to land transfers in England, has lately issued its Report. Various measures are suggested. But we feel assured that partial modifications will prove unavailing, and only lead to fresh vexations. As the Committee seem to have been conscious of the superiority of the Scottish system, we are surprised that they did not recommend its adoption as a whole. There it was ready to be copied in its entirety, with the advantage of establishing a uniformity of usage over Great Britain. This, however, is the era of small measures and bit-by-bit legislation. A century may elapse before the English are prepared to embrace the usages which have flourished with general approbation for the last three hundred years in Scotland. We have alluded to the circumstance of title-deeds in England being deemed valuable as a pawn for borrowed money. There are other serious obstructions to compulsory registration. The nobility and landed gentry are understood to have an extreme reluctance to give the public an opportunity of knowing their financial encumbrances. The solicitors are said to be equally unwilling to shew deeds in which

flaws may be detected. If such be the case, the difficulties in the way of introducing the Scotch system of registration into England must be nearly insuperable.

W. C.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE SWISS PEASANT AND HIS SON.

THE first beams of the morning sun were tipping with fire the jagged and icy peaks of the Wellhorn and Matterhorn, those gigantic monarchs of the Bernese Oberland, when a slender youth came out to the door of a small herdsman's cottage near Meyringen, and looked up at the sky to note the weather.

'We shall have a splendid day, father,' said he, after glancing all round for a few minutes. 'There isn't a cloud to be seen, and the fir-trees sparkle like silver in the morning air.'

'I am glad to hear it, Walter,' replied a powerful voice from inside the cottage, 'for I must cross the hill to Grindelwald to-day to see my cousin. It is a long journey, and much pleasanter in fine weather than in rain and fog. You can go and let out the goats, and look after the cow, for we must milk them before I go.'

'Oh, Liesli is not far off,' was the rejoinder; 'I see her coming along; she is passing Frieshardt's house now. She is a good cow, and always knows when it's milking-time.—But what is that?' he exclaimed after a short pause. 'Frieshardt is driving her into his yard!—Hi, neighbour! what are you doing? Don't you know whom that cow belongs to?'

'Yes; of course I do,' replied the farmer roughly. 'But I've taken a fancy to the cow, and mean to keep her. You can tell your father that, if you like, and say that if he wants her he can come and fetch her.'

'Father, father!' cried the boy, turning round, 'neighbour Frieshardt has taken our cow away. Come and get her back.'

Obedying his son's call, Toni Hirzel hastened out of the cottage just in time to see his neighbour locking the byre upon Liesli, the only cow he possessed. 'Oho, my friend!' he exclaimed, 'what is the meaning of this?'

'Don't you understand, Hirzel?' replied his neighbour in a mocking and sarcastic tone. 'Recollect what you promised me the other day. You have been owing me forty francs since last winter, and said you would pay me yesterday. But as you have forgotten it, I have taken your cow, and mean to keep her till I get the money back.'

Toni Hirzel frowned and bit his lips. 'You know very well,' said he, 'that I have not been able to pay my small debt. My poor wife's illness and funeral cost me a great deal of money; but you know quite well that I am an honest man, and that there is no need for you to behave in such an unkind and unfriendly way towards me. It is not neighbourly, Frieshardt.'

'Neighbourly nonsense!' replied the farmer. 'The cow belongs to me until you pay the money.'

With these words he turned on his heel and went into his house, the size and general appearance of which bespoke the comfort, if not the

luxury of its owner. With a sad and anxious expression, Toni Hirzel followed him with his eye.

'But father,' said the youth in surprise and anger, 'do you mean quietly to put up with that? I wouldn't suffer it, if I were you.'

'Hush, hush, my boy!' replied his father quietly, 'It is certainly not very kind of Frieshardt to treat a poor neighbour in such a harsh way; but he has the law on his side, for I can't deny that I owe him the money. I should have paid him long ago if it had been possible, but your poor mother's illness and death prevented me. We must have patience. I daresay my cousin will lend me the forty francs if I ask him, and then we shall get our cow back again. Don't be afraid, Watty. You shall see Liesli feeding in the meadow again to-morrow.'

'Yes, that she shall, father,' said the boy in a decided tone. 'She shall be brought back whether you get the money or not. Frieshardt shall give her up to-day, and be thoroughly ashamed into the bargain for his hard-heartedness! He has got forty cows on the hills, and yet robs a poor neighbour of the only one he has got. What harm have we done him, that he should treat us in such a way?'

'I will tell you, Watty, for you are now growing tall and sensible, so that one can talk to you,' replied his father. 'He has envied me the possession of Liesli for a long time, for she is the best cow in the whole neighbourhood; and he offered me two hundred francs for her last autumn. As I wouldn't sell her, he has seized her now, thinking that I can't pay him the money he has lent me. If I were to go to law with him, the cow would be valued, and he would only pay me what she is worth over and above the debt. That is his calculation. But I hope he will soon find that he has made a great mistake.'

'Yes; I hope he will, father,' said the boy. 'Go over to Grindelwald quietly; but don't be annoyed if you can't borrow the money. I tell you that I will get the cow back this very day; and you know, father, that when I say so I mean it.'

'I hope you haven't got any foolish plans in your head, Watty,' said his father. 'It is of no use trying force against our neighbour, for he is to a certain extent in the right.'

'I am not thinking of using force,' said the boy. 'Leave the matter to me, and go quietly on your journey. I know perfectly well what I am going to do, and you may be certain that it is nothing wrong.'

The tall and ruddy youth looked at his father with such a steady and open expression, that all his fears were silenced. 'Well, you are no longer a child, Walter,' said he. 'You were sixteen last May, and ought to have come to years of discretion. But I should very much like to know what plan you have got in your head. Won't you tell me, boy?'

'You shall hear to-night, after you come back, father,' replied Walter, smiling. 'But I assure you again that there is nothing wrong or wicked in it, and give you my hand upon it!'

'Well then, do whatever you have a mind to,' said his father. 'I must not lose any more time, or it will be too late before I get back. Farewell, my boy, and see that you don't play any roguish tricks!'

With these words the peasant took his alpenstock, as the long iron-pointed stick is named which is used for crossing the ice-fields, and set forth.

'Good-bye, my dear father,' said the boy, gazing after him until a turn in the road hid him from view. 'It is better that you should go away quietly and without anxiety. If I had told you what I am going to do, you would have been vexed and nervous, and have tried to turn me from it. But now I shall have nothing to hinder me, and I can set to work in earnest. I will milk the goats first though, that the poor animals may not suffer till I get back.'

Obedient to his loud call the goats came frisking along; and after having relieved them of their milk, Walter drank some, ate a little black bread to it, and then put the rest of the milk in a flat pan, which he set carefully in the cool cellar. When the goats had returned to the hills and were clambering from crag to crag in search of grass and herbage, Walter slung a light hunting-bag across his shoulder, stuck a small axe with a short handle into his belt, and a knife into his pocket; filled a bottle with goat's milk, and then cut off a large hunch of bread and placed it with the bottle in his bag. He then selected a stout alpenstock and tried it carefully, to see if the iron point were sharp and strong. When these preparations were made, he looked for a piece of thin strong cord, such as the chamois-hunters take with them on their dangerous Alpine journeys, put it into his bag beside the bread and milk, and quitted the cottage, the door of which he bolted on the outside.

The cottage was about half-an-hour's walk from the inn on the road from Meyringen to Grindelwald, and thither the stout-hearted youth turned his steps. The sun was still low in the east when he arrived, for it was early in the morning; but a number of horses and mules stood at the door of the inn waiting for their riders. Several guides were loitering about, ready to conduct travellers either to the steep heights lying above the village, down to the beautiful waterfalls of the Reichenbach, or to the village Meyringen.

'Well, Watty Hirzel,' said one of the guides in answer to the boy's salute, 'I suppose you want to earn a couple of francs to-day, as you have come armed with alpenstock and game-bag? You couldn't have chosen a better day! Every room in the inn is full, and you will easily get somebody to take to the glaciers or anywhere else.'

'No, no, Mohrle,' replied the boy; 'I haven't come to take your trade away from you; I only want to speak to Mr Seymour, the gentleman from Scotland who has been staying here for about a month. He hasn't left yet, I hope?'

'No; there he is at the window,' said the guide. 'But you won't be able to earn anything from him; for he knows all the roads of the Oberland as well as any of us. What do you want to speak to him about?'

'You will find that out in the evening perhaps, when you come back,' replied Walter. 'It is a secret at present.'

'Aha, I understand! You have discovered the track of a chamois, and are going to take the gentleman to see if he can get a shot at it. He seems quite mad upon hunting, and I daresay you will get a five-franc piece if you help him.'

'Very likely, Mohrle,' replied the youth, with a laugh; and then bowed to the gentleman, who stood at a window of the inn surveying the lively scene below. Opening the window, he beckoned to the boy, who bowed again, and went into the house.

'He is a sharp boy,' said the guide to one of his companions. 'There are not many lads in the Oberland who are as bold and active in climbing as he is. And no one can beat him for deer-stalking. But it's no wonder, for Toni Hirzel, his father, is the best chamois-hunter in this part of the country.'

'Yes; he is a brave fellow,' was the reply. 'I know his father well. There isn't a cleverer sportsman in the mountains; but it's a dangerous life, and I shouldn't like to change places with him. It is much more comfortable to shew strangers the sights; there is less peril and a great deal more profit in it.'

'And yet I would wager anything that Toni wouldn't change places with us,' replied the first speaker. 'He told me only a week ago that it was impossible to give up the hunting life. "My father and grandfather both lost their lives by it," said he; "and I know I shan't fare any better; but whenever I see the track of a chamois, I must be off after it." That is the way with all your chamois-hunters.'

'Well, may God long preserve him from such an awful death,' said the other. 'But there comes our party. Look after your horse, Mohrle!'

The conversation was thus abruptly cut short. The ladies and gentlemen mounted the animals that were waiting for them, and in a few minutes the space in front of the inn was cleared of the busy throng.

'Now then,' said the young Scotchman, whose attention had been occupied with the company which had just left, and who now turned to Walter. 'Has your father discovered some new tracks, and sent you to tell me?'

'No sir. I have come to ask you if you were in earnest the other day, and if you really wish to have a vulture's brood?'

A vulture's brood, boy?' inquired the Scotchman with eager and sparkling eyes. 'Have you discovered one?'

'Yes sir,' replied the youth. 'I have clambered up among the wild ravines of the Engelhorn for several days, and yesterday I descried a spot where I am pretty certain there is an eyrie. If so, the young birds must be well fledged already; so it won't do to lose much time in getting them.'

'Well go and fetch them then!' exclaimed the gentleman hastily. 'I have set my mind upon having a couple of young vultures.'

'And you shall have them, if Heaven preserves my feet from slipping and my hand from trembling,' said the boy. 'But I must first know what you are willing to give me for the birds.'

'I have already told you that you shall have thirty francs if you bring them here alive.'

Walter shook his head. 'That is not enough, sir,' he replied. 'I can't do it for that. I must have forty francs.'

A smile almost of contempt passed over the lips of Mr Seymour. 'So young, and already so greedy!' said he. 'Begone! I hate avarice, and will rather lose the birds than be cheated in such a way!'

Walter blushed deeply. His feelings were so wounded by these words that his heart swelled as if it would burst, and his eyes filled with tears. But with a vigorous effort he controlled himself and gave a quiet answer. 'It is not greed or avarice that makes me ask for more money. You condemn me unjustly sir.'

'What else then, can it be?' inquired Mr Seymour angrily.

In a few simple words Walter described the harsh conduct of the neighbour who had taken away his father's cow for a debt of forty francs, and said that he had hoped the stranger would readily give the trifling sum of ten francs more if he only knew how dangerous it was to attempt the vulture's eyrie. While he spoke, the angry look gradually disappeared from the traveller's face, and he smiled with friendliness and goodwill upon the boy.

'And you will expose yourself to this danger to serve your father?' he inquired.

'Yes, sir; I have made up my mind to do so.'

'But is it so very dangerous to get at the nest?'

'So dangerous, that I couldn't make up my mind to it yesterday,' replied Walter. 'It is built on one of the steepest crags of the Engelhorn, and can only be reached by a very narrow ridge of rock with dreadful precipices on both sides.'

'And you are going to risk your life to help your father to pay the money he owes?'

'Yes; and I am not afraid, if I can only be sure of the reward.'

'Well then, that alters my opinion. Bring me the young vultures, and the forty francs are yours.'

Walter warmly thanked the liberal stranger for his generosity, and was about to leave the room; but surprised at the boy's courage, and perhaps alarmed at the idea of exposing him to such frightful peril, Mr Seymour called him back.

'I have changed my mind,' said he; 'I really have no use for the birds, at least not at present; and I daresay you will be able to discover another nest that can be got at without so much danger; and to tell you the truth, I don't care about having such young ones. Go quietly home, my boy!—But why do you look so sorrowful and alarmed? Oh, I see; you are afraid of losing the money! No, no; I didn't mean that. Take these two gold coins—they are a present from me—that will just make up the sum that your father wants.'

Walter stood as if thunder-struck, unable to understand such generosity, and thought the stranger was joking with him in giving such a large sum for nothing.

'Take it, my boy—take it,' said Mr Seymour, smiling. 'Your father must and shall be assisted in his difficulty, for he must be a good man to have such a brave and affectionate son. But the life of a human being can't be risked for the sake of a couple of stupid birds.'

In surprise and confusion, Walter took the money, expressed his thankfulness in a few mumbled words and shuffled out of the room. When he reached the open air, he recovered his self-possession to some extent; and holding the gold coins fast in one hand, threw his cap up in

the air with the other, uttered a loud shout of joy, and bounded homewards again at the top of his speed. Having reached the cottage, he put the money in a corner of the cupboard in which his father kept his small stock of cash, locked the door, and put the key in a place of safety, and then left the cottage again.

'Now everything is in first-rate order,' said he to himself. 'Father will be sure to find the money when he comes back, and I shall have plenty of time to see how the vulture's nest is to be got at. Mr Seymour shall have the birds, no matter what trouble and danger it may cost me. He shall soon see that I am neither selfish nor unthankful to him for his generosity.'

GLIMPSES OF LONDON.

'He who is tired of London is tired of existence,' said Dr Johnson; and Charles Lamb, as ardent a lover of the town, declared to Wordsworth, in a letter written in 1801, that 'London itself, a pantomime and a masquerade,' fed him without the power of satiating him. 'The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fullness of joy at so much life.'

We have before us a work in two volumes, by Augustus J. C. Hare, entitled *Walks in London* (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.), giving yet another proof of the inexhaustible interest of the subject of the great metropolis, and how it teems with memories of great names and great historic deeds. While perusing these volumes we can follow our garrulous guide in his excursions; viewing the objects of interest and wandering through all the more interesting streets, listening to his anecdotes, and the literary and historical associations which they call up. In the first volume we are guided through the bustle of the City; in the second, we visit the West End and Westminster.

The very fogs of London, according to Mr Hare, when they are not too thick, may be of service to the artist. London, he affirms, is one of the most picturesque capitals in Europe; no town is better supplied with greenery; the parks are full of beauty. The best of the country-produce flows into town, the result being that the Cockney has the advantage over the countryman in being able to indulge in better strawberries, cherries, and vegetables, than may be had elsewhere. The population of London alone is greater than that of the whole of Denmark or Switzerland, and nearly as great as that of the whole of Scotland. The town has been travelling westward since the time of the Plantagenets; always moving into the country, and never halting there. To see London properly, we are told that we must see the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, the Banks, and the Guildhall; the Post-office, with its intricate arrangements, and the crowds which stream along Cheapside, Cornhill, and Great Tower Street on a week-day. Or we must descend the Thames from Vauxhall Bridge, and gain an idea of the

river-traffic; and ascend the Monument. Those who find the parks monotonous, our author suggests, might refresh both mind and body by mornings spent amongst the tombs at Westminster, in visiting the famous picture-galleries, or in treading, as he has done, some of the ancient City by-ways.

Beginning with Charing Cross—a place of great attraction to all visitors—it is curious to remark that the finest statue in London, that of Charles I., the work of Hubert le Sueur, was sold by parliament to a brazier, with orders that it should be broken up. Instead of doing so, the ingenious tradesman hid the statue, and made a large sum of money by selling brass handles for knives ostensibly made from it. At the Restoration it was mounted on its present pedestal. Harry Vane the Younger lived at Charing Cross; Isaac Barrow died over a saddler's shop here in 1677; and in a lane close by lived the mother of Ben Jonson. John Evelyn lived several years in Villiers Street, by the side of Charing Cross Station. The Strand—so called because of its following the *strand*, the shore of the Thames—was at one time popular with the aristocracy on account of its being the highway from the royal palace at Westminster to the royal palace on the Fleet. Beyond the gardens of York House, on the same side of the river, once ranged the houses of the great nobles. In Adelphi Terrace died Garrick the actor, and the witty Topham Beauclerk.

In Exeter House near the Strand, lived and died Lord Burleigh. Elizabeth visiting him in a head-dress so high that she could not enter the door, was asked by the servant to stoop. 'I will stoop for your master,' was the reply, 'but not for the king of Spain.' Lord Burleigh apologising for his inability to stand up, owing to an infirmity of his legs, she replied: 'My lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head.' While the Savoy Palace, in the neighbourhood of the Strand, was the residence of John of Gaunt, the poet Chaucer was married there to Philippa de Ruet, a lady in the household of the Duchess of Lancaster. In the church of St Clement Danes sat Dr Johnson, when 'repeating the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy;' and there also in his seventy-fifth year he returned public thanks for recovery from illness. In Norfolk Street lodged Peter the Great, when in England; also William Penn, who had a peeping-hole in order to survey all who entered.

William Congreve the dramatist lived and died in Surrey Street. In Essex Street, Prince Charles Edward lived for five days in September 1750, at the house of Lady Primrose. Here also Flora Macdonald found an asylum after her release by the government. Temple Bar, so recently removed, was built in 1670, Christopher Wren being the architect. It was customary in those days to exhibit the heads of political offenders after their execution, the last exposed being those of certain noblemen and others who were concerned in the rebellion of 1745. The spikes supporting the heads were only removed within the century. In front of the bar, Titus Oates, standing in the pillory, was pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs; while Daniel Defoe, placed in the same position for a libel on the government, received an ovation from the people; his health

was drunk, and the pillory was hung with flowers. Close to the bustle of Fleet Street, yet removed from it, stand the Inns of Court. Thither the Knights Templars removed in 1184, and many of the peculiar terms used by them have descended to these times. Chaucer was one of the students of the Middle Temple in the time of Edward III. The Temple Church is the only original relic of the residence of the Knights Templars. A white marble monument exists in the interior of the church to John Selden, styled by Milton 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' By the side of a paved walk leading along the north side of the church there is a simple monument to the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, bearing this plain inscription: 'Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.'

Crown Office Row, in the vicinity of the Temple, was the birthplace of Charles Lamb. In prospect of taking lodgings in King's Bench Walk, he wrote: 'I shall be airy, up four pair of steps, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain.' The learned Blackstone, whilst writing the fourth volume of his *Commentaries* on the first floor of No. 2 Brick Court, was much disturbed by the roaring comic songs, games, and supper-parties indulged in by Oliver Goldsmith, who occupied the rooms above him. And here Goldsmith, dreadfully in debt, died on April 9, 1774.

Gray's Inn—which derives its name from the family of Gray de Wilton—is the fourth Inn of Court of importance; there Lord Bacon wrote his *Norrum Organum*. Of the trees originally planted by Lord Bacon in the gardens, none is remaining. Thither came Pepys when the place was a fashionable promenade: 'When church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn, to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes.' The four Inns of Court have thus been characterised:

Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle
for a hall.

Child's Bank in Fleet Street dates from the time of Charles I., and is one of the oldest banking houses in England. Charles II., Nell Gwynne, Prince Rupert, Pepys, Dryden, and others dealt with this bank. Next door to the bank once stood the *Devil's Tavern*, which was patronised by Ben Jonson, and in turn by Swift, Addison, and Dr Johnson. It is said that Jack Sheppard found the *Bible Tavern* in Shire Lane very convenient for his orgies, as it possessed a trap-door by which he could escape when disturbed. The *Cock Tavern*, No. 201 Fleet Street—the meeting-place of the most celebrated wits and scholars of the last two centuries—remains internally unaltered since the time of James I. Dryden and Otway lived opposite each other in Fetter Lane, and used to quarrel in verse. On the left of this Lane stands the new Record Office; one of the greatest of the many valuable documents it contains being the Domesday Book, in two volumes in vellum, written in the time of William the Conqueror. Fleet Street has many associations with Dr John-

son; Boswell met him frequently in the *Mitre Tavern*; his wife died in Gough Square, where the greater part of his Dictionary was written, and where the *Rambler* and the *Idler* were begun; and in No. 8 Bolt Court died the lexicographer, surrounded by many pensioners on his bounty. One of the many generous acts of Johnson's life was his visit to Goldsmith when the latter resided in Wine Office Court. Finding the author pressed for money, Johnson disposed of the manuscript of a novel his needy friend had written, to Newberry for sixty pounds. The manuscript lay neglected for two years, when it was given to the world as the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In Gunpowder Alley, an offshoot of Shoe Lane, Richard Lovelace the Cavalier poet died from starvation. In Salisbury Court, Samuel Richardson wrote and printed his *Pamela*; and there also Goldsmith acted as his press corrector. John Milton wrote his treatises *Of Reformation*, *Of Practical Episcopacy*, and others in the house of one Russell, a tailor in St Bride's Churchyard, where he lodged in 1643. Here he whipped and instructed his sister's two boys, and thither he brought his royalist wife, Mrs Mary Powell, who found life here so quiet and 'so irksome to her, that she went away to her parents at Forest Hill,' from which, however, she afterwards returned.

The Old cathedral of St Paul's was five times burnt—thrice by lightning. The new building, begun under Christopher Wren in 1675, cost, we are exactly informed, seven hundred and forty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-four pounds two shillings and ninepence. The money was raised by a tax on every chaldron of coals brought into the port of London, and this fact alone, it has been said, gives it a right to its smoke-blackened appearance. Relics of three different ages were found when its foundations were laid—Saxon coffins and tombs, British graves, and all the evidences of the existence of a Roman cemetery. Great historic tombs and monuments, including those of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, are amongst its chief objects of interest. St Paul's School was founded in 1514 by Dean Colet; there Milton was educated from his eleventh to his sixteenth year. In the Heralds' College, near St Paul's Churchyard, were deposited the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, who was slain at Flodden. Before the Great Fire of London, St Paul's Churchyard was the great headquarters of the booksellers. Now Paternoster Row is sacred to the profession.

Christ's Hospital (the Blue-coat School), founded by Edward VI. on the site of the monastery of Gray Friars, for destitute and fatherless children, has been the *alma mater* of many eminent men, notably Coleridge and Charles Lamb in recent times. The library was founded by the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington. The new meat-market at Smithfield, in Mr Hare's words, 'is a perfect forest of slaughtered calves, pigs, and sheep, hanging from cast-iron balustrades—actually seventy-five acres of meat.' Cheapside is celebrated in history as having been the scene of many a conflict between the City 'prentices. Between Bread Street and Friday Street stood the *Mermaid Tavern*, founded by Ben Jonson in 1603, and which numbered Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, &c. amongst its members.

Little Britain, Aldersgate—so called because of

the mansion of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond—was a great bookselling centre in the time of the Stuarts. Wandering amongst the bookstalls there, the Earl of Dorset is said to have discovered a copy of *Paradise Lost*, which he purchased. The bookseller asked him to recommend it if he approved of it, as he had other copies on hand which seemed unsaleable. Shewing it to Dryden, the poet remarked: 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.' After his removal from St Bride's Churchyard, Milton lived in a 'pretty garden-house' in Aldersgate Street, removing to Jewin Street in 1661, where he married his third wife. Here he gave lessons to Ellwood the Quaker, in the foreign pronunciation of Latin. In St Giles Church, Cripplegate, Milton was buried in 1674. His bones were exhumed in 1790, his teeth extracted, and carried off by the churchwardens; and for many years the mutilated skeleton was exhibited to the public at twopence and threepence a head! Fox the martyrologist is buried here. In the parish register is recorded the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620. In Bishopsgate Street is Crosby Hall, built by Sir John Crosby, alderman of the City of London in 1461. Mr Hare considers this place, even with its late lath-and-plaster front to the street, as one of the most beautiful specimens of domestic architecture left in London, and one of the best examples of fifteenth-century work in England.

The royal palace of Whitehall attained its greatest measure of splendour under Charles I. Court pleasures were organised regardless of expense; poetry, painting, music, and architecture were all liberally patronised. In the Banqueting House the hospitalities were on the most gigantic scale. The king's household consumed yearly, amongst other meats, fifteen hundred oxen, seven thousand sheep, twelve hundred calves, three hundred porkers, six thousand eight hundred lambs, three hundred flitches of bacon, and twenty-six boars. The list is so alarming that we give only these further items of consumption: one hundred and forty dozen of geese, fourteen hundred and seventy dozen of chickens; in the shape of bread, three hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels of wheat were used; in drink—six hundred tuns of wine, and seventeen hundred tuns of beer. On the morning of the execution of Charles I., the 30th January 1649, the king was in the Cabinet Chamber overlooking the Privy Garden, waiting until the scaffold was ready. Here he prayed and conversed with Bishop Juxon, and ate some bread and drank some claret; and while doing so, Cromwell, in a distant small room, was signing the warrant for his execution. Cromwell when installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, took up rooms in Whitehall, and employed Milton to act as his private secretary. Here too, Cromwell died while a great storm was raging in the Park, on September 3, 1658. Charles II. revived the reign of pleasure at Whitehall, and died there on February 6, 1685. But with the flight of James II. and the entrance of the Dutch troops into London, the glory of the place passed away.

Regarding the Tower, Westminster, Whitehall, Holland House, and all the well-known and less-known nooks and by-ways of London, the reader will find in Mr Hare's volumes a mine of interesting information. Where possible, he has

quoted largely the opinions of men of eminence, historical, biographical, and topographical, and has enriched his volumes by woodcut engravings of the more picturesque localities.

THE MYSTERY OF SASASSA VALLEY.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

Do I know why Tom Donahue is called 'Lucky Tom?' Yes; I do; and that is more than one in ten of those who call him so can say. I have knocked about a deal in my time, and seen some strange sights, but none stranger than the way in which Tom gained that sobriquet and his fortune with it. For I was with him at the time.—Tell it? Oh, certainly; but it is a longish story and a very strange one; so fill up your glass again, and light another cigar while I try to reel it off. Yes; a very strange one; beats some fairy stories I have heard; but it's true sir, every word of it. There are men alive at Cape Colony now who'll remember it and confirm what I say. Many a time has the tale been told round the fire in Boers' cabins from Orange State to Griqualand; yes, and out in the Bush and at the Diamond Fields too.

I'm roughish now sir; but I was entered at the Middle Temple once, and studied for the Bar. Tom—worse luck!—was one of my fellow-students; and a wildish time we had of it, until at last our finances ran short, and we were compelled to give up our so-called studies, and look about for some part of the world where two young fellows with strong arms and sound constitutions might make their mark. In those days the tide of emigration had scarcely begun to set in towards Africa, and so we thought our best chance would be down at Cape Colony. Well—to make a long story short—we set sail, and were deposited in Cape Town with less than five pounds in our pockets; and there we parted. We each tried our hands at many things, and had ups and downs; but when, at the end of three years, chance led each of us up-country and we met again, we were, I regret to say, in almost as bad a plight as when we started.

Well, this was not much of a commencement; and very disheartened we were, so disheartened that Tom spoke of going back to England and getting a clerkship. For you see we didn't know that we had played out all our small cards, and that the trumps were going to turn up. No; we thought our 'hands' were bad all through. It was a very lonely part of the country that we were in, inhabited by a few scattered farmers, whose houses were stockaded and fenced in to defend them against the Kaffirs. Tom Donahue and I had a little hut right out in the Bush; but we were known to possess nothing, and to be handy with our revolvers, so we had little to fear. There we waited, doing odd jobs, and hoping that something would turn up. Well, after we had been there about a month something did turn up upon a certain night, something which was the making of both of us; and it's about that night sir, that I'm going to tell you. I remember it well. The wind was howling past our cabin, and the rain threatened to burst in our rude window. We had a great wood-fire crackling and sputtering on the

hearth, by which I was sitting mending a whip, while Tom was lying in his bunk groaning disconsolately at the chance which had led him to such a place.

'Cheer up, Tom--cheer up,' said I. 'No man ever knows what may be awaiting him.'

'Ill-luck, ill-luck, Jack,' he answered. 'I always was an unlucky dog. Here have I been three years in this abominable country; and I see lads fresh from England jingling the money in their pockets, while I am as poor as when I landed. Ah, Jack, if you want to keep your head above water, old friend, you must try your fortune away from me.'

'Nonsense, Tom; you're down in your luck to-night. But hark! Here's some one coming outside. Dick Wharton, by the tread; he'll rouse you, if any man can.'

Even as I spoke the door was flung open, and honest Dick Wharton, with the water pouring from him, stepped in, his hearty red face looming through the haze like a harvest-moon. He shook himself, and after greeting us sat down by the fire to warm himself.

'Whereaway, Dick, on such a night as this?' said I. 'You'll find the rheumatism a worse foe than the Kaffirs, unless you keep more regular hours.'

Dick was looking unusually serious, almost frightened, one would say, if one did not know the man. 'Had to go,' he replied--'had to go. One of Madison's cattle was seen straying down Sasassa Valley, and of course none of our blacks would go down *that* Valley at night; and if we had waited till morning, the brute would have been in Kafirland.'

'Why wouldn't they go down Sasassa Valley at night?' asked Tom.

'Kaffirs, I suppose,' said I.

'Ghosts,' said Dick.

We both laughed.

'I suppose they didn't give such a matter-of-fact fellow as you a sight of their charms?' said Tom from the bunk.

'Yes,' said Dick seriously--'yes; I saw what the niggers talk about; and I promise you, lads, I don't want ever to see it again.'

Tom sat up in his bed. 'Nonsense, Dick; you're joking, man! Come, tell us all about it. The legend first, and your own experience afterwards.--Pass him over the bottle, Jack.'

'Well, as to the legend,' began Dick--'it seems that the niggers have had it handed down to them that that Sasassa Valley is haunted by a frightful fiend. Hunters and wanderers passing down the defile have seen its glowing eyes under the shadows of the cliff; and the story goes that whoever has chanced to encounter that baleful glare, has had his after-life blighted by the malignant power of this creature. Whether that be true or not,' continued Dick ruefully, 'I may have an opportunity of judging for myself.'

'Go on, Dick--go on,' cried Tom. 'Let's hear about what you saw.'

'Well, I was groping down the Valley, looking for that cow of Madison's, and I had, I suppose, got half-way down, where a black craggy cliff juts into the ravine on the right, when I halted to have a pull at my flask. I had my eye fixed at the time upon the projecting cliff I have mentioned, and noticed nothing unusual about it. I

then put up my flask and took a step or two forward, when in a moment there burst apparently from the base of the rock, about eight feet from the ground and a hundred yards from me, a strange lurid glare, flickering and oscillating, gradually dying away and then reappearing again.--No, no; I've seen many a glow-worm and firefly--nothing of that sort. There it was burning away, and I suppose I gazed at it, trembling in every limb, for fully ten minutes. Then I took a step forwards, when instantly it vanished, vanished like a candle blown out. I stepped back again; but it was some time before I could find the exact spot and position from which it was visible. At last, there it was, the weird reddish light, flickering away as before. Then I screwed up my courage, and made for the rock; but the ground was so uneven that it was impossible to steer straight; and though I walked along the whole base of the cliff, I could see nothing. Then I made tracks for home; and I can tell you, boys, that until you remarked it, I never knew it was raining, the whole way along.--But hollo! what's the matter with Tom?'

What indeed? Tom was now sitting with his legs over the side of the bunk, and his whole face betraying excitement so intense as to be almost painful. 'The fiend would have two eyes. How many lights did you see, Dick? Speak out!'

'Only one.'

'Hurrah!' cried Tom--'that's better!' Whereupon he kicked the blankets into the middle of the room, and began pacing up and down with long feverish strides. Suddenly he stopped opposite Dick, and laid his hand upon his shoulder: 'I say, Dick, could we get to Sasassa Valley before sunrise?'

'Scarcely,' said Dick.

'Well, look here; we are old friends, Dick Wharton, you and I. Now, don't you tell any other man what you have told us, for a week. You'll promise that; won't you?'

I could see by the look on Dick's face as he acquiesced that he considered poor Tom to be mad; and indeed I was myself completely mystified by his conduct. I had, however, seen so many proofs of my friend's good sense and quickness of apprehension, that I thought it quite possible that Wharton's story had had a meaning in his eyes which I was too obtuse to take in.

All night Tom Donahue was greatly excited, and when Wharton left he begged him to remember his promise, and also elicited from him a description of the exact spot at which he had seen the apparition, as well as the hour at which it appeared. After his departure, which must have been about four in the morning, I turned into my bunk and watched Tom sitting by the fire splicing two sticks together, until I fell asleep. I suppose I must have slept about two hours; but when I awoke, Tom was still sitting working away in almost the same position. He had fixed the one stick across the top of the other so as to form a rough T, and was now busy in fitting a smaller stick into the angle between them, by manipulating which, the cross one could be either cocked up or depressed to any extent. He had cut notches too in the perpendicular stick, so that by the aid of the small prop, the cross one could be kept in any position for an indefinite time.

'Look here, Jack!' he cried, whenever he saw

that I was awake. 'Come, and give me your opinion. Suppose I put this cross-stick pointing straight at a thing, and arranged this small one so as to keep it so, and left it, I could find that thing again if I wanted it—don't you think I could, Jack—don't you think so?' he continued nervously, clutching me by the arm.

'Well,' I answered, 'it would depend on how far off the thing was, and how accurately it was pointed. If it were any distance, I'd cut sights on your cross-stick; then a string tied to the end of it, and held in a plumb-line forwards, would lead you pretty near what you wanted. But surely, Tom, you don't intend to localise the ghost in that way?'

'You'll see to-night, old friend—you'll see to-night. I'll carry this to the Sasassa Valley. You get the loan of Madison's crowbar, and come with me; but mind you tell no man where you are going, or what you want it for.'

All day Tom was walking up and down the room, or working hard at the apparatus. His eyes were glistening, his cheek hectic, and he had all the symptoms of high fever. 'Heaven grant that Dick's diagnosis be not correct!' I thought, as I returned with the crowbar; and yet, as evening drew near, I found myself imperceptibly sharing the excitement.

About six o'clock Tom sprang to his feet and seized his sticks. 'I can stand it no longer, Jack,' he cried; 'up with your crowbar, and hey for Sasassa Valley! To-night's work, my lad, will either make us or mar us! Take your six-shooter, in case we meet the Kaffirs. I daren't take mine, Jack,' he continued, putting his hands upon my shoulders—'I daren't take mine; for if my ill-luck sticks to me to-night, I don't know what I might not do with it.'

Well, having filled our pockets with provisions, we set out, and as we took our wearisome way towards the Sasassa Valley, I frequently attempted to elicit from my companion some clue as to his intentions. But his only answer was: 'Let us hurry on, Jack. Who knows how many have heard of Wharton's adventure by this time! Let us hurry on, or we may not be first in the field!'

Well sir, we struggled on through the hills for a matter of ten miles; till at last, after descending a crag, we saw opening out in front of us a ravine so sombre and dark that it might have been the gate of Hades itself; cliffs many hundred feet high shut in on every side the gloomy boulder-studded passage which led through the haunted defile into Kaffirland. The moon rising above the crags, threw into strong relief the rough irregular pinnacles of rock by which they were topped, while all below was dark as Erebus.

'The Sasassa Valley?' said I.

'Yes,' said Tom.

I looked at him. He was calm now; the flush and feverishness had passed away; his actions were deliberate and slow. Yet there was a certain rigidity in his face and glitter in his eye which shewed that a crisis had come.

We entered the pass, stumbling along amid the great boulders. Suddenly I heard a short quick exclamation from Tom. 'That's the crag!' he cried, pointing to a great mass looming before us in the darkness. 'Now, Jack, for any favour use your eyes! We're about a hundred yards from that cliff, I take it; so you move slowly

towards one side, and I'll do the same towards the other. When you see anything, stop, and call out. Don't take more than twelve inches in a step, and keep your eye fixed on the cliff about eight feet from the ground. Are you ready?'

'Yes.' I was even more excited than Tom by this time. What his intention or object was, I could not conjecture, beyond that he wanted to examine by daylight the part of the cliff from which the light came. Yet the influence of the romantic situation and of my companion's suppressed excitement was so great, that I could feel the blood coursing through my veins and count the pulses throbbing at my temples.

'Start!' cried Tom; and we moved off, he to the right, I to the left, each with our eyes fixed intently on the base of the crag. I had moved perhaps twenty feet, when in a moment it burst upon me. Through the growing darkness there shone a small ruddy glowing point, the light from which waned and increased, flickered and oscillated, each change producing a more weird effect than the last. The old Kaffir superstition came into my mind, and I felt a cold shudder pass over me. In my excitement, I stepped a pace backwards, when instantly the light went out, leaving utter darkness in its place; but when I advanced again, there was the ruddy glare glowing from the base of the cliff. 'Tom, Tom!' I cried.

'Ay, ay!' I heard him exclaim, as he hurried over towards me.

'There it is—there, up against the cliff!'

Tom was at my elbow. 'I see nothing,' said he.

'Why, there, there, man, in front of you!' I stepped to the right as I spoke, when the light instantly vanished from my eyes.

But from Tom's ejaculations of delight it was clear that from my former position it was visible to him also. 'Jack,' he cried, as he turned and wrung my hand—'Jack, you and I can never complain of our luck again. Now heap up a few stones where we are standing.—That's right. Now we must fix my sign-post firmly in at the top. There! It would take a strong wind to blow that down; and we only need it to hold out till morning. O Jack, my boy, to think that only yesterday we were talking of becoming clerks, and you saying that no man knew what was awaiting him too! By Jove, Jack, it would make a good story!'

By this time we had firmly fixed the perpendicular stick in between two large stones; and Tom bent down and peered along the horizontal one. For fully a quarter of an hour he was alternately raising and depressing it, until at last, with a sigh of satisfaction, he fixed the prop into the angle, and stood up. 'Look along, Jack,' he said. 'You have as straight an eye to take a sight as any man I know of.'

I looked along. There, beyond the further sight was the ruddy scintillating speck, apparently at the end of the stick itself, so accurately had it been adjusted.

'And now, my boy,' said Tom, 'let's have some supper, and a sleep. There's nothing more to be done to-night; but we'll need all our wits and strength to-morrow. Get some sticks, and kindle a fire here, and then we'll be able to keep an eye on our signal-post, and see that nothing happens to it during the night.'

Well sir, we kindled a fire, and had supper with the Sasassa demon's eye rolling and glowing in front of us the whole night through. Not always in the same place though; for after supper, when I glanced along the sights to have another look at it, it was nowhere to be seen. The information did not, however, seem to disturb Tom in any way. He merely remarked: 'It's the moon, not the thing, that has shifted;' and coiling himself up, went to sleep.

By early dawn we were both up, and gazing along our pointer at the cliff; but we could make out nothing save the one dead monotonous slaty surface, rougher perhaps at the part we were examining than elsewhere, but otherwise presenting nothing remarkable.

'Now for your idea, Jack!' said Tom Donahue, unwinding a long thin cord from round his waist. 'You fasten it, and guide me while I take the other end.' So saying he walked off to the base of the cliff, holding one end of the cord, while I drew the other taut, and wound it round the middle of the horizontal stick, passing it through the sight at the end. By this means I could direct Tom to the right or left, until we had our string stretching from the point of attachment, through the sight, and on to the rock, which it struck about eight feet from the ground. Tom drew a chalk circle of about three feet diameter round the spot, and then called to me to come and join him. 'We've managed this business together, Jack,' he said, 'and we'll find what we are to find, together.' The circle he had drawn embraced a part of the rock smoother than the rest, save that about the centre there were a few rough protuberances or knobs. One of these Tom pointed to with a cry of delight. It was a roughish brownish mass about the size of a man's closed fist, and looking like a bit of dirty glass let into the wall of the cliff. 'That's it!' he cried—'that's it!'

'That's what?'

'Why, man, a diamond, and such a one as there isn't a monarch in Europe but would envy Tom Donahue the possession of. Up with your crowbar, and we'll soon exorcise the demon of Sasassa Valley!'

I was so astounded that for a moment I stood speechless with surprise, gazing at the treasure which had so unexpectedly fallen into our hands.

'Here, hand me the crowbar,' said Tom. 'Now, by using this little round knob which projects from the cliff here, as a fulcrum, we may be able to lever it off.—Yes; there it goes. I never thought it could have come so easily. Now, Jack, the sooner we get back to our hut and then down to Cape Town, the better.'

We wrapped up our treasure, and made our way across the hills, towards home. On the way, Tom told me how, while a law-student in the Middle Temple, he had come upon a dusty pamphlet in the library, by one Jans van Hounym, which told of an experience very similar to ours, which had befallen that worthy Dutchman in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and which resulted in the discovery of a luminous diamond. This tale it was which had come into Tom's head as he listened to honest Dick Wharton's ghost-story; while the means which he had adopted to verify his supposition sprang from his own fertile Irish brain.

'We'll take it down to Cape Town,' continued

Tom, 'and if we can't dispose of it with advantage there, it will be worth our while to ship for London with it. Let us go along to Madison's first, though; he knows something of these things, and can perhaps give us some idea of what we may consider a fair price for our treasure.'

We turned off from the track accordingly, before reaching our hut, and kept along the narrow path leading to Madison's farm. He was at lunch when we entered; and in a minute we were seated at each side of him, enjoying South African hospitality.

'Well,' he said, after the servants were gone, 'what's in the wind now? I see you have something to say to me. What is it?'

Tom produced his packet, and solemnly untied the handkerchiefs which enveloped it. 'There!' he said, putting his crystal on the table; 'what would you say was a fair price for that?'

Madison took it up and examined it critically. 'Well,' he said, laying it down again, 'in its crude state about twelve shillings per ton.'

'Twelve shillings!' cried Tom, starting to his feet. 'Don't you see what it is?'

'Rock-salt!'

'Rock fiddle; a diamond.'

'Taste it!' said Madison.

Tom put it to his lips, dashed it down with a dreadful exclamation, and rushed out of the room.

I felt sad and disappointed enough myself; but presently remembering what Tom had said about the pistol, I, too, left the house, and made for the hut, leaving Madison open-mouthed with astonishment. When I got in, I found Tom lying in his bunk with his face to the wall, too dispirited apparently to answer my consolations. Anathematising Dick and Madison, the Sasassa demon, and everything else, I strolled out of the hut, and refreshed myself with a pipe after our wearisome adventure. I was about fifty yards away from the hut, when I heard issuing from it the sound which of all others I least expected to hear. Had it been a groan or an oath, I should have taken it as a matter of course; but the sound which caused me to stop and take the pipe out of my mouth was a hearty roar of laughter! Next moment, Tom himself emerged from the door, his whole face radiant with delight. 'Game for another ten-mile walk, old fellow?'

'What! for another lump of rock-salt, at twelve shillings a ton?'

'No more of that, Hal, an you love me,' grinned Tom. 'Now look here, Jack. What blessed fools we are to be so floored by a trifle! Just sit on this stump for five minutes, and I'll make it as clear as daylight. You've seen many a lump of rock-salt stuck in a crag, and so have I, though we did make such a mull of this one. Now, Jack, did any of the pieces you have ever seen shine in the darkness brighter than any fire-fly?'

'Well, I can't say they ever did.'

'I'd venture to prophesy that if we waited until night, which we won't do, we would see that light still glimmering among the rocks. Therefore, Jack, when we took away this worthless salt, we took the wrong crystal. It is no very strange thing in these hills that a piece of rock-salt should be lying within a foot of a diamond. It caught our eyes, and we were excited, and so we made fools of ourselves, and left the real

stone behind. Depend upon it, Jack, the Sasassa gem is lying within that magic circle of chalk upon the face of yonder cliff. Come, old fellow, light your pipe and stow your revolver, and we'll be off before that fellow Madison has time to put two and two together.'

I don't know that I was very sanguine this time. I had begun in fact to look upon the diamond as a most unmitigated nuisance. However, rather than throw a damper on Tom's expectations, I announced myself eager to start. What a walk it was! Tom was always a good mountaineer, but his excitement seemed to lend him wings that day, while I scrambled along after him as best I could. When we got within half a mile he broke into the 'double,' and never pulled up until he reached the round white circle upon the cliff. Poor old Tom! when I came up, his mood had changed, and he was standing with his hands in his pockets, gazing vacantly before him with a rueful countenance.

'Look!' he said—'look!' and he pointed at the cliff. Not a sign of anything in the least resembling a diamond there. The circle included nothing but flat slate-coloured stone, with one large hole, where we had extracted the rock-salt, and one or two smaller depressions. No sign of the gem.

'I've been over every inch of it,' said poor Tom. 'It's not there. Some one has been here and noticed the chalk, and taken it. Come home, Jack; I feel sick and tired. Oh! had any man ever luck like mine!'

I turned to go, but took one last look at the cliff first. Tom was already ten paces off.

'Hollo!' I cried, 'don't you see any change in that circle since yesterday?'

'What d'ye mean?' said Tom.

'Don't you miss a thing that was there before?'

'The rock-salt?' said Tom.

'No; but the little round knob that we used for a fulcrum. I suppose we must have wrenched it off in using the lever. Let's have a look at what it's made of.'

Accordingly, at the foot of the cliff we searched about among the loose stones.

'Here you are, Jack! We've done it at last! We're made men!'

I turned round, and there was Tom radiant with delight, and with a little corner of black rock in his hand. At first sight it seemed to be merely a chip from the cliff; but near the base there was projecting from it an object which Tom was now exultingly pointing out. It looked at first something like a glass eye; but there was a depth and brilliancy about it such as glass never exhibited. There was no mistake this time; we had certainly got possession of a jewel of great value; and with light hearts we turned from the valley, bearing away with us the 'fiend' which had so long reigned there.

There sir; I've span my story out too long, and tired you perhaps. You see when I get talking of those rough old days, I kind of see the little cabin again, and the brook beside it, and the bush around, and seem to hear Tom's honest voice once more. There's little for me to say now. We prospered on the gem. Tom Donahue, as you know, has set up here, and is well known about town. I have done well, farming and ostrich-raising in Africa. We set old Dick Wharton up

in business, and he is one of our nearest neighbours. If you should ever be coming up our way sir, you'll not forget to ask for Jack Turnbull—Jack Turnbull of Sasassa Farm.

FLIRTS AND FLIRTATION.

BY A LADY.

FLIRTATION, strictly defined, is the effort to attract particular attention from the opposite sex by any means, lawful or unlawful; by flatteries, either subtle or gross—according to the tact or taste of the artist—by dress, attitudes, and airs. This, and seeking the society of men, on the part of girls, and adopting a completely different manner towards the two sexes. Accepting this, then, as the true definition of the term, we must be understood, throughout the following remarks, to speak only of what is *unmitigatedly evil* in the practice. What often passes under the name of *harmless* flirtation with those who use it, is not flirting at all, but is merely the pleasant, free, frank intercourse between young men and women with unoccupied hearts, without which society could not get on, as long as the sexes do not live apart in priories or convents. This we would be very far indeed from condemning. In true flirtation there is always the element of coquetry, which entirely separates it from any other kind of intercourse between the sexes.

Flirtation may be called a game between two people, carried on, as the Germans say, 'unter vier Augen' (under four eyes).

In some cases, but not often, the game develops affection on both sides, or only on one; and when the latter, it must very quickly come to an end, after perhaps much suffering, especially if the attachment be on the woman's side. Flirting seems to be indulged in by most young people as their way of life, sometimes for the mere pleasure of it, or for the gratification of vanity and love of conquest, but more often with the ulterior design on the part of women of securing a husband. Men as a rule are not so given to aimless flirtations as women. They are either passably indifferent to most of the girls they meet, or else fall violently in love with one or another, from time to time, so that they have at least the merit of being, or believing themselves to be sincere, while the fancy lasts. With men, moreover, flirtation lacks the obnoxious element of indelicacy, which is usually inseparable from the same practice in a woman. She should always be the wooed, never the wooer. If a pleasurable, flirting is also an exhausting excitement, and requires great pains on a woman's part, unless she be what is termed a finished coquette, an adept in the art, who exercises it from mere love of power; though she may not have the smallest special regard for the individual man at the time being, and would perhaps repulse any serious demonstration on his part.

This kind of flirting is not very often met with in real life. It seems chiefly confined to the heroines of sensational novels and verse. The more commonplace style is that of the girl who flirts merely because it seems 'the thing' to do, or because others do it, or that she may be admired, or have a beau, or get settled in life. How much of really enjoyable intercourse with men do girls deprive themselves of, by this almost invariable intro-

duction of flirting into all society-talk. There are some men—and they are the best sort—who do not care for ceaseless flirting or 'chaffing'; and there are many others who are afraid, in these days of practical young ladies, of being entrapped into a marriage or a 'breach of promise case,' if they seem to like the society of any specially attractive girl, whom they may fancy to talk to, but towards whom they have no serious intentions. Such men would sometimes feel it a relief to meet a girl with whom they might feel safe, at least from matrimonial designs.

It would be well perhaps to say what flirting is *not*, lest we should be thought to advocate prudery. No intercourse between the sexes should be classed as flirting, after the element of real love has entered into it. 'All is fair in love'—certainly in mutual and declared love, or even undeclared, when a woman is sure of her standing in the man's estimation. There is nothing more hateful and unwomanly than ultra-prudery. The cold, proper 'Lady Byron' type of woman has, one might almost venture to say, destroyed the happiness of as many men as the coquette. If a girl were to bestow as many of her little gracious smiles on her acknowledged lover, and to take as much pains to retain his admiration as to gain that of the indifferent, and if young wives did the same, even calling in the aid of such small attractions as dress, there would be a good many happier people in the world, both men and women. No one can live contentedly without appreciation and special attentions from those they love; and men are known to be even fonder of such little attentions than women.

Having now guarded against the accusation of intolerance, we may be permitted to say a few words regarding flirtation, pure and simple, as a practice, especially in the female sex. It is unworthy in its aims, always unsatisfying, and often disastrous in its results. It has degraded women in the eyes of all worthy men, making them regard almost all girls from the age of sixteen as men-seekers or husband-hunters, or at best as vain, frivolous, and empty-headed. Such women—as George Eliot makes one of her characters say—'hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them.' Can we think of Beatrice, Laura, Heloise, any of the women of fable or history, who have inspired the grandest passions in the breasts of the noblest men—as flirts? Or even the types of womanly excellence held up to our admiration in the pages of the best novels—Romola, Dinah, Dorothea, Emma, Fanny Price, Charles Kingsley's Grace, and various others whose names will occur to all fiction-readers. Dare any author—even a third-rate sensation novelist—submit to our approbation as an ideal heroine, or even as an imperfect though worthy female character—a flirt? Yet such has come to be almost regarded as the normal type of young women in real life, all of whose errors are to be condoned, or at least palliated, as natural and excusable. If such women were merely to consider the matter of policy, they would acknowledge that the indiscriminate flirt enjoys but little of the real pride of conquest, as it is called; she never gains the deference, the almost worship awarded by men to the higher type of woman. The flirt often fails in her efforts; and where she succeeds, it has been after the expense of such

infinite pains that she can merely feel that she has got what has cost her desperate means to secure.

The flirt is known by unmistakable signs, to any one of the smallest perception. All are familiar with the numerous varieties of the species. We need only mention a few; and very few words will suffice to indicate the peculiarities of each. There is the noisy, boisterous 'fast girl,' whose flirting is but one of her characteristics, along with her extravagant dress, slang speeches, and general unconventionality of demeanour and disregard of appearances. There is the common vulgar flirt, who has neither intellect nor education sufficient to qualify her even for the exercise of the very low art which she professes. This style we are chiefly familiar with in the person of the maid-of-all-work in her intercourse with the milkman or the policeman. But girls of a better class often remind us of her, their flirting merely consisting of pert saucy speeches and tosses of the head. Then there is the sly quiet flirt, less objectionable to society in general, though perhaps more dangerous and designing than the open hoyden. Among this class may be found the 'Becky Sharpes' and 'Blanche Amories' who, since the advent of Thackeray's novels, have come to be regarded as the types of artful woman-kind. These are fond of nooks and corners; their batteries are little soft flattering speeches, demure glances, and an affectation of infantine simplicity and innocence; and their victims are generally young unwary lads or easily gulled old gentlemen. There is the practical designing flirt, who sets herself deliberately and of *malice prepense* to entrap a husband, or at least an admirer, with the variety—chiefly found, happily, in sensation novels—of the girl who has an additional zest lent to her game if she can interfere with the claims of other women—either wives or sweet-hearts. Some would perhaps include the *unconscious* flirt, if such a thing can be; that is, the girl who is naturally gay, and has little winning coaxing ways, which if aided by a pretty person, make her specially attractive, if not dangerous.

Having said so much regarding the coquette, it would be unfair to conclude without passing condemnation upon the male flirt or 'coquet.' A most objectionable being; but one, to do men justice, seldom met with, at least in its worst form—that is, the lady-killer. We do not at all mean the 'ladies' man.' There are very few girls, even of the sedate type, who do not like a man who tries to make himself agreeable to ladies, even to the extent of soft speeches and harmless gallantries. Indeed a man who is not fond of ladies' society is generally fond of much worse things. And that which would be flirting in a woman, is not flirting in a man, or even meant for it; for some license must be allowed to the sex which ought to take the 'initiative.' But there is a degraded type of man who goes much further, and often has the breaking of hearts to atone for; one who does so with his eyes open, and knowing well the consequences of his procedure. There are men who set themselves to the task of winning hearts for the pleasure of the game, and who will go to great pains and artifices to do so. They generally exercise their art on young unsophisticated girls—where they can find such—as more fresh and interesting, and easier to

deceive than those who are *au fait* in the practices of coquetry themselves. These are the 'handsome men,' who, by means of a flattering tongue, can easily, in a few pointed speeches—just keeping clear of an actual declaration—make a simple girl think herself the chosen and beloved one. If he mean nothing serious, what can be more unmanly, more ungenerous, than such a course of conduct on a man's part? The male *jilt* can be called to account for his actions; but the mere flirt, the 'lady-killer,' plays his heartless game in secret, quite unsuspected—if he be very artful and wary—even by the girl's family; his delinquencies may be known only to the sufferer herself, who, of course, cannot 'make her moan,' even if she would do so, as he has given her no hold over him. He has had his little amusement, and when he tires, he leaves his victim to seek another.

It may be said 'a woman should not give her heart till very sure of what she is getting in exchange;' but women cannot always be on their guard if a man seems very devoted. The practised male flirt is perilously like the real lover, even to the more wary of the opposite sex; and the heart is sometimes gone irretrievably before the deceived girl knows that she has given everything and got nothing. Happily, the men we have portrayed are rare, and as they often come across girls who can hold their own, or perhaps turn the tables on them, they are not able to do so much mischief as they might otherwise do. Flirts of both sexes have much to answer for. Perhaps they too may have their own troubles, in disappointed hopes and frustrated endeavours. They may sometimes, perhaps, feel the sting of remorse after an especially bad case, in which a lifelong sorrow to another has been the consequence of what was to them merely the pastime of a few weeks or months.

STORY OF A PET MONKEY.

A REMARKABLE instance of intelligence and attachment in a pet monkey, may interest lovers of 'our poor relations' and of animals in general. My hero, a very large and extremely powerful specimen of his class, belonged to a late officer in the British army; and he, having been a member of my own immediate family, the veracity of the following anecdote can be vouched for. Peter was a universal favourite with—one individual only excepted—all the inmates and frequenters of the barracks, where his unusual sagacity and many varied accomplishments were a source of endless amusement; although it must be confessed that some of his tricks had a rather mischievous tendency. His gentleness of disposition and genuine love of fun, nevertheless, procured ready forgiveness.

Peter unfortunately possessed an enemy in the person of a diminutive and generally unpopular subaltern, to whom he appears in some mysterious way to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious. Or perhaps this regrettable state of affairs may have arisen from one of those curious cases of instinctive and mutual aversion at first-sight which, like other and more agreeable impressions of a totally opposite character, are difficult to account for, in man as well as in the lower animals.

During a temporary absence of his master on leave, Peter was intrusted to the care of a brother-officer and most intimate friend, who, on undertaking the responsibility, conscientiously kept him chained to a chest of drawers in his own barrack-room, being anxious that no harm should happen to the monkey while under his charge. This kindly and well-meant arrangement did not, however, at all coincide with Peter's elastic views on the subject. The loss of general society, and hitherto undisturbed liberty of action, the unwonted confinement and restriction, appear to have greatly depressed him. Thus left in a great measure to his own narrow resources, the interesting captive still rose equal to the occasion, though his field of action was certainly limited. To while the tedious hours away, upon a certain day during which he was left alone longer than usual—there being an inspection by the general commanding the district—he seems, in despair, to have hit upon the following occupation. Having, with an amount of patience and perseverance worthy of a better cause, forced open the locks of all the drawers—a feat requiring a very considerable degree of strength—he strewed the miscellaneous contents upon the floor, and seated himself in the centre, monarch of all he surveyed; and doubtless contemplated with tranquil satisfaction the chaos he had produced. Having presumably tired of this, comparatively speaking, harmless recreation, he had evidently begun to look about for further relaxation of mind, combined with healthful exercise of body. Unfortunately, he soon espied a very large inkstand, placed, it must be allowed in extenuation, within easy reach. Immediately availing himself of the contents, and as a little pleasing variety of excitement, he deliberately and with an unsparing hand bedaubed every article of his hospitable entertainer's property with ink. The *tabulae vivante* on the entrance of the unsuspecting host may be possibly better imagined than described. Either Peter was a most consummate actor, or else he really honestly considered the effect of his striking performance to be highly artistic and ornamental; for he appeared to be totally unconscious that he had been guilty of the slightest wrong-doing in this somewhat sensational scene. He was mercifully spared from punishment, but summarily dismissed from his comfortable quarters, and left to wander about the barracks 'in monkey meditation, fancy free.'

Delighted to regain his liberty on any terms, all for a time went well. During his rambles, like Richard III. encountering Richmond on Bosworth Field, Peter unluckily met, not the object of his affections, but of his intense dislike; and springing on to the shoulders of the irate and alarmed subaltern, in the presence of a large number of officers and men—whose sympathies were of course all with Peter—he very nearly succeeded, to the great amusement of the audience, in drawing the sword of his enraged victim, who, if report did not cruelly belie him, was not at all likely to draw it readily himself! The ludicrous position in which the latter was thus placed, and the loud laughter of those assembled, of course vastly increased the subaltern's former hatred of the popular and now victorious monkey. They parted with ominous signs, at anyrate on one side, of anticipated

revenge, to be carried out sooner or later to the bitter end.

Shortly after this assault-at-arms, poor Peter was found in a woful condition; it being discovered, amidst general indignation, that he had been fired at, and seriously injured by gun-shot wounds. Notwithstanding the impossibility of proving who was guilty of this unmanly and cowardly action, it was openly attributed to the only person who was capable of committing it—the now most cordially detested subaltern, who had, it was well known, never forgiven the indignity publicly inflicted on him; the annoyance of which was immensely aggravated by the story having become the standing joke of the entire garrison. Peter's numerous sympathising friends did their utmost to save his life, which was in imminent danger. He had the best medical advice; the slugs were all extracted; and with surgical skill and affectionate care, he was happily soon restored to health. His master returned at the time of Peter's convalescence, and the rapturous joy of the poor monkey at seeing him once more will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He clung to him, and fondly embraced him over and over again; repeatedly kissing, or rather licking his face and hands, with every possible demonstration of the most devoted attachment.

When the first paroxysm of delight had subsided, Peter, sitting on the table, the better to gaze upon his newly recovered friend and able champion, looked earnestly at him, and clasping his arm, to bespeak special attention, pointed with his own forefinger to each of the wounds whence the slugs had been taken; trying at the same time, in the nearest approach to speech that he could accomplish, to tell the piteous story of his narrow escape from a violent death, at the hands of his ruthless assailant—who never, by the way, had the courage to further molest the subject of this brief memoir. It is questionable if the most intellectual of human beings, not gifted with the power of speech, could have acted more pathetically, or indicated more vividly what had occurred to them during the absence of their natural protector and dearest friend.

FRAUDULENT HAWKERS.

ONE day, in January last, a decently dressed person visited my house and inquired for me by name; afterwards introducing himself as the agent of a firm who were commissioned to sell at a tremendous sacrifice a vast quantity of unclaimed luggage which had been left at the depôts of the various railway Companies. Having heretofore always been under the impression that such luggage was disposed of by the Companies themselves at public auction, I was curious to know something of the firm which had engaged in the speculation of buying up these goods; but the agent shirked my questions, and produced samples of calicoes, flannels, muslins, and other draperies, which he offered to sell to me at prices so ridiculously low, that I was induced to give him a rather large order. Promising that the goods should be delivered in the course of a week or so, he booked the order, being very exact about

the name and address; and then begged leave to call up his assistant with some samples of wonderfully cheap cloth which they had to dispose of.

Leave being readily granted, he called up his assistant, who appeared bearing a very weighty bundle, which on being opened, turned out, not to contain samples but pieces of cloth, each of sufficient size to make a suit of clothes. These he began to exhibit and praise after the manner of people who have goods to sell, assuring me that they were all of the very best quality and make, and not to be purchased in any shop in the kingdom for double the price he was willing to take—namely thirty shillings the piece—choose where I would. The goods were dressed and faced to appear like sound woollen cloths and tweeds, being sufficiently well got up to deceive most ordinary people, especially as each piece was printed with the words 'Royal Patent' in gilt letters at one end; and the 'agent' did not scruple to guarantee them as 'all wool.' As it happened, however, I knew sufficient about woollen manufactures to enable me to detect that the goods were neither 'all wool' nor yet cloth properly so called, but unmistakable shoddy, and shoddy of a very inferior quality to boot; so declined taking advantage of the 'bargain' he offered me. Finding that I was proof against both cajolery and flattery, he bundled up his coloured goods, leaving out one piece which I had chanced to examine somewhat narrowly, flinging it over the back of a chair with apparent carelessness, but really in a manner which exhibited it at its best, and proceeded to open a smaller parcel from which he took a piece of glossy black material, with the remark: 'There sir! there's an article I'll defy you to match in all England, either at the price I'm going to ask you, or at any other! The fact is sir, we have such a demand for this very article, that we have orders not to sell more than one piece to any person; otherwise clergymen and other professional men would soon clear out all our stock and leave none for general customers.'

Shoddy again, artfully got up to imitate West of England broadcloth, but still shoddy.

'Now sir,' he continued, 'when I tell you that five-and-thirty shillings is all we ask for a piece of cloth like that, you have too much discernment to let such an opportunity of making a bargain slip. You'll never have such another chance, as our firm has but very little of it left.'

I, however, obstinately declined to avail myself of the great opportunity which was never to occur again; and my would-be benefactor slowly gathered his goods together, trying me once more, however, with the piece of stuff he had thrown over the chair, offering it, as a last resource, at what he termed the giving-away price of five-and-twenty shillings.

After what had transpired, I very much doubted whether my order for draperies would ever be complied with. So it turned out. I have not since then seen or heard anything about either the man or his goods, nor have I been able to discover a firm in Liverpool bearing the name under which he travelled. Therefore I have come to the conclusion that the cheap draperies

had no existence in fact, but were only assumed as an introduction to the really worthless cloth. That the cloth was worthless, a friend of mine discovered to his chagrin; for having been persuaded to purchase a piece of the so-called tweed, he had it made up; but it so rapidly became 'baggy' at the knees and elbows, as to be quite unserviceable.

On another occasion I was interviewed by a person who had some pictures to dispose of. Not being inclined to purchase, I at first refused to inspect the man's goods; but he pleaded so persistently to be permitted to exhibit them, that eventually I allowed him to do so—first warning him that I should not purchase any. They proved to be rather indifferent oleographs, mounted in showy German frames, but got up to imitate oil-paintings, being furnished with canvas backs, and having a name printed or painted in one corner. Though in speaking of them the man did not actually state that they *were* oil-paintings, he spoke of them in such ambiguous terms, that inexperienced persons would have inferred that they were. He was not so reticent about the frames. Those he declared were double-gilt, and of the very best quality and make, being well worth the money which he demanded for picture and frame together—namely five-and-twenty shillings each, payable either in one sum, or by weekly instalments of not less than half-a-crown for each picture. The offer was tempting enough doubtless; but I could not appreciate the advantage of paying twenty-five shillings, by instalments even, for an article which any respectable picture-dealer would gladly supply me with for half a guinea cash; and positively declined his offer.

Finding that I was firm in my refusal, he packed up his pictures as if to leave me, and had got to the door, when he turned round and begged as a favour, he being a stranger in the town, that I would permit him to leave his pictures until the morning. This favour I readily granted, on the verbal understanding that I would not be responsible for any damage done to them whilst in my care.

Neither the next day nor for several days did any one call for the pictures, which had meanwhile been relegated to the attic. About a fortnight afterwards however, an individual came and presented me with a lithographed form, by which it appeared that I had become the purchaser of four pictures, value five pounds, payable by weekly instalments of ten shillings. This first instalment he politely requested me to pay, and was apparently much astonished when I declined, and denied any intention of even contemplating the purchase of the said pictures. At first he refused to receive back the pictures, arguing that I had had them in my possession more than a fortnight, and that therefore I was bound to keep them. It was not until I had the pictures placed outside the door, and had ordered him to follow them, that I could get rid of him; but eventually he left me, threatening me with an action in the county court; which, however, he never entered.

Of course the whole affair was a scheme to force the pictures upon me whether I would or not. I afterwards discovered that several persons in the neighbourhood had been victimised by these gentry; having been trapped into signing an agreement and paying an instalment, they found that

they had no remedy but to pay the full amount demanded.

Although there are doubtless many honest travelling agents, for my part, after the above two experiences, I have determined in future to have no dealings whatever with predatory merchants of any sort, unless I know that they are really the agents of respectable firms.

'G O D K N O W S.'

[SOME years ago a child's body was found on the South Coast, having been thrown there by the waves. The parish clerk on being asked what should be put on its grave, answered in perplexity: 'God knows.' This proved a fitting epitaph.]

Where the tear-fed violet blooms;
Where the shade the sunbeam chases;
Where in mossy marble tombs
Sleep the dead beneath the daisies;
Where the mourner slowly wanders
When the bird hath sought its nest,
And amid the gloaming ponders
Over those who tranquil rest;

Clouds across the crimsoned sky,
Homeward gaily were careering;
But in that lone churchyard, I
Heeded not that night was nearing.
Discords in my bosom swelling,
Broke the music of life's song,
For my soul was weary dwelling
Mid the ever-earthly throng.

Far within the stilly shade
Of a quiet sequestered corner,
Where the wild-flowers bloom and fade,
Gently nurtured by no mourner,
Was a grave, an infant's only.
No one knew the name she bore.
Ask the waves which, dark and lonely,
Cast her lifeless on the shore!

O'er this grave a humble stone
Reared its lichened head so lowly,
Like a sentinel alone,
Watching 'mid the silence holy.
Hither came the croaking raven;
From this stone its weird notes rose;
On its surface rudely graven
Were the simple words, 'God knows.'

As a moonbeam on the sea
Charms the sad winds' shriek to sighing,
So those tender words to me
Tuned my song, sweet solace bringing.
Though my thorn-strewn way was dreary,
Though my feet found no repose,
Yet my soul, life-worn and weary,
Rested in the thought, 'God knows.'

W. F. E. I.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 820.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

A TOUR IN MOROCCO.

THE foreign policy of England is always in extremes. Sometimes the rage is all for acquisition of new countries; sometimes for giving up distant possessions in a gust of generosity. A few years ago, Corfu was made a present of to Greece, after costing a good deal of money and being in various ways rectified. This was not the first time that a possession in the Mediterranean was gifted away on no rational grounds. The Portuguese ceded Tangier to the English, and after being kept for a length of time, it was given up to the Moors. The result, of course, was that it lapsed into barbarism, and became a head-centre of piracy and slavery. Situated on the coast of the Mediterranean opposite Gibraltar, Tangier might at this day have been a valuable foreign possession; while its occupation by the British would undoubtedly have been beneficial to the wretchedly misgoverned inhabitants.

The Moors while in Spain were far advanced in civilisation. In many things they were certainly in advance of the Spaniards. It is therefore pitiable to know that in their own region, Morocco, they have returned to a state of barbaric stagnation. As not much is known regarding the interior of the country, the appearance, though delayed, of a *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas*, by Sir J. D. Hooker and his companion Mr John Ball (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879), is as acceptable as the *Journal* itself is interesting.

These gentlemen travelled in Morocco in 1871, their special object being to visit the Great Atlas, a mountain range of which little is known. Obligated to wait some few days at Tangier for the autograph letter from the Sultan, without which it would have been dangerous as well as impolitic to attempt to travel beyond the limits assigned to consular protection, the travellers spent the time not unprofitably in obtaining from Sir John Drummond Hay that information about the country which from his long residence he is so well qualified to give, and in making botanising

excursions to Cape Spartel, Tetuan, Beni Hosmar, and Ceuta; and on the 20th of April, having obtained the important document, were able to take their departure by French steamer for Mogador, touching at one or two small ports on their way thither.

Although there is much to interest the reader in Mr Ball's preliminary pages, we need not linger over them, since the real excitement of the journey may be said to commence from the moment when El Hadj Hamara, the governor of Mogador, reverently applies to his forehead and then breaks the seal of his master's letter, and learns that he is to forward the English *hakim* and his companions to the care of 'the slave' El Graoni, to whom orders have been sent as to what he is to do; and proceeds to carry out these very curtly conveyed instructions, which, however were still further enforced by the arrival of a courier from the Sultan's eldest son, the viceroy of the southern provinces, with orders to take every care for the safety and comfort of the travellers during their journey to the capital. It may be as well to mention that 'the slave' El Graoui was no less a person than the governor of that portion of the Great Atlas subject to the Sultan's authority; a stout man of completely black complexion, whose broad countenance gave the impression of considerable energy, with an habitual expression of good-humoured ferocity—a person upon whose assistance must depend entirely the failure or success of the expedition. By cleverly taking advantage of the rivalry which subsisted between him and the governor of Morocco, Sir J. D. Hooker effectually managed to secure his friendly intervention so long as it was needed; and he gives us many amusing instances of the form in which official protection displays itself in this country. For instance, a representation having been made by Mr Carstensen, the British vice-consul at Mogador, to the effect that horses and mules for riding, together with numerous baggage animals, would be required, an order had gone forth a week before the arrival of the party that no horses or mules should be sold or hired until

such as were needed had been selected; and a complaint having been made that some brass-work ordered from a certain skilful craftsman had not been executed within the time specified, the artisan was at once thrown into prison, and a soldier placed over him to see that he did no other work than that promised to the English strangers.

Wherever the travellers turned, not only were houses placed at their disposition, but a considerable *mona* or food-offering was literally laid at their feet at each resting-place. This *mona* indeed must have been, owing to the shameful rapacity of the native escort, a terrible burden upon the people, especially the poor mountaineers, consisting as it did of large numbers of sheep and fowls, with bread, tea, loaves of sugar, French candles, eggs, butter, honey, corn for the horses and mules, and dishes of barley-porridge and *ke^h loussou*. But the order having gone forth from the Sultan that the travellers were to be put to no expense whatever, they were powerless to prevent the exaction, and could only recognise the justice of the request that they should not make a long stay in the higher valleys, where the population was not rich enough to be able to support them for any length of time, although the reputation of Hooker as a distinguished and successful *hakim* caused him to be everywhere received with favour, and followed by crowds of suffering people.

A curious difficulty presented itself at the outset, namely how to assign for the expedition an object which should be in any way intelligible to the Moorish mind. 'We were well aware,' says Mr Ball, 'that anything so simple as the statement that the object was to gratify our curiosity as to the vegetation of the Great Atlas, would at once be set aside as a false pretext, intended to cover some sinister design. That one man should be crazy enough to make a long journey for such a purpose might have been thought within the range of possibility; but to suppose that three should all at once be smitten with such a form of insanity, was plainly too ridiculous. To endeavour to explain that Hooker, as Director of a great national establishment, such as Kew Gardens, should be anxious to enrich it by the introduction of new, rare, or useful plants, was not likely to be more successful;' so they hit upon the idea of stating that the Sultana of England had wonderful gardens, in which were plants from all countries of the world excepting the Great Atlas, and that she had sent Hooker and his assistants to collect and send home whatever they could find there. But this suggestion was entirely objected to on the ground that a powerful sovereign must not occupy her self with anything so frivolous as a garden; her thoughts must be with her government and with her fleets and armies!

It was, however, conceded that the acquisition of medical plants might be a worthy object of desire; and Hooker having accordingly stated that his mission had especial reference to these, the received version of the affair came to be that the Sultana of England had heard that there was somewhere in Morocco a plant that would make her live for ever, and had sent her

own *hakim* to find it for her; so that when the botanists were observed to undergo rather hard labour, the commentary always was: 'The Sultana of England is a severe woman, and she has threatened to give them stick (*bastinado*) if they do not find the herb she wants.'

After much consideration as to the direction their journey was to take, which, owing to the difficulty of obtaining reliable information about the country, was by no means an easy matter to decide, it was resolved to push forward into the interior, and try to reach the head of the valley of the Tessout—the main western branch of the Oum-cr-bia—lying probably about one hundred and twenty miles due east of the town of Morocco, as by this means it was thought that the easiest approach to the higher portion of the Great Atlas would most probably be found. Accordingly, having obtained from El Graoni letters to all the Kuids of the valleys extending from Tassereimout to the borders of Haha, as well as to the governor of Deminet, and taking with them three small tents, a considerable amount of baggage, and several attendants, besides an escort of nine privates and two officers, the party—now forming a procession of thirty-seven men and thirty-three horses and mules—slowly defiled through the filthy lanes of Morocco, and left the city by the south-east gate, on what must have indeed been an expedition of most exceptional and quite absorbing interest.

Looking at Mr Ball's new map of Southern Morocco—upon which, by the way, it is a pity that the travellers' route is not indicated with more distinctness—we see a grand chain of mountains, rising it is said to a mean height of twelve thousand two hundred feet for a distance of eighty miles, thus surpassing any other of equal length in Europe or in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Of this chain the travellers first gained the summit ridge—much to the disgust of their guides, who did all they could to hinder them from making the ascent—in the midst of a snow-storm of such violence that it was almost impossible to face it, and were of course unable on that occasion to do anything but return as quickly as possible to a less inclement region. The appearance of the party was, says the writer, most singular; faces of a livid purple were inclosed by masses of hair thickly matted with ice; and the beards, frozen in the direction of the wind, projected on one side, giving a strangely distorted expression to each countenance.

On another occasion, when they ascended the Djebel Tezli mountain, they were fortunate in a cloudless sky, and the white mantle of snow had also almost entirely disappeared. This time they were able to study the grand panorama, and to take careful note of every object presented to their view. Looking towards the south, at a distance of fifty or sixty miles rose the range of the Anti-Atlas, showing a wavy outline with rounded summits, the highest portion being a few degrees west of south; and between these and the summit where they were, lay the Valley of Sous, represented as 'the proper home of everything strange and marvellous in the empire;' a region, however, which religious fanaticism now guards with especial vigour. In the sixteenth century, Tarudant, its capital, was a large and flourishing city, resorted to by English and French merchants; while in the

present day the single English traveller Mr Jordan, who has succeeded in reaching it, was only saved from death by being immediately sent away by the governor, and ordered to put as wide a space as possible without loss of time between himself and the fanatical city.

To return to the summit of Djebel Tezah. Looking to the east-north-east and east-south-east, massive buttresses stretch away from the main chain of the Atlas, some probably surpassing the height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level; while more to the north was beheld a remarkable isolated mass, forming a bold promontory. On a platform of level ground a few feet below the summit were about a dozen rude stone buildings, probably intended as shelter for herdsmen who in summer drive their flocks to this lofty region. On some of the lower parts of the mountain, trees of the bellot oak (*Quercus ballota* of Desfontaines), of great age, and having thick trunks, are still to be found, the remains probably of forests which once clothed its flanks.

The impressions which the travellers derived of the outer region of the Great Atlas were very agreeable. They found the country populous and fertile; and though but little space existed for tillage, olives, walnuts, and the Indian fig grow luxuriantly, and afford a considerable amount of sustenance; while the destructive practice of setting fire to the brushwood in order to obtain scanty pasturage for sheep and goats, is the only cause which prevents the northern slopes from being clothed with valuable timber. The *Callitris*, which under the name of citrus-wood obtained such an extravagant price in the days of imperial Rome, might easily become a source of wealth, for the beauty of the wood would secure a ready market, were the trees, of which small specimens are abundant, allowed to attain a sufficient size. At present, the only use made of them is the production of gum-sandarac, a small quantity of which is exported to Europe. The *Juniperus Phœnicea* appears to possess some medicinal quality, since a kind of tar is made from it, which is found to heal the sores of men and animals. All attempts to discover the Morocco gum-annoniac plant proved to be fruitless. The Moors called it Kileh, and stated that it is to be found at some distance north of Morocco city. The gum-arabic plant grows principally about Demeuet, and is said to be the *Alk Tlah*, the *Acacia gummifera* of Willdenow; but unfortunately at the time of the expedition neither the flower nor fruit of it was procurable.

Undoubtedly, the most remarkable vegetable production of Morocco is that singular tree *Argania sideroxylon* or Argan, first introduced to us by Leo Africanus, and which is so much valued on account of its oil, as well as for its fine-grained timber of singular hardness; while the husks of the fruit provide such excellent food for camels, goats, sheep, and cows, that the countryman going into the woods to collect Argan nuts invariably takes his herd with him, that they may feed upon it while he is separating the nuts from their green envelope. To extract the oil, the shell is first broken and the nut afterwards roasted like coffee, ground in a hand-mill, and kneaded with a small quantity of hot water. The Argan tree, which in growth has a resemblance to the olive, is confined to a very circumscribed area of

Morocco. It presents at times a most curious appearance, as goats are so fond of the nuts that they will climb in search of them almost to its topmost branches. And Mr Ball gives us a sketch of one or two venerable specimens, loaded with these scansorial quadrupeds, who seem to be enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

In his chapter on the resources of the empire, the writer says that it is difficult on this subject to say too much. With an almost unequalled climate there is scarcely any one of the productions of the warmer temperate and subtropical zones that may not here be obtained. Already the country supplies large quantities of olive-oil, dates, oranges, and almonds, with a little cotton; and the esparto grass now so largely consumed by paper-makers is exported from the province of Haha. The supply of cotton of course might be largely increased; and there seems to be no reason why coffee, tea, sugar, indigo, and other valuable exotic produce should not be raised, if the deficient rainfall were supplemented by increased irrigation. There is, however, one difficulty less easy to surmount—namely the frequent inroads of the destroying locust, against which, up to the present time, no effectual means of defence has been discovered.

Necessarily in many respects superficial, from the very limited time the exploration lasted, the work yet throws considerable light on the condition of the country, shewing not merely its misgovernment, but the absolute stagnation of everything, even where, as in many cases, actual deterioration is not self-evident; and one cannot help agreeing with Mr Ball when he says that with an effete race, corrupted by luxury, who have lost the spirit, but preserved many of the traditions of a decayed civilisation, no improvement can be expected; and that the best chance for Morocco would be that it should pass under the control of a civilised state, strong enough to overcome speedily the inevitable resistance of the Moorish ruling class, and advanced enough to consult the welfare of the people it undertakes to govern.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

CHAPTER II.—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

It was still early in the day when Walter left the cottage a second time. His heart was cheerful, and his movements light and rapid. Instead, however, of taking the road leading to the inn, he struck off in a zigzag path through the valley towards the Engelhorn, whose jagged and lofty peaks rose far up into the blue sky. After a short time he reached the large and splendid glacier that lies between the Engelhorn and Wellhorn, cast a hasty glance at the beautiful masses of ice burnished to prismatic brilliancy by the morning sun, and then turned to the left towards a steep and narrow path leading to the summit. As the road grew more difficult at every step, his progress became much slower, and he purposely reserved his strength, knowing well that it would be severely taxed before he gained the object of his journey. After a toilsome ascent of half an hour he reached the lofty crag called by the moun-

taineers the Warder of the glacier, and sat down to recover his breath.

It was very necessary for him to take a little rest; for the way he had come, although long and tiring, was as child's-play compared with the difficulties he had yet to overcome. He had to climb the steep and dizzy heights that towered above his head; and instead of walking along a narrow footpath, he would have to clamber over rocks and loose stones, to pass close to the most dreadful precipices, and across foaming mountain-streams, till he reached the height at which the refreshing green disappeared, with nothing visible but huge masses of brown and gray rock; where no other sight met the eye but that of mountain tops covered with perpetual snow and ice—a world dead and deserted, where the familiar voices of nature were almost unknown; where no bird carolled its love-song from the waving branch; where no sound was to be heard save the muttered thunder of the avalanche, the roaring of the cataracts which poured forth from the melting glaciers and made courses for themselves through heaps of rough stones; and now and again the harsh and discordant scream of a solitary vulture that with outspread wings circled slowly aloft, piercing into the valleys with its keen eye in search of prey. Into these wild and lonely regions Walter had to climb in order to reach the lofty crag whereon the vulture—the far-famed Lammmergeier of the Alps—had reared her eyrie.

But these difficulties had little terror for the cool-headed and brave-hearted mountain youth, who had from his earliest days been accustomed to roam on dizzy heights where the slightest false step would have been destruction. He was determined to finish what he had begun; and gratitude to the noble and generous stranger lent new courage to his soul, and strength and endurance to his frame.

After a short rest he jumped up again, and renewed the toilsome ascent, following slowly but steadily the dangerous track that led to the summit of the mountain. His feet often slipped on the bare and polished rock; sometimes he slid ten or twenty paces backwards over loose pebbles, and anon sank knee-deep in the snow which here and there filled the hollows; but nothing daunted him or caused him to waver from his purpose. At last he reached a broad sheet of ice with innumerable crevices and chasms, on the further side of which a narrow ridge like the edge of a knife stretched above a wild and lonely valley, the base of which yawned two or three thousand feet below. At the extreme end of this ridge the nest he was in search of was built on a small point of rock, the sides of which descended precipitously into the depths below.

With his eye fixed on the distant crag, Walter commenced the passage of the ice-field. The utmost caution being necessary at every step, he felt carefully with his long staff to ascertain whether the snow that covered the icy mass was fit to bear his weight, or only formed a treacherous bridge over the numerous ravines which yawned beneath. Bending his way round the large chasm, he leaped easily over the smaller ones with the aid of his staff; and after

avoiding all the more dangerous spots, he succeeded, by caution and presence of mind, in safely reaching the further side of the glacier, where the last but most perilous part of his journey was to begin.

As he stood there leaning on his alpenstock, out of breath with the exertion he had undergone, and surveyed the fearful path which scarcely any human foot had ever dared to tread; as he cast a glance at the dizzy precipices which yawned on each side of the ridge, which was itself in many places scarcely a foot in breadth; as he considered the inevitable destruction that would follow a single false step, he began to feel his courage fail, and lost for a moment the confidence and contempt of danger which had filled his soul an hour or two before, and sustained him during his perilous journey. 'What if I should never return, nor see my father again?' said he to himself, as he drew back from the road which seemed to threaten him with destruction. 'Is it not too great a risk to run?'

But these fears only lasted a few moments. He called to mind the generosity of the stranger, and pictured to himself the delight with which he would receive him if he returned laden with such valuable booty; and his determination was renewed on the spot.

'I should be ashamed ever to look him in the face again,' said he to himself; 'and what would father say if he were to see that I was afraid of climbing a few rocks? No, no! I must and will have the birds; so here goes!'

Laying his alpenstock on the ground, he took off the thick jacket and heavy shoes which would but hinder his progress, and with only his shirt and trousers on, an axe in his belt, and the game-bag hung over his shoulder, he started forwards with all his former courage and energy, to complete the dangerous undertaking.

His progress was not difficult at first. The ridge along which he had to go was broad enough to begin with, although very rough and wild here and there. But after he had gone a little way, it got so narrow that he found it difficult to secure a foothold. At this point the ridge became so attenuated that the youth saw at the first glance that it was impossible to proceed in an upright position; he therefore crept along on all-fours, or sat astride the ridge and urged himself on with his hands and feet.

Thus, with extreme difficulty he pursued his perilous way towards the end of the ridge on which he knew the eyrie was built. But presently he saw the nest and could hear the young birds piping, which gave him new strength and determination. At this juncture a loud scream overhead caused him to look up, and he was alarmed to see the female vulture wheeling round the nest with a young goat in her talons. With this new danger menacing him, the young cragsman lay flat down on the rock, and remained motionless, while he offered up an earnest prayer to heaven that the bird might not discover him. He knew the peril which threatened him, for he had often heard of the fury with which the vulture attacks any one who attempts to rob its nest. He had heard of many cragsmen who had lost their lives in that way, and his own position was by no means the most favourable to defend himself against attack. His short and earnest prayer was not in vain.

The young birds screeched louder and louder as they saw the prey in their mother's talons; and after the vulture had further tempted their appetite by one or two more majestic sweeps, she dropped the dainty morsel into the nest, where it was at once seized. After assisting her young ones to make a good beginning of their meal, the mother bird unfolded her powerful wings, and glided into the valley beneath with the speed of an arrow.

'Heaven be thanked, I am saved!' murmured Walter as he rose from his uncomfortable position and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'I must lose no time now, or perhaps one or both the old birds may return.'

He pressed on with redoubled energy till an event occurred, unimportant in itself, but which caused him some uneasiness, and reminded him of the need of caution. The rock in places was fragile and split up by the weather, and with a slight touch of his foot he loosened an immense fragment of stone, which went rolling down the side of the mountain till it reached a projecting ledge hundreds of feet below. A pang of terror shot through the boy's heart, and his face blanched, as he watched the stone thundering over the obstacles in its way until it disappeared in a cloud of dust. It seemed as if the whole mountain trembled beneath him; a mist bleared his eyes; and as the blood rushed to his head, a deadly giddiness threatened to overpower him. He felt an impulse to throw himself over, which he could scarcely resist; and it was only by falling on his face and shutting his eyes, that he recovered his presence of mind. After thus lying for several minutes with beating heart and quaking limbs, until by degrees he became more at ease, he ventured to look around him once more, and fixed his eyes on the nest, which was now only about fifty paces farther on.

After waiting a few minutes longer, to be sure that his courage had returned, he made a fresh start, determining not to allow anything to alarm him again; and soon reached the end of the ridge, and viewed the nest with the young vultures before him. But here still another difficulty presented itself. The rock, which up to this point had been quite level, rose at the extreme end about eight feet above the ridge, and formed a sort of projecting platform, which the parent birds, with their wonderful sagacity, had deemed the most suitable spot on which to take up their abode. As he measured the height with his eye, Walter began to fear that after all he would be obliged to return without accomplishing his object, for the rock was so smooth as scarcely to afford the least hold to either his hands or feet. Fortunately, however, he recollected his little axe, which might do him good service if the stone, as he hoped, proved soft. Raising himself cautiously, he drew the axe from his belt, and while supporting himself with the left hand, dealt the rock several vigorous blows with the right, and to his great delight succeeded in making notches, by which, if he only went carefully to work, he could accomplish his object.

With renewed courage he clambered up the almost perpendicular rock, and his curly hair and sun-burnt face soon appeared above the edge of the nest. The next moment he leaned over, seized the young birds in spite of their angry

cries, transferred them one after the other to his bag, and throwing it across his shoulder began to return on the dangerous road by which he had come. In common, however, with the experience of all who have ascended precipitous heights, he soon found that going down was much more difficult than had been the coming up; but ignoring the fact that he had beneath him a precipice two thousand feet deep, he devoted all his attention to the work immediately before him, and carefully descended the rocky wall step by step, till he reached the level ridge once more. He then turned slowly round, slung his bag in front of him, and leaning back against the wall, surveyed the giddy road which he must traverse to reach the glacier and the steep declivities of the Engelhorn, and thereafter his native valley.

It was a difficult and dangerous road; but the young mountaineer's heart was now full of joy and confidence, for he had surmounted the greatest difficulty, and the prize of his bold and daring venture was in his possession. He uttered an exclamation of triumph; then, thanking God for the help he had received, he implored the Divine protection on his homeward journey. The sharp ridge made it necessary for him, as before, to work his way forward astride on the rock for some time; but he soon got within sight of a part where it would be possible to go on his hands and knees, and was just about to exchange his striding position for the more comfortable one of crawling, when the constant shrieking of the young vultures in his bag was answered by a piercing cry from above, followed the next moment by the loud rushing of powerful wings close to his ear. The boy uttered an exclamation of horror, and clung with all his might to the rock to prevent himself from falling.

In an instant he perceived the fearful danger that threatened him. One, or perhaps both the old birds had been attracted by the cries of the young ones, and were about to avenge themselves on the robber of their nest. Walter guessed that a hard fight would probably take place, and his first impulse was to throw the bag with the young birds into the valley beneath, and then try to make his escape as well as he might. But he soon found that this plan was more readily formed than it could be executed; for before he could make a single movement, he felt the blast of the wings just above his head, while the screaming of the enraged bird so confused his senses, that he had great difficulty to avoid being hurled from his narrow resting-place into the ravine below. This sudden danger, although it alarmed him for the moment, awoke the next moment the courage and determination of the brave-hearted boy. It was a case of life or death, and it was vain to think of retiring from the contest. So, snatching his axe from his belt, he aimed a powerful blow at the old vulture as she swept down upon him for the third time. He succeeded beyond his expectation, for the blow, made almost at random, struck the wing of the bird, which, after vainly attempting to continue the struggle, fell helplessly into the abyss.

Relieved of his antagonist, Walter felt completely exhausted, and was obliged to lie down at full length for several minutes until he regained his breath and self-possession. He then made the best of his way along till he reached the steep

road leading to the glacier, and had got about half-way down, when just in the most dangerous part, he heard the ominous scream again, and saw with a shrinking horror that the male vulture, attracted, like its mate, by the continued cries of the young birds, had discovered him. In a fury of rage the angry bird darted downwards, and sweeping past with outstretched talons, tried to hurl him headlong from the crag.

In this dreadful crisis, Walter pressed as hard as he could against the rocky crag, having but one hand at liberty to defend himself against the furious attack of the bird. It was quite impossible for him to get at his axe; and the force with which he was menaced, caused him nearly to let go his hold. He tried to seize the vulture's throat and strangle it; but the bird was too active, and made all such attempts perfectly useless. He could scarcely hope to continue such a dangerous struggle much longer. He was becoming faint from terror, and his left hand was fast growing benumbed with grasping the rock. He had almost resigned himself to his fate, and expected the next moment to be dashed to pieces on the field of ice beneath. Suddenly, however, he recollected his pocket-knife, and a new ray of hope dawned. Giving up the attempt to clutch at the furious bird, he drew the knife out of his pocket, and opened it with his teeth, and aiming two or three blows at the creature's breast, he found at last that he had been successful in reaching some mortal part. The fluttering of the wings ceased, and the dying bird stained the virgin snow with its blood on the ice-field below. Walter was saved—there was no other enemy now to fear—his life was no longer in danger; but his energies were taxed to the utmost, and it was well for him that the terrible contest had lasted no longer.

Pale, trembling in every limb, and spattered with the vulture's blood as well as that which trickled from the many wounds he had received, the valiant young cragsman sank helplessly to the ground, where he lay for some minutes, stunned with the terrible exertion he had gone through. At length, however, he so far recovered himself as to be able to continue his fatiguing and dangerous journey, and soon succeeded in reaching the spot where he had left his jacket, shoes, and alpenstock. Having gained a place of safety, he poured forth his thanks to God for delivering him from such great danger, and began to bind up his wounds, which for the first time were now paining him. When this was accomplished in a rough and ready sort of way, he had a peep at the trophies in his bag, whose capture had been attended with such adventurous danger; and with the aid of his alpenstock succeeded in getting the dead body of the old bird, which he found had been struck right to the heart. But his knife he could not recover, so concluded that he must have dropped it after the deadly encounter.

'That doesn't matter much,' said he to himself, as he looked at the size of the bird. 'It is a good exchange; and if I give the stranger the old bird with the young ones, I daresay he will give me another knife. What a splendid creature! Fully four feet long, and the wings at least three yards across. How father will open his eyes when he sees the dead *Lammergeier*—and the Scotch gentleman too!'

Tying the legs of the bird together with cord which he had fortunately brought, he slung it across his shoulder, to balance the weight of the bag; and then started on his journey across the glacier, the foot of which he soon reached, and was then within hailing distance of the hotel where the stranger was residing.

It was a good thing that he had not been kept longer away, for the sun was beginning to set by the time he reached the valley, and only the highest peaks were lit up by its departing glory. Tired and hungry, Walter was thankful to find himself once more at the door of the inn, where there was the same crowd of travellers, guides, horses and mules he had seen in the morning. His appearance had attracted general attention as he descended the last hill leading to the hotel.

'Why, I declare it's Watty Hirzel!' exclaimed one of the guides. 'He was here this morning, and I declare he's got a young eagle hanging across his shoulder.'

'Say an old vulture, Mohrle, and you'll be nearer the mark,' replied the lad in a cheerful tone and with sparkling eyes; for he felt so proud of the triumph he had achieved, that all fatigue seemed to be forgotten. 'An old vulture, Mohrle, and a splendid fellow into the bargain! I've got the young ones in my bag here.'

'You're a pretty fellow!' said another guide, with a sneer. 'I suppose you mean to tell us that you've killed the old bird and carried off the young ones?'

'Yes; that is just what I mean to tell you,' replied the boy, smiling, and paying no attention to the sneer of the other. 'I've done it all alone. I took the youngsters out of the nest, and had a regular fight with the old ones afterwards. I brought one of them home; but the other you will find somewhere in the Urbacht Valley, if you like to go and look for it.'

'I think the lad speaks the truth,' said Mohrle, gazing at Walter with astonishment and respect. —'You've had a long journey, my boy, and you're covered with blood. Did the old vulture hurt you?'

'Yes; the brute stuck his claws into me, and if I hadn't had a sharp knife in my pocket, it would have been all over with me. But let me through, for I want to take the young birds up-stairs to a gentleman here.'

Mohrle and the other guides who had surrounded the courageous boy would gladly have detained him longer to hear all the particulars of his daring adventure; but he pressed through the crowd, promising to tell them all about it afterwards, and made his way up to the room occupied by Mr Seymour, who received him with as much astonishment as the guides had done.

'There sir,' exclaimed Walter, as he took the young vultures out of his bag and laid them on the floor—'there are the birds you wanted; and here is one of the old ones which I brought with me from the Engelhorn. But you must let them have something to eat—the live ones, I mean; for they've had nothing for nearly a whole day, and are squealing for hunger.'

Mr Seymour stood for a moment speechless. He was filled with delight at the sight of the young birds he had so long wished for, but was at the same time dumfounded at the courage and honour of the young mountaineer.

'Is it possible?' he exclaimed at last. 'Have you really ventured to risk your life, although I told you that I didn't want the birds?'

'Well sir, I know you said so; but I saw by your face that you would like to have them all the same; and so, as you had been so kind to me, I didn't mind running a little risk to please you, although it was hard work. So there they are; but you mustn't forget to feed them, or they will be starved to death before the morning.'

'Oh, we will take good care that they don't die of hunger,' replied Mr Seymour, ringing the bell. 'I think, as you take such a warm interest in the welfare of the birds, you must feel rather hungry yourself. So sit down and have something to eat, and then you can tell me all about your adventure.'

When the waiter came, some raw meat was ordered for the fledglings—which were presently safely housed in the stable-yard—and a good dinner for Walter, who, aided by Mr Seymour's encouraging remarks, did justice to a meal the like of which he had never before seen—a finale which was to him by far the most agreeable part of his day's work. Then the lad commenced, in simple language, to describe all that he had gone through, which, while it pleased his host thoroughly, caused him to feel still greater surprise and admiration at his young friend's unaffected bravery and presence of mind.

'You have performed a brave and daring action,' said he, when Walter had finished his story. 'I should call it a rash and fool-hardy adventure, had you not been actuated by a noble motive in carrying it out. A feeling of gratitude inspired you, and therefore God was with you, and preserved you. But tell me, boy, how is it that you had courage and resolution enough to expose yourself to such a frightful risk?'

'Well sir, I can't say,' replied Walter thoughtfully. 'All I know is that I was determined to do it, and that is enough to help one over a great many hard things. At the very last, when I was attacked by the second vulture, and might have been easily thrown down the rocks, the thought came into my mind that you must and ought to have the birds; and then I recollected the knife in my pocket, which settled the business. Yes; that was it sir. You had been so generous to me, that I made up my mind to fight it out; and there's the end of it. I couldn't think of being ungrateful after so much kindness.'

'Well, my lad, you have proved most clearly that you have a thankful heart and a cool and determined head,' said Mr Seymour, not without emotion. 'Maintain these characteristics, and use them always for good and noble purposes, and I am sure you will find the end of every adventure as satisfactory as this has been to-day. I owe you a new knife and a suit of clothes; for the old vulture that has used you so badly was not in our bargain this morning. But we will talk about that another time. You had better go home now; for I think your father will begin to feel anxious about you, as it is getting late. I will come and see you in the morning.'

Walter left the room in great glee. He stopped a few minutes in the court-yard to tell the impatient guides what he had gone through, and then hurried home as fast as he could, where he found his father waiting for him with some impatience.

'Everything is settled, father!' he exclaimed, as he clasped him round the neck. 'We shall get our cow back again now; for I've got the money, and neighbour Frieshardt can't keep her any longer. I've brought it with me from the Engelhorn!'

The peasant could scarce believe the hurried words of the excited boy, and was afraid his head was turned, until Walter opened the little cupboard where he had put the money, and laid the two bright gold pieces on the table. There was no longer any room for doubt; and the poor man's eyes sparkled with delight as he looked at the sum which was just sufficient to pay his debt and rescue the cow from the hands of his neighbour. 'But how did you come by all this money, Watty?' he inquired. 'I hope you have got it fairly and honestly?'

'Yes; quite honestly, father,' replied the boy with an open and exultant smile.

'Well, tell me—— But no; I must go and get Liesli out of prison without a moment's delay. Come along with me to neighbour Frieshardt's, Watty.'

Away went the happy pair to the neighbouring farm-house; and although Frieshardt looked sullen and displeased when Toni Hirzel laid the gold pieces on the table, it was no use for him to offer any resistance; so he went rather sulkily to the cow-house, and let out the captive animal, which was followed home by the peasant and his proud son, and got a capital supper in her old quarters. When this important business was accomplished, Walter repaired with his father to the little cottage again, and for the third and last time that day related all the adventures he had gone through.

'Thanks be to God that He has watched over you, and brought you safely home again!' exclaimed the father, who had listened with a beating heart to his son's story. 'It is a great blessing that we have got the money, for my cousin couldn't lend me any. But now promise me faithfully, youngster, that you will never go on such a dangerous errand again without speaking to me about it. It is a perfect miracle that you have come back alive! We have good reason to be thankful as long as we live that you didn't miss your footing or get killed by that savage vulture. But what I wonder most at is that you could muster up the pluck for such a risky business.'

'Well, father, I did it for you, and so that we could get poor Liesli back again,' replied the boy. 'We could never have got on without the cow; and as the Scotch gentleman had been so kind to me, I made up my mind to get the young birds for him, and thought nothing about the danger.'

'I am very glad you have been so successful,' said his father; 'but never forget that your success is owing altogether to God's help, and don't forget to thank Him with all your heart for His watchful care.'

'I'll be sure not to forget that, father,' was the boy's reply. 'I know that the greatest courage is of no use without God's blessing; and I prayed for help before I set out, and several times afterwards.'

'That was right, Watty. Never forget God, and He will always be with you, and protect

you all your life long. And now, good-night, dear boy.'

'Good-night, father,' replied Walter heartily; and both retired to their humble beds, and were soon wrapped in deep and healthful slumber.

A CORNISH CAIRN.

IN various parts of Great Britain, but more especially in the south-western counties of England, are scattered certain mounds of varying size, which, to many will seem to be natural eminences. On investigation, however, these are found to be what are termed sepulchral mounds, or in other words, the burying-places of human beings who died ages ago. Up to comparatively recent times, little was known respecting these mounds or barrows, which, with superstitious veneration, were allowed to remain untouched by the spade or plough. Modern science, however, combined perhaps with a certain curiosity, has set people to work to ascertain the contents of these curious structures, resulting in 'finds,' which from their nature, are looked upon with the greatest interest both by antiquaries and the general public.

The articles found in these sepulchral mounds are for the most part stone coffins, or cists as they are termed, inside which are frequently deposited earthenware urns, containing the burned ashes of the dead. Beside these remnants of mortality are sometimes scattered beads, axe-heads (celts), bronze implements, and articles for adorning the person, collections of which are to be found in our museums. The opening of a barrow, it will thus be gathered, is looked upon by those more immediately interested as an operation not only curious in itself, but likely to be followed by the discovery of articles of pre-historic value. With this introduction we will proceed to say a few words concerning the opening of what our contributor terms a Cornish Cairn.

The pre-historic folks who built the recently opened cairn on Bollowall Cliff, St Just in Penwith, certainly had an eye to a grand prospect, for it would be hard to find a grander along the whole Cornish coast. Cape Cornwall and Cairn Gluze (the gray rock) to right and left; and southward, cape after cape, and then the long sweep of Whitsand Bay, flanked by Pen-maen-dhu (black stone head), beyond which projects the Land's End.

The cairn of which we speak is seventy feet across the outer, and more than thirty across the inner diameter. It must have resembled two huge domed or 'beehive' huts, one inside the other; both the outer and inner walls presenting a well-finished regular facing, and the space between the two being filled in with earth and rough surface stones. It was the abundance of these surface stones, so unlike the angular *débris* of mine-workings, which led an experienced miner to suspect there was something worth exploring in this heap, which struck him as distinct from the mine-rubbish with which the greater part of the cliff is covered. Fortunately, a namesake and descendant of the famous Cornish antiquary Dr Borlase looks on all local archæological work as his by inheritance. He has had the barrow carefully and thoroughly opened; and moreover, has taken care that portions of the inner and outer walls, and

two at least of the cists, shall be preserved in the state in which they were found.

When this interesting barrow or cairn was opened, the inner space was found to contain several cists, in all of which were urns, or fragments of urns, of very rude badly baked pottery. These were full of ashes and bits of charred wood. Not a trace of metal was found, nor in fact anything except a few round stones, one large stone bead, and seven very curious glass beads. Besides the cists, there was a central burning-place covered with a layer of ashes. The space between the inner and outer walls contained a number of cists with urns just like those found in the inner ring. The place was apparently used for the successive interments of a tribe—possibly that tribe whose pah or fortified village was the neighbouring cliff-castle of Kenidzack. The entrance to the central burning-place may have been kept open till the whole available space was filled with cists; it was then, we may suppose, walled up, and the outer wall gradually raised as the inter-space also got filled with cists.

Despite the poverty of the 'finds,' the barrow is, from its size and mode of construction, one of the most remarkable ever opened in West Cornwall. The face of the outer and inner walls strongly resembles the very peculiar work seen in the fogos or underground chambers, of which there are several in the neighbourhood; in both, the corners are rounded off, and the dome-shape preserved in precisely the same manner. Its age is of course uncertain, for no one knows how late archaic customs may have lingered on in this corner of the land. Bronze was very rare in West Cornwall in the days when men burned their dead and placed the urns in cists covered with huge barrows or cairns. Moreover, Canon Greenwell, in his interesting book on British Barrows, shews it to have been as rare among the early dwellers on the Yorkshire wolds. Only here and there in England is much metallic wealth found in primeval burying-places.

It does not, however, need the excitement of rich 'finds' to interest most people in opening a barrow. Every chip of flint, every rolled pebble, sets workers and onlookers on the *qui vive*. Every half-inch of charcoal seems to tell its share of the story. And when, after heaps of rubble have been thrown out, a small flat stone is laid bare, and then another joining it, the two forming the broken capstone of a stone coffin, the excitement is intense. The handling of an unglazed half-baked urn is a delicate operation, for it sometimes happens that when it is all but disengaged from the earth around, the frail vessel falls to pieces at a touch. One very large urn now in the Penzance Museum, was successfully put together after being shattered into small bits, because its discoverer, fearing a catastrophe, chalked zigzag marks all over its surface before he allowed the workmen to lift it up; the marks served as guides to himself and his wife in the work—a labour of love, but a great labour nevertheless—of piecing it together again.

The glass beads of course have given rise to much discussion. Everybody in West Cornwall believes in the close alliance which in former times existed between the Cornishmen and the Phœnicians. The latest historian of Penzance tells us that their sailors used to wear 'the

flowing garments of the East.' You encounter the Phœnicians while sharing Cornish hospitality; praise the Devonshire cream, and you will at once be stopped by the gentle but firm assertion that it is not Devonshire, but Phœnician. And though sceptics may sneer, the West Cornishman will still believe in his Phœnicians. Be that as it may, the intelligent tourist will do well not to leave the neighbourhood without seeing Bollowall barrow.

[Since this was written, the excavation has been completed. Many more cists have been found, containing more than a hundredweight of broken pottery. A gallery, roofed with huge slabs, has been opened on the south side of the outer circle. Such a gallery exists at the Burgh of Ængus at Newtown on the Boyne. Under the centre space described above, has been found a grave, dug in the rock, containing much black unctuous earth and charred wood. To the sober archaeologist the barrow is far more interesting than it was some months ago; but alas, the glass beads on being tested proved to be of highly glazed clay, to the confusion of the Phœnician theory! The way in which the work has been done is most creditable. Too often such remains are recklessly destroyed—rifled of their contents, and then levelled or carelessly covered in. We have known several instances of so-called giants' graves broken up for farm-buildings! It is fortunate that Bollowall cairn has been resened by the same hand which has just lately restored the St Just *plan-au-quare*, amphitheatre for miracle-plays, about which we may perhaps by-and-by say a few words.]

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE scene is a prettily furnished sitting-room in Bloomsbury Square, London, and the time nine A.M. on a bright spring morning. Two young people—husband and wife evidently—are seated at breakfast; but the meal is so far advanced that they have both turned to their newspapers, or rather to the one paper, which they have divided between them. She, strange to say, is immersed in the City article of the *Morning Clipper*. He is fuming to himself over a critique on the new comedy produced last night at the Variety Theatre. She is a handsome blonde of two-and-twenty. He is a tall, thin, rather melancholy looking young man, who has just seen his four-and-twentieth birthday.

'Veronicas down again one-eighth!' mutters Mrs Rivers. 'They have been sinking every day for the last fortnight. They used to be a favourite stock with papa. I hope he has not dipped deep in them of late.'

'And they dignify this rubbish with the name of criticism!' cries Gerald in disgust, as he flings away his paper and turns to his cold coffee. 'A more unfair and one-sided attack was never penned. But if Babcombe were to write like an angel, the *Clipper* would stab him all the same; and if he were to write as badly as—as I do, the *Pharos* would be sure to treacle him; so that one always knows what to expect.'

Presently the postman's knock was heard, and a minute later a slatternly maid-of-all-work brought up a letter for Mrs Rivers and a sealed packet for Gerald.

'A letter from papa! I should know his queer cramped hand anywhere,' cried Alice. 'Good news or bad, eh, Gerald?'

'My story back from the *Piccadilly*!' groaned poor Gerald, with a visible lengthening of his already long face. 'Was ever such luck as mine? I shall begin to think soon that I am only fit to break stones by the roadside.'

But his wife did not hear him. She was lost in her letter. Her face paled a little as she read, and presently the tears sprang to her eyes. 'Just like papa!' she cried. 'I might have known what his answer would be. I felt sure at the time that my letters would be of no avail, but I could not rest till I had written. Even though he refuse to see me himself, he might at least let Carry and Grace see me once now and then!' She got up suddenly, and pushing the letter across the table to her husband, she hurried out through the folding-doors that opened into the bedroom. Gerald Rivers took up his wife's letter and read as under:

MY DEAR ALICE—I found your two letters awaiting me on my return from Mentone. As they both refer to the same subject, one answer will do for the two. In both of them you ask me (*implore* is the word used by you) to forgive you. To this I reply that I have nothing to forgive. You are of age, consequently you are the mistress of your own actions, and I have no control over you in any way. But when you ask me to see you, or, if I will not do that, to allow you to visit your sisters, you put the case on an altogether different footing. To both your requests my answer is an emphatic No. In the most important step of your life you have chosen to act in direct opposition to my frequently expressed wishes, and as a matter of course you must put up with the consequences of your folly. One of those consequences is the severance of all ties that bound you to me as a cherished member of my family. You discarded your family of your own free-will, and your family now discard you. Such being the state of affairs between us, I need hardly tell you that any letters you may send in time to come (except in a case of urgent illness, and accompanied by a medical certificate to that effect) will remain unanswered.—Your father,

EDWARD CREWDSON.

P.S.—Since writing the above, a fresh thought has struck me. You know that it was my intention to have given you six thousand pounds as a wedding portion had you married in accordance with my wishes. Now, I promise you that I will overlook the past, and give you the six thousand pounds into the bargain, on the day that you or your husband can come forward and produce another six thousand to put to it. That chance, I give you. A bargain's a bargain. E. C.

'The old boy might as well ask me to jump over the moon as to find six thousand pounds, or six thousand pence either,' said Gerald with a sigh as he laid the letter on the table. 'Alice always said that he was full of eccentric whims and notions, and this proposition of his proves that she was right.'

Presently Mrs Rivers came back into the room, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, stooped over and kissed him. She had been crying, and her eyes were still red; but there was a smile on her lips. 'Just like papa, dear,' she

said. 'So inflexible, so self-willed. Nothing can move him when once he has made up his mind.'

'There is one consolation,' said Gerald. 'We are no worse off than we were before.'

'Not a bit.'

'You see what you have brought yourself to through marrying a pauper.'

'Through marrying the dearest and best fellow in the world!' This with another kiss.

'Our future can hardly be said to be *coulour de rose*.'

'Suppose we form ourselves into a committee of ways and means?'

'Agreed.—I vote that you take the chair.' So Alice went and sat down in the big easy-chair opposite her husband.

'Three months ago to-day we were married,' said Alice. 'On that day our joint capital consisted of three hundred pounds. Yesterday I looked at our bank-book and found that we had just one hundred and ninety-nine pounds six and sixpence standing to our credit.'

'So that we have spent a hundred pounds in thirteen weeks?'

'Precisely so. But you must remember that out of that hundred pounds were paid the expenses of our wedding trip.'

'If we go on living at the same rate for six months longer, we shall be bankrupt.'

'Something not far from it.'

'Then the sooner I look out for a situation of some kind, the better for both of us.'

'But long before the six months are at an end, your novel may be brought out, or your comedy accepted, or—'

'My dear Alice,' interrupted Gerald, 'where is the use of our deceiving ourselves any longer? Three months ago we became man and wife. You brought as your dowry three hundred pounds in hard cash—the little fortune left you by your grandmother. I brought—What? A bundle of wretched manuscripts, that were fit only for the buttermilk.'

'O Gerald, don't say that!'

'A bundle of wretched manuscripts,' reiterated Gerald bitterly, 'comprising, among other useless matter, a novel and a comedy. I was going to do grand things: to set up in life as a man of letters; to make a name for myself; to earn an easy and lucrative living with my pen. Icarus has come down with a crash. No publisher will offer me a penny for my novel; no manager will read a line of my comedy. I have the consolation of knowing that I have mistaken my vocation; that I am not nearly such a clever fellow as in my folly I fancied myself to be; and that I have been living all this time on my wife's money, for lack of any of my own.'

'O Gerald!'

'In three months I have earned twelve guineas—twelve miserable guineas. During the next three months I may earn as much more, or perhaps nothing at all.'

'You must not lose heart in this way, dear. What are three months? A very little time indeed. Remember how *Jane Eyre* was hawked about from one publisher to another before any one could be found to accept it.'

Gerald shook his head. 'My dear Alice, your husband is not a man of genius, and no one knows that better than yourself. I made the mistake,

common enough, I daresay, among young men who have an itch for scribbling, of believing that the world would appraise my literary wares at the same value that I set on them myself. Three months in London, three months among publishers and managers, have sufficed to undeceive me once and for ever. The lesson has been a sharp one; but I hope I am man enough to own that I think it has done me good.'

'How bitterly you speak, dear! What can I say to comfort you?'

Gerald rose from his chair and crossing to where his wife was seated, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. 'You are my comfort now and ever,' he said. Then, with his shoulders resting against the chimney-piece, he went back to what he had been talking about. 'Another fact my lesson has taught me,' he said, 'and that is, that there is no present prospect—and whether there is one in the future seems highly problematical—of my being able to keep you and myself, by the proceeds of my pen, in anything more than the most abject pauperism. Such being the state of affairs, you cannot fail to agree with me as to the absolute necessity that exists for my at once setting about some other mode of earning a living. The only question is: What is that mode to be? In other words, what am I fit for?'

'What are you fit for, indeed! Why, anything and everything. With your abilities—'

'My abilities, forsooth! Where are they? In what do they consist? Would the exercise of them in any direction bring me in a hundred a year? Really, Mr Chairman, really you are most unpractical this morning, and wanting in your usual sagacity.'

'You don't know what you can do till you try, dear. Your abilities have never been properly put to the test.'

'There's the mischief of it. If my uncle, instead of bringing me up to a life of idleness, and luring me on with the hope of one day being his heir, had insisted on my being taught some decent trade or profession, I should not be in the predicament in which I find myself now. Seriously, *cara mia*, what am I fit for? I know nothing; have been taught nothing; and have no special aptitude—unless it be for a little foolish scribbling—by means of which, as already proved, I might perhaps earn enough to find you in gloves and myself in cigars. But where is the bread-and-cheese to come from?'

'We have several months before us yet, dear, during which we can look out and consider what it will be best for us to do.'

'And in the meantime your money—yours, Alice—which ought to have been put away untouched, is melting day by day. And there's a sting in knowing that.'

'You foolish Gerald! As if both my money and I were not your own to do as you like with!—How would it be if we went into less expensive lodgings? These rooms are very dear.'

'What are these rooms in comparison with the home you gave up for my sake?' He put his arms suddenly round his wife's neck and kissed her. 'Something must be done and at once; but what that something must be, I know no more than the man in the moon. You with your clear head must try to think for me. I will leave you now. I am going to the Museum to get up my

references for an article I intend writing for *Mayfair*.'

Left alone, Mrs Rivers had another little cry all to herself. Then she bathed her face, and after that she took up her father's letter and read it through slowly and carefully. 'Six thousand pounds!' she murmured to herself. 'If I could but take him that, he would forgive me, and put another six thousand to it. How he must have laughed to himself as he wrote those words, knowing how utterly unlikely it was that such a miracle should ever happen!'

Ordinarily one of the most active of young housewives—if a lady who merely occupies furnished apartments can be called a housewife—Mrs Rivers, this morning, never stirred out of her easy-chair till Gerald came home to luncheon. She put away her father's letter as her husband opened the door. 'Gerald, dear, do you know anything about the electric telegraph?' was her first question.

'Theoretically I know something of it from books; practically, I know nothing.'

'Then you could not send a message by it, say from one station to another?'

'Certainly not; not if my life depended on it.'

'But you could learn?'

'I suppose so, should the necessity for my doing so ever arise.'

'I wish you would learn.'

'With all my heart, if you particularly wish me to do so. Though I certainly fail to see in what way such knowledge could ever be of use to me.'

'It may be of use to you—of very great use; and I want you to begin to take lessons to-morrow. I see from the newspapers that there are one or two places where telegraphy is taught as a regular branch of knowledge, so that it need not take you long to learn.'

'Good. But may I ask?—'

'Nothing at present. Like a good little boy, you must shut your eyes and open your mouth, and see what your wife will give you.'

One afternoon, some two months later, Gerald Rivers put into the hands of his wife a certificate of proficiency from the school of telegraphy, at which he had been taking lessons for several weeks past. Alice's eyes sparkled as she read it. 'To-morrow morning, dear,' she said, 'I shall go and see my god-father, Sir Charles Stopford.'

CHAPTER II.

'Why now! What, what! Just say that over again, will you?'

The speaker was Sir Charles Stopford, and the person spoken to was his god-daughter, Mrs Rivers. Sir Charles was a City magnate who had been knighted during his mayoralty some years previously. He had been very fond of Alice, in a god-fatherly sort of way, and had been greatly shocked by the news of her mésalliance. This was the first time they had met since that deplorable event.

'Just say that over again, will you?' repeated Sir Charles.

'You are chairman of the Easterham Junction Railway, and in that capacity you can doubtless do what you like on the line.'

'Quite a mistake, my dear—quite a mistake. There are three or four members of the Board—I won't mention names—who are no better than stupid asses.'

'But the favour I want you to do for me is a very trifling one, and such as there can be no difficulty about. It is simply to ask of you that my husband may be appointed station-master at Leaswood Station.'

'What, what! Station-master at Leaswood—your husband? Why now, that's the station for Brookfield, your father's place.'

'Precisely so. That is the very reason—its proximity to Brookfield—why I want you to give my husband the appointment.'

'Ay, ay! I see now; I see. Letters having proved of no avail, you think that if you and your husband are down at Leaswood, you will have an opportunity of waylaying papa as he steps out of the train, and of going down on your knees and begging his forgiveness there and then. A pretty picture, and one that I should like to see!'

'How absurdly you talk, god-papa! I shall not appear in the matter at all. Everybody knows me at Leaswood, and that would never do. The last thing in the world that I should want papa to know would be that Gerald was station-master there.'

'But the name, *ma petite*, the name. Why now, your father would be sure to suspect something from that.'

'Gerald has three names. His full name is Gerald Hunstone Rivers. He would go down to Leaswood simply as Mr Hunstone.'

'There's a scheming little brain for you! I always said it was a pity you were not born a boy; so bright and sharp and all that. You're planning something now—a surprise or something. Well, well.—Mr Hunstone, eh? But there are other difficulties in the way of which I have not yet spoken.'

'What difficulties, god-papa?'

'Why, in the first place, the man whom we have now got at Leaswood is a very good fellow, and we are quite satisfied with him; and under such circumstances we don't care to remove a man.'

'Promote him. Give him more money, and send him elsewhere.'

'Well now. That's your idea. Not so bad. No, no! But even granting that we found or made a vacancy for your husband, he knows nothing of railway-work, and we dare not appoint a man who is ignorant of his duties, to the important post of station-master. In case of an accident, how could we justify ourselves?'

'My husband has an excellent knowledge of telegraphy, so that one great difficulty is at once obviated. And as for the mechanical routine of railway-work, why not put him for a month under the tuition of the man who is at present at Leaswood; and if at the end of that time, Gerald hasn't acquired a competent knowledge of his duties, I'll never call him husband of mine, again.'

'Why now. Listen to her. Just like her father. No difficulties allowed to stand in her way. But really now, I don't know what to say.'

'There's no occasion, god-papa, for you to say

another word. I look upon the matter as finally settled. I shall bring Gerald to see you to-morrow morning, and you will send him down to get initiated into his new duties as soon as possible.' She went over and kissed him, and then sat down on his knee, as she had done many a time when a girl.

'Pon my word, there's no putting you off,' he said. 'But what a sad foolish thing that marriage of yours was. I was never more astounded in my life than when I heard of it.'

'A sad foolish thing was it, god-papa?' asked Alice quietly. 'That depends altogether on the point of view from which you look at it. To me, now, it seemed the wisest and most sensible thing that I could do: to marry the one person in the world whom I felt I could love, and who, I was convinced, loved me in return. How much more sad and foolish it would have been had I not made sure of my happiness when it lay there ready to my hand!'

'Ah, well, well. You view everything through Love's rose-coloured spectacles. But it's a colour that soon fades—won't stand the wear and tear of everyday life.—So papa won't forgive you, eh? I cannot wonder at it.'

'He will forgive me when I go to him with six thousand pounds in one hand, and my husband in the other.'

'So, so. He's fixed his price, has he? Just like him. But there's not much chance of your husband saving six thousand pounds while he's station-master at Leaswood, eh, now?'

'No; I suppose not,' said Alice as she rose to go. 'But I don't forget a certain favourite proverb of yours: "There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him." And I don't despair.'

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH DOCTOR.

Do not fear, kind reader, that I am about to inflict upon you any 'interesting cases' with their symptoms and treatment, or any dry or technical details, such as find their proper place in the *British Medical Journal* and kindred publications. No indeed. I mean to keep as clear as I can of strictly professional matters. My purpose is merely to mention some of the difficulties which a doctor is likely to meet with—at least in my part of the world—and for which his college training and practice in the hospitals hardly prepare him; difficulties arising from the habits and prejudices of the persons he has to deal with, and the nature of which will, I believe, be made sufficiently clear by the few illustrations I shall give.

I am the dispensary doctor of Kilmany, a place in one of the northern counties of Ireland. The district under my charge is a rather extensive one, mountainous, and with a large number of poor persons in it. To these it is my duty, on receiving the proper ticket, to give the necessary advice and medicines; and it is of my difficulties amongst them principally that I intend to speak. There are two kinds of tickets or 'lines' issued by members of the dispensary committee—the 'black line' and the 'red line.' The black line entitles the patient presenting it at the proper time at the dispensary, to have his case considered and the proper medicine supplied to him. The red line requires the doctor to attend at the

patient's home. Now the first thing is of course to find out what is the matter with the applicant for medical aid. Take the case of a black line. If the patient attends in person, as he ought, well then, there is a chance—not by any means a certainty—of finding this out. But suppose a messenger is sent with the line, then you have to trust to description, and now difficulties begin. 'What is the matter?' you ask. Well, suppose the answer is: 'It's a water-brash, doctor,' or 'It's the hives,' then you have something to go on, always supposing that you can trust your informant. But the case is not so clear when you are told that it is a 'wind-brash' or the black hives; and the matter becomes more obscure if possible, when in the latter case it is added that they have 'struck in about the heart,' a most dangerous symptom as it is thought; or it may be 'a narvous wind' the patient complains of, the worst 'narvous winds' being those which 'work about the head.'

There is no medical work in existence treating of these diseases. But now, suppose you are so fortunate as to know, for example, what black hives are, and that you are able to accept the statement that they have struck in about the heart, even still the course is not clear. You have to deal with some very vague notions of anatomy. If it is a leg or an arm, a foot or a finger that is mentioned, you can trust so far, but not much further. Take that word 'heart,' for example. I remember Paddy Doyle telling me one morning—Paddy was a handy fellow who used to do odd jobs for me about the house and garden—that his father had bought a calf in Ballyboo Fair, but that he feared it would do little good with him, as it had got straws, he thought, in its heart.

'Straws in its heart!' I exclaimed. 'What nonsense! How could straws get there? And if they did, the calf would not live five minutes.'

'O yes,' he replied; 'plenty of them has straws in the heart; but it's rare that they do any good.'

I was not going to argue such a matter with Paddy, and said no more. But two days after he informed me that the calf had died, and that on cutting it open they had found, as they suspected, straws in its heart; adding that 'it's ill done to buy a calf you are not acquaint with, for it's few knows what's in the inside of a strange baste.' After a few questions, I found that it was the stomach Paddy meant, and that the word 'heart' was used in a general kind of way for the inside, the centre—as we speak of the heart of a tree.

But suppose it is a red line, or that the patient himself has brought the black one, your difficulties though lessened have not disappeared.

'What is wrong with you?' I asked of Jack Scrimgeour, to whose house I had gone to see him.

'Aren't you the doctor?' he replied in a surly tone.

'Yes; of course I am,' I answered.

'Well, of course I won't tell you,' he rejoined; 'that's just what I sent for you to tell me.'

A case such as this, where the patient refuses to give you any information, is, I confess, a rare one. Generally the sufferer is communicative enough, the difficulty being to make out the meaning of the strange expressions and illustrations used. Sometimes one meets with quite 'a wealth of description.'

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH DOCTOR.

'What's the matter with you, Mrs M'Crea?' I asked a wiry and active old woman whom I was visiting.

'Augh! Is it what's the matter with me, doctor dear, that I'm to tell you? A dale easier I'd find it to tell you what's not the matter with me—I'm just all wrong the gither.'

'Well, but is there a pain anywhere? Come, tell me how you feel,' I said.

'Is it how do I feel, doctor?' she answered. 'I can hardly spake to tell you; but I just feel a-rugging an' a-tugging, an' a-withering an' a-squeezing, an' a-roasting; an' a-swamping, an' gif I were a-carding.'

I am happy to say that Mrs M'Crea recovered from a sickness of which these were the alarming symptoms.

But now suppose you have discovered exactly what it is that is wrong with your patient, that you have prescribed the proper remedies, that you have given your instructions clearly, and have taken care to see that they were understood. Your course is clear now, you think. No mistake could be greater. I do not speak of the ordinary errors, neglect or carelessness, which hinder the means used from taking proper effect. But there are disturbing elements, which probably you have omitted altogether from your calculations. You have given such and such medicines. Well, how do you know who will take those medicines, or whether any one will? Shortly after coming to Kilmany, my eyes were rather opened on this subject. It was the day for attending at the dispensary. I had for some hours been giving out the proper medicines to those present. The hour for closing had come, and I was about to leave the place, and was walking through the village towards my house. Suddenly a heavy shower came on. I had no umbrella, and turned for shelter into an archway, at the further end of which there was a chest, on which I seated myself. I had not been a couple of minutes there when two of my patients, who had just come from the dispensary, entered the archway for the same purpose. As the end where I sat was dark, they did not see me, and turning their backs towards me, they began to talk.

'Well, Jinny, what do you think of the new doctor?'

'Sorra a much I think of him at all, Peggy! He would not stand to hear the half of my complaint, and he gave me the wrong medicine entirely. What was it he gave you, Peggy?'

'It's a bottle, Jinny. I'm to take it three times a day, he says. There it is; and it's a poor kind of smell it has about it. I told him it was pills I wanted, and that bottles never done me any good!'

'Well, it's pills he's give me,' said the other, 'and I can't take them at all. But I can take a bottle rightly. I'm thinking we'll swop. Fien a bit wiser the doctor'll be;' and they exchanged their medicine then and there. The shower was over; Peggy and Jinny were leaving the archway without having discovered me, the former saying as she went out: 'I suppose I'd best take the pills three times a day, the way the bottle was to be took.' They were rather startled by hearing me remark that it would be as well to follow the doctor's advice on the point.

Administering the wrong medicine is of course

a more dangerous proceeding than merely failing to administer the right one; though this is bad enough, and very trying to the temper of any doctor who is anxious about and interested in his cases. I may mention an instance of this which occurred also shortly after I came to Kilmany. Old Mulloy, whose house was about four miles distant from the village, held a small farm, valuable enough, however, to raise him above the class of persons entitled to receive medical aid gratuitously. One of his daughters—Marianne, a girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age—was seriously ill. I had prescribed for her, and I called a few days after to see how she was getting on. As I entered the house I saw several members of the family sitting round the fire in the kitchen. They looked up, but did not move from their seats, or shew any of that politeness which one meets with usually even in the houses of the poorest. I thought their conduct strange; however I inquired how the girl was. No answer. So I asked again: 'How's Marianne to-day?'

'Umph!' said the father in a gruff voice without looking up. 'Not much better.'

'What!' I said; 'is there no improvement?'

'Sorra a bit!' was the reply in the same sulky tone.

'How's that?' I asked. 'Did she take the medicine?'

Again no answer. I repeated the question.

'Troth and she did not, doctor,' the father replied with emphasis.

'And why was that?' I inquired.

Then Mulloy rose up, and with an expression of indignation on his face he said: 'Biddy, fetch out that cat.'

Biddy did as she was told—at least she opened the door of a cupboard that was in the wall, and there bounced out of it something like a half-roasted hare; an animal without a bit of fur on its body, and of a dull patchy slate-colour. As it fled with something between a yell and a mew across the floor and out of the house, old Mulloy pointed sternly towards it and said: 'No! by the blessing of Providence we tried your powders upon the cat, or that's the way our Marianne would have been this day, if she had taken what you sent her!'

Sometimes the error is in the opposite direction. If the medicine is approved of, it will often be given to any other member of the family who happens to be unwell; such trifling considerations as age, sex, or even the nature of the sickness being set aside. I remember the case of an old woman who was suffering from a chronic affection of the throat. I had given her a large bottle full of, fortunately, a very innocent preparation, a teaspoonful of which was to be taken when the cough was troublesome. There was enough of the medicine in the bottle to have lasted for a month. I was therefore somewhat astonished when, two days after, her daughter appeared at the dispensary, and setting down the empty bottle, requested that it might be refilled.

'It has not begun to operate yet, doctor,' she observed; 'which mother thinks is strange, for she has give it every fair play; she has took it morning, noon, and night since you sent it. Sorra a bite she ates but she drinks the mixture with it. She supped it with her broghen and took it in her tay!'

This is an instance of a practice common enough

of using the medicine received, in a way never intended by the doctor. I shall give another example of a somewhat different kind.

One morning I remarked that there was an unusually large number of persons in the waiting-room of the dispensary, many of them fine blooming girls, who looked as unlike persons requiring the physician as possible.

'What do you want, Maggie?' I asked of the first of these who presented herself.

'Mother sent me,' she said, dropping a courtesy, 'for a couple of doses of oil;' and she handed me a small bottle, which I filled.

To my surprise they all wanted the same. 'A little oil, doctor, if you please.' Well, castor-oil is an innocent medicine, and not likely, I thought, to be used as an article of diet. So I filled each of the bottles with the oil, wondering much what sort of epidemic this was that seemed to have at once attacked so many families. Next Sunday, on coming into the village church the mystery was solved. There was an unmistakable odour in the air, and the unusually sleek hair of many of the boys and girls bore witness to the use the oil had been put to. The next dispensary day there was quite a crowd in the waiting-room, evidently wanting oil. I was prepared for this, and announced that no persons should receive castor-oil who did not require it for their own use, and that as this was a medicine for internal and not external use, the applicant must *swallow it in my presence*. One half of my visitors left the waiting-room that day without coming into the dispensary to see me; and as they passed the window, I could perceive that in spite of their disappointment they enjoyed the joke.

There is one idea that any physician taking charge of the dispensary district of Kilmany would do well to get rid of—I mean the notion that he will be thought to understand his own business better than his unprofessional neighbours. Quite the contrary. The doctor's bottles will probably be submitted to the clergyman for approval, the parson's doctrines indeed being in return laid before the doctor to decide whether they are orthodox, if he will take upon himself such an office. But questions both of divinity and medical science will have eventually to be decided by old Mrs Featherstone. 'I would like to hear what Mrs Featherstone has to say on that point,' is the remark when the Sunday sermon is thought to have contained any dubious statement of doctrine. 'Doctors is well enough, Mrs Walker,' I happened to hear a woman remark to her neighbour, who was coming to the dispensary for the medicine her husband required—'doctors is well enough when there's nothing serious; but I wad recommend you when he's that bad, to do nothing till Mrs Featherstone has seen him.' On another occasion to the question: 'Has the doctor seen poor Biddy?' the answer was: 'Troth no, then; nor he won't. My daughter's too delicate for the doctor.'

The following letter, addressed to the clergyman of the parish by a patient of mine, whose strong constitution had brought her safely through an attack of typhus fever, will shew that this feeling of distrust is not confined always to the poorest class. Mrs Smart was well-to-do in the world, possessing and managing successfully one of the largest farms in the district. Hearing that

the clergyman was unwell, she wrote to him as follows:

'REVEREND SIR—Being informed that you are ill, I take the liberty of writing, lest it should be as subscriber fears a case of fever, in the hopes that the experience of a typhus-fever patient may be acceptable. In the year 1865, Ann Smart suffered under typhus fever for eight weeks; the malady raged unabated; patient hot as fire within, extremities cold as ice; Dr M—— in constant attendance; took none of his medicine, but paid his bill. A basin of oatmeal flummery stood by; likewise a bowl of butter-milk qualified with two parts of water. Alternate spoonfuls supported the patient and cooled the fever. Treatment was successful, which, that it may so prove in your case, and that long you may be spared to fulfil the duties of your sacred office, is the prayer of subscriber,
ANN SMART.'

In what tendency of our nature this distrust of what is professional has its origin, I shall not inquire. Evidence of such a feeling is common enough, at least among a large class of persons in Kilmany dispensary district.

I give another instance. A patient of mine—poor old Tom Jackson—was ill of dropsy. His friends did not think well of my method of dealing with the case. In a neighbouring town there was one Peter Blain, who kept a small shop, in which tea, tobacco, some drugs, paints, garden-seeds, and rat-poison were sold. Dr Blain he was called, though he had no claim to such a designation except what was derived from selling quack medicines and rat-poison. To this person poor Jackson's friends went and explained the symptoms of the disease, the worst being, as they said, want of sleep. To remedy this, 'Dr' Blain gave them a box of opium pills, a number of which they administered on returning home. In the middle of the night I was called up to see Jackson, who they told me was dying. I perceived at once that the man had been poisoned, and on asking what he had taken, the remaining pills were shewn to me. I did all I could to save his life; getting rid of as much as possible of the poison by means of a stomach-pump; but the patient had been in a very weak and prostrate condition, and he never rallied. There was an inquest, the coroner's jury being composed of small farmers in the neighbourhood, who happened to hold some rather curious religious opinions. In the verdict they agreed upon, it was stated that no blame attached to Dr Blain, but that I, Dr M——, was guilty of manslaughter, for using a horrible engine nowhere sanctioned in Scripture!

I have mentioned the 'red line.' Most of my professional brethren in this country, however little given to speaking on other subjects, could, I fancy, be eloquent on this; for the red line interrupts all a doctor's plans and occupations; it is sure to come upon him at the most unexpected times and in the most annoying manner. The dispensary doctor lives with the red line like the sword of Damocles ever hanging over him, with this difference, that while the sword did not come down, the red line is perpetually doing so. You come in late in the evening, wearied with your day's work, and hungry. You have been looking forward to a comfortable dinner, the arm-

chair by the fire, and a pleasant book ; but instead there is a red line upon the hall-table ; or you have gone to bed and have fallen into your first sound sleep, when a thundering knock comes to the door, and before you are well awake you understand that the red line has arrived. Of course these red lines are necessary, but sometimes they come under circumstances that would try the best regulated temper. I remember one dreary winter's evening reaching home tired and wet ; it had been a bleak cold day, with showers of hail and rain mixed, and a cutting northerly wind. On coming into the hall, I saw the inevitable red line, with 'Urgent' written on it. The place I was summoned to was five or six miles off, and the road to it bad and hilly. There was, however, nothing for it but for man and horse, tired as they were, to start at once. It was quite dark when I reached the house, a wretched hovel with but two rooms. I had had to leave my car some distance off and make my way to it on foot. The father and mother and some grown-up children were sitting round the fire as I entered.

'How's Molly ?' I asked at once, for I was in a hurry to get home again.

'Augh ! doctor dear, is that you ?' they said. 'But you've got the sore night to come out ; you'll be starved wid the cowld.'

'Well, but how's Molly ?' I asked again. 'I'd like to see her at once.'

'Augh ! is it Molly ? Troth, she's bad enough, and glad she'll be to see you, doctor. But take a sate at the fire, an' just warm yourself,' said the mother, offering me the solitary chair the house possessed.

'O no ; thank you ; I can't wait. I will just see what ails Molly,' I replied, going towards the door of the bedroom.

'Oh, she's not there, doctor,' they said ; 'you'll see her after a bit.'

'Where in the world is she ?' I exclaimed. 'She's not out such a night as this ?'

'Troth then, she just is, doctor,' was the reply. 'Sure, we never thought you'd come out this evening. But she'll be back in half an hour ; she just went up a while ago to the mountain for a back-load of turf.'

Some weeks I think elapsed before this affair began to appear to me in a comical light.

These few anecdotes, as they are strictly true, may serve, so far as they go, as indications of characters and mental peculiarities not unfrequently to be met with amongst dispensary patients in the north of Ireland. When I came to take charge of the Kilmany district, my predecessor was still in the place. I remember the evening before he left we walked up to the little church upon the hill, from which there was a good view of the country round. 'There have been many changes here,' he remarked, 'since first I knew the place. And it's not so very long ago either. Would you believe it now ?' he asked. 'There was hardly a grave in that churchyard when I came here, and see how full it is now !'

'True for you, doctor,' the sexton, who was standing near, remarked ; 'and you attended a'most every one of them ! You have not been idle since you came to us, doctor, that's certain !' There was a twinkle in the old sexton's eye as he spoke, and though he kept quite grave, we both laughed heartily. But perhaps the difficulties in

the way of successful practice which I have illustrated rather than described, may excuse the dispensary doctor from at least a portion of the blame.

MAGIC MIRRORS.

AMONG the most curious examples of ancient Chinese metal-work must be reckoned 'magic mirrors,' whose mysterious properties have puzzled even the learned and scientific for ages past. Both the Chinese and Japanese have long been famous for their mirrors, some specimens of which are to be seen in the Museum of the School of Mines in Jermyn Street, London ; but it is only a small percentage which possess, as the catalogue informs us, 'the very remarkable property of reflecting from their polished surface the figure which is wrought upon the back.'

Whether Chinese or Japanese, and whether indued with this magic power or not, the bronze mirror is usually circular in shape, and from three to twelve inches in diameter, the face being highly polished ; while the back is ornamented with various designs, embossed, inlaid, or engraved in the metal. So far there is nothing remarkable about it ; and though very light and convenient for use at the toilet-table, it would not attract much attention ; but if the mirror be a 'magic' one, and held in the sunlight, with its face towards a white wall or screen, it will reflect the various designs graven on the back, which will appear either as shadows upon a light ground or as lights upon a dark ground, although no scrutiny of the polished surface, however close, will enable one to detect the smallest trace of them there. The effect is extremely startling even to an educated person, and it is hardly wonderful that the uneducated should be disposed to regard it as decidedly 'uncanny.' One of the few magic mirrors now in Europe belongs to Herr Senter, and is thus described by the German writer Herr Carus Sterne.

'The mirror is of yellowish bronze, the face slightly convex, and covered with a thin coating of silvery-looking metal, which is very highly polished, and reflects with the utmost distinctness every object presented to it. The handle, also of metal, is covered with bamboo ; and the whole thing is so extremely light and comfortable to use, that as a hand-glass it is simply perfection. The back of the mirror is covered with designs of the usual description in low relief on a roughly granulated ground, which consist of a figure in the shape of a tiger, of the famous Chinese dragon Lung, resting beneath the shade of a brier in full blossom, with a few bamboo-canoe growing near. Above the head of the tiger are engraved certain characters, which stand out in much bolder relief than any other part of the design, and constitute the well-known sign and symbol of the sacred dragon. To the left is a column of Chinese writing, probably a charm or the expression of some good wish ; for a bronze mirror is a very usual present, and is supposed to insure health, beauty, and happiness to the recipient. One belonging to Baron La Grange, and described by M. Stanislaus Julien, bore the words *cheou*, long life, and *fou*, happiness.'

Herr Senter's mirror, when held in the sunshine as we have described, reflects from its

polished surface the tiger and the rest of the design with great distinctness; the figures, which it must be remembered are engraved on the back, appearing as bright lights on a shaded background.

The Chinese call these toys *Théou-Kouang-Keen*, 'mirrors which let the light through;' and as the rare specimens which exhibit this phenomenon in perfection are worth from ten to twenty per cent. more than the others, the workmen are not at all anxious to enlighten either foreigners or even their own countrymen as to the way in which it is produced. Accordingly, there is little trustworthy information to be obtained from Chinese writers on the subject, though various theories have from time to time been advanced in explanation.

It is only quite recently that the mystery respecting them has been solved, and this perhaps because people have experimented upon the various ways in which the mirrors might be manufactured. It has been found that there are several methods by which it is possible to cause differences in the reflection from a metal surface, which shall be visible only in the reflection and not as directly detected by the eye. It is found that designs etched, engraved, or stamped on a plate of metal, and then rubbed down and polished till they have entirely disappeared from sight, will still come out in the reflection; and a similar result has been obtained by tracing a design with transparent varnish on the back of a plate of glass. Old coins exhibit analogous appearances; and most collectors know that old worn specimens, if placed on a metal plate in the dark, and brought to a red-heat, will exhibit the design and inscription which had previously become obliterated. A brass-worker who had heard Professor Pepper lecture on this subject at the Polytechnic, brought him some time afterwards an imitation of a magic mirror made by himself. He had taken a plate of common brass, and stamped it with an engraved die three times, in exactly the same spot, polishing it down again each time; and after the third operation, the design, though not to be detected by any method of direct examination, yet came out plainly in the reflection. Both Sir David Brewster and Sir Charles Wheatstone were of opinion that the phenomenon of the magic mirror was produced in some such way as this, and that the figures on the back were merely used for the purpose of making the observer deceive himself, and had absolutely no connection with the reflection. This theory, however, is now upset by the discovery of a remarkable fact first observed by Professor Atkinson of Japan—namely, that a mark made with a blunt nail on the back of one of these mirrors, though producing no visible effect upon the polished face, was yet reflected as a bright line on the screen, when the mirror was held up in the sunshine!

Japan is, even more than China, the land of mirrors; and as mirror-worship forms part of the popular religion, and plays so important a part in the national life, it might be thought there would be little difficulty in investigating their 'magic' properties. But this is not the case; for the Japanese seem to know less about magic mirrors than any one else, and are apparently ignorant as to how the effect is produced. Professor Ayrton has, however, successfully solved the mystery, and

has proved by a series of experiments, too long to detail here, that the reflections are caused by certain imperceptible inequalities in the curvature of the polished surface. No thick mirror reflects the design on the back; not one of the many beautiful mirrors exhibited at the National Exhibition of Japan in 1877 did so in the slightest degree; yet the patterns were not less well executed than on inferior specimens; but the mirrors were far thicker, and their surfaces much less convex. On further investigation he found that in order to give the desired amount of convexity to their mirrors, the Japanese place them on a board, face uppermost, and indent the surface with a blunt iron called a 'distorting rod.' Several series of scratches are made in different directions, the mirror being during the operation visibly concave, though eventually becoming convex. The metal receives what is technically called a 'buckle,' and springs back again so as to become convex directly the pressure of the rod is removed. Naturally, the thicker parts of the metal would be less impressionable than the thinner, and might even not spring back at all, but remain concave. After being polished with whetstones and charcoal, to remove all trace of the scratches, the face is finally rubbed over with a mercury amalgam.

We must confess that, even with the proof before us, it does seem marvellous that inequalities so small that the eye entirely fails to detect them, should be able to cast upon the screen such sharp and clear reflections as are witnessed in a good specimen of the magic mirror; but so it undoubtedly is; and the phenomenon receives further confirmation from Professor Ayrton, who thus concludes his lecture: 'It appears then, contrary to what is commonly believed, that the magic of the Eastern mirror results from no subtle trick on the part of the maker, from no inlaying of other metals or hardening of portions by stamping, but merely arises from the natural property possessed by certain thin bronze of buckling under a bending stress, so as to remain strained in the opposite directions after the stress is removed. And this stress is applied partly by the distorting rod, and partly by the subsequent polishing, which in an exactly similar way tends to make the thinner parts more convex than the thicker.' So then, as often as not, the 'magic' properties which have caused so much perplexity may be, at least in Japan, the result of pure unconscious accident.

LOVE'S CALL.

Soft tender stars sedate and sweet
Round weary Earth's pale pillow press;
Night cloaks her at the golden feet,
And they are shod with silentness.

Tranced in a weird colossal dream,
The mountains shadowy arms outfling;
Around, the silent forests gleam,
And every leaf is listening.

What distant call? What sudden-stirred
Echoing thrill from breast to brow?
Was it the nightingale I heard?
Or was it, best beloved, thou?

EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 821.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

THERE are two proverbs which seem to be a distinct contradiction of each other—'Delays are dangerous,' 'There's luck in leisure.' Both proverbs, however, are true, according to the circumstances in which they may respectively be applied. Sometimes, and more particularly when a sudden and unpleasant emergency arises, it may be safe and desirable to act with promptitude, or at all events not to procrastinate. On the other hand, there are occasions when people should take matters leisurely, and avoid plunging into a course of conduct that only by some rare chance will prove successful. It is not easy to offer any advice on the subject. The exercise of a sound judgment in relation to ordinary experiences will determine whether it is best to delay or to act on the spur of the moment.

Personally, we have always had an objection to put off time in following what appeared to be the line of duty, and on the whole feel that in the aggregate more mischief is done by taking things leisurely than by promptitude of action. Obviously, procrastination is something more than the proverbial 'thief of time.' Wasted energies, neglected opportunities, mental idleness, and general disorder of affairs, resulting in a dropping behind in the race of life, constantly rise up in accusation of the evil habit of putting off till to-morrow what could be and should be done to-day. Every one has duties to fulfil, and the most fortunate of mortals has need of sustained energies; but energies are frittered away by small frequently occurring emergencies far more than by employing them vigorously in some really important matter. Figuratively speaking, when a wise man has a trouble which can be removed by promptitude, he loses no time in 'taking the bull by the horns.'

How often do people drift into a sea of troubles just because clear decision and vigorous action have not been forthcoming at some critical moment! Even the typical wise man makes mistakes

sometimes, and has brought the figurative 'enraged bull' down upon himself; only he, instead of crouching before it or attempting to fly, turns and 'takes it by the horns.' He is not ashamed of owning his error. If he finds himself deceived in the purport of an engagement into which he has been entrapped—be it the hiring of a house, the partnership of a business, or any of the multitudinous arrangements which complicate modern life—if he finds he has entered on a disastrous course which admits of no remedy while it is pursued, he will at the sacrifice of anything except honour, extricate himself from it without delay. The unhealthy house, the inconvenient house, or the house too large and expensive will always prove a depressing influence, and will have to be given up sooner or later. If there are smoky chimneys and damp rooms, remedy them if you can; if you cannot, don't drift into a condition of chronic discomfort for want of prompt action and temporary sacrifice. To know when to make a sacrifice, and to be prompt in acting upon that knowledge, is a great secret of success in life.

And now we would say a word on a very important theme. Young people often rush into matrimonial engagements with far too little understanding of each other's disposition and tastes. If longer acquaintance and more intimate knowledge, instead of cementing the tie of affection, opens the eyes of either of the pair to the incompatibility of their characters, surely it is the truest honour to speak the frank word before the irrevocable vows are taken. Though it is the duty of married people to bear and forbear, there are limits to human endurance which cannot be passed without serious injury of many sorts; and where incompatibility is detected before marriage, there is a great chance of its developing, not decreasing afterwards. To break a matrimonial engagement is a terrible evil to encounter; but still it is better to make the effort, than with eyes open to incur lifelong misery.

We remember long years ago reading a quaint rhyme, which we have never met with since. We think it ran thus:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there is one, try and find it;
If there isn't—never mind it.

Though to indulge in vain regrets for the inevitable may be weak, and even sinful, it may on the other hand be a proof of moral strength, and the very exercise demanded of us—to resist evil by the means within our reach. It is true that social life in the present day is exceedingly complicated, so that it is perhaps more difficult to get out of a wrong groove than it was a generation back; but that is no reason why the attempt should not be made. Letting things 'drift'—a favourite axiom with many people—often leads to the wreck of fortune. Of course there are times when the most energetic must exercise patience, and wait for the turn of that 'tide' which they wish to 'take at the flood.' But the really energetic are vigilant even when inactive, and generally speaking, they do not have to wait very long for their opportunities.

We heard a story lately which interested us greatly, as a striking instance of 'taking the bull by the horns.' As the consequence of an unfortunate speculation, a family was suddenly reduced from affluence to penury. The blow was a terrible one, and for a brief period the whole family seemed paralysed; but it was the noble-hearted wife who first roused herself, and bravely prepared to act with decision. The only pittance which remained was less than a hundred a year, and this for people who had been accustomed to horses and carriages, and to fare sumptuously every day, and with seven children to feed and to clothe! Of course the father looked out for employment which should in some measure re-establish his position; but fortunes are not re-made in a day or a year; and his wife, delicately reared and accustomed to a large establishment, resolved as a first step to discharge every one of their servants. 'We have health and we have hands,' she said; or at anyrate used words to that effect in speaking to her children. 'We must work; and what we do not know how to do, we must learn.'

Of course the first thing was to remove to a small house, one only just roomy enough to contain its several inmates. But not even a 'general servant' accompanied them. A frugal system of diet was adopted, in which we believe oatmeal played a considerable part, and every purchase was made in the cheapest market. This rare lady had a horror of debt and a horror of pauperism, though she had not the ungrateful pride which would have made her decline all help offered to her children. They were helped to help themselves in more ways than one; and when the darkest days were over, and the 'silver lining' of the cloud began to shew, there is good reason to believe that she felt more of the good that had been hidden in the trouble. After all, the time was not so sad as it seemed. We may be pretty sure that it sifted friends in a wonderful manner, and that it was found that the true and the loyal were to be met with in all classes. Some acquaintances of course dropped off; but it is doubtful if adversity tests friendship more than does prosperity. The rich and happy are much envied, and sometimes slandered; but the best feelings of the best people are generally

drawn forth towards those in trouble. We fancy too that the brave lady of whom we are writing did not allow herself to be ashamed of her poverty. If people whom she had visited in other days on equal terms, drove up to her door, we imagine she received them in her little parlour without any lachrymose manner; though perhaps, if very busy starching or ironing, she kept them waiting a few minutes, making due and truthful apology for doing so. Under such circumstances, it is very likely that her hand, though rough and hard from household work, was pressed with more than usual warmth by delicately gloved fingers.

Now, if that wife had been content to sit bemoaning her helplessness and misfortune, while appealing right and left for aid, what an inferior position would she now be in! not only in reference to worldly affairs, but in regard to the estimation of her character. Besides, energy is very contagious, and hers must not only have cheered her husband in his trouble, but must have been communicated to her children. The constant occupation too was the very best thing for them all; it left no time for mere fretting; and probably natural fatigue from physical exertion prevented anxious thoughts from keeping them awake at night. No doubt our heroine was very glad when brighter days dawned again, and she could return to more congenial occupations than sweeping rooms and lighting fires; but we believe she would do just the same as before, should the same terrible occasion recur.

Perhaps it is only when we are somewhat advanced in life that we see with any clearness of mental vision the 'uses of adversity.' It is when we can look back on the sundry beginnings and endings of things—on the completed careers of the successful—and on the ultimate triumph of good over evil in the multitude of cases within our knowledge, that we begin to perceive how necessary trials to be encountered and difficulties to be overcome are to the strengthening of character and the development of the human being.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

CHAPTER III.—THE CHAMOIS-HUNTERS.

EARLY the next morning the door of the little mountain cottage grated on its hinges, and Mr Seymour entered the small apartment, eagerly welcomed by Walter, who ran forward to meet him.

'What! you are up already, my boy, and as fresh and lively as if nothing had happened!' said he. 'I fully expected to find you knocked up and ill after all the exertion and fatigue of yesterday; but I am glad to see that you are so much stronger than I gave you credit for. How is your back though, Walter? Don't the wounds made by the vulture's claws pain you very much?'

'They were very sore last night sir,' replied the boy; 'but father bound them up nicely for me, and says they will be quite better in a week.'

'Delighted to hear it. But where is your father? I don't see him.'

'He is outside sir, with Liesli the cow, that we

recovered through your kindness,' replied Walter with a grateful look. 'She is the best cow in the valley.'

'Ah, here comes your father,' said Mr Seymour with a smile, stepping forward to grasp the hand which Toni Hirzel held out towards him, while thanking him in hearty but simple words for the kindness he had shewn to his boy.

'Don't mention it, my friend. What I gave to the boy was given very willingly; and he has richly earned not only that but a few francs more, which I am still owing him. But we will square accounts now.—Here Walter; there is forty francs for the old vulture which you captured so bravely; and here is another sixty francs for the torn trousers and the knife you lost.'

With these words Mr Seymour counted out five bright gold pieces on the table, to the wonderment of Toni Hirzel and his son, neither of whom could utter a word.

'But sir,' exclaimed Walter, finding his voice at last, 'the vulture, the trousers, and the knife all put together are not worth twenty francs!'

'They are worth more to me,' replied the gentleman; 'and you must allow me to pay for them according to my opinion of their value. So make no more words about it, my boy, but put the money in your pocket. I hope it may prove useful to you.'

Tears started into Walter's eyes. 'O father!' he exclaimed, 'only look at all this money! We shall be able to buy another cow and make twice as much cheese as we do now. We shan't have to borrow anything from neighbour Frieshardt any more, and if everything goes on well, we shall soon be able to build a house as good as his. It will be a blessing for you to have a comfortable home in your old age.'

But Toni Hirzel shook his head. 'Don't talk so fast, my boy,' said he quietly. 'That is a great deal more money than we can think of taking.—Pray, take it back, Mr Seymour. Watty is quite right. Twenty francs will amply suffice; especially when you were so liberal towards him yesterday.'

'Very well, friend, so be it,' was the reply. 'If you won't let me pay you the money as a debt, I hope you will allow me to give it to Walter as a present. I'm sure you won't object to that. He can save it till he's a few years older, if he doesn't require to spend it now; so let the matter drop, unless you really wish to annoy me.'

Seeing that Mr Seymour was in earnest, Toni Hirzel made no further objections, and lifted the money from the table.

'Well then, Walter, I will take care of this handsome gift for you until you are old enough to make a good use of it,' said his father, as he placed the money in a leather pocket-book, which he deposited in a secret drawer of the cupboard. 'Rest there quietly,' said he in a whisper; 'when I am dead and gone, it will be a nest-egg for Watty to fall back upon.'

Mr Seymour then rose to take his departure; and before saying farewell, Walter asked and obtained leave to visit the friendly traveller soon; but when he went to Rosenlanibad three or four days afterwards, he found that Mr Seymour had received a letter from home, which had compelled him to take his immediate departure.

The summer passed away; autumn came, and stripped the leaves from the trees; the first flakes of snow fluttered in the air; the days were growing shorter, and the quiet and solitary valley took its turn in the changes of fortune which so frequently occur in the outer world. Although Toni Hirzel was sober and industrious, he could not escape the common lot of humanity. He sustained a heavy loss at the beginning of winter in the death of his favourite cow. Soon afterwards, the severity of the weather drove from the mountains the wolves, which broke into the stable during the night and killed two of his five goats.

These losses were serious to the poor man. The only property he possessed in addition to his cottage consisted of the cow and the goats, which supplied him with the barest necessities of life; and now he was deprived of them almost at one stroke. It was hard to bear; but by-and-by the recollection of the money which Mr Seymour had given him came as a ray of sunshine to Walter, who begged his father to take it and buy another cow.

'No, Walter,' was his reply. 'The money is yours. Mr Seymour made you a present of it, and it shall remain untouched until you are old enough to spend it for some good purpose. You are too young and inexperienced yet; so don't say any more about it. Now that we have lost Liesli and the goats, we must bestir ourselves to do something else for a living, until the spring, when we may perhaps be fortunate with the chamois. There are plenty of chamois on the hills, and my gun on the wall there has brought down many a fine buck! When spring comes, we'll go out together, and you will see that your father has still a firm hand and a sure foot.'

The winter wore away by degrees. The warm south wind crept slowly through the valleys, melting the snow from the mountain-sides, and calling into life hundreds of sparkling streams. Waterfalls foamed and thundered; enormous masses of snow came crashing down from the mountain peaks; while amid the noise and thunder of avalanches, the sun exercised its silent but mighty influence, renewing the mountain greenery, converting the barren ground into a verdant carpet. The birds returned from their winter home, and again burst into joyous song; and again the budding trees proclaimed that winter was over and gone.

During the dreary winter-time the simple wants of the two mountaineers had been supplied by much toil and much privation, so that the return of the vernal season was hailed with joyful acclamation.

'It is time for us to be off now,' said the hunter one morning to his boy; and day after day, whenever the weather was favourable, they might have been seen climbing the lofty mountain ranges in search of game, sometimes not returning to their little cottage for several days. At other times, however, after unspeakable trouble and danger, they would return home in great glee, the father bearing a large chamois slung across his shoulders, to be sold for a good price to the landlord of the inn.

Toni was looked upon by all the country round as the best hunter in the district, and he was determined to maintain his reputation. By the end of August, when the summer was approaching

its end, he had shot thirty chamois, and the best of the season was still before him.

'Now Watty,' said he, 'we must look out for the winter. We have got on famously through the fine weather, and have made a little money; but there's not enough yet for what we require, and we must work away for some time still, before we get as much as will replenish our empty byre.'

'I will do all I can to help you, father,' replied the boy. 'I saw a track on the Wellhorn yesterday that promises a finer buck than we have taken yet.'

'On the Wellhorn! On which side?'

'On the glacier side, father. It is not so very difficult to get up there; but I noticed that whenever he was disturbed, the chamois went across the glacier towards the Engelhorn, and I'm afraid it would be rather dangerous to follow him. There are cracks in the ice hundreds of feet deep, and how well we know that whoever falls into one of them would never see the light of day again!'

'That is very true,' said his father thoughtfully. 'But we must have the buck at any risk. Do you know the spot on the glacier where he makes for the Engelhorn?'

'Yes; it is quite at the top, where the ice is spread out like a sea.'

'Well then,' said the experienced mountaineer, 'we must try and avoid following the chamois over the ice, and rather wait for him on the Engelhorn, and get a shot at him as he passes. You must go to the Wellhorn, my boy, and drive him towards me.'

'Yes; that will be the best, father,' replied Walter. 'I thought of that myself.'

'Well then, let it be so. We must be off before daybreak to-morrow morning.'

Toni made the necessary preparations the same evening; and long before the first beams of Sol were visible on the following morning, he left the cottage with his son. After a toilsome ascent of half an hour, they separated. The father turned to the left towards the steep and craggy Engelhorn, after he had described the exact point towards which Walter was to drive the animal; while the boy scrambled up the dangerous ridges of the Wellhorn, to find the chamois, and drive it to the place where his father was to lie in wait.

'Be very careful, Watty,' said his father to him ere they parted; 'don't be reckless or fool-hardy.'

The boy promised to be watchful, and they separated, each to his own share of the toilsome and perilous undertaking. Taking advantage of the rocks and stones which marked the path of a former glacier, Walter reached the summit of the Wellhorn without much difficulty, after an hour and a half's climb. Taking a small telescope from his pocket, he peered anxiously across the field of ice which separated him from the Engelhorn, and descried his father working his way cautiously along the edge of the glacier till he gained a part of the rocks that seemed to afford a possibility of climbing. He then had the satisfaction of seeing him sit down to rest.

'He has got just to the right spot,' said he to himself. 'He must have seen the track. It is just fifty feet from there that the chamois springs across a crack in the ice to get to the pasture higher up; and when he once gets sight of him, father won't let him escape. But first and foremost, I must find the game, and start it across.'

No sooner said than done. Clambering from rock to rock, always observant and watchful, the resolute youth pursued his way. Suddenly, however, he stood still, and threw himself flat on the ground.

'I thought so—there he is!' said he to himself. 'I must work my way carefully round to the right, and then frighten him off with a shout.'

Taking stealthy advantage of every rock that could screen him from observation, Walter raised his head now and then to make sure that the chamois had not taken fright and moved from the spot. When he had thus reached the right position, he started to his feet and uttered a loud hullo!

The animal was only about two hundred paces distant. It heard the shout, and saw the figure of the boy suddenly appear, and with a bound sprang down to the field of ice, which it crossed with light and rapid strides.

'The game is ours!' exclaimed Walter with delight. But his joy was premature. Whether the chamois scented the danger that lay in wait for it on the further side, or whether the creature saw that there was nothing to fear from a boy who was without a gun, it suddenly stopped, turned round and stamped impatiently two or three times on the ice, gazing at Walter the while. Descending the rocks carefully, Walter crossed the ice, and was allowed by the animal to approach within a hundred steps, when with a short shrill whistle it turned round, sprang two or three hundred yards farther on, and stood still as before, and again gazed back at its pursuer.

The courageous boy did not stop in his pursuit. 'I shall go on as far as it will be safe,' thought he, 'and at the worst I can easily turn back.'

The pursuit was accordingly renewed, and lasted in this way nearly an hour. If the lad could only keep the animal from turning off to the right or left, it would be sure to come at last within gunshot of his father.

The chamois, followed by its pursuer, was approaching nearer and nearer the small patch of grass which it was accustomed to visit, and was already within fifty yards of it, when the animal suddenly stopped, gave a tremendous spring to the right, fled across the glacier with the speed of an arrow, and was out of sight in an instant.

'He must have seen father, or else scented him,' said Walter to himself. 'Our trouble is all in vain for to-day, so I must go acquaint father with the result.'

A few minutes brought the lad to where his father was awaiting the appearance of the buck; but Walter saw at once that the older sportsman was aware of what had happened. His father beckoned to him to be silent, and pointed to a small green spot above the steep sides of the Engelhorn. Turning his eyes in that direction, Walter recognised the chamois standing on the scrap of meadow.

'Now we've got him,' whispered his father. 'I saw you driving him along this way, and started him up there on purpose. I have watched the spot carefully, and as the buck has been in the habit of feeding there, I felt sure he would make for it as soon as he saw me. But we've got him now. He can't take the steep sides of the mountain, and we've cut off his retreat; so come along, my boy, as fast as you can.'

Following his father hurriedly over the ice, they soon reached a point from which they could get a good view of the chamois. Unfortunately, however, a large chasm in the ice lay right before them, and stopped their progress. The chamois had cleared it; but it was quite beyond human strength and agility.

'We can't get across here, father,' said Walter in a whisper; 'let us try and find some other way.'

'We can't find a better spot than this,' replied his father, examining his gun.

'But what's the use of shooting him? What's the good of a dead chamois if we can't get him?'

'When he's once dead, boy, we'll soon find some means of getting at him,' was the answer. 'A board laid over the crevasse will be an easy way of recovering the venison.'

'But we haven't got a board, father.'

'That we'll see about. Just stand on one side, Watty!'

The hunter cocked his gun, took aim for a moment, and was going to fire, when he turned suddenly pale and dropped his arm.

'What's the matter, father? Do you feel ill?' inquired Walter with anxiety.

'No,' replied the huntsman; 'but it seemed as if the ice was giving way just as I was going to fire. But it can't be,' he continued, stamping his foot; 'the ice is solid and firm enough.'

'Let us go home, father,' implored Walter. 'I feel a presentiment that something will happen. Come home now, and we can try for the buck to-morrow.'

But the old mountaineer had in the meantime become self-possessed again, and again raised his gun to fire. Just as he pulled the trigger, however, his foot slipped; and with an exclamation of horror, Walter saw him carried rapidly towards the rift in the ice and suddenly disappear. With the recoil of the gun the hunter had lost his balance on the slippery ice, and at the same moment that his shot struck the chamois, he was hurled into the 'rift.'

'Father! father! father!' screamed Walter, throwing himself on the ice, horror-stricken, and peering wildly down the crevasse. 'Father, speak!'

All was silent. Only a slight trickling, as if from some subterranean stream, reached his ear.

For several minutes the youth lay at the edge of the chasm paralysed with terror. When he recovered his consciousness, a feeling of alarm and distress overwhelmed him. He wept and wrung his hands bitterly.

'Father!' he cried again into the abyss that yawned beneath him—'Father, speak to me, for God's sake!'

A sudden thrill passed through his frame as a low murmur came up from the icy grave. He strained his ears to listen to the broken words. 'I am alive, Watty,' was the reply of the unfortunate man; 'but my ankle is out of joint, and one of my arms broken. I shall never see the light of day again.'

A cry of mingled joy and agony burst from Walter's lips.

'Don't be afraid, father,' he exclaimed. 'You shall be rescued, with God's help! Have you got your bag with you?'

'Yes; but my bottle is broken.'

'Well, then, take mine. I'll lower it down with a cord.—Have you got it?'

'Yes' was feebly answered. 'I can hold out now for a while, unless the cold strike me.'

'Courage, father, till I run down to the village, and get the neighbours and shepherds to come with ropes and poles. Try to hold out for a couple of hours, and with the help of God, you shall be saved.'

'Ay, ay, dear boy,' was the faint reply; 'I will try to be patient till you come back;' and with a God-speed, Walter hurried off to rouse the neighbours to the rescue.

It was a dangerous journey that the brave boy undertook for his father's rescue; but courage, and the agility which is acquired by those who are accustomed to the mountains from childhood, enabled him to reach the valley in a wonderfully short time. Pale as death, with hands bleeding, and clothes torn to shreds, he rushed to the inn, which was the nearest spot where help could be found. His appearance naturally created consternation; and in answer to the numerous questions addressed to him, he related in a few breathless words the dreadful accident which had befallen his father. A score of stalwart hands were instantly ready to rescue the unfortunate man from his dreadful position; the landlord of the inn ordered ropes, poles, and ladders to be got in readiness, and meanwhile pressed refreshment on the well-nigh exhausted youth. Moments were precious; but ere long the party reached the scene of the disaster, when Walter, leaning over the edge of the cleft, cried to his father, and was answered.

'Yes, I'm still alive!' replied the mountaineer, in weakly tones; 'but I am almost frozen to death, and in dreadful pain. Make haste and help me, if you can, for I'm losing my senses.'

'Down with the rope!' shouted the landlord, who had himself come with the party.—'Look out, Hirzel! Place the loop over your shoulders and under your arms, and try to draw it tight. There are plenty of strong arms here that will soon get you up.'

The rope having been made fast to an iron stanchion driven into the ice, the looped end was lowered away into the chasm; but no sign was made by Hirzel that he had obeyed the directions, and fastened it round his body.

'Father, why don't you make haste?' exclaimed Walter in agony.

But there was no answer.

'He must have fainted at the last moment,' said the landlord; 'and if so, then may God have mercy upon him, for not a living creature could venture such a depth!'

'I will venture it!' exclaimed Walter, seizing the rope. But twenty hands held him back. 'Let me go!' he cried. 'I must save my father!' and breaking loose with a sudden effort from the men who surrounded him, the courageous youth seized the rope and disappeared in sight of his horror-stricken companions.

A few terrible moments passed, when a shout from below was suddenly heard, and the cry 'All right, pull away, friends!' sent a thrill of joy through every heart.

'Pull steadily, my men,' cried the good landlord; 'but pull as if your own lives depended on it.—I can see them now!' exclaimed he, gazing

into the gloomy abyss. 'Hirzel seems to have fainted, just as I thought, but Watty has fastened the rope round him securely. Pull away; they will be at the top in a few seconds!'

Encouraged by success, the men redoubled their efforts, and had soon the satisfaction of landing father and son safely on the ice.

A rough kind of stretcher having been hastily made of poles and ropes, the wounded hunter was laid upon it and carried home; and as there was no lack of stout hearts and sure feet, the journey was accomplished without accident. After setting his broken limbs and binding up his wounds, the doctor, who had been speedily called in, expressed the hope that Hirzel's life would be saved, but he doubted very much if he would ever be able to climb the mountains for chamois again. Walter was thankful to find that his father's life was in no danger; and had himself so far recovered his equanimity as to be able to relate how he had rescued him from his icy grave, and how he found that the rope, instead of having reached the wounded man, had actually rested on a ledge ten feet above the place where he lay. Walter, who felt devoutly thankful that his efforts had been so successful, was overwhelmed with praises for his heroism.

Nor was the chamois forgotten. The generous landlord had it brought down to the inn from the spot where it had fallen, and sent an ample equivalent to Hirzel's cottage.

RUBBISH.

Most of the substance we call the rubbish of our houses finds its way sooner or later into the dust-bin, and thence into the dustman's cart, which conveys it to the dust-contractor's yard; and there we are for the most part contented to lose sight of it. It is worthless to us, and we are thankful to be rid of it, and think no more of it. But no sooner does it reach its destination in the yard, than our rubbish becomes a valuable commodity. The largest cinders are bought by laundresses and braziers, the smaller by brick-makers. The broken crockery is matched and mended by the poor women who sort the heaps, that which is quite past repair being sold with the oyster-shells to make roads; and the very cats are skinned, before their dead bodies are sent away with other animal and vegetable refuse to be used as manure for fertilising our fields. Nothing is useless or worthless in the contractor's eyes; for rubbish, like dirt, is simply 'matter out of place.'

The term is an entirely correlative one; what is rubbish to one person under certain circumstances, being under altered conditions extremely valuable to another. Gold itself is rubbish in the eyes of a man who is starving on a desert island; and the pearls which adorn a royal diadem and have made the fortune of the lucky finder, were probably felt to be worse than useless by the poor oyster, tormented by the presence of some particle of matter which he felt to be decidedly 'out of place' within his shell. Many a cook no doubt had washed the little fresh-water

bleak, a fish about four inches long, and had thoughtlessly poured away the water after the operation, before it occurred to the French bead-maker that the lustrous silvery sediment deposited at the bottom of the vessel might be turned to account in the manufacture of artificial pearls, or pearl-beads.

It is indeed strange to consider how many of our most highly prized adornments and our most useful and important manufactures are derived from our own and Nature's refuse. The jet which brings in some twenty thousand pounds a year to the town of Whitby alone, is merely a compact, highly lustrous, and deep black variety of lignite, a species of coal less ancient in origin than that of the Carboniferous era which we usually burn. And coal itself, as we know, is merely the refuse of ancient forests and jungles, peat-mosses and cypress swamps, which has been mineralised in the course of ages and stored for our use in the bowels of the earth. Amber too, which is also used for ornaments, especially in the East, is but the fossil gum or resin of the *Pinites succinifer*, large forests of which seem to have existed in the north-east portion of what is now the bed of the Baltic. To the pine-tree this gum was certainly nothing but refuse, a something to be got rid of; but Nature, who rejects nothing however vile and contemptible, received it into her lumber-room, her universal storehouse, and after keeping it patiently much more than the traditional seven years, sends it out again, transformed and yet the same, to adorn the Eastern beauty, and to give employment to many a skilful pair of hands. Bogwood, which like jet, is used for bracelets, brooches, &c. is merely oak or other hard wood which has lain for years in peat-bogs or marshes, and has acquired its dark colouring from the action of oxidised metal upon the tannin it contained.

Turning, however, from Nature's processes to those of man, we find that he is doing his best, however clumsily, to follow the thrifty example she sets him. For many and many a year no doubt the pine-tree shed its pointed, needle-like leaves in the Silesian forests, and there they were left to decay and turn into mould at their leisure, until M. Pannewitz started a manufactory for converting them into forest-wool, which, besides being efficacious in cases of rheumatism when applied in its woolly state, can also be curled, felted, or woven. Mixed with cotton, it has even been used for blankets and wearing apparel. The ethereal oil evolved during the preparation of the wool is a useful medical agent, besides being serviceable as lamp-oil and also as a solvent of caoutchouc; and even the refuse left when the leaves have yielded up their oil and wood, is not looked upon as rubbish, but is compressed into blocks and used for firewood; while the resinous matter it contains produces gas enough for the illumination of the factory.

Truly, as one man's meat is another man's poison, so one man's rubbish is another man's treasure. While the Russians export or simply waste all their bones, other more thrifty people boil them, to extract their grease and gelatine; convert them into charcoal, to be used in refining

sugar; pass them on to the turner, to be made into knife-handles and a thousand other useful articles; or grind them up to supply phosphate of lime for the farmer's crops. The commonest and roughest kinds of old glass are now bought up by a certain manufacturer, who melts them up, colours the liquid by a secret process of his own invention, to any tint he desires, and finally pours it out to cool in flat cakes. These are broken by the hammer into fragments of various size and shape, which are used to produce most effective decorations, such as might be introduced with advantage in many a now plain unattractive-looking building. The cost of this variety of mosaic is less than that of any other, and no doubt it will be extensively used as it becomes better known.

Even such insignificant things as cobwebs are turned to account, not merely for healing cut fingers—Bottom's sole idea as to their use—but for supplying the astronomer with cross-lines for his telescopes. Spiders' threads have even been woven, though one cannot imagine where or how, except in fairyland, by fairy fingers, and for fairy garments; and among the curiosities which travellers bring home from the Tyrol are pictures painted upon cobwebs, the drawing of which is perfectly clear and distinct, with the spider's handiwork at the same time plainly apparent. High prices are charged for these strange works of art, and no wonder, for the cobweb paper—which resembles a fluffy semi-transparent gauze—looks as if it must be extremely unpleasant to draw upon; and no doubt the eccentric artist fails many times before he succeeds in producing a saleable article. But we may descend even lower than cobwebs in the scale of refuse, and still find that we have not reached the dead-level at which things become utterly worthless and good for nothing. Nay, much that is sweetest and associated in our minds with luxury and refinement, may now be produced from that which is in itself most repulsive. For, while artificial vanilla can be made from the sap of the pine-tree, essence of almonds from benzene, and the delicate perfumes of woodruff and melilot from coal-tar, other scents as fragrant can be obtained from the unsavoury refuse of the stable.

Perhaps there is nothing more interesting and instructive, as shewing how the meaning of the word 'rubbish' varies, than the history of gas-making. To begin with: the coal which yields most gas is what is termed 'cannel' coal, and is now worth from twenty-five to thirty shillings a ton or more; whereas fifty years ago, before the introduction of gas, it was looked upon as almost worthless. In distilling coal for gas, a liquor is produced which for a long time was so great an inconvenience to the gas companies that they actually paid for permission to drain it into the common sewers, as the simplest way of getting rid of it. This gas-liquor contains salts of ammonia, together with naphtha and tar; and the tar is now made by repeated distillation to yield pitch, benzole, creosote, carbolic acid, the substance known as paraffine, and aniline. It seems strange now that these valuable products should ever have been thrown away as useless; still stranger is it to learn that we derive from one of these waste substances the whole series of beautiful colours called aniline dyes. Naphthaline

is another residuary product, by a novel application of which it is said that the light-giving properties of gas may be enhanced fourfold, at a very trifling cost. But the uses to which the waste liquor of the gas-works may be put are not yet exhausted; for not only is it turned to account itself, but combined with the slaty shales found among the coal, which were also at one time a source of perpetual annoyance, it yields alum—used in the manufacture of paper and preparation of leather; copperas or green vitriol (sulphate of iron), used in dyeing, tanning, and the manufacture of ink and Prussian blue; and sulphuric acid.

Rags are now recognised as such a valuable commodity that in some countries their export is forbidden by government; nevertheless, from one source or another the paper-makers of England alone import annually some eighteen or twenty thousand tons of linen and cotton rags, and collect large quantities at home. These rags are of very varying degrees of cleanliness, as may be imagined; some of the English ones require no bleaching at all, while those of Italy bear away the palm for dirt. Old sails are made into the paper used for bank-notes, so it is said, and old ropes reappear as brown paper; but many other things besides flax, hemp, and cotton are now used in the manufacture, and paper is made and remade over and over again. Not a scrap of paper need be wasted, for there are plenty of persons ready to buy it; and if not good enough for remanufacture as paper, it can always be converted into papier-mâché, no matter what its colour or quality. Cuttings of paper severed by bookbinders, pasteboard-makers, envelope-cutters, pocket-book-makers, and paper-hangers are readily bought up; and so too are tons-weight of old ledgers and account-books by the papier-mâché manufacturer, together with old letters and any other paper-rubbish, giving a pledge that all shall be promptly consigned to destruction in his large vat; and out of this heterogeneous assemblage he produces a substance so hard and firm and durable that it has been suggested as suitable for making soldiers' huts and even ships. It is already put to a variety of uses, and is employed for ceiling ornaments, cornices, frames, mill-board, bulk-heads, cabin-partitions, piano-cases, chairs, tables, &c. One complete suite of papier-mâché furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl was made a few years ago for the Queen of Spain. Woollen rags are always saleable for the purpose of being ground to powder, coloured, and used for flock-papers and artificial flowers; while they may be re-manufactured, no matter how old they may be, and with a certain admixture of new wool, converted into a coarse kind of cloth largely exported to South America.

We might go on in this way almost *ad infinitum*, shewing how one waste substance after another has been taken up and made into an important factor in the social economy; but enough has been said to prove that it is not so easy as it might seem at first sight to say with any certainty what is rubbish. Of this we may be sure—the wiser men grow and the more they learn of Nature's secrets, the less they will throw away as useless. After all, Nature is the great alchemist; and though necessity is sharpening our wits and making us very clever at turning to account many a thing which our forefathers contentedly threw

away, still our best efforts look clumsy by the side of hers, and our dust-yards and lumber-rooms are but repulsive, untidy receptacles compared with her wonderful laboratory.

ANECDOTES OF AUTHORS.

THERE is always an additional interest attaching to a book when we know something of its author or of the circumstances under which it was written. The knowledge that Milton was blind when he conceived the splendid imagery of *Paradise Lost*, adds one more wonder to that marvellous production; and have we not from childhood pictured to ourselves John Bunyan in his prison-cell writing about the 'Slough of Despond' and the 'Shining Ones' in the *Pilgrim's Progress*? A number of incidents connected with the writing of well-known books, and other facts and amusing stories about authors, have been brought together by the same pen which wrote *Anecdotes of Artists*. A few of these we append.

Those who have laughed over the exploits of John Gilpin—and who has not?—will read with interest the following account of its origin. 'It happened one afternoon, in those years when Cowper's accomplished friend Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection. It was her custom on these occasions to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin—which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood—to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that ebullitions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.' To Lady Austen's suggestion also we are indebted for Cowper's poem of *The Task*.

Johnson, the publisher in St Paul's Church-yard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's poems—which proved a great source of profit to him—in the following manner. One evening a relation of Cowper's called upon Johnson with a portion of the manuscript poems, which he offered for publication, provided Johnson would publish them at his own risk, and allow the author to have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson read the poems, approved of them, and accordingly published them. Soon after they had appeared, there was scarcely a reviewer who did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops; and the public taste being thus foolishly misled, these charming effusions stood in the corner of the publisher's shop for a long time as an unsaleable pile. At length Cowper's relation called upon Johnson with another bundle of the poet's manuscript, which was offered and accepted upon the same terms as before. In this fresh collection was the poem of *The Task*. Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, but thoroughly assured of the great merit of the poems, they were published. The tone of the reviewers became changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of the age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion. Johnson soon reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment, and Cowper's poems enriched the publisher when

the poet was in languishing circumstances. In October 1812, the copyright of Cowper's poems was put up for sale among the London booksellers in thirty-two shares. Twenty of the shares were sold at two hundred and twelve pounds each. The work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net eight hundred and thirty-four pounds per annum. It had only two years of copyright; yet this same copyright produced the sum of six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four pounds.'

Coleridge, among his many speculations, started a periodical in prose and verse entitled *The Watchman*, with the motto, 'That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain! Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one morning to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La! sir,' replied Nanny, 'why, it's only *Watchmen*!'

'Stammering,' says Coleridge, 'is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stammering way; "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."'

Cottle in his *Life of Coleridge* relates the following amusing incident: 'I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous efforts, I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but after several unsuccessful attempts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr Coleridge now tried *his* hand, but shewed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy!) since the collar was put on; for, he said, "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar." Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation: "La! master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way; you should do like this;" when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.'

We are told of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, that when the work was completed, the author 'being at the time hard pressed for money, took it to a second-rate publisher, with the view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with the bookseller, and called upon

him next day for his decision. The publisher hesitated, and requested another day for consideration; and at parting, Fielding offered him the manuscript for twenty-five pounds. On his way home, Fielding met Thomson the poet, whom he told of the negotiation for the sale of the manuscript; when Thomson, knowing the high merit of the work, conjured him to be off the bargain, and offered to find a better purchaser. Next morning, Fielding hastened to his appointment with as much apprehension, lest the bookseller should keep to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To the author's great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature declined, and returned the manuscript to Fielding. He next set off with a light heart to his friend Thomson; and the novelist and the poet then went to Andrew Millar, the great publisher of the day. Millar, as was his practice with works of light reading, handed the manuscript to his wife, who having read it, advised him by no means to let it slip through his fingers. Millar now invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, after dinner, the bookseller, with great caution, offered Fielding two hundred pounds for the manuscript. The novelist was amazed at the largeness of the offer. "Then, my good sir," said he, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of good fortune, "give me your hand—the book is yours.—And waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best port." Before Millar died, he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by *Tom Jones*, out of which he generously made Fielding various presents, to the amount of two thousand pounds; and when he died, he bequeathed a handsome legacy to each of Fielding's sons.

There are some amusing stories told of the two Sheridans, father and son. Sheridan—probably with a view to improving the financial condition of the family—was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young lady of large fortune; but he knew that a Miss Callander had already won his heart. The father expatiating on the folly of his son, at length broke out: "Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling!"

Tom looking maliciously at his father, said: "Then sir, you must borrow it!"

In a large party one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowances at college. Tom deplored the ill-judging parsimony of many parents in that respect.

"I am sure Tom," said his father, "you have no reason to complain; I always allowed you eight hundred pounds a year."

"Yes, father, I confess you allowed it; but then, it was never paid!"

Hannah More and her sister visited London in 1773 or 1774, and were the guests of Garrick. They were received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke. Hannah More's sister has thus described their first interview with Johnson: "We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr Percy—Percy's *Collection*, now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house. Yes, *Abyssinian* Johnson! *Dictionary*

Johnson! *Ramblers*, *Idlers*, and *Irene* Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press, the *Tour to the Hebrides*, and his old friend Richardson. Mrs Williams, the blind poetess, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said she was "a silly thing." When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach; and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*."

"Dr Johnson's wigs were in general very shabby, and their fore-parts were burned away by the near approach to the candle which his short-sightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham, Mr Thrale's butler always had a wig ready; and as Johnson passed from the drawing-room, when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig, and replace it with the newer one; and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day."

Everybody has heard of the ready wit of Douglas Jerrold: the following are a few specimens. "At a club of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend as fierce of the Orange cause, were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary: "I tell you what it is sir—I spit upon your King William!"

"The friend of the Prince of Orange rose, and roared back to the Jacobite: "And I sir, spit upon your James II.!"

"Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell, and shouted: "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

"At an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers, when seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend near: "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the milestone!"

"Jerrold and some friends were dining once at a tavern, and had a private room; but after dinner, the landlord, on the plea that the house was partly under repair, requested permission that a stranger might take a chop in the apartment at a separate table. The company gave the required permission; and the stranger, a man of commonplace aspect, was brought in, ate his chop in silence, and then fell asleep, snoring so loudly and discordantly that the conversation could with difficulty be carried on. A gentleman of the party made a noise; and the stranger, starting out of his nap, called out to Jerrold: "I know you, Mr Jerrold—I know you; but you shall not make a butt of me!"

"Then don't bring your hog's head in here," was the instant answer of the wit."

The following is a story of Sir Walter Scott's: "The chemical philosophers Dr Black and Dr Hutton were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. Dr Black spoke with the English pronunciation, and with punctilious accuracy of expression. The geologist Dr Hutton was the very reverse of this; his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a

strong Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said. It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails? They are known to be nutritious and wholesome, and even sanative in some cases. The epicures of old praised them among the richest delicacies, and the Italians still esteem them. In short it was determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, fattened for a time, and then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers only, who had either invited no guests to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de résistance*. A huge dish of snails was placed before them. Philosophers are but men after all; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the experiment. Nevertheless, though they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe of each other, so that each conceiving the sensations of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion, to swallow in very small quantities the mess which he internally loathed. Dr Black at length shewed the white-feather, but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his mess-mate. "Doctor," he said in his precise and quiet manner—"doctor, do you not think that they taste a little—a very little green?" "Green!" vociferated Dr Hutton with a prefix we prefer to omit. "Green indeed! Tak' them awa, tak' them awa!" And starting up from the table, the doctor gave full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. So ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine*, and thus was shewn the fact that philosophy can no more cure nausea than honour can set a broken limb.

The following characteristic story of two 'intellectual gladiators' is related in *A New Spirit of the Age*: 'Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present amongst a small party of equally well-known men. It chanced that the conversation rested with these two, both first-rate talkers, and the others sat well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt had said something about the Islands of the Blest, or El Dorado, or the Millennium, and was flowing on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree-trunk across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But the irrepressible Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of Hopefulness and of the Unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration, and that perfect ease and good-nature which distinguish each of these men. The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear the contest would never come to an end by victory on either side. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth; and leaving the close room, the candles, and the arguments behind them, suddenly found themselves in presence of

a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. "Now," thought Hunt, "Carlyle is done for; he can have no answer to that.—There!" he shouted. "Look up there! Look at that glorious harmony, which sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man."

Carlyle looked up. The whole party remained silent, to hear what he would say.. They began to think he was silenced at last—he was but mortal. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words in a broad Scotch accent. And who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said? "Eh! it's a *sad* sight."

Hunt sat down on a door-step. They all laughed, then looked very thoughtful, then laughed again. Finally they bade each other "good-night," and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace. There might be some reason for sadness too. That brilliant firmament probably—we would rather say possibly—contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings—for beings who had to die—for life in the stars may imply that those bright worlds may also be full of graves; all that life, like ours—our philosophers appear to have ignored Revelation in these thoughts—knowing not whence it came nor whither it goeth, and the brilliant universe in its great movement having perhaps no more certain knowledge of itself nor of its ultimate destination than hath one of the suffering specks that compose this small spot we inherit.

We must confess to a preference for Leigh Hunt's spirit; and with a few words of his on 'Literary Localities,' we conclude. He pleasantly says: 'I can no more pass through Westminster without thinking of Milton; or the Borough without thinking of Chancer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square without Steele and Akenside, than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden had lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.'

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN little more than a month after his wife's interview with Sir Charles Stopford, Gerald Rivers was duly installed as station-master at Leaswood. Alice arrived a couple of days later by the evening train, bringing with her as general servant a girl of eighteen, whom she had hired in London, and who knew nothing whatever of the antecedents either of her or her husband. In days gone by, Alice had been well known by sight at Leaswood Station, and to nearly every person in the neighbourhood for miles around, so that she was obliged to be very careful now in order to avoid recognition. When she went out in the daytime, which was not very often, she wore a veil so thick that even her own sisters would have passed her unknowing who was behind it;

while on those occasions when she took an after-dusk ramble with her husband, a veil of a thinner texture effectually shielded her from observation.

Gerald had been about a fortnight at his new duties when Mr Crewdson, his wife's father, one day alighted from the train. He was a stout white-haired gentleman, who claimed the help of a thick cane when he walked, and whom his last attack of gout had left slightly lame. By the porters at the station, the flymen and others, he was known as 'Old Pepper-corn' or 'Old Fire-away.' Some of the heat of his temper would seem to have imparted itself to his complexion, which was not unlike a boiled lobster in tint.

'So you are the new station-master, eh?' he said, with a sort of disdainful grunt, as he surveyed Gerald from head to foot.

'I am that person, at your service sir.'

'Humph! I was quite satisfied with the man who was here before, and it was a tom-fool's trick to send him away. I don't suppose I shall be half as well satisfied with you.'

'You have not given me a trial yet sir.'

'Oh, we shall soon put you to the proof. I hope you are a good hand at telegraphing.'

'Had I not been so, I should hardly have been here.'

'That's no answer. But let me tell you, young man, that your time here will be a very short one unless you attend properly to my telegrams.'

'I shall give them every attention.'

'You had better do so. Some of them are in cipher, and with those you cannot be too particular. An error of even a single letter might be of serious consequence to me. At whatever hour a message for me may arrive, you will lose no time in sending it up to my house by special messenger. If you attend to me properly, there will be a turkey for you at Christmas; but if you don't, why then, the sooner you look out for another job the better.'

'It's only papa's grumpy way,' said Alice to Gerald, when told of the interview. 'He's very obstinate, and will have his own way; but at heart he's as good as gold, as you will one day discover for yourself.'

Next morning Alice went up to London by the early train, and drove at once to Sir Charles Stopford's. It was just eleven o'clock, and he was still lounging over his breakfast. He welcomed his god-daughter warmly, and ordered up some fresh chocolate.

'God-pa,' said Alice at last, when she had told him all the news, 'is your broker—your man who buys and sells for you in the City—the same man that is employed by papa?'

'No. Boucher is my man. Your father's man is Simmonds—a fellow that I don't like at all.'

'Then perhaps you won't mind giving me a note to your Mr Boucher?'

'Why now! A note indeed! What kind of a note?'

'A simple note of introduction, stating that the bearer is Mr Crewdson's daughter, and that any commission I may ask him to do for me must have the same attention as if it were for yourself.'

Sir Charles gave a long low whistle. 'Why now, you don't mean to say that you are going to speculate on the Stock Exchange?'

'Why should I not do a little in that line as

well as you or papa?' asked Alice with a smile. 'When I used to act as papa's secretary, I learned to take quite an interest in the different kinds of stocks and in the rise and fall of the money market.'

'Ay, ay; that's all very well. But that's very different from buying and selling on your own account. You would be sure to burn your fingers before very long.'

'I should hardly do that, I think, god-papa. In any case, I have not much to lose, so shall not venture into very deep water.'

'Why now, it's just the sort of thing one might expect from your father's daughter. My friend Crewdson made every penny of his fortune on the Stock Exchange, and I suppose there's a sort of mania in it that runs in the family. But if you could only have the benefit of your father's advice, now?'

'That is quite out of the question. Had it not been so, there would have been no occasion for my errand here this morning.'

'Quite true, my pretty logician. Then I suppose I must give you what you ask for.'

'Of course you must. The idea of your refusing your god-daughter such a trifle!'

When Alice had got what she wanted from Sir Charles, she drove at once to Plummer's Court, Cornhill. She was fortunate enough to find Mr Boucher in his office. When he had read the note, he said: 'I need hardly tell you, Miss Crewdson, that my best services will always be at your disposal. I have had many transactions with your father at one time or another.'

'I am married,' said Alice, 'and my name is Mrs Gerald. Any communications I may have to make to you will reach you in the form of telegrams from Leaswood station; but whenever a telegram from me reaches you, it must be acted upon with the utmost promptitude; not an hour must be thrown away.'

'I will give special instructions that any message from you shall be brought to me, wherever I may be, immediately on its arrival, and you may depend upon its having my most prompt attention.'

Day passed after day till several weeks had come and gone, during which time a considerable number of telegrams reached Leaswood Station for Mr Crewdson, each one of which was shewn to Alice by her husband before being sent on by a special messenger to Brookfield. More than one of these telegrams was in cipher, but that fact did not seem to cause Mrs Rivers much difficulty. Before her marriage and during her father's frequent attacks of gout, she had often acted as his secretary, and the keys to the two different kinds of cryptogram made use of by certain of his telegraphic correspondents were thoroughly understood by her.

At length one day there came a message addressed to her father, which, when translated by Alice, caused her cheeks to flame and her eyes to light up with sudden fire, and set her whole frame aglow with intense excitement. Gerald, who had been out to attend to one of his trains while his wife interpreted the message, looked and wondered, but said nothing, waiting quietly for the explanation which he knew a few minutes must bring. The message was headed: 'From Edgar Crewdson, New York, to Edward B. Crewdson, Brookfield, near Leaswood Station, Midlandshire, England.' It had been sent by submarine cable to London

in the first instance, and thence forward to Leaswood. 'It is from my uncle Edgar in America,' said Alice; a fact which Gerald had guessed already. Then she rose suddenly from her seat and flung her arms round her husband's neck and burst into tears. 'At last, my love, at last!' she murmured. 'Surely the sunshine is coming at last.'

'May I read it?' asked Gerald. The answer, with her head still on his shoulder, was a pressure of her arms; so Gerald took up the paper, on which his wife's writing was still wet, and read as follows: 'Buy up all the Deep Lips you can lay hands on. Struck oil once more. This may be relied on. Private information. Wall Street in the dark yet.' Gerald was puzzled, and his face betrayed it.

'You darling old ignoramus!' said his wife between laughing and crying.

'I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it,' he said.

'And yet it is very, very simple.'

'To clever little wives like you perhaps, but not to stupid husbands like me. Pray, what may be the meaning of Deep Lips?'

'Deep Lips is the name of a silver mine in Colorado, the shares in which can be bought or sold on the London Stock Exchange like any other scrip. These shares have been quoted at a very low figure for the last two years, as it was believed that the mine was all but worked out. The phrase "Struck oil once more" can have but one meaning: that the miners have unexpectedly come across a fresh lode or vein of silver—doubtless a very rich one, judging from my uncle's emphatic request to papa to buy up all the shares he can lay hands on. The words "Wall Street in the dark yet" mean that the news embodied in the telegram is not yet known to the buyers and sellers in New York. The moment it is known to them, a score telegrams will flash across the Atlantic to the same purport as this one. In a case like this an hour will often make all the difference in the world; and if we are only fortunate enough to be first in the field, why then, I think—— But never mind just now what I think. Every moment is precious, and I must telegraph Boucher "slick away."'

Seizing pen, ink, and paper, Alice dashed off the following message: 'From Mrs Gerald, Leaswood, to Mr Boucher, No. 11 Plummer's Court, Cornhill. Buy up in my name all the Deep Lip stock now in the market. Not a moment must be lost. I will be with you at ten to-morrow morning.'

'Not another word till you have despatched my message,' said Alice as she gave the paper into her husband's hands. Like the sensible man he was, Gerald simply nodded and left the room. Five minutes later he was back again.

'Sent it?' asked Alice anxiously.

'Every word. And now perhaps, you will explain still further?'

'Willingly.'

'But first I had better send the message to your father at Brookfield.'

Alice looked at her watch. 'It is now one-thirty,' she said. 'It will take the man an hour to get to Brookfield, and another hour to return, by which time it will be three-thirty. Allowing another half-hour for a telegram from papa to reach Mr Simmonds his broker, that will bring the time to four o'clock—too late in the day for business on the Stock Exchange. Yes, you may send

the message; Boucher will have had a fair start. If he does his duty, there will not be a Deep Lip share to be had for love or money by to-morrow morning.'

'Which means,' said Gerald, 'that you are taking advantage of your knowledge of the information conveyed in your uncle's telegram, to forestall your father's action in the matter, and make the information worthless so far as he is concerned.'

'That is precisely what I am doing,' said Alice with emphasis. 'I was not my father's secretary for so long a time without learning something. He has refused to forgive me or to condone my marriage unless I can go to him with six thousand pounds. He does not ask me whether I am happy. He has no curiosity as to the kind of man I have made my husband. He simply says: "Bring me six thousand pounds, and all shall be forgiven." To meet his mercenary views, I must become mercenary myself. All is fair in love, war, and on the Stock Exchange. The moment the information conveyed in this message reaches my father, he will take advantage of it by telegraphing to his broker to buy up every Deep Lip share in the market. I happen to see the message first, and I take the first advantage of it; that is all.'

'I am afraid that you are making me a confederate in a very nefarious scheme,' said Gerald, looking as if he hardly knew whether to laugh or be serious.

'In this case the end must justify the means. It is just the sort of ruse that papa himself would delight in—just the sort of advantage that he would be the first to take.'

'Then you are buying for what is called a "rise?"' said Gerald.

'Precisely so. If the information conveyed by my uncle's telegram be correct—and he is too old a soldier in the field of speculation not to know what he is about—then will Deep Lips go up, up, up, as soon as the intelligence becomes generally known, and your wife will have made a very lucky hit. Of course my object will be to sell out and realise as soon as the shares have reached what, in Boucher's opinion, seems something like their maximum value.'

'But suppose the information conveyed in your uncle's telegram prove to be incorrect, and the shares don't go up at all—what then?'

'Why, even in that case, they cannot sink much lower than they are at present, and as a consequence, my loss will be proportionately trifling. But I won't even think that loss is possible.'

'Can it be possible that it is my wife who is doing all this?'

'Your wife? Why not, dear? The whole affair is as simple as A B C.'

'But to think of your originating such a scheme!'

'Now you know the reason why I interceded with Sir Charles to have you appointed as station-master at Leaswood.'

'Then the scheme that you are carrying out to-day has been hatching in your brain from the first?'

'Certainly. It came to me like a flash of inspiration on the very day that we received papa's letter.'

'You are a strange girl, and I sometimes think that it will take me my lifetime to read you thoroughly.'

Then Gerald left the room, taking the telegram with him, which he sent off at once by one of his porters to Brookfield. After the departure of the next train he came in for an early cup of tea.

'With regard to this telegram,' said Gerald as he sat down at table, 'it is written in a cipher different from any that I have seen before: it is nothing but a mass of figures.'

'The cipher is a private one, agreed upon between my father and my uncle, and used by them alone. It is of a kind that defies the scrutiny of an outsider, and yet can be read by a child who possesses the key. The key to this kind of cryptogram is a book—a book previously agreed upon by the parties communicating with each other. The book agreed upon in this case, as I happen to know through having been papa's secretary, is a certain edition of Walker's Dictionary, of which I took care to provide myself with a copy before coming to Leaswood. When once the book is known, the rest is as simple as may be. Let us take the first sentence of the telegram, for instance, which, when interpreted, runs as follows: "Buy up all the Deep Lips you can lay hands on." As originally telegraphed it ran thus: "Seven ought dot eleven stroke five nine nine dot one three stroke one seven dot two seven"—and so on, which when put down in actual figures would look thus: 70.11 | 599.13 | 17.27 | 552.7 | 140.14 | &c. I now take my dictionary, and turning to page seventy, count till I come to the eleventh word from the top, which I find to be the word *Buy*. Then turning to page five hundred and ninety-nine, I count down to the thirteenth word from the top, and find it to be the word *up*. Proceeding by the same method, I work gradually through the telegram, with what result you know. Of course everything depended on my knowledge of the book used between my father and uncle. Had I not known that, the telegram would have remained a dead-letter to me for ever.'

CHAPTER IV.

At five minutes past ten next morning, Mrs Gerald, as she called herself, walked into the office of Mr Boucher. 'Did you receive my telegram yesterday afternoon?' were her first anxious words.

'I did, and acted on it immediately.' Then as he handed her a chair: 'I hope you will pardon me for remarking that your choice of an investment is hardly one that would recommend itself to my experience.'

'I suppose not,' said Alice quietly. 'But I had my reasons.'

'Oh, of course,' rejoined Boucher. 'Your father is known as one of our boldest and most successful speculators; and you, as his daughter, would hardly be likely to make any very serious mistake. But still—'

'But still had you been going to lay out money of your own, you would not have done as I have done.'

'Certainly not, unless I had more spare capital than I knew what to do with; and hardly then.'

'There's one comfort—they cannot sink much lower than they are now.'

'But you, I presume, are buying for a rise?'

'Precisely so.'

A significant shrug was the broker's only reply.

'To what extent have you bought for me?'

Boucher named the figure—a large one.

'I should not have thought there was so much in the market.'

'People look on them as a bad lot, and are only too glad to find a customer.'

'So much the better for those who have the courage to buy,' said Alice as she rose to go. 'I will call in again between three and four. Meanwhile, if there are any more to be had, buy them.'

At three forty-five Mrs Rivers was again at Mr Boucher's office.

'A few more were offered to-day and I bought them,' were the broker's first words. 'Singular to say, Simmonds, your father's broker, has been inquiring after Deep Lips all day. Hearing that I had bought heavily yesterday, he sent on one of his people to know whether I had any to dispose of, even going to the extent of offering three and an eighth more than this morning's quotation; but in the absence of any instructions from you, I declined all overtures.'

'You did quite right, Mr Boucher. Don't part with a single share till you have my instructions to do so. Meanwhile, as it is nearly mid-day before the newspapers reach us down at Leaswood, I shall be glad if you will telegraph the closing price to me each afternoon.'

'Sharp girl that, very—regular chip of the old block,' was Boucher's comment to himself as he ran through the telegraphic news in next morning's *Times*, where the following paragraph at once caught his attention: 'Reliable advices from San Francisco state that the Deep Lip Silver Mining Company have just struck a vein of unusual thickness. Shares going up rapidly.'

A few days later, as Gerald was seated behind the open pigeon-hole of his little office waiting to book any passengers who might be going by the next train, his attention was attracted by the loud tones of two people in the waiting-room outside.

'I tell you, Stopford, I was never more annoyed in my life,' said one, and Gerald knew at once who was the speaker. 'My brother, who, as he thought, had got the information before it was known to any one else in New York, was actually at the trouble to send me a message by cable telling me to buy up all the Deep Lips I could lay hands on. Of course, I acted on the message without an hour's unnecessary delay; but, would you believe it, when Simmonds went on 'Change next morning there was not a single Deep Lip to be had! Some vagabond had been there before me and had bought up every mother's son of 'em, and now they're going up like wild-fire. Thousands out of my pocket. Never was so sold in my life before.'

'Why now, Crewdson, that only goes to prove that there are other speculators in the world as clever as you.'

'They were bought through Boucher too. But he's as close as wax. No getting a word out of him. Some confounded Yank's at the bottom of it all, never fear.'

Mr Crewdson had stated no more than the truth when he said that the Deep Lip shares were going up like wild-fire. Alice had a telegram from Mr Boucher every afternoon. It was an anxious time for her. For three weeks the shares went up day by day. At the end of that time they re-

mained stationary for two days. The following morning they dropped one-eighth. Alice at once took alarm, and telegraphed Boucher to sell everything. Three days later a post-letter reached her. 'Read the news, dear, and resign your railway situation at once,' she said to her husband as she handed him the letter.

'Seven thousand five hundred and fifty pounds!' read Gerald in amazement.

'Yes; and all out of one lucky speculation in Deep Lip shares. Now, I am ready to go to papa.'

And to her father she went; but not till after Gerald had sought and found relief from his duties at Leaswood. Mr Crewdson made *Old Furnival's Hotel* his home when in London, and there it was that Alice sought and found him. As fortune would have it, Sir Charles Stopford happened to be lunching with his friend that morning. Mrs Rivers hardly gave the waiter time to announce her before she followed him into the room. Mr Crewdson started up from his chair.

'Why—Alice! You here! Why have you come? What is the meaning of this intrusion?' But before he could say another word his daughter's arms were round his neck, and her warm kisses were being rained over his face. 'Did I not forbid you?' he said. 'Did I not say that I would not see you?'

'You did, papa; and very hard I thought it of you. You did forbid me to come near you unless I could fulfil the one condition named in your letter.'

'Condition, indeed! I remember nothing about any condition. What on earth do you mean?'

'Did you not say in the only letter you have written me since my marriage that on the day I could bring you six thousand pounds—being an equivalent to the dowry you at one time intended to give me—you would forgive and forget everything, and take your little Alice back again to your heart? Surely, surely you cannot have forgotten!'

'And did I really say all that?'

'Certainly you did. I have your letter in my pocket. You shall read your own words if you like.'

'No need, girl—no need. My memory is treacherous at times; but I've not quite forgotten that letter. So you've come to tell me that my condition was too hard a one, that you and your poverty-stricken husband—'

'One moment, papa. I come to tell you that your condition is fulfilled—is more than fulfilled. Here is my bank-book. Look inside it, and there you will find standing in the name of Gerald Rivers—my husband's name—a deposit of seven thousand five hundred pounds.'

'Why now, really this is most extraordinary!' exclaimed Sir Charles.

Mr Crewdson said nothing; but his hands trembled so much as he took the bank-book that he could hardly hold it. He turned redder than ever, and then he cleared his voice loudly and put on his most portentous frown. Then he opened the book and looked vacantly at the writing for a moment or two, and then with a muttered exclamation he shut the book and threw it across the table to Sir Charles. 'Those bank fellows write such a villainous scrawl that there's no making head or tail of their pot-hooks,' he said.

'Here it is, sure enough,' said Sir Charles, peering at the figures through his double eye-glasses. 'An amount of seven thousand five hundred pounds deposited three days ago in the Westminster Bank to the credit of Gerald Rivers.'

But Alice was on her father's knee by this time, and had her arms round his neck, and was kissing him with tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

'You'll have to give way, old friend, there's not a doubt of it,' continued Sir Charles, 'if you made such a promise as my god-daughter says you made.'

'You were not only to forgive me, papa, but you were to give me another six thousand pounds to put to my husband's.'

'But—but—I don't understand,' stammered Mr Crewdson. 'I thought you had married a man who was not worth a penny?'

'My husband on our wedding-day was worth just twenty pounds in hard cash.'

'Then this is a legacy, I suppose?'

'No; not a legacy. We have been taking a leaf out of your book, papa, and speculating on 'Change.'

'Speculating! And is this the result?'

'That is the result.'

'Her father's daughter; I always said she was,' soliloquised Sir Charles. 'What a pity she wasn't born a boy!'

'Then you must have been dencedly lucky—far more lucky than I've been for a very long time. May I ask the name of the particular stock which you favoured with your confidence?'

'Gerald and I made all our money by speculating in Deep Lip mining shares.'

Mr Crewdson sat aghast, and well he might.

'Where is this husband of yours?' he gasped out at length.

'Gerald is waiting outside.'

'Bring him in, and let us have a look at him.'

But it was not till more than a year afterwards, when Gerald had grown to be like a son of his own to the old man, that Alice told her father by what means she had become possessed of the information which enabled her to achieve such a happy result by her bold speculation in Deep Lip shares. It is needless to add that she was forgiven.

ODD ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, either in the newspapers or posted up for the perusal of all comers, are sometimes so droll that we have selected one or two for the amusement of our readers.

Mr Caudal of Kansas, who thought it necessary to advertise that he had brought his wooing to a successful issue, issued the following notice: 'From this time forth, hereafter and for ever, until Miss Anne Gould becomes a widow, all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions.' In less happy plight was the ousted lover who thus addressed his supplanter in the columns of the *General Advertiser*: 'Whereas, on Sunday April 12th 1750, there was seen in Cheapside, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, a young gentleman, dressed in a light-coloured coat, with a blue waistcoat trimmed with

silver lace, along with a young lady in mourning, going towards St Martin's, near Aldersgate. This is therefore to acquaint the said gentleman (as a friend) to be as expeditious as possible in the affair, lest otherwise he should unhappily meet with the same disappointment at last, by another stepping in, in the meantime; as a young gentleman has been lately served by the aforesaid young lady, who, after a courtship of these four months last past, and that with her approbation, and in the most public manner possible, and with the utmost honour as could possibly become a gentleman. Take this sir, as a friendly hint.'

Another victim of feminine fickleness, disinclined to accept his dismissal, lately issued the following 'Card' in the *Humboldt Times*: 'Warning to hum it me concernt—Missis Christine Rossow, wido of Gotfried Rossow desisad, had prommisset me to go in the bounds of matrimony with me. From anknowing grounds now she decline to fulfill her prommisses. In regard to that I heard from good autorita that zum underhandet game bin plait behint my bac, from zum anprinciple fellos, knoingly, given my prommisset bride boggy rides and promenadings; probably der is were the rabbit lais in the pepper. Bout to there bennefit I publicly notefy them herewith, keep hands of, or prosscution in lawoffle way will follow. I intende to let them not impose and tramp on me.—FREDERICK HELLER.'

The jilted one might have couched his defiant complaint in better English, still he attains greater intelligibility than the concoctor of a notice once, if not now, to be seen at a Welsh railway station: 'List of Booking. Yon passengers must careful. For have their level money for tickets, and to apply at once for asking tickets when will booking window open; no tickets to have after departure of the train.' Somebody blundered too, when the South-eastern Railway carriages were placarded: 'Compartments are reserved for passengers wishing to smoke, and they are labelled to that effect;' an intimation as ambiguous as the Western blacksmith's: 'No hosses shodded Sundays execept Sickness and Death;' and as likely to be wrongly interpreted as the warning: 'Young ladies should set good examples, for young men will follow them,' which some one chalked on the wall of a Young Ladies' School, for the edification of the fair students.

It would never do to take some things as read. A religious journal announcing a forthcoming fancy-fair, told its readers: 'The annual sale of the ladies of the society will take place on Thursday next.' A Boston café-keeper, after calling attention to his choice wines, cigars, and oysters, adds: 'Families and parties supplied either on shell, per gallon, or cooked to order;' and a shoemaker advertises his readiness to furnish boys and girls at all prices, and boasts that his babies' department pleases everybody, offering 'the greatest choice in the world.' Such an announcement might be taken literally, if it met one's eyes in New York, where 'Babies or children exchanged' challenges the attention in a shop-window, and is only one of many strange notifications.

To be Jack of all trades rather than master of one is now a common aim, so we are not at all astonished at the versatile Anna Aguker announcing that she 'attends as sick-nurse, watches dead

bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastries, desserts, and delicacies.' Equally anxious to turn a penny in one way or another is the denizen of a London back-street, whose modest card runs: 'Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject.' But this inglorious Milton must yield the palm to Burness and Son, on whose signboard, put up some sixty years ago, was to be read: 'Blacksmith's and barber's work done here, horse-shoeing and shaving, locks mended and hare-curved, bleeding, teeth-drawing, and all other farriery work; all sorts of spirates lickor akording to the late comerce treaty. Tak notis; my wife keeps skool and lerns folks as yu shall; teches reading and riting, and all other langurtches, and has assistants if required, to teach horritory, sowing, the mathe-matics, and all other fashionable diversions.'

The orthographical originality displayed by Burness and Son would have delighted Artemus Ward. Says that pleasant writer somewhere: 'Sweetness is tiresome, variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are a refreshment to me; there is such a breezy unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells cow with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, impressive, new kind of cow.' Obadiah Rogers thought a little *k* answered the purpose equally well, giving all whom it might concern due 'nottis' that 'know kow is alloued in these medders, eny men or women letten there kows run the rode wot gits inter my medders aforesaid, shall have his tail cut off by me.' As unconventional a speller as Obadiah or the showman's friend was the Missourian who wrote on his fence: 'Ce hear! Eye don't want ennybodi that has hosses which has the eppidutick influenze or any uthor name to cum thru this gait. Kep shi!'—a warning probably as effective as the more verbose notice a sportsman came across in Indiana, which ran thus: 'Notis, to men who cum on my plais with guns, hurrayng voices and braying dogs, ashooting and akilling my gaim. I will no longer stand it, for I have only three coveys of quales and not to exceed ten squerrels on my plais which I want for myself, and to those men who bring there dogs and hurrayng voices here akilling my birds will be fined according as law for I want all the wood-peckers as they are by nature a ravishing animal for worms and such-like, and my jay-birds hurt no won, and if let alone will help me muchly in the spring to keep away grewb worms and the like. I want all my woodchucks for my eteing as I never disturb them, keeping them to get fat, when they air worth to me as mutch as my chickens air. I say this to inform sum fools from Logansport who seem to like to kill my woodchucks and says for the fun I mean business as shure as I now sine my name.' This worthy would have done better to have imitated the brevity of the game-preserver up North, who said his say in four words: 'No Gunen Aloud Here!'

Far more satisfactory to contemplate must have been the board of the Arkansas ferryman, with its hospitable intimation: 'Ef ennybody cums hear, arter lickor, or to git across the river, they can jes blow this hear horn, and ef I don't cum when my Betsy up at the hous hears the horn blown, she'll

cum down and sell them the lick or set them across the river when i'm away from hoam.—JOHN WILSON. *N.B.*—Them that can't red will have to go to the Hous arter Betsy, taint but half a mile there.'

ITEMS OF AMERICAN FARMING.

ON the present exciting subject of American farming, there occur the following items in the letter of a correspondent of *The Times*:

'Farming on a scale unparalleled except in California is prosecuted in the Red River Valley. This dates from the year 1875, when several capitalists bought vast tracts of land there. Mr B. P. Cheney of Boston, and Mr Oliver Dalrymple of St Paul, purchased five thousand acres, of which three thousand five hundred will be under cultivation this spring. Last year they harvested forty-two thousand bushels of wheat, six thousand of oats, and three thousand of barley. The machinery on this farm consists of forty ploughs, sixteen seeders, forty harrows, sixteen harvesters, three steam thrashing-machines, and three portable steam-engines. As many as a hundred men are employed at the busiest season. Mr Cass has a farm of six thousand acres. Nearly the whole will be sown with wheat this year. Large though these farms are, yet they seem small in comparison with that belonging to Mr William Dalrymple; it covers thirty square miles. The quantity sown with wheat last year was twenty thousand nine hundred acres; the yield was two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. Seventy-five reaping and binding machines were used to harvest the crop, the work being done at the rate of one thousand acres a day. This farm is managed on the plan of a factory. It is divided into sections of two thousand acres, over each of which an overseer is placed; he carries out the orders of Mr Dalrymple just as a brigadier-general carries out the orders of the commander-in-chief of an army. Comfortable dwellings are provided for the overseers, while there is a boarding-house for the accommodation of the farm-labourers. Each section has its granary, stables, machine-shop, and engine-house. Indeed, the vast estate is really divided into a number of separate farms, each being complete in itself, and all being subject to a common head. Four hundred and fifty labourers and upwards of three hundred horses and mules are employed on this farm; three book-keepers are required to register the accounts, and two cashiers to receive and disburse the money. Indeed, the whole arrangements are designed to assimilate the production of grain to the operations of a manufactory. The idyllic side of farming has no place here. The farmer is a capitalist, and the farm-labourer is called a "hand" and treated as one. Advocates of spade-husbandry will see nothing to admire in this wholesale method of cultivating the soil, and they will maintain that if this system should grow in favour, the day must arrive when, in the United States as in certain European countries, there will be a permanent and rigid separation between the tillers of the soil and its owners. However, while

land continues as plentiful and easily acquired in the United States as it was during the Middle Ages, when the existing large estates were formed in Europe, the citizens of that country will disregard gloomy forebodings and will continue to lavish their admiration upon a successful capitalist like Mr Dalrymple. His farm is a common topic of glorification among the citizens of the new North-west, and of admiring envy among the dwellers in less fertile parts of the land.'

In reporting the extent of cereal crops in America, it is not usually considered that the enormous production is due to the virgin fertility of the soil, which must in time be exhausted, and require the recruitment of manures. In a few years, the land must either be supplemented by restoratives, or go out of cultivation. The day of agricultural difficulty is coming in the New World, as it long since came in the Old.

SUMMER ON THE WANE.

BRIEF grow the waning days; the poplars shed
Their serried showers of crimson o'er the path,
And gathering swallows, on the river-brink,
Twit their departing notes. The dusky bats
Begin to congregate beneath the eaves,
Dreaming of winter-sleep; the lazy pike
Bask on the river-surface, revelling
In the last warmth of Summer.

On the elms,
The speckled starlings gathering, loud hold
A noisy council; and the blue-barred jays,
White-banded magpies, and spruce jackdaws join
To swell the clamorous chorus.

On the bank,
The warm South bank—purple shine forth the bells
Of Autumn violets, last lingerers,
When gone, the flowers of Summer! So, oft shines
A virtuous life, unrecognised, unknown,
By a censorious world!

Close in, the days,
With gray, yet golden twilight; Winter comes,
Comes on apace, and his white-shrouding snows
Again shall shortly veil the slumbering Earth!

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 822.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

OUR OCEAN MAIL-STEAMERS.

It would be difficult to name any grander product of modern invention than the magnificent ocean mail-steamers which convey our letters from England to—almost literally—the uttermost parts of the earth. The excellence of the materials used; the perfection of the workmanship; the amount of space obtained in proportion to the weight; the economy of fuel in raising steam rapidly; the labour-saving appliances in every part of the majestic floating fabric; the use of telegraphy and telephony in the instantaneous conveyance of messages and instructions from one compartment to another; the almost unerring punctuality in departure and arrival; and the luxurious accommodation for passengers—all combine to make an ocean mail-steamer a 'thing of beauty' if not a 'joy for ever.'

The point which we take up on the present occasion is, not the excellence of the arrangements made by the several Companies, but the manner in which the public benefit by healthy competition. In proportion as the mail-steamers carry more passengers and more freight, the smaller is the sum paid by the Postmaster-general for the conveyance of the British mails from Great Britain to various quarters of the globe.

Let us glance at the North American mails, from England to Canada and the United States. Cunard, as most of our readers know, has been the most famous name in connection with this route. Mr—afterwards Sir Samuel—Cunard joined in partnership with Messrs Burns and M'Iver, built splendid ocean-going steamers, and organised a system so admirable as to satisfy alike the postal authorities, the travelling public, and the shippers of merchandise. For many years the Cunard Company stood alone; but the irrepressible energy of Liverpool men has in later times studded the Atlantic with numerous fleets of magnificent mail-steamers. By degrees the Postmaster-general recognised the expediency of admitting these other Companies, or some of them, to share with Messrs Cunard the transatlantic mail-service;

the result of which has been a lowering of the cost for conveying letters across the Atlantic.

Two systems have been acted upon: (1) a fixed subsidy for carrying all the mails that may be presented on certain days; and (2) an ocean freight according to the weight of each mail. From 1868 to 1876 inclusive, Messrs Cunard performed their share of the work for seventy thousand a year; Messrs Inman took a smaller portion for thirty-five thousand pounds a year; while the North German Lloyd were paid by weight. At first the ocean postage paid by government to the Companies was one shilling per ounce for letters, threepence per pound for newspapers, and fivepence per pound for book-packets. In 1870 a sudden fall from one shilling to threepence per ounce took place for letters—unquestionably a great advantage to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. At length, in 1877, new contracts were entered into, which admitted no fewer than six Companies to participate in the work—namely the Cunard, the Inman, the Anchor, the Guion, the White Star, and the North German Lloyd. Fixed subsidies were abandoned: all the Companies being paid according to the weight of mails they carry—so much per pound for letters, newspapers, and book-packets respectively. The postal authorities—and therefore the public—are gaining largely by this change, the aggregate payment to the Companies being very much smaller than at any former period. But the truth is, that the passenger traffic *plus* the merchandise freight by these fine steamers is so immense—allowance made for stagnant trade in dull seasons—that the Companies can afford to regard the mails as only a small item in their yearly business. An incessant stream of these noble steamers issues from Liverpool. Glasgow has a share, and so has Southampton; but Liverpool rules the trade. Glance at the shipping announcements, and we shall see that nearly every day in the week witnesses the departure of a mail-steamer, marvellous for the accuracy with which it times its voyage.

Let us next direct similar attention to the West India mail system, by far the most compli-

cated which the Postmaster-general has to manage. The West India islands are so numerous and so widely scattered that the mail-steamers can with difficulty be made to accommodate all of them. Unless highly paid, no Company would undertake the work; and so large is the fleet necessary, that only one Company—the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company—ventures to take the contract. Competition has in various ways, however, compelled or induced the Company to accept a much lower subsidy than in former times. A contract was in force from 1874 to 1878, whereby the Company performed the work for a subsidy of eighty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds per annum. When that contract was about to expire, the Postmaster-general invited tenders for a new one; but, from the causes already indicated, the old Company retained its place. The service will be conducted for a term of years under the new contract, which is just coming into operation.

If the reader will spread out a map of the West Indies before him, he will see how remarkable is the network which brings them all into one postal system. In the first place, a steamer of magnificent dimensions and power starts from Southampton on the 2d of every month, calls at St Thomas, Port-au-Prince, and Jamaica, and ends its voyage at Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the Isthmus of Panama Railway. The distance, about five thousand five hundred miles, is traversed in twenty-one days. In the second place, other and smaller packets distribute to the various islands the mails brought across the Atlantic by the grand ocean steamer; but of this presently. On the 17th of every month another fine steamer leaves Southampton for Barbadoes, St Thomas, Jacmel, Jamaica, and Colon, five thousand three hundred and fifty miles, performed in about twenty days. The smaller mail-packets have their appointed work to do, strictly intercolonial. Once a month, the mails received at St Thomas from England are sorted, and—according to their destinations—are at once forwarded by subsidiary packets to St Kitt's, Antigua, Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St Lucia, Barbadoes, St Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, and Demerara—all of them islands except the last. The same subsidiary steamer, after a short stay at Demerara, retraces its path, taking in and putting out mails at all the several islands. This run, from St Thomas back to St Thomas, is about two thousand two hundred miles, and occupies thirteen days. Another route, performed by another subsidiary steamer, in an intermediate part of the month, brings in Tobago as a link in the chain, and helps to maintain mail communication between every island and every other island, as well as between the whole of them and the mother-country. There are as many as nine of these curious voyages always going on at once, involving the use of a large number of steamers. Some of the ports of Central America are also accommodated; once a month a subsidiary packet runs from Colón to Carthagena and Savanilla; and another from Colon to Port Limon and Grey Town.

The steamers that make the voyage to and from England are of fine dimensions, nearly three thousand tons register, and with steam-power adequate to a speed of nearly twelve miles an hour. The Company complain that the subsidy is too small for the services rendered; but the dull state of

trade in the West Indies, by lessening passenger and merchandise traffic, is the chief evil they have to contend against.

We turn our glance once again in a new direction, to a region the most interesting of all in connection with ocean mail-steaming. If the transatlantic service excels all others in the vast number of letters, newspapers, and book-packets conveyed; if the West India service takes the lead in complexity of voyages—the Peninsular and Oriental service unquestionably eclipses them both in its history, the great length of the voyages, and the largeness of the subsidy.

The energetic Lieutenant Waghorn was the first to give this system a start. In the old days a four months' voyage round the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta was a thing of course. A new route to the East by way of the Euphrates took hold of the sympathies of many Anglo-Indians, and has been frequently advocated, but has been dropped after each spurt of advocacy. While this idea was being mooted, Lieutenant Waghorn threw himself heart and soul into a scheme for a Red Sea route to the East. By wonderful perseverance he succeeded in shewing the practicability of his scheme, and in enlisting the sanction of the home authorities and of the East India Company in its favour. In 1838, the Anglo-Indian mails began to be conveyed by this route. There was at the time an ocean mail conducted by the Peninsular Company as far as Lisbon and Gibraltar; an extension of voyage right through the Mediterranean was organised, as a link in Waghorn's chain; and then the Company took the name of the Peninsular and Oriental, familiarly shortened to P. and O. Afterwards, mail-steamers were put on from Suez to Aden, Bombay, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Singapore, China, and Australia, completing a magnificent postal service from England to all parts of the East. No Suez Canal being in existence in those days, the mails were of necessity conveyed by land transport through Egypt from Alexandria to Suez; and this gave the name of the *Overland Route* to the whole system.

Many contracts, each for a term of years, have been entered into between the Postmaster-general and the Peninsular and Oriental Company. One that was in force for a few years previously to 1874 provided—as before—for land transport through Egypt. The mails were landed from the Mediterranean steamers at Alexandria, carried from that port to Suez by rail, and placed on board other steamers which went by way of the Red Sea to India, China, and Australia. When this contract expired in 1874, the Company proposed to avail themselves of the Suez Canal, abandoning the overland route. The Postmaster-general assented to this; and a new contract was entered into, to remain in force until 1880. The subsidy has always been a large one, heavier than any other connected with our ocean mails; it was four hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, and is now four hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Only the heavy mails at cheap rates of postage are thus conveyed through the Suez Canal; the express mails at higher postage continue to make use of the railway through Egypt.

The mail service performed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company is certainly a splendid one. Once a week a fine ocean mail-steamer leaves Southampton, coasts down the Atlantic to Gibraltar,

traverses nearly the whole length of the Mediterranean, passes through the Suez Canal, and thence through the Red Sea to Aden. Once a week, for the express or high tariff mails, a steamer starts from Brindisi, in the south-east of Italy, makes a rapid run to Alexandria, and then transfers its mails to the Egyptian railway, to be again embarked on steamers at Suez. This route '*via Brindisi*,' is found to be the most expeditious one yet adopted of conveying the mails from England to the East; there is a continuous railway-train run at express speed through France and Italy, from Calais—*via* the Mont Cenis tunnel—to Brindisi; the speed of the Brindisi-Alexandria steamers is very high; and the railway transit through Egypt occupies a much smaller number of hours than the voyage through the Suez Canal. Of course the public pay higher for this great celerity, in postage, passenger fares, and merchandise freight; but there is the Southampton and Mediterranean service for the great bulk of the work to be done.

The mails leaving in this twofold way being conveyed from England to Suez, the Peninsular and Oriental have organised a grand system for distributing them throughout the East. Once a week a mail-steamer starts from Suez for Aden and Bombay. Once a fortnight another steamer starts from Suez for Aden, Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta. Once a fortnight a third steamer, starting from Ceylon, conveys the mails which have been sent out to China and Japan. A new contract, some particulars of which will be found at the end of this article, will come into force in February 1880.

So thoroughly reliable are the fine steamers engaged in this service, that the Peninsular and Oriental undertake to be punctual even to a single hour in a long voyage. Brindisi to Bombay three hundred and sixty-eight hours, including seventeen hours of land transit through Egypt; the return route three hundred and seventy-five hours at most seasons of the year, but four hundred and twenty-three hours during the south-west monsoon. Brindisi to Shanghai in China nine hundred and forty-seven hours during the north-east monsoon, and eight hundred and seventy-five during the remainder of the year, including the time occupied by the railway run through Egypt. The return voyage, owing to adverse winds and currents, is more prolonged than the outward; from Shanghai to Brindisi occupying one thousand and six hours during the south-west monsoon, and nine hundred and ten at other seasons. It is little less than marvellous that the Company will not only undertake this rigorous punctuality, but will consent to be fined for any delay.

From a parliamentary paper issued during the past session, we learn that on 1st June 1878, there was signed at Paris an International Convention, under which the postal business of the world is now regulated. The rules laid down in this Convention came into operation in April of the present year, so that the public has had a few months' experience of those changes which the delegates effected. Practically, the outcome of the deliberations may be held to be the establishment of ocean postage on a footing which comes near to 'ocean penny postage.' At the meeting at Berne in 1874, at which the 'General Postal Union' was established, the countries represented were, with the

exception of the United States of America and Egypt, exclusively European. At the Paris meeting in 1878, however, a wider title, that of the 'Universal Postal Union,' was adopted; and its right to assume such a name will be admitted when it is known that, besides the whole of the European states, the Convention embraced delegates from the Argentine Republic, Brazil, British India, Canada, Mexico, Persia, Japan, and the eastern and western colonies of Britain, France, Spain, and Holland. Indeed the Australian and South African colonies of Great Britain alone were wanting to make the union co-extensive with the civilised world. An announcement, however, has been made that Victoria and her partner colonies South Australia and Tasmania, have signed a contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to be in force from 1880 to 1888, for a *fortnightly* mail from the mother country to the above-named colonies. The mails will be carried by the same ocean steamers as those which accommodate India and China—transshipment taking place at Ceylon. If this work be well done, Australia will have more complete mail service than at any former period.

Under the Convention, post-cards between the various countries of the Postal Union are to be charged ten centimes (one penny), and we have thus actually an 'ocean penny postage' with the United States and Canada, though, owing to certain stipulations in the treaty regarding allowances for sea or territorial transit, the cost of a post-card to British India, for example, is three-halfpence or twopence, by Southampton and Brindisi.

THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

CHAPTER IV.—WALTER HAS A NEW ADVENTURE.

TONI HIRZEL recovered but slowly from the injuries he had suffered, and the entire winter passed away before he found himself able to make use of his limbs again. But the doctor's fears that he would never be able to resume the life of a mountaineer, were unfortunately confirmed. He never properly recovered the use of his foot; and Toni often cast a sorrowful glance at the gun, now hanging uselessly on the wall. To this cause of regret there was added anxiety for the future. The chase, which had hitherto so materially assisted in supplying his wants, could no longer be followed; and although Walter had grown tall and strong, he was not experienced enough to take his father's place. In addition to this, Hirzel had expressly forbidden his boy to have anything more to do with hunting, which sooner or later would be sure to lead to a violent and dreadful death; and in order to remove temptation as much as possible from him, he sold his gun to one of his neighbours.

'Now, Watty,' said he, putting the eighty francs which he had received into a drawer, 'we have got nearly money enough for another cow; and we must see if we can't raise the remainder, that we may have at least milk and butter.'

'We have got plenty of money, father,' replied Watty. 'There is the hundred francs that Mr Seymour gave me lying uselessly in the desk, and I insist upon your taking the half of it at least, to replenish the byre. But,' added he with a sigh, 'without chamois-hunting I do not see how matters are to go with us. Do you know, father,

I have been thinking that I might do something to earn my living.'

'In what way, Watty?'

'Well, I might go down to the inn every day, and offer my services to the visitors as a guide. I know all the roads, and can shew the people the way to the Blue Grotto, or conduct them to the peaks of the Wellhorn and Engelhorn; and as the landlord is always so friendly, I'm sure he would recommend me.'

'Not a bad idea,' replied Hirzel. 'To be sure, it is only for the summer; but as there are always a good many travellers, you might be able to save enough to carry you through the winter. Turn guide, then, Watty,' he added, after a little more consideration; 'and I will stay at home and attend to the house and the cow. Let us be thankful I'm strong enough for that at anyrate.'

The plan of operations which was thus arranged was not, however, destined to be carried into operation, for the next day Frieshardt came to pay a visit to the cottage with a proposal of quite a different kind. He had shewn himself very attentive and neighbourly since Hirzel's accident, and had given him proofs of kindly feeling during the period of his convalescence. The old friendship had therefore been fully restored, and the affair of the cow and the borrowed money had been long since forgotten. Hirzel rose as Frieshardt entered, and gave him a hearty welcome, in which he was cordially joined by Walter.

'I have got a suggestion to make to you, neighbour,' said the well-to-do farmer, seating himself near the fire.

'To me!' exclaimed Hirzel. 'What can a poor man like me do to serve you?'

'I don't mean you so much as Watty,' continued Frieshardt. 'He has grown a tall sensible fellow now, and I know he is honest, every inch of him.'

'Ah! you are right there, neighbour, although I say it to his face,' replied Hirzel. '—You don't need to blush, boy. It is nothing more than your duty to behave honestly.—But what can Watty do for you?'

'Well, the long and the short of the matter is this,' said the farmer. 'I've got sixty head of cattle down in Meyringen, which I am going to send to France to sell. A drover has been recommended to me who understands the business; but I should like to send some reliable person with him to look after the money, and see that everything is properly attended to. I think Walter would be the man for me, if he will agree to it. He shall have good wages, and everything done to make him comfortable.'

Father and son exchanged looks, and each saw in the countenance of the other that the proposal was a good one. 'If my father is satisfied,' said the youth, 'I shall be delighted to go.'

'Well said,' replied Frieshardt, evidently pleased. 'Now let's hear what you want for the journey.'

'I would rather you would say what you will give,' answered Walter. 'I don't understand such things very well.'

'Well then, I'll pay all your expenses there and back, and give you a hundred francs into the bargain. Are you satisfied with that?'

'Yes; more than satisfied,' replied the boy. 'But I should like it better if you would give father a cow now, instead of giving me the

money afterwards. I should be glad indeed, if he could get one before I go away.'

'But what would you want for yourself when you came back?'

'Nothing, neighbour. If you will only grant my request I shall be quite contented and thankful.'

'Well,' said Frieshardt, 'you are a dutiful and kind-hearted son, and I'm sure you will be a faithful servant. You shall have my cow, Black Elsy, and your father can fetch her whenever he chooses. Meanwhile, you must be ready to go to Meyringen to-morrow morning,' continued Frieshardt. 'I will go with you, and give you all the instructions you will require. It won't be a difficult affair, and I'm sure you will manage it easily. Adieu, till morning!'

With these cheering words the farmer left Walter and his father to talk over the unexpected change in their fortunes.

'Father!' exclaimed the delighted youth, 'your wish is fulfilled sooner than you expected, and you will now be able to get more goats. And who knows what good fortune may attend me in France! It will be a grand journey for me!'

'You will have my blessing with you, Watty; and I hope you will always have the fear of God before your eyes, and His love in your heart. Trust in the Lord, and ever act honestly by your fellow-creatures, and you need never fear.'

Shortly afterwards, Walter repaired to Frieshardt's farm, and came back leading Black Elsy in triumph; and after taking farewell of his father, returned to Frieshardt's house on the following morning. The route which Walter's employer chose led them past the splendid waterfalls of the Reichenbach to the charming village of Meyringen, where the cattle were collected. When they reached the village, they found a drover of the name of Seppi waiting for them; and to the latter as well as to Walter the farmer gave the necessary instructions regarding the treatment of the herd during the ensuing journey. He enjoined them to be sparing with their expenses on the road, and to keep the interest of their employer always before their minds. Then, after handing to Walter a list of the animals, with the prices for which they were to be sold, Frieshardt returned home, taking with him Walter's last greetings to his father. And with this farewell message, the young man temporarily banished the thought of home from his mind, and devoted himself energetically to the discharge of his new duties.

Our young hero entered upon the journey actuated by the best of motives, the duty of looking after the cattle absorbing so much of his attention that he had very little opportunity for increasing his acquaintance with his travelling companion. The fact was, however, that he did not feel himself much drawn towards Seppi, from whom he had received anything but a very friendly welcome when they first met; the drover had, moreover, a rough and uncultivated manner, which was somewhat repulsive. His treatment of the animals was unduly harsh when any of them became restive and obstinate, and he seemed angry when Walter checked his cruel behaviour, and pointed out to him that the dumb animals intrusted to his care should be treated with kindness and patience. But by degrees the

young men became more reconciled to each other; and as Walter accustomed himself to the ungainly appearance of his companion, he came to the generous conclusion that Seppi had an honest and well-meaning heart in spite of his rough and unpolished ways.

They soon reached the French frontier, and after a long journey, found themselves in the outskirts of Paris. Walter had arranged the stages so well that the animals were in admirable condition, and warranted the expectation of a good and prompt sale. Seppi was of the same opinion, and said he thought they would sell for even more than the price Frieshardt had named.

'I think they will,' assented Walter cheerfully. 'The cattle are in splendid order; and we'll see if we can't astonish Mr Frieshardt when we get home.'

'Ay, ay; we shall see,' echoed Seppi with a peculiar expression of voice.

The intelligence of the arrival of a drove of fine cattle from Switzerland was quickly spread, and when Seppi and Walter appeared in the market there was no lack of buyers. The youth attended to the selling, in accordance with his employer's wish, and although he asked higher prices than those which had been fixed, he had got rid of half the number at the end of the first day. The remainder were also satisfactorily disposed of, on the two following days; and having changed the drafts he had received into gold and notes, in which Seppi's experience was of great use to him, he prepared to return home.

'But why need we be in such a hurry?' inquired Seppi.

'Because we've nothing more to stay for, and the longer we stay here the more expense we shall cause to Mr Frieshardt, and that would be very wrong.'

'But you are surely not going back without seeing something of Paris?' continued the other. 'You must go and see all the splendid buildings; besides, we've no need to say that we sold all the cattle in three days.'

'That I should think still worse,' was the simple answer. 'I have promised to serve Frieshardt faithfully, and I mean to keep my word.'

'Well, you can tell him that you stopped here a couple of days to see the town,' continued the tempter. 'As we have got such a capital price for the cattle, he won't find any fault with us for that.'

'I don't care,' persisted Walter. 'I've no right to stay, and I mean to start to-morrow morning.'

The drover said no more, but merely shrugged his shoulders. After a long interval he recommenced his attack. 'You must be very soft, Walter,' said he. 'If you were only a little more wide-awake, we might make a good thing for ourselves out of this affair, and no one be any the wiser.'

'In what way?'

'Don't you see what I mean?' continued Seppi with a cunning smile. 'You've got about one-third more cash than Frieshardt expects. What is there to hinder us from dividing it between us? It would be a good thing for us, and nobody could ever find it out, because we should both keep it dark.'

'I hope you are only joking,' said Walter with a serious look. 'Do you think I am going to swindle my master, because he has put so much confidence in me? You can't surely be in earnest, Seppi. You only want to test my honesty.'

'Bother your honesty,' returned Seppi. 'Sharpness is better than honesty, now-a-days. You've got more than thirty thousand francs in that belt round your waist; we've only got to divide it between us, and then we could lead a glorious life in Paris. No one could ever find us out, for the city is so large that Frieshardt might search for weeks before getting on our track. Look at that, Walter! You'll perhaps never have such a splendid chance again as long as you live. What have you to lose at home? Nothing! You'll only be a poor half-starved fellow if you go back. Now's your time! Seize the opportunity at once, like a man!'

Walter listened to the wicked proposition of his companion with indignation, which he made no attempt to conceal. 'What!' he exclaimed in a burst of anger, 'would you have me sell my home and my good conscience for the sake of a little money? Shall I disgrace myself for ever, and break my father's heart? Shall I break the laws of God and man? No; not for all the gold in the universe! I would rather beg my bread from door to door than commit such a sin. O Seppi, what a heart you must have to be able even to think of such a thing!'

Walter's earnest words were followed by a loud burst of laughter from his companion. 'Don't fly into a rage, comrade, and excite yourself that way,' said Seppi. 'You don't seem to know what a joke is. Just as if we could pocket all that money without the police being at our heels directly! Why, we should get at least ten years' imprisonment without any matter of doubt. No, no; I merely wanted to see whether you were really as honest and straightforward as Frieshardt made you out to be, and I see he didn't praise you more than you deserve. Give me your hand, old fellow, and believe me when I tell you that you shall never be tried this way again. If you like, I will leave Paris with you this very night, to prove to you that I was only making fun.'

Walter drew a long breath. 'Thank God that it was only a joke!' said he, returning the friendly grasp of Seppi, of whose thorough sincerity he seemed to entertain no longer any doubt. 'I am quite agreeable to start to-night, for so much money makes me feel anxious, and I shan't be comfortable till it is in the hands of our master.'

'Well, we can get off at once,' assented Seppi, 'and then we shall get to Boissy before nightfall. I know a cheap and comfortable inn there; so the sooner we're off the better.'

Much pleased that his companion should agree so readily to leave Paris, Walter felt sorry that he had entertained any doubts of his character, even for a moment. Their simple preparations were speedily made, and half an hour afterwards they set out upon their return, and took the road to Boissy.

It was dark by the time they reached their destination; but as Seppi knew the village well, he had no difficulty in finding the inn, which was about ten minutes' walk from the high-road. The house was old and uncomfortable in its appearance, and produced a very unfavourable impres-

sion upon Walter; but the welcome they received from the landlord was so cordial, that the impression was at once removed. An old married couple and a young and powerfully built fellow seemed to be the only occupants of the large building. At Seppi's order a bottle of wine was brought, and Walter being somewhat fatigued with the journey, was easily persuaded to take more than his usual allowance. Overpowered with drowsiness, his head sunk down upon the table, and in a few seconds the unsuspecting youth was in a profound slumber.

'There's a snorer for you!' said Seppi to the man who had waited upon them. 'Lend me a hand to get him to bed, André.'

Whereupon they carried him up-stairs and along a passage to a small room at the farther end, and laid him on a bed just as he was. Having struck a light, André was about to leave the room, when he was detained by the other.

'Look here,' said Seppi, taking some money from his pocket. 'I am going away again to-morrow morning before daybreak, and may not be back until the day after. Here is payment for our supper and night's lodging. My friend will stay here, and you must not on any account allow him to go away till I come back. Give him anything he asks for; but keep an eye on him, for he is not right in his head, and must either have some one always with him, or be locked in his room. I can't take him with me in the morning, and so I have brought him here, where I know he will be in good hands. You will promise to attend to what I have told you, André?'

'Your instructions shall be attended to,' replied the other, slipping the gold coin which Seppi tendered him into his pocket. 'You shall have no reason to complain.'

'That's well. When I come back, you shall have another gold piece if I find everything right. And look here; only bolt the outer door to-night instead of locking it; or else leave the key in the lock, so that I can get away in the morning without waking anybody.'

The man promised to attend to that also, and quitted the apartment. When he was gone, Seppi bolted the room door, and gazed at his unconscious companion with a malicious scowl.

'Fool!' said he; 'I made you a fair offer when I proposed to go halves with the money; but as you were idiot enough to decline, so much the better for me. When you wake in the morning you'll be sorry you let the chance slip.'

Thus muttering to himself, he unbuckled the money-belt that was round the waist of the sleeping man, and fastened it securely round his own. He then abstracted Walter's passport and the other papers that were in his pockets without arousing him.

'He lies there like a dead dog,' thought the drover; 'and with the dose I gave him, is not likely to trouble any one till morning.'

Waiting impatiently for more than an hour until every one was in bed and the house silent, Seppi quitted the room on tiptoe, locked the door on the outside, and crept noiselessly along the passage and down the stairs. André had not forgotten to leave the outer door unlocked, and pushing back the bolt with the greatest caution, the ruffian slipped out, and as soon as he had got

clear of the village, hurried away at the top of his speed.

The Swiss drover had shewn great cunning in his scheme to get possession of the money from Walter, and he carried it out with equal boldness. He had often helped to drive cattle to Paris before, and knew the roads well. He had frequently been at the inn at Boissy, and its distance from Paris and the character of the man who attended to the business recommended it as well suited to his purpose. André, like many others of his kind, was greedy of money, and the golden bribe quieted all his doubts as to the truth of the story about his companion. Seppi on his side knowing that the sleeping powder which he had secretly mixed with Walter's wine was sufficient to prevent him waking for nearly a whole day, gave himself no further trouble as to what might happen in the way of pursuit. It was enough for him that his stratagem had been successful, and he hastened along the well-known by-paths until he had left Boissy far behind.

(To be concluded next month.)

FROGS AND TOADS IN STONE.

'At the works of Messrs Burton, brick and tile manufacturers, Ironbridge, Salop,' we were some time ago informed, 'some workmen were employed in sinking a well; when, on reaching a depth of twenty-two feet from the surface, they found a toad firmly imbedded in the solid clay. The reptile, which was a large one, appeared, when extricated from its living tomb, to be in quite a lively condition, and stretched itself out in the sun. It is alive, and preserved as a curiosity.'

This strange story is corroborated by many others of analogous character. Frogs and toads are really endowed with a power of bearing privation quite beyond that of most other animals with which we are acquainted. They have so little need of air for breathing, and so great an endowment of the power of dispensing with food for a lengthened period, that, as ascertained by actual experiment, they can survive for months or even years in closed cavities where the maintenance of vitality would seem well nigh incredible. In blocks of stone, in the solid trunks of trees, incased in a wall of cement or plaster allowed to solidify around them—in all these mysterious recesses it is said that they have been found alive. Blocks of solid stone have been quarried revealing living toads and frogs in the interior; and other blocks containing cavities apparently moulded around such animals—the denizens having somehow or other disappeared. If the rings in the trunk of a tree are a token and measure of its age, then a toad has occasionally been found imbedded in the layers which were formed generations ago, let it have got there how it may.

In order to place ourselves in some degree on a level with the subject, we will glance rapidly at some of the many accounts given of toads and frogs found in trees, stiff clay, coal, and stone.

A large toad was found a few years ago in an old apple-tree at Wonham Manor; it came to light when the tree was blown down. The *Mémoires* of the French Académie des Sciences contain a description of a living toad found in the heart of an old elm-tree. Near Nantes, when an

old oak was cleft open, a toad was found in the very heart-wood, although no crevice or other channel of entrance could be detected; there were about ninety rings in the trunk of this oak, leading to the inference (according to one theory) that the animal must have been in his prison-house ninety years. Mr Jesse, in reference to a frog found in the trunk of a mulberry-tree, expressed a belief that the annual rings had been gradually but surely inclosing the reptile.

Toads in clay have been more frequently met with than in trees; sometimes a whole family have been thus ferreted out at once. In 1856 a toad was found at a considerable depth at Benthall, near Brosely, Shropshire. Mr Bathurst, earthenware manufacturer at Benthall, ascertained that the creature was met with about six feet beneath the surface, in a layer of tough clay customarily used for making coarse brown ware. Above this layer, in successive strata, were ferruginous coal of poor quality, clay, a loam of clay and gravel, and meadow-turf at the top. The toad was found filling a cavity as wax does a seal. A minute examination of the superincumbent strata failed to detect any fissure through which the animal could have entered. The light of day seemed at first to distress it, but this it soon became accustomed to; the eyes were brilliant, the skin moist, the mouth quite closed.

Shale and coal are included among the abodes of these curious batrachians. At the International Exhibition of 1862, at South Kensington, a toad was exhibited in a bottle; and a block of coal with a cavity in its midst. The toad was said to have been taken from the cavity, and it may have been so; but there was a want of correspondence between the matrix and the seal, the convexity of the animal inclosed and the concavity of the substance inclosing it. In 1874 a miner in South Wales, while digging an underground passage, struck into a layer of shale at a depth of forty or fifty feet below the surface; a large frog leaped out, with its mouth closed, its eyes apparently sightless, its muscular power greatly weakened, and its breathing effected through the skin. How long the animal lived after restoration to the light of day, we are not told; but the miner, catching eagerly at some speculative remarks made by his semi-scientific neighbours, announced that he had discovered a frog which had lived five thousand years without food! Many pence were earned by exhibiting it as a wonder.

Brick walls, too, are sometimes the prison-houses of toads and frogs. At Easington Park, in Warwickshire, some repairs were being effected a few years ago, when a toad was found in a small cavity in a brick wall. As the wall was known to have been built in 1740, and as the discovery was made in 1860, had the creature been thus bricked up for a hundred and twenty years? It survived about six weeks after extrication.

Most of the narratives mention solid stone as the substance in which the incarcerated animals have been discovered. At Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, the attendant who shews the wonders to visitors draws attention to a stone coffin, which, on being opened some years ago, was found to contain a living toad, supposed to have inhabited that gloomy residence for centuries. There is said to have been at one time a marble mantel-piece at the Duke of Devonshire's princely

residence of Chatsworth, with an impress of a toad, denoting that the animal must have been there when the marble was in a soft or plastic state. The workmen employed in breaking the nodules of ironstone which occur so abundantly in the iron-smelting districts and in many coal-mines, have more than once discovered toads alive within the nodules, and continuing to live for a short time afterwards. Strange, if true, seeing that these nodules are exceedingly hard. At the quarries of Combe Down in Somerset, when the men are excavating and dressing freestone and sawing some of the blocks, they occasionally bisect a toad and the cavity in which he is inclosed, without (as they say) being able to detect any fissure or opening through which the animal can have entered.

Many years ago, in working a slate-quarry near Barnard Castle, a toad of large size was discovered in a solid block—solid except the cavity occupied by the animal; the exhumed inmate died immediately on being exposed to the air. In Mackenzie and Ross's *Durham*, in which this incident is recorded, we are also told that, at Framwell Gate Bridge, Durham, when the old battlements were removed, a large living toad was descried in the middle of the wall, where it must (apparently) have been immured for ages, the bridge having been built as far back as the year 1120. At the Great Exhibition in 1851, two halves of a block of stone were shewn in which a living toad had been found; the creature died some time during the Exhibition. In the same year a toad was discovered alive within a mass of calcareous stone. It was sent to the Académie Française, by whom a Committee was appointed to examine into the phenomenon.

That mischievous fraud, or a tendency to make money out of other people's credulity, comes into play in some of the toad-in-a-hole stories, is likely enough. In a case which occurred in 1865, some members of the Manchester Geological Society instituted an examination of a piece of coal in which a live toad was said to have been found. They agreed that the cavity had been made artificially, and a toad put into it. The collier who exhibited the raree-show manifested much unwillingness to answer the close questions put to him—a pretty strong evidence that all was not fair and truthful. 'Flint Jacks' have doubtless their analogues in 'Toad Jacks.'

A better feeling than absolute incredulity is one that prompts men to search for a rational explanation of unexpected marvels; and such search has not been neglected in regard to our present subject. M. Duméril, the member of the Académie Française above adverted to, after examining a large number of recorded instances, came to the conclusion that the animal, when young and very small, creeps (or it may be falls) into a stone through a crevice or fissure too small to attract general notice; he feeds upon insects which he may have taken in with him, or dragged in from time to time; he grows rapidly, and becomes too bulky to emerge from the door by which he entered, and has to undergo involuntary imprisonment. Then comes into operation his remarkable power of living almost without food or air. When the stone is broken, as in a quarry, the cleavage is likely to follow the line of the fissure, and lays bare the

incarcerated batrachian—as naturalists call this order of reptiles. Toads, it is pretty well known, sleep all the winter, jumbled up together in a heap in any suitable cavity. The life of a toad in a stone may be merely a prolongation of his winter's nap. So profoundly does the animal sleep, that he may be, and has been, artificially frozen till quite hard and brittle, and yet vitality reasserts itself after slow thawing; this was proved by the distinguished French zoologist, Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. Geologists now believe that millions of years must have passed since the first solidification of many kinds of hard stone in which frogs and toads have been found; the stone certainly did not harden around the intruders, and they must therefore have got into it somehow from without, in comparatively recent times.

One who had never seen such an animal in a stone or the trunk of a tree, and who disbelieved all the stories in that direction, sought for an explanation in the following curious fashion: 'The hollow of a horse's foot is called the *frog*; and the hollow or sinking on the face of a brick is in some parts of England also called a frog. When a hollow is found in a stone, might not the country workman have said: "There's a frog in the stone!"' Ingenious, but a failure, seeing that the creatures have unquestionably been found in stone, let their mode of admission have been what it may.

Some naturalists believe that the skin of a frog has the property of acting upon the atmosphere in such a way as to imitate in degree the action of the lungs, thus supplying the prisoner with a little air in a manner not available to less gifted animals.

There is something well worthy of notice in the following suggestion, put forward by a Scotch naturalist a few years ago. Chinks, crevices, holes, vacuities of various kinds are naturally formed in many stony strata and in many trunks of trees. The eggs of toads may accidentally be conveyed by water into these small openings; and after they are hatched, the animals may receive moisture and small portions of air from without.

Direct experiments have not been wholly wanting in connection with this subject. The *Zoological Journal* gives a detailed account of a series of experiments made about half a century ago by Dr Buckland, the eminent geologist. Obtaining a large block of oolitic limestone from a quarry near Oxford, he caused twelve circular cells or cavities to be made in it, each five inches in diameter by twelve inches deep, with a groove at the top to receive a plate-glass cover, and a slate to protect the glass. A block was also obtained of siliceous sandstone, and twelve cells scooped in it, equal in diameter to the others, but not so deep. Twenty-four toads of various ages and sizes were put into the cells, one in each; the cells were closely sealed up, and the blocks buried deep in the ground. When opened a year afterwards, it was found that nearly half the toads were still alive; inclosed for another twelve months, these survivors also died. About the same time Dr Buckland buried four toads deeply in cavities cut in the trunk of an apple-tree, and carefully closed the cavities with bungs of wood. In about a year's time, it was found that the reptiles were dead. M. Séguin, about 1850, placed several toads in an equal number of vessels, and inclosed them with plaster

of Paris. After an interval of several years, the vessels were opened, and one of the imprisoned toads was found still living, although the extremely hard cement had become exactly moulded on the animal, leaving no vacant space between them. On liberation, the creature crept out into the light of day.

Taking everything into consideration, our conclusion is that no animal can live without air and food beyond a comparatively short period. Gifted as are the batrachia with peculiar powers in this respect, toads and frogs may, and undoubtedly have been known to survive an incarceration of a few years. But here the matter ends. Dr Buckland's experiments must be considered conclusive that a year or two of solitary confinement deprives the toad even of its tenacious life. M. Duméril's arguments above cited, also dispose of the theories that would credit the poor creature with longer powers of endurance.

THE ROYAL ZULU.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BENEATH the shade of a grove of palms, a Zulu maiden knelt in prayer on the morning of the fatal 22d of January 1879. Her face was pretty beyond most of her countrywomen; and her small hands and feet, her distinguishing ornaments and graceful form, bespoke her the daughter of some powerful chief. But strange, considering her nationality, were the words of supplication which flowed from her lips, as she raised her clasped hands to heaven. Not from witchcraft or enchantment, or from the equally powerless deities of her nation did she seek for help; but from Him only, the one true God, Jehovah.

'Father!' she cried, 'to whom all the ends of the earth look for help in trouble; hear me for the sake of Jesus. The evil spirit of war and persecution has come down, and entered my father's kraal; and Cetewayo has folded his hands and bowed his ear to listen. He has sworn to drink the blood of the white men, and eat up all the Christian Zulus of his nation. O Great Father! in this hour of trial, keep Cassatonga and me faithful to Thyself!'

The morning breezes rustled through the leaves, and the deep-fringed palms moved their stately boughs, as if in response to the prayer, while the sparkling brook which flowed hard by seemed to murmur a low 'Amen!'

At this moment, a movement beside her caused the worshipper to turn round; and she beheld a stately warrior standing near her, leaning on his black shield. His eyes were fixed with unspeakable love on the youthful form before him. 'Luola,' he said, 'your prayer for me is answered; I can fight no more for Cetewayo. Last night, the murder, indescribable in cruelty, of Sirayo's wives for their adherence to the Christian faith, proves what little mercy the king would shew towards any one, even yourself, were you to oppose his will; and though it is our duty to bear persecution when it comes, it is no doubt equally madness to provoke it. Here we can no longer stay without declaring our faith, and therefore we must fly with all haste to Helpmakaar. You know the good missionary there, the same who taught us the will of the Great Master, and beneath

his care you will be safe from your father's wrath. This alternative is the only one left to us, and I feel it is the right one. Will you come now, Luola? My horse stands ready in the thicket.'

'I will.' And though the hand extended to him trembled, the voice was steady that decided their fate.

'By Rorke's Drift is our shortest road,' he said, as they reached the tree where his horse was fastened; and placing the princess on its back, he mounted behind her, and turned his steed in the direction of the Buffalo. They travelled for some hours with extreme caution, skirting every kraal and open ground, till at length they arrived at a large thickly planted wood, in which they hoped to find an hour's repose. But they had scarcely dismounted ere the roar of artillery and the cracking of rifles, mingled with wild yells, were heard in the distance; and Cassatonga hastened to conceal his royal charge before endeavouring to discover the cause. Hiding Luola and his horse in the densest part of the grove around him, he selected a lofty tree, whose thick branches would be a shield in themselves. Climbing with the agility of his nation to the topmost boughs, he beheld the fatal field of Isandula spread out before him. Amazement at the unexpected sight and deep admiring pity flashed in his eyes as he looked on the tiny band of white men who shoulder to shoulder received unflinchingly the masses of his countrymen, as like their own mountain torrents, they swept down upon them.

The first emotion of his heart was to fly to the aid of the devoted column; but the thought of his bride restrained him, and he sank back among the sheltering leaves. Straining his sight over the awful plain, he could distinguish his own fierce regiment, although foremost in the work of death, yet not so preoccupied therewith as to be unconscious of the plunder which lay around, pausing even in their butchery to collect cattle, stores, and wagons to be driven to their distant kraals. Horror and disgust filled his now enlightened soul. 'Why do those English soldiers stand there,' he asked himself, as the breath came quickly through his labouring chest, 'on that plain of Africa, far away from their island homes, to be shot down, steady in their matchless ranks, by their swarthy foes?' His own heart gave him the reply: 'To save helpless women from the savage butchery he beheld last night; to guard the gray hairs of old age from going down to a terrible grave beneath the real or feigned imputations of witchcraft and divination; and above all, to teach the pure faith of the Gospel where reigned the degrading demonology of his native land.' His dark eyes blazed, and his pulses throbbed as these thoughts surged through his mind; and he pressed his hands over his aching eyeballs as he bowed himself to the service of that flag which shelters Freedom and Truth beneath its folds.

But meanwhile the work of death went on. Those who were sent for help to Rorke's Drift were, alas! shot or assegaid; few, *how* few, reached the river, and Cassatonga beheld with dismay that the Zulus were scattering towards the Drift. Could he skirt the wood and reach the ford before them with his precious charge? was now his anxious thought. Descending quickly

from his position, he found the trembling Luola terrified at his long absence. He described the awful scene he had just witnessed, and told her of the immediate necessity for endeavouring to cross the river.

The blood of the lion-like founder of her dynasty flowed in Luola's veins, and though convinced of imminent danger, she was not wanting in courage. 'Let us go,' she said; 'God will help us, and be our shield.'

Remounting, they rode on till they came to the edge of the wood, when a new danger menaced them, which tested to the utmost the fleetness of their steed. Barely out of range of rifle-shot, some scattered parties of Zulus were coming towards them. Cassatonga knew well he could give no reason for not being with his troops, and the daughter of their king was not unknown. Were she seized and conducted back to her father, he dared not think of her fate. Urging his horse to a gallop, he cleared the wood, and by carefully placing every hill and clump of bushes between him and the savages, he succeeded in making several miles undiscovered.

But just as he and Luola were beginning to hope they might escape unnoticed, a yell in the distance told that they were seen. Now was the hour of trial for horse and riders. The noble animal seemed hardly to touch the ground as he flew along the plain, the wild yells of the Zulus ringing behind. At length the banks of the Buffalo rose high before them, and Cassatonga realised with horror that he had not time to look for the ford, and must only trust his nearly exhausted companion and breathless horse to the perils of a plunge from those lofty banks. But it was their last hope of safety; they must do it or die. At length they reached the bank, which rose full six feet above the stream. Cassatonga held the princess tightly in his arms, and the horse's nostrils dilated and his eyes shot fire as he gazed on the torrent beneath. But not a second did the noble animal waver; obedient to his master's hand he bounded from the bank, and in another minute tossed his noble head above the wave as he bravely breasted the stream. In a few moments, however, his feet touched the bottom; the ford was found, and the worst of the terrible strain was over. At length they gained the opposite bank, up which the weary horse toiled slowly; and soon, to his rider's great astonishment, the small English camp lay before them.

The pair now paused to consult about their next move. The Zulus, they justly conjectured, would make no delay in crossing the river, and their poor horse was far too exhausted to carry them that night to Helpmakaar; therefore they unhesitatingly felt their wisest course would be to place themselves under the protection of the English commander. Tying a white handkerchief to the end of his spear, Cassatonga approached the camp; and when within earshot, he called out in a loud voice to the sentries, informing them that they were Christian Zulus flying for safety. They were immediately seized, and brought before the officer in charge, who received them with much suspicion, as he had only just heard of the disaster at Isandula, and was in no mood to harbour Zulus of any kind. Their tale was soon told. But though the officer suppressed his pity for the sufferings of the royal maid, he gave orders to

have them strictly watched, at the same time commanding that their wants should be supplied.

It is needless to give a description of the night that followed. All the world knows how through the darkness the tide of battle surged up, wave after wave, against the weak barriers of the little fort, and was again and again repulsed. All the world has rung with the names of Bromhead and Chard, and all the other heroes who with strong hands and stronger hearts held the fort that night. But among them all who fought beneath the red-cross flag there was no stronger arm, no braver heart than his, the young Zulu chief, who had renounced friends, fortune, country, to enlist beneath the banner of a higher Cross, and strive henceforth for a more enduring victory. As the morning broke upon the scene, and disclosed the dusky foe, disheartened and defeated, vanishing like dark clouds behind the distant hills, the gallant officer, begrimed with powder, seized the now scarcely darker hand of the noble Zulu, and thanked him as a British soldier for his timely aid. Luola felt in that moment she was rewarded for all the terrors of the night.

After some hours' needful rest at the fort, the young travellers prepared to resume their journey. They were followed by the benedictions of all. Luola had been untiring in her assistance to the wounded; and the dying were cheered by her words of comfort. Thus amidst many good wishes, they bade farewell to their new friends, and accompanied by the officers bearing despatches, they set out for Helpmakaar. The evening shadows were lengthening as they entered and rode through the streets of that town; and soon they were received with warm welcomes beneath the roof of the good missionary.

Not long afterwards, before these officers returned to their posts, they were called upon to witness the union of their Zulu comrade with his royal bride. The ceremony was performed by their friend, Mr B—, in the words of the beautiful service of the English Church. And here let us leave them. They have set themselves resolutely to the task of preparing for that labour of love which they feel certain God will in His own good time open up for them—a wide field of missionary work in their dear native land. Be it ours to pray for the success of all such noble hearts; and for the time when the swords of all the world shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and the nations study war no more!

IDLE LETTER-WRITING.

OBVIOUSLY, from the penny post and other causes, letter-writing has become a prevalent amusement, particularly among ladies with a disposition to communicate family gossip. It is no exaggeration to say that many young persons consume as much time in mere tittle-tattle letter-writing as, say in the course of a year, might enable them to acquire a fair knowledge of some modern language, or familiarity with many standard works in their own. And here it may be said parenthetically that the young of the present day are often, without any precise fault of their own, lamentably ignorant of many of the great master-pieces in English literature—those works that as long as our language lasts, cannot fail to enrich the minds that feed upon them. New subjects, however, are

always arising, and new books are always appearing to draw attention from the old ones.

But the limitation of more profitable employment which what may be called idle letter-writing occasions, is not the only evil which results from it. One silly frivolous letter is likely to engender another in return; and when mere gossip and tittle-tattle flow from the pen, they are apt to become more mischievous even than when spoken. Many people are exceedingly careless in respect to letters. The rule ought to be—unless there is some special reason to the contrary—to destroy private confidential letters as soon as their contents are mastered. All sorts of accidents happen from their preservation. We heard only the other day of a bundle of letters being discovered which ought to have been consigned to the flames forty years ago. Very likely some of them will get into 'the autograph market,' for many were from distinguished men. Put together, they revealed a sad history, the publication of which could only give pain to friends and relatives of the brave soldier whom they concerned. They were found in a valise left behind him in lodgings he had occupied, the rent of which he could not pay. Years passed before the landlady opened the little receptacle. Not till she had completely failed to trace her lodger, and till she believed him dead, did she force the lock.

Accidents of this sort happen more frequently than is supposed, and they ought to put both letter writers and receivers on their guard. Also young people should bear in mind that their opinions of people and things may very likely change as they advance in life, and that except in cases of clear right and wrong, it might be wise to abstain from unkind remarks and strong censure in their correspondence. A poet says, 'A deed can never die,' and written words have sometimes a disastrous vitality.

Most persons who have a considerable correspondence must, we think, have felt that among their friends and acquaintances there are two special sorts of letter-writers—those whose letters give pleasure, and those whose pages rarely fail to have some phrase or some omission which gives pain. With the first class the mere sight of the handwriting is a gratification; we know that it will never sting. Even if there be bad news to tell, it will be softened by sympathy; and if the tidings be joyful, the joy will seem doubled by participation. With the other class the case is precisely opposite. A piece of good news is told in a dry don't-care manner, or a painful subject is discussed as from some vantage-ground of implied superiority. If the letter be on more level topics, then there are probably sarcastic remarks in opposition to the receiver's known opinions. We are inclined to think that the secret of writing pleasant letters is to think more of the receiver than ourselves when in the act of writing—to put ourselves if possible on the plane of his or her feelings.

Certainly the three persons whom the writer has in mind as having had the trick of writing disagreeable letters were all great egotists, largely endowed with what phrenologists consider the organ of self-esteem. They were not unaffectionate; but they seemed slow to understand emotions they had not personally experienced, and 'shafts' of the pen 'at random sent' often

wounded bitterly. Such letter-writers would do well to remember one fact, and that is, that we never know under what circumstances a letter may be received. A hard, unkind, or unsatisfactory letter may cause but a passing regret if the recipient be well and happy; but the case is far different if it arrives in the season of sickness or sorrow. When a cup is brimming, another drop will make it overflow; and when the heart is filled with anguish, there is subtle cruelty in adding to its burden. The pen can lacerate as well as the sword, and its wounds are often the more incurable of the two.

Then again few of us are so good and wise as never to have written an angry letter, despatching it in haste, instead of waiting for bitter feelings to cool, and a few hours afterwards mournfully regretting some too harsh expression. No doubt writing the letter was an immense relief—perhaps even it was an outlet by which our wrath could evaporate; only it would have been better if it had been thrown into the fire instead of the letter-box. If it be well, as the ancient philosopher said, to count a hundred before speaking the angry word, it is well to count a thousand before writing it.

It is, as we have previously hinted in this *Journal*, perhaps one of the most useful of modern accomplishments to be able to write a really good letter, one that, however short, is clear and explicit, and to the point of whatever may be under discussion. With some persons, the habit is acquired early and easily; with others it requires much practice and painstaking before it is in any degree established. It is well, we think, for young people hardly yet out of childhood to be indulged in undictated, unrestrained letter-scribbling, if they have any taste that way. They will gain early a certain experience of what it is wise and what unwise to do with regard to letter-writing, without paying very dearly for it. The experience bought at fifteen costs so much less than it does at five-and-twenty!

CURIOUS CASES OF SOMNAMBULISM.

THAT persons walk in their sleep and are unconscious of ordinary impressions, but yet retain sensations, there is, we all admit, no doubt. One curious instance occurred in a school-girl who was observed to rise every night about midnight and walk about her bedroom and the lobby outside her sleeping apartment. After some time, on returning to her bed she was in the habit of examining it and all about it, and finally selecting for some hours' rest a clothes-basket which the housemaid kept on the flat roof of the cradle-bed in which she lay. After carefully examining the clothes-basket, she climbed up on the head of the cradle-bed, and circling her body as a cat would above the clothes in the basket, she composed herself to sleep, in which she remained for an hour or more, then rose, and returned to her bed. In the morning she awoke at her usual time, having no consciousness of what had occurred during the night. Her sister watched her proceedings, but never interrupted or awakened her, and after some time the nocturnal climbings ceased.

The second case that came under my observa-

tion was more varied and more embarrassing. A young lady at school became a somnambulist. She rose from bed and walked in her sleep. The ladies who conducted the school became alarmed, partly on the girl's account, and partly for the character of the school, as it might injure their establishment were it known that the young ladies practised the habit of walking about the lawn in their night-dresses, in the moonlight. They had an impression that if the girl were suddenly awakened, death or immediate deprivation of sense might be the result; and this led to the attendance of two maid-servants, who were strictly enjoined to follow the footsteps of the somnambulist, to watch that no mishap should occur to her, and to have all doors opened, and the way kept clear for the return of the sleeping pedestrian. This continued for some time. But at length the somnambulist's fancy took a more adventurous turn. Slaters had come to work on the roof of the house, and the sleeping peripatetic evinced a desire to star-gaze. Accordingly, on the next night she turned to the slaters' ladder, and to the horror of her attendants, ascended it, mounted to the roof, and walked along the gutter, with a sloping roof on one side and a low parapet wall on the other. The attendants now became almost frightened out of their wits, and knew not what to do or think. They feared to call out; for return to consciousness in such a place would almost inevitably lead to her stumbling on the roof or falling over the parapet. Their terror was, however, not yet at its height. The somnambulist came to a slight obstruction in the gutter; she paused for a moment, and then, without hesitation, stepped upon the parapet, and continued her walk on the narrow stone coping. A single slip, a false step, would have precipitated her from a height of thirty or forty feet; yet to awaken her would almost certainly have led to the same catastrophe. The sleeping girl continued her walk to the end of the coping, and then turning round, resumed her walk to the dormer window, descended the ladder, reached her bedroom in safety, and lay down in her bed; awaking in the morning quite unconscious of her midnight danger and of her narrow escape.

I was then a very young practitioner in medicine, and was, up to this period, although the medical attendant of the establishment for ordinary cases of illness, not consulted on this perplexing case, as it was naturally desired to keep it concealed; but after the stroll on the parapet wall, and the terror created by it, it was thought that, with the object of preventing a recurrence of a night-walk that might end in some terrible accident, the young lady should be consigned to temporary residence in a private asylum, where there would be always both a night and a day watch. I was taken into consultation next morning, and earnestly discussed the gravity of taking such a step. It would be impossible to keep it secret, and even were it possible, in her waking hours she would look with horror on the coming night, when she should be sent to bed in a strait-waistcoat. In after-years too, when perhaps she might have a young family around her, the thought might arise that she had once been an inmate of such an institution; and the reminiscence would make her miserable. I duly considered all this, and suggested various expedients, such as sedatives, sleeping-draughts, and network to be put round the

bed at night. All, however, had been tried in this instance, and all in vain.

I then thought for a little, and hit upon the following plan. I directed her night-dress to be sewed up at the foot, so that it formed a large bag, and then I had the sleeves lengthened so much that each sleeve, after going round the body, reached the front, where it met the other sleeve, and was securely fastened to it. The whole dress was loose; but the long sleeves prevented the hands from being used to get rid of the dress; while, from the end being sewed up, the feet could not be used in progression. At the same time the dress freely permitted the sleeper to roll about from side to side in her slumber; and thus it differed from the hideous strait-waistcoat then in vogue. Night came, and our charge retired to bed in her new-fangled night-dress, with which she was amused. The usual hour for the night-walk came. Her attendants were strictly enjoined not to stir. She raised herself as usual in the sitting posture, then stood upright, and commenced to walk. The second step was a trip, for the foot behind held the bottom of the bag in which she stood. She stumbled, fell forward, and awoke, and was put back into bed, where she soon fell asleep. Next morning there were no bad consequences except that her face was slightly bruised by the fall. I recommended a continuance of the sleeping-chemise for a short time, as a cautionary measure. And now came a curious change in the phases of the affliction. She would still rise from bed each night, but made no further attempt to walk as before. She would stand erect, and keeping the knees perfectly rigid, spring straight upward from the floor, and thus dance about the room in what was years afterwards known as a popular music-hall dance under the name of the 'Perfect Cure.' This she would continue until thoroughly fatigued, and then retire quietly to bed and to sleep. I am glad to add the case did end truly in a perfect cure without the intervention of strait-waistcoat or private asylum.

This strange state is generally called somnambulism. It is really alternating identity, in which the ordinary state of mind is suspended, and another identity—I do not know what else to call it—takes possession of the individual, and like warp and weft, alternates without mixing, the warp presenting continuity at one time, and the weft the same at another. One of these alternations occurs most often in sleep, when the ordinary mental power is no longer governing, and hence the attack is called somnambulism. The somnambulist will weave the somnambulism of one night with that of the preceding into a continuous warp or weft, and so with the ordinary mental power; and thus the two identities alternate, but do not mix. This alternating identity will, however, occasionally force itself into the waking hours, and thus the two identities divide the unhappy being between them.

A young lady under my observation exhibited an instance of this. For some time a somnambulist, the alternating identity at length became strong enough to intrude upon her waking hours. Her ordinary perceptive and voluntary powers would be suddenly arrested during the day, and whether at music or work—no matter how employed—the interruption was sudden and instantaneous. If at

the piano or harp, voluntary movement ceased at the moment; if walking across the floor, she remained in the position in which she was when it occurred, and remained thus for a longer or shorter time. She would sit at dinner apparently as cheerful and as collected as any one at the table. At the time of which I speak it was customary for guests to take wine 'with one another. A gentleman would ask her to take wine. She bowed her head as was usual; and in raising the glass to her mouth, there suddenly passed over her face and figure a slight but indescribable shudder. She immediately lost all knowledge of those about her, and would address them with names quite foreign to them. This state would continue for two days, until at dinner on the third day she would turn to her relative and say in her natural tone: 'Did you not ask me to take wine?' Her natural state then returned; but those alternations became more frequent and more painful, until at length the unfortunate girl was deprived of the society of all but her nearest relatives.

[Cases of sleep-walking are by no means unfrequent, and the habit sometimes runs in families. In a family with which we are connected, the children, while young, were all more or less addicted to sleep-walking. One of the younger branches, a girl of fifteen, on one occasion rose from her bed, and walking down-stairs, entered the drawing-room, where were assembled a few guests. Fortunately the girl's habit was known to most of the company, who, instead of evincing a horror of the unwonted visitor, treated the matter in a philosophic spirit, and even maintained their usual conversation, as the girl's father took her hand and led her quietly up-stairs to bed. Had the somnambulist been rudely awakened, the consequences might have been serious; and the calm demeanour of the spectators and judicious management of the girl's parent on the occasion we have related, may perhaps act as a hint to others who may be similarly situated. Never awake a sleep-walker if it can possibly be avoided.—Ed.]

ECCENTRIC INVITATIONS.

A FAMOUS philosopher was wont, if we remember aright, to so couch his invitations that those who came to his perfect little dinners were aware beforehand what would be set on the table for their delectation, and at what hour they were expected to take their departure. It was the custom of Marshal Vaillant when Minister of War, to ask the officer on guard for the day to take dinner with him; not by word of mouth or by a polite note, but by a notice in his own handwriting posted up in the guard-room, and invariably running thus: 'Art. 1. The officer on guard is invited to dine at the table of the War Minister. Art. 2. The officer on guard is received by the War Minister, who after shaking hands with him, presents him to the Marshal and the guests. Art. 3. The Marshal always offers his arm to the officer on guard to conduct him to the dining-room. No matter what guests may be present, his place on the left of the Marshal is kept. Art. 4. Avoid offering wine to the Marshal, who only drinks water. Art. 5. On leaving table and going into the smoking-room, accept the cigar

which the Marshal always offers. Art. 6. At the end of half an hour, the Marshal always asks the officer on guard to play a game of whist, which he should refuse, saying that it is his duty to return to his post. He ought therefore to salute the Marshal, and then retire.' Given his choice in the matter, probably the guest would rather have dined with his brother-officers than with the martinet minister.

A host of another sort was George Colman. When the Drury Lane manager sent him a play for revision, he wrote: 'DEAR BUNN—Pray dine with me to-day at half-past five, but come at four; we shall then have time to cut the play before we cut the mutton.' It was no unusual thing with him to put his invitations in rhyme, on one occasion parodying Macheath thus neatly:

'The dinner's prepared, the party is met,
The dishes all ranged, not one is for show.
Then come undismayed, your visit's a debt—
A debt on demand—we won't take a "No."
You'll fare well, good sir, you can't fear a dew,
Contented you'll sleep, 'twill be better for you;
And sleeping you know is the rest of our lives,
And this way we'll try to please both our wives.

Come to Richmond to-morrow to dinner, or you
have lost your Kew for pleasing everybody.—
G. C.'

When Charles Mathews was playing at Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort invited him to pay a visit to Badminton, stating, by way of extra inducement, that two billiard-loving judges were among his guests. Unable to take advantage of the tempting offer, the witty actor replied: 'I regret extremely that my engagements prevent my accepting your Grace's kind invitation, for nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have taken the lives of two judges at pool.' With much more alacrity did a certain man of letters, travelling in the United States, respond to a literary lady's invitation 'to meet some minds at tea' at her house, by expressing his sorrow at being prevented from doing so through having already promised to meet some stomachs at dinner. Whether his excuse shocked American modesty, we do not know; he would have been set down as a very rude man by the English farmer's daughter who, in acknowledging a feminine friend's invitation to go with her to the races, wrote on behalf of herself and sister: 'The energy of the races prompts me to assure you that my request is forbidden, the idea of which I had awkwardly nourished, notwithstanding my propensity to reserve. Mr T. will be there. Let me with confidence assure you that him and brothers will be very happy to meet you and brothers. We girls cannot go for reasons. The attention of the cows claims our assistance in the evening.'

One reason sufficed to account for Lord Fife's non-appearance at a dinner-party at Lady Cork's, to which that lively old lady had asked him, in order that he might meet a newly married dame of whom he had once been an ardent admirer. Instead of receiving the impecunious nobleman, the hostess received a note, which soon went the round of the company. It ran as follows: 'MY DEAR LADY CORK—I cannot express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you. And you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A rascally creditor has had everything I

possess taken from me. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I cannot dine with you.'

Before accepting an invitation, it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland, the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home, and was introduced to his wife. The good-man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter after a little pressing, consented. The good-lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and seeing, as she thought, her husband washing, as was the custom in these days, at the kitchen sink, she seized the family Bible, and approaching stealthily from behind, brought down the ponderous tome upon his bald pate, exclaiming: 'Tak ye *that* for bringing hungry preachers here to dinner every time they come to the parish!' As soon as the assaulted one could get the suds out of his eyes, he looked about him, and after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She too came to the same conclusion when, upon returning to the parlour, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend!

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It is a familiar fact that oxide of iron and sulphide of iron, or iron pyrites, are among the most plentiful of minerals; the element iron having been in the one case mineralised by oxygen, in the other by sulphur. It is known also that the sulphides are combustible; and taking advantage of this characteristic, Mr Hollway has devised a method of utilising sulphides as sources of heat in metallurgical operations. It seems impossible that a metal should smelt itself; but Mr Hollway's paper, read last session at the Society of Arts, clearly proves that this is what he proposes. He has shewn by experiments in a Bessemer converter that his theory is sound; but for complete success in practice, a special kind of furnace and smelting-works will be necessary. A furnace that can be heated without coal will be a surprising spectacle, and may be always at work, so abundant are the supplies of the peculiar fuel. 'The largest deposits of coal,' says Mr Hollway, 'existing in various parts of the world are, perhaps, more than rivalled as sources of latent heat by the natural sulphides, abundant in every country, occurring in almost every vein, constituting in fact a material portion of the earth's crust.' At the Rio Tinto mines in Spain, from one and a half to two million tons of pyrites are dug out every year. In the slow roasting, lasting some months, to which it is afterwards subject, great part of the sulphur and metals which it contains is wasted. Mr Hollway's process, on the other hand, by driving a stream of air (oxygen) through the mass effects the separation in a few minutes. He starts his furnace, with ignited coke, feeds in the material to be smelted, turns on the

blast; and an intense heat may be maintained for weeks without addition of coke or coal. But coal is required for the steam-engine which creates the blast.

The furnace would be so constructed as to arrest the volatile substances that in ordinary circumstances fly off as vapour. These substances include arsenious sulphide, lead sulphide, oxide of zinc, and sulphide of thallium. And here we are informed that 'three hundred thousand tons of pyrites would produce seventy-two thousand tons of crude sulphur, and one hundred and twenty thousand tons of sulphurous acid;' and these are products which can always be sold at a profit. Another advantage of Mr Hollway's process is that it is not noxious, as the process is at the copper-works near Swansea and at the Rio Tinto works, where the vegetation of the neighbourhood is poisoned and destroyed by the deadly fumes.

The chemist of the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, after an examination of the coals of that State, reports that some of them contain large quantities of phosphorus, which accounts for the failure of attempts to convert pig-iron into steel. Pure fuel, he remarks, 'is as much a necessity as pure ores, though hitherto iron-men have paid comparatively little attention to this point.'

At a meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, Mr W. E. Garforth gave an account of a method of blasting coal in mines by means of compressed air, whereby the risk attending the use of gunpowder is obviated. With a portable machine of simple construction, which can be worked by two men, he gets a pressure of more than fourteen thousand pounds to the square inch. The cartridge, an iron tube, is drilled into the coal; the pipe from the compressor is connected, the air is forced in, and, in the experiments hitherto made, the cartridge bursts, and the coal falls before a pressure of ten thousand pounds to the inch is reached. When coal is brought down by firing a charge of gunpowder, half an hour or more is wasted while the smoke drifts away from the working, before the miners can resume their labour; whereas the sudden expansion of the compressed air may be regarded as beneficial. To obviate the objection that the labour of working the compressor in the heated air of a mine would be exhausting, Mr Garforth proposes to fill receivers with compressed air above ground, or at the foot of the shaft, then transport them to the several workings, and there burst the cartridges by liberating the imprisoned air. It is said that this method is more expensive than blasting by gunpowder; but there is much in its favour; and considering the appalling loss of life of late years in coal-mines, the government Commission appointed last session to inquire into the subject will in all probability recommend that the use of gunpowder should be forbidden.

'The Showspeed,' an instrument invented by Mr J. M. Napier of Lambeth, offers an advantage to all employers of machinery in motion. A

circular cup is mounted on a spindle so constructed that it may be put into connection with a machine, an engine, or a moving body of any kind. A glass tube, after the manner of a barometer tube, rises from the cup; a given quantity of mercury is poured in; and when the cup rotates, the mercury rises in the tube, and by means of a float indicates the speed of the machine, the carriage, or the locomotive to which the Showspeed is for the time attached. The float rises and falls with every variation. Similarly the rate of motion of a current, a river, or of a waterfall may be measured, and read off at a glance, if the scale be suitably inscribed.

Rockets of different kinds to be used as signals have been tried at Woolwich with satisfactory results. The distress signal is fired from a socket fixed to the deck or bulwarks of a ship; it rises to a height of six hundred feet, then bursts with a bright light, which can be seen at seven miles' distance, and a report loud enough to be heard at thirteen miles. The advantage of this rocket over the usual signal of distress—firing a gun, is obvious; and further, it can be fired by means of a lanyard and friction tube, no light or match being necessary. Of another kind is the sound signal intended as a warning to ships where there is risk of collision; and another is a sound signal for use on shore in darkness or in foggy weather. Now that such efficient signals are provided, let us hope that vigilance and readiness on the part of those for whom they are designed will not be lacking.

Ballooning will henceforth form a part of the art of war, for, by order of the War Office, a balloon equipment has been placed in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. Two balloons for experimental purposes, and a portable furnace for the manufacture of hydrogen gas, are in commission; and a party of men and officers of the Royal Engineers have been instructed in aerostatics, and in the preparation of network and other appliances required in actual service. Among these is a kind of rope not more than half an inch thick, but of such strength that it will bear a strain of three tons, which may be expected to do good work with the grappling-irons. The balloons and all the appurtenances have been made within the Arsenal, so that ample supplies can be produced as required in working out the important aeronautical question. That balloons may be employed with great advantage in war, has already been demonstrated. To look down into an enemy's camp, or to spy out his movements behind a ridge or in the rear of a wood, may tend to the defeat of his plans and the shortening of a campaign; and this may be done by means of a captive balloon. But very much more might be done if a free balloon could be made to sail in any direction; and this is the problem which the Royal Engineers and the Aeronautical Society have now to work out.

The Registrar-general in taking leave of office

in a farewell Report, states concerning marriages, that in addition to all those persons married in churches, there are sixty thousand each year married in chapels, and forty thousand in registry offices. Before 1838, the only documents recognised as attempting the date of birth were the parish registers of baptism kept by ministers of the established church, but they furnished no real proof of the exact age of the infants whose baptisms were recorded. But during the last forty years the actual date of birth has been registered together with full particulars as to parents and locality; and about nine hundred thousand of these births are annually recorded. A similar practice prevails as regards deaths, for the entry in the Civil Register includes the place and cause of death, the exact names, occupation, and age of the deceased; and more than five hundred thousand of these deaths are registered every year. Accuracy is so important, that the records are protected by law, attempts to falsify them being punishable by imprisonment. These are improvements on which the Registrar-general looks back with satisfaction; and he acknowledges his obligations to the registration officers who so long furnished him periodically, and with 'marvellous punctuality,' with the returns which enabled him to publish his weekly and quarterly Reports—'returns for which they receive no remuneration.'

Further, the Registrar tells us that London proper contains three-and-a-half million inhabitants, or, including the outer ring of the suburbs, four-and-a-half millions; a number equal to the aggregate population of Berlin, Paris, St Petersburg, and Vienna. The area of this great city is one hundred and twenty-two square miles, with twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty-two people to the square mile; and the fact that with so dense a population the general health is so good, may be accepted as evidence that the sanitary arrangements of the great city are not badly cared for.

The beneficial effects of salicylic acid as a medicine have been much discussed in the medical journals since 1875, when the acid was first administered as a remedy for rheumatism. Its antiseptic properties render it useful in eruptive diseases, in diphtheria; and it has the further advantage when properly made, of being colourless and tasteless. It kills bacteria and other animalcules, and destroys the unpleasant odour of wounds. Professor Kolbe of Leipzig, in his many experiments with the acid, found that rain or river water containing one-twenty-thousandth of a grain thereof would keep sweet in a warm room four weeks or more, while similar water not so treated soon became unpleasant to the taste. This was confirmed by an experiment on a large scale; water charged with one gramme of salicylic acid to twenty litres was placed on board ship for a year's voyage; and was found sweet and free from organic matter when at the end the casks were opened. Milk treated with the acid remains sweet more than a day longer than without it. Eggs after a bath of the acidified water, keep sweet for months in a dry place; and meat sprinkled with the powdered acid and packed in a jar acquires no unpleasant odour. Wine may be kept from turning sour by the use of the acid;

brewers find it useful in some of their processes; and its property of preventing putrefaction is turned to account in the making of glue and other manufactures.

In the *Transactions of the Pennsylvania Medical Society*, Dr J. T. Carpenter endeavours to prove that constitutional diseases have a local origin. He thinks that 'small-pox is a bilious' fever, and that the liver is the starting-point of that disease as well as of yellow-fever.

There are two classes of insects which make a buzzing when they fly—those known to entomologists as *Diptera* and *Hymenoptera*. How is the buzzing produced? is a question that has been often asked. A French naturalist has answered it in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The buzz combines a deep and a sharp sound. The deep sound proceeds from the wing, provided that the vibrations are sufficiently rapid. The sharp sound, usually an octave above the other, is produced within the thorax, as has been ascertained by experiment. A supposition prevailed that it was due to the passage of the air through the stigmata and the vibration of their valvules; but these openings have been stopped with bird-lime, and yet the sharp sound continues. It keeps on even when the wings are cut off. The explanation is, that the insect still endeavours to fly, and employing the wing muscles, occasions vibrations of the thorax, and thereby produces the sharp sound, more or less intense, according to the size of the insect.

Mr Clairefond, a Frenchman, has published a small book, the title of which translated is *A New Application of the A, B, C, or a Physiological Study on the Origin of Language*. He revives the argument that the earliest attempts at human speech were imitations of natural sounds or the cries of animals; and he contends that out of recollections and repetitions of those sounds the names of certain natural phenomena, and of animals and other objects, originated. He finds numerous examples in the French language, and thinks that proofs might be found in other languages if search were made, and suggests that the Geographical Society of Paris might furnish instructions to their travellers to collect from among the natives of different countries all the sounds traceable to the source indicated above. Mr Clairefond is of opinion that the series of sounds, words, and expressions thus collected would aid in the discovery of the origin of language. Taken in connection with natural sounds, the origin of words in our own language—such as thunder, sigh, whisper—becomes evident.

Dr Oppert, Professor of Sanskrit at Madras, has published a learned book *On the Classification of Languages: a contribution to Comparative Philology*. After giving a sketch of the history of philology, the author divides languages into concrete and abstract; and corroborates this distinction by the absence and presence in these two classes of grammatical gender. The further subdivision, as he remarks, 'into heterologous and homologous concrete languages, and into digeneous and trigeneous abstract languages, is a logical outcome of the adopted system.' Instead of seeking examples in a 'few privileged groups of languages,' the Doctor prints tables which contain instances of 'more than a thousand varieties of speech.'

Architectural Foliage is the title of an instruc-

tive and suggestive paper read before the Institute of British Architects by Mr Colling, who endeavours therein to lay down true principles of decoration. Too often foliage and flowers are simply stuck upon a building without any regard to fitness, and consequently to the detriment of architecture. 'In all early forms of art,' he remarks, 'we find plain surfaces invariably used for the development of painting or sculpture. In the Egyptian and Assyrian, walls were made eloquent by hieroglyphics and sculpture embracing animal and vegetable forms. In the Indian, Persian, Moresque, and the Arabian, we observe that the same principle was adopted, and that the buildings and other works of those nations were literally covered with elegant combinations of foliated form, and plain moulded work is scarcely to be found. Yet all these elaborate enrichments were not added to or upon the works, but were taken out of them, and therefore did not destroy their breadth or character.' Those four words 'taken out of them,' deserve especial consideration; they embody the art and mystery of architectural decoration. Ornament when not spontaneous is a disfigurement. If architects will bear this fact in mind, and avoid copying nature in a purposeless way, but by patient study and observation arrive at a knowledge of 'her variety of form, of her regularity and irregularity, and of her geometrical uniformity,' they will discover 'certain art-principles on which she works, and which alone are of any worth to the true artist.'

In another paper Mr P'Anson gives an account of the recent excavations in the Forum at Rome, by which remarkable discoveries of ancient structures have been made in that renowned precinct. Descriptions of the various relics are given, and their situation can be identified by a lithographed plan. 'On the north-eastern side of the Via Sacra,' we are told, 'formerly stood the Tabernæ or shops of the Forum, originally founded by King Tarquinius Priscus; they were naturally then required for the trades generally carried on in a market-place; hence the butchers' stalls, from one of which Virginius took the knife to stab his daughter. The schools for children were also among the shops in the Forum, and it is said to be there that Appius Claudius first saw Virginia reading.'

To readers who have been accustomed to associate largeness of space with greatness of power, Mr P'Anson's concluding remarks will be a surprise. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is, I think, more striking, considering how large a portion Roman history fills in the history of the civilised world, than the small area within which the scenes of this history were enacted. The Forum of Rome was the focus of all, and the Forum of Rome is not actually larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Via Sacra through which we are told the Emperors passed—followed by captive potentates—with the trophies of victory, and long trains of armed warriors and slaves; where, on their way to the Capitol, the victorious Emperors proceeded to solemnise their triumphs with religious rites—and the captive kings were led to their prisons; where the great annual religious processions of the people, carrying their images and their gods, passed on their way to the Palatine Hill: this great thoroughfare of imperial Rome was only twelve feet wide.'

STORY OF A CORN-CRAKE.

The landrail or 'corn-crake' usually frequents and makes its nest amongst the long meadow-grass, generally depositing from four to six or seven eggs, and sometimes as many as nine or ten. The broods are often too young to escape before the cutting begins, and the machine makes sad havoc among them; the bewildering, sharp 'clack-clack' of the machinery seems to stupefy both mother and young ones, so that the poor things are often maimed or killed. In August last, while cutting down a field of grass, a corn-crake was observed to rise close in front of the machine and to flutter back and forward, crying pitifully; but as it was impossible to stop before the scythe had passed over the spot, it was concluded the little creatures had been killed; but on looking round at the spot soon after, the mother was noticed where the nest had been, and presently she came out to the open field carrying in her beak a small dark object, which on following her, was found to be a young crane, evidently not more than an hour or two out of the shell, and too young to walk or run, but happily uninjured by the machinery. The old bird now laid down her helpless young one, and returned, apparently to look for the rest of the brood. The workman, however, having meantime found another, laid it beside the first, which doubtless the mother removed to a safe place, as on looking for them soon afterwards, all of them had disappeared.

A U T U M N.

The rich autumnal shadows fall;
The first brown leaf wheels slowly down;
And all along the orchard wall
The mosses gather deeper brown.

Through all the rounded golden hours
No sound steals in from village street;
Alone the chimes from distant towers
Float hourly through my still retreat.

Across the vale, the rugged hills
Are starting from their Summer gloom,
And bursting heather glows and fills
Their skyward curves with purple bloom.

Again with Autumn comes the time
When you and I would cross the vale,
And reach the mountain foot, and climb
Till stars renewed the evening tale.

I wander still where Nature haunts
Her secret places seldom sought;
But even Nature something wants—
A subtle something, deeply wrought.

And here alone I sit, and now
Thy voice is hushed; but those dear eyes
That flashed beneath thy brave boy-brow
Are haunting me as daylight dies.

The sun slopes slowly to his rest,
This soft September afternoon,
Till all the colour leaves the west,
And steep the world in twilight gloom.

J. S.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 814.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE FREE HOSPITAL SYSTEM.

TWELVE months ago, in an article, 'Mischievous Philanthropy,' we drew attention to the abuses arising from the establishment of free dispensaries and hospitals. We attempted to shew that the lavish way in which these so-called charities were administered tended to demoralise not only the native inhabitants of large cities, but the masses of strangers whom they attracted from distant parts of the country. It was stated on good authority that owing to the drain upon them, twenty-eight hospitals in the metropolis were urgently in want of funds. Since that time, matters have been going from bad to worse. The fact is at length discovered, which might have been found out long ago, that the system of almost indiscriminate admission to the benefits of medical hospitals is wrong in principle; that a large number of patients, probably more than one half, are able to pay something towards the cure of their ailments; and that gratuitous relief, besides imposing an unnecessary burden on the community, is a direct encouragement of improvidence.

The mischief effected in various ways by this kind of wastefulness is evidently dawning on the public. One of the latest demonstrations of dissatisfaction is rather curious. A deputation of medical and other gentlemen waited on the Home Secretary to ask for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the management of the large hospitals, with a view to a reform in the system complained of. This strikes us as a strange method of trying to reform an abuse which is purely voluntary. If there be a consciousness that the hospitals are badly conducted, let the contributors provide a remedy by simply challenging the rules, and, if need be, stopping the supplies. The government, as far as we can see, has nothing to do with the matter. Should it be desirable to arouse and concentrate public opinion, this could be accomplished by the leading municipal authority placing itself at the head of the movement. Such would naturally occur to any

one out of London. The meeting with the Home Secretary, however, was not thrown away. It evoked a few striking particulars. Among these was the estimate that upwards of a million persons obtained gratuitous hospital relief in London every year. This statement, which was equivalent to saying that one in four of the population were medically pauperised, shewed the great extent to which the abuse had grown. Sir William Gull urged 'that there was great room for inquiry into the hospital management of London, as charity was wasted upon those who should not receive it.' Referring to the out-patient or dispensary system, Sir Charles Trevelyan said: 'The out-patient departments of hospitals were thronged by persons with ailments which might be regarded as certain to come to human nature. The large numbers had grown through hospitals advertising the "numbers relieved;" and it was stated that as many as one million four hundred thousand went to the London hospitals in a year. The system was stimulated by "subscribers' letters;" manufacturers who had put down their names for a five-pound or ten-pound subscription gave their well-paid workmen letters of recommendation to hospitals, and in return got fifty times the value of what they paid. Noblemen and gentlemen at the West End paid a guinea, and sometimes as much as five (a laugh), to an institution; but they sent their highly-paid butlers, housekeepers, and ladies-maids as patients in return.'

In reply to the various speakers, the Home Secretary said he should advise 'the large hospitals to set before themselves the task of remedying the abuses of which the deputation had spoken.' This was common-sense. It is the duty of the hospitals to set about that kind of reform in their management which would check the outlay on patients who are able and perhaps not altogether unwilling to contribute towards the board and medical attendance now offered to them gratuitously. We do not expect, however, that the larger and well-established hospitals will readily concur in ingrafting rules for payment on the old pauperising arrangements. It is generally

out of their way to do so. A more eligible proceeding would consist in organising associations for promoting methods of treatment by regulated annual fees, under the name of Provident Hospitals or Provident Dispensaries. The idea of such a thing will not, of course, meet with the approval of wild philanthropists, whose sole notion of doing good is to give for nothing, and saddle the expenses on voluntary contributories, or on ratepayers.

In this as in some other departments of social economics, the provinces, and even some of the colonial possessions, have got ahead of London. Less governed by routine than the metropolis, they have here and there struck out the idea of organising Provident Dispensaries. Take one or two examples. A correspondent of the *Hampshire Telegraph* wrote as follows, November 1878: 'I have always looked with the greatest interest on the movement to establish Provident Dispensaries throughout the country, and believing it to be one great means for enabling the working classes to obtain medical assistance without in any way pauperising them or lowering their manly independence, wish it the most entire success. I shall be very glad should the Provident Dispensary lately opened at Landport develop into something really worthy of this large town. I will not stop to inquire what may have been the motive which prompted the starting of this Dispensary, but would instead urge those connected with it to consider whether they could not join with the hospital authorities, and elaborate, as at Manchester and some other places, a Provident Dispensary Association, which might benefit the whole place. We want, not one, but half a dozen of these Dispensaries, and the Out-patient Department of the hospital should be, as at Plymouth, the principal of these. Thinking men are more and more convinced that the free out-patient work at hospitals is in reality a great mistake—that it is a charity vastly abused by many who ought to pay a medical man; and it is notorious that, with the best intentions, it is simply impossible for the out-patient physician and surgeons to give that proper attention which each case demands to the crowds which apply for aid. Many remedies have been sought for this, which I will not now enter into; but one of these, which has met with much success, is to change the Out-patient Department into a Provident Dispensary. Is it too much to hope that the question I have raised may be at least discussed by the hospital authorities in conjunction with those interested in the Provident Dispensary just started in Commercial Road? There are many points which would require most careful consideration; but the main conditions of success are: That those only should be permitted to become paying members whose wages are such that they cannot in any other way afford to pay a medical man, and yet who ought to be above being attended gratis. That each member should have the choice of his medical attendant.

That the whole of the medical men of these towns should be consulted, and should have the option of being placed on the staff of the proposed Dispensaries.' Here is the true ring of a thrift-loving anti-pauperising Englishman.

It is interesting to note that a Scottish church mission on Mount Lebanon has besides training the young, successfully introduced a paying medical dispensary. On this subject Dr Carslaw reports as follows: 'The work of the dispensary has been more hopeful during the year 1878 than in the two previous years. The medical treatment has been more appreciated, and the people are now paying willingly for their medicines, and that is saying a great deal for the Syrians.

'The dispensary is open at three o'clock in the afternoon. Each patient comes to the table in turn, has his or her symptoms inquired into, and gets the necessary prescription, which is made up by one of my two assistants. Most of the people now pay full price for their medicines, but there are many cases too poor to pay—these get them free. The most common diseases treated in the dispensary have been fevers, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, dysentery, rheumatism, bronchitis, pneumonia, &c. Fractures have been pretty numerous, and among them were two cases of fractured skull. Wounds, especially of the head and face, were very numerous, caused chiefly by falls upon the sharp rocks and stones so plentiful in Lebanon.'

Perhaps partly owing to the discouragement from the Home Secretary, a conference of several public bodies connected with charities took place in Cannon Street Hotel on the evening of the 21st June, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of establishing a metropolitan association to provide for the ordinary medical treatment of the industrial classes on self-supporting principles, in due relation to the hospitals. We quote as follows from the newspapers. 'There was a large attendance. Mr Stansfeld, M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr Holmes, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Canon Clarke, Mr Hamilton Hoare, Dr Fairlie Clarke, and others. Mr Stansfeld, in the course of his opening remarks, said he believed that the time might yet come when parliament might say to itself the only charity, the only system of gratuitous assistance which the law can permit to exist and encourage must be a charity wisely administered, so as not to create pernicious habits of dependence and pauperism, but to make people help themselves. The reforms they were invited to inaugurate could only be established by the determined co-operation of the members of the industrial classes themselves, but they were necessary because the hospital system of London was on the point of breaking down. The strain upon the limited number of the wealthy, charitable, and generous was becoming almost too heavy, and indoor and outdoor relief had become largely indiscriminate. The object the conference had before it was to provide dispensaries all over London, where young but com-

petent medical men could each receive a limited number of patients, act to them as family doctors did to the middle and upper classes, visiting them at their homes, and when they came to very serious cases, referring them to the hospitals with which the dispensaries were affiliated. Sir Charles Trevelyan moved a resolution, seconded by Mr Byne, and carried with only one dissentient, in favour of the establishment of a metropolitan association for the purpose of providing for the ordinary medical treatment of the industrial classes on provident principles, in due relation to the hospitals. Mr Timothy Holmes, St George's Hospital, moved the appointment of a representative committee of fifteen members to prepare rules, to be submitted to a subsequent meeting; which after some discussion was agreed to.'

Here is the promise of something being done in the right direction, though it remains to be seen whether the movement so initiated will be conspicuously successful. The metropolis is difficult to move. We trust that no effort will be spared, through the agency of the press and otherwise, to secure support for the newly formed association. We have likewise some hope that medical practitioners will lend their aid in promoting a Hospital and Dispensary system which shall embrace the principle of paying for medical relief by classes of persons who have hitherto shrunk from their proper obligations. We know no order of professional men who are called on to give so much of their valuable time for nothing, as medical practitioners generally. What they do gratuitously, not only for hospitals but for crowds of outdoor patients who seek their advice, is altogether marvellous. On one occasion, we heard a skilled and kind-hearted medical man say that for his ministrations among persons who were really well off he rarely received any remuneration—that if all who sought and received his advice were to give him only a shilling each, he should realise a thousand a year! In short, the shabbiest shifts, imaginable are resorted to for the purpose of shirking payment to the doctor. On the public at large, therefore, rests the obligation of, in all cases, paying for medicine and medical attendance where practicable. Where there is the misfortune of utter poverty, the dispensation of charitable relief is of course a duty which no one can reasonably challenge.

Possibly, the subject has never been thoroughly pressed on general consideration. London is proud of its hospitals, supported by voluntary contribution. They offer a noble instance of what may be done by private and unobtrusive generosity. The same feeling prevails elsewhere. A large town with incalculable energy manages to build and complete a hospital, or infirmary, on a more than usually grand scale, and points to the vast numbers whom it gratuitously shelters and relieves. Not a thought is given to the fact that as administered it is a gigantic means of pauperisation. Doubtless, while doing much good, and while serviceable to medical science, it evidently has a

demoralising tendency. To be unqualifiedly proud of such an institution, is about as ridiculous as to be proud of having a large and always well-filled prison or workhouse, which in either case should properly be matter for humiliation and regret.

Viewed in the light now brought under notice, the free hospital system clearly stands in need of reform. Without in the slightest degree repressing charitable aid where it is absolutely necessary, and where it is especially needed in cases of emergency, the public, on seeing the matter in its true light, are bound to further any reasonable scheme for lessening the burden of free hospitals and free dispensaries, by establishing processes of payment on a modified scale suitable to the means of the classes who ordinarily depend on hospital assistance. We are aware this may not be a popular advice; but it is at all events consistent with moral and economical principles, and at the present conjuncture is certainly worth thinking of.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLII.—RALPH SWART'S RIDE.

It was the second day after that which had witnessed Sir Lucius Larpent's second and disastrous visit to the Mawth Mill, and towards noon, that the Black Miller rode clattering into the stony streets of Treport. He put up his horse at a small inn frequented by farmers from the country round, and strode off on foot, choosing such thoroughfares as were the loneliest, and making his way towards a remote part of the little seaport town. He had an appointment to keep. On the previous day he had himself posted at Tregunnow a letter which was to give notice to the person with whom he desired to confer to be in readiness at the trying-place he had selected. And from what he knew of Salem Jackson, he had little doubt but that the Americanised Cornishman would readily fall in with his views.

It was a wet, wild day. Fierce gusts of wind, chasing before them, like hunted creatures, the blurred and ragged masses of the clouds, swept at intervals over land and sea, and heavy showers succeeded to them; while those who were reputed weather-wise predicted a coming storm that should play havoc with farm-stock and shipping alike. As it was, the bad weather of the last two weeks had deluged the low-lying lands, and converted brooks into rivers, and trickling rills into brooks. The mill-stream at Pen Mawth was so swollen that the mill had ceased working, and labourers had been employed during the whole of the preceding day in repairing the dam and strengthening the sluice. But in the morning the Black Miller had risen early, had prepared his own rude breakfast, and saddled his own horse, and ridden slowly off through the dim light of the wintry dawn, locking the door of his house, and marking it with a broad cross in chalk, by which token the hind who acted as his servant would learn that for that day his customary household duties need not be discharged.

Ralph Swart had but seldom been in Treport, some five or six times perhaps, during the many years of his residence at Pen Mawth. But he was one of those men whose powers of observation are quick, and their memory for localities tenacious. Few natives of the little coast-town, Treporters

born and bred, could have found their way more unerringly among the devious by-ways, the stairs, and alleys that intersected the outskirts of the place, than did the dangerous tenant of the Mawth Mill. And at last he reached the spot which he had selected as the scene of his conference with the kindred spirit whom he had chosen to aid him in his dark designs. Nothing would have been easier than to have arranged for an interview in a private parlour of some tavern or inn. But the Black Miller preferred, like the Douglas of old, rather to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, and mistrusted partitions and doors, as convenient hiding-places for surreptitious eaves-droppers.

It has been mentioned that there was a lane, winding upwards between high banks, and which furnished the shortest path, although steep and rugged, from the beach to the environs of Llosthuel Court. It was up this lane, the lower end of which almost skirted old Captain Trawl's garden hedge, that Hugh Ashton had wended his way when, before quitting Treport, he sought one parting look at Mand's windows, from beyond the fence of Lady Larpent's rose-garden. A quieter spot than this, or one in which conversation was less liable to interruption, could not easily have been found so near Treport; for the dwellings bordering on the lane occurred only at rare intervals, and the foot-passengers who traversed it were rarer still.

It so happened that Rose Trawl, a little basket on her arm, came tripping lightly down this winding lane, returning from some household errand, when suddenly, as she was about to turn an angle of the rocky road, she heard what made her stop as abruptly as if by magic art her feet had become rooted to the ground. The words she heard were: 'This Hugh Ashton, fine fellow as they think him, will get the worst of it for once, ho, ho! the worst of it for once!' The speech was ambiguous; but there was that in the deep, hoarse voice that uttered it which made Rose Trawl's heart almost cease to beat, so fraught did it seem with malice and menace.

'He can't get worse than I wish him,' said another voice, higher and shriller, and which Rose fancied that she had heard before. 'Confound him! if this had been New Orleans instead of Treport, I'd have settled scores with him long ago, for getting me sacked from the steamer. But bowie-knives don't pay, in this benighted old island, boss!'

Rose rallied all her courage, and, herself unseen, peering cautiously round the cover of the rock, saw the two men to a portion of whose conversation she had listened. One was a stranger, a large-made, powerful man of middle age, with a dark, stern face, booted and spurred, and with a heavy whip under his arm. He held a written paper in his hand, which the other, who was dressed as a seaman, and in whom Rose recognised Salem Jackson the mutineer, was in the act of receiving from him. One glimpse was enough, and then the girl cowered down behind the rock, like a hare in its form. Would they murder her, this pair of evil companions, if they detected her in the act of listening to the details of the wicked plot against her good friend and former guest, Hugh Ashton? It seemed not unlikely; but then had not Providence sent her there to frustrate the conspiracy, and should she not be brought un-

harmed out of the peril of the moment! She held her breath, and waited to hear more.

'This is better than bowie-knives!' said the tall dark man, authoritatively. 'Do not lose this paper, with the address of the inn at Bullbury, and let us consider it a bargain. The contents of the cash-box are your perquisite. The hundred pounds you shall have as soon as you have earned them by bringing about the ruin of the man you hate. Let me know for certain that Hugh Ashton has left Hollow Oak Station with iron bracelets round his wrists, a disgraced man for life, and you shall have the sum I mentioned, all in gold. Here are five sovereigns for expenses.' And the money clinked as it was put into the sailor's ready palm.

'All right, Ralph Swart!' exclaimed Salem Jackson joyfully. 'A bargain it is. But I can tell you, Mr Swart, or Grewler, I don't do it as much for the yellow shiners, as to be revenged on that coxcomb of a Captain, forsooth! And a fine vengeance too!'

'Ay, and safe!' muttered his confederate, in a tone of ill-disguised contempt. 'Drop me a line at Pen Mawth Mill, near Tregunnow Churchtown, to say when the job is done.'

And then, to Rose's inexpressible relief, the two voices and the footsteps of the speakers died away gradually in the distance. But although the rain, which had set in again, beat heavily upon her crouching form, the girl did not dare to rise and continue her homeward route until many minutes had elapsed.

Meanwhile the Black Miller, having parted with his accomplice, made his way in the same circuitous fashion as that which he had previously adopted, back to the inn where he had left his horse. He dined alone, eating voraciously, as was his wont, and drank deeply afterwards, chuckling to himself, as he sat at his solitary table, his hat drawn down over his massive brows, and a glass of stiff grog before him, while the storm increased, and the short-lived daylight waned. Then he called for his bill, and ordered his horse.

'A rough, wild night, squire,' said the wondering hostler, as he brought round the horse to the inn-door.

'Who cares!' answered Ralph Swart with an oath, as he swung himself into the saddle, and clattered up the street, and out into the open country.

A wild night it was, and a toilsome ride that lay before him. The shrieking wind swept by with furious force, and the blinding rain fell in such sheets, and with such violence, that it was hard to make head against it. The horse the Black Miller rode, a thorough-bred, purchased cheaply from Sir Lucius Larpent, and always vicious tempered, reared and swerved in a manner that would have unseated an average horseman. Again and again did the terrified horse refuse to face the storm, and each time his rider forced him on, at a hand-gallop, in the teeth of howling wind and driving rain. The tempest seemed to gain in strength as Ralph Swart left Treport and the coast behind, and crossed the moorlands, rolling far away inland. The very road was like a lake, while great pools of water had collected in the lower fields, and still the rain fell, and still the wind rushed by with a sound like the cry of wolves clamorous for their prey.

Strangely enough, the spirits of the Black Miller seemed to rise as he confronted the fury of the storm. He sang snatches of old half-forgotten songs, and laughed with a grim enjoyment of the tumult of the elements, and of his own iron nerves and iron frame, that rendered him indifferent to all. The snorting horse in vain tried to break from the control of the rider, in vain plunged and reared, swerving across the flooded road, and straining at the bit. Ralph Swart merely laughed, and spurred on, firm in his saddle, as though he had been a centaur indeed.

Presently the landscape grew more familiar. To the left were a few scattered lights, that must proceed from the windows of Tregunnow Churchtown. To the right, dimly descried through the shadows of night, rose an ungainly black mass, that could be no other than the Hill of Death, looming far over the dismal landscape that it crowned. Near the road were strewn rubbish-heaps uncounted, piled up, as Ralph Swart well knew, near the yawning mouth of many a worked-out mine. It was with a sort of chuckle of self-congratulation that he remembered the visit of Sir Lucius, and how it ended. He had done that day another stroke of business, had blighted—so he hoped—the life of one who had indeed harmed him in nothing, but whose existence was to him a standing source of danger. What cared he for wet or mire, or the toil of the long ride! His jaded horse went quietly enough beneath him now.

How loud was the roar of the mill-stream, as it rushed, torrent-like, down the ghastly ravine, topped by frowning crags, in which his mill was built! But here was the mill itself now, and his journey was over. Dismounting, Ralph Swart led his weary horse into the shed that did duty for a stable, unsaddled it, and, replacing the bridle by a halter, tossed a measure of corn into the manger, and shook down some marsh-hay into the clumsy rack. Then, carrying the stable lantern, which it had been his first care to light, in his hand, he shut the door of the shed, and entered his own house, the door of which he locked, barred, and bolted with his usual jealous care. How loud was the roar of the mill-stream as it rushed, washing and gurgling among the stones hard by! Never had the Black Miller heard it sound so portentous during all the years of his tenancy of the Mill of Death.

CHAPTER XLIII.—ROSE WRITES TO MAUD.

Rose Trawl's very natural terror, so long as she ran the risk of being discovered in her hiding-place behind the rock by those with regard to whom she had involuntarily played the part of a spy, gave place, so soon as she had gained the security of her own home, to an equally natural indignation. She trembled now, not for herself, but for gallant Hugh Ashton, knowing, as she did, that the very frankness of the young man's generous nature was likely to render it the more easy for his enemies to insnare him to his ruin. That the pair of conspirators whose talk she had overheard were not likely to be restrained by any scruples, she could well believe. Salem Jackson bore but an indifferent character in his native place, and although reputed more untrustworthy than truculent, was known to have uttered threats

at the bar of more than one public-house against his former Captain.

By far the most dangerous of Hugh's unsuspected foes, so Rose deemed, was the Black Miller. That shrewd, massive face, swarthy as that of a Spaniard, and lit up by those baleful eyes, was not readily to be forgotten. Ralph Swart was one of those men whose daring it is impossible for the most casual observer to doubt, and whose strength and cunning would forbid the boldest to despise their enmity. Hugh must be warned. Hugh must be saved. But how? Rose could not venture to tell her ailing grandfather, whose health had lately altered for the worse, what she had overheard. 'He should be kept quiet,' the doctor had said; and besides, the old sea-captain, as unsuspecting as a child by temperament and habit, was by no means the sort of counsellor in such a strait as this.

Lady Larpent was the personage whose image next rose up in poor Rose's bewildered imagination; but there were two reasons why an appeal to the strong-willed Lady of Llosthuel seemed to be out of the question. It had filtered round somehow, through small tradesfolk and through the servants at the Court, that the Dowager's early liking and esteem for Hugh Ashton had changed, for some inexplicable reason, into frigid disapprobation. And then Lady Larpent was known to be in trouble just then, concerning the unaccountable disappearance of her eldest son, Sir Lucius, relating to whom all manner of vague and alarming reports were in circulation. To whom, then, could Rose turn, save to her betrothed husband, Will Farleigh! But the young ornithologist was absent just then, on one of his professional rambles in search of rare specimens that would be acceptable to collectors; and a day, and the better part of another, were thus unavoidably lost.

When Will Farleigh did come back, and heard his sweetheart's story, pretty Rose had no need to complain of the lack of sympathy. That Hugh Ashton—dear, brave Hugh—the man who had saved his life, and whose friendship he felt to be an honour, should be threatened by hidden foes, with some cowardly vengeance half explained, was enough to awaken every manly impulse in the bird-hunter's nature.

'Swart—Ralph Swart—and Pen Mawth Mill—you are quite sure of those names, Rose dear?'

Yes; Rose was quite sure.

'Well,' said Will thoughtfully, 'I have heard tell in the country, inland, of such a mill, and of such a man, and never heard any good of either. But did not the other scamp, Salem Jackson, call this Swart by another name—I did not catch that?'

Yes; Rose was certain that she had heard the Black Miller addressed by two names. One was Swart. The other was Grewler.

'But then, what do they intend to do? It can't be murder, because of what was said about iron bracelets!' said Will, staring hard at a beam which spanned the ceiling, as if he hoped to find an explanation written there.

'Salem Jackson did talk of bowie-knives!' said Rose gravely.

'But Salem Jackson's more brag than do!' returned her affianced one. 'He's but a coward, slippery as he is. I happened to hear him, a fort-

night ago, abusing Captain Hugh at the *Blue Anchor*, and I promised him a set of aching bones if he dared breathe a word against a man whose little finger was worth Salem's whole body. He was the bigger of the two, but he only looked black, and slunk out. No; if he does mischief, it'll be by stealth, and in a sneaking way, as suits him.'

'But the other—that Swart, or whatever he is—he looked wicked, but bold as a black lion!' objected Rose.

'Ay, that, if all tales be true, is a bird of another hackle!' answered her lover meditatively. 'But then, Rose, as luck will have it, your black lion does not seem to care to go to Dorsetshire himself, but prefers to send out his skulking jackal, as I've read that lions do at times, to do his dirty work for him. What are we to do? is the question. Captain Hugh's so open and fearless, it would be useless to caution him. Stop! You know Miss Maud there—at her uncle's fine house at Alfringham, close by—she always was kind to you—and she should be kind to Hugh, that saved her from drowning in Wales yonder. Can't you write to Miss Maud, and I'll carry the letter?'

Rose looked aghast at first, partly at the proposal that she should write a letter, diffident as she felt of her own powers as a correspondent, and partly at the idea of addressing, with pen and ink, a lady by birth, and an heiress.

'Very kind she always was—but I've not often spoken to her, Will, not above half-a-dozen times!' said the girl shyly.

However, for Hugh's sake, and with Will's help, the letter was written. Here it is:

HONOURED MISS MAUD—Excuse the liberty I take—Will Farleigh, who, as Lady Larpent knows, is to be married to me as soon as we are Rich enough—will carry this letter himself, all the long way from Cornwall to my lord your Uncle's grand home in Dorsetshire—but I am drove to intrude by the Peril of one respected and Liked by us all. I am no great scholar, nor clever with my Pen, but sooner than Harm should come to Captain Hugh Ashton, to whom all Owe so much, he being the brave good young man we all know him to be, I would walk every step of the road, if needed, to say how Wicked men have plotted his Ruin. Which William Farleigh, who takes this, will explain, and how by the Lord's mercy I was enabled to overhear bad people—names of Salem Jackson, which, for our shame, he is a Cornishman, and sailor here, and Ralph Swart—or Grewler—called the Black Miller of Pen Mawth, Tregunnow Churchtown, talking how to do our friend hurt, and bring Disgrace to him that deserves so well of All. I hope my Lord Penrith is quite well. I hope Mrs Stanhope is quite well. And, with best respects, no more now from your grateful servant,

ROSE TRAWL.

For God's sake, get my lord to protect Captain Hugh.

TREPORT, December 29, 18—.

With this letter, Will Farleigh, with Rose's savings in his pocket, to eke out his own meagre ones, started by the night-train from the nearest station, to which, for time-saving, he hired a gig from the same inn at which the Black Miller had put up his horse, and travelled all night. The

morning was well advanced before, walking from Stedham Station, at which, it being a larger place, more trains stopped than at Hollow Oak, the traveller had alighted, Will came in sight of the stately pile of Alfringham. Now, there was really no particular reason why Rose's affianced husband should not have rung the door-bell, stated his name and whence he came, and obtained an interview with Miss Stanhope. But he thought there was; and Rose had been strongly of opinion that he must approach Miss Maud secretly, and deliver his credentials in quite a mysterious fashion. And, when he saw how very big and splendid was Lord Penrith's mansion, Will's heart failed him a little, and he began to think that the hardest part of his task yet lay before him.

To deliver a letter privately, even for the best of motives, to a young lady of high degree, dwelling beneath the roof of such a relative as was the noble master of Alfringham, is no easy matter. Figaro or Scapin might manage it, by some display of practised impudence; but otherwise it is hard indeed. However, fortune befriended the young bird-stuffer, in that he met Miss Stanhope in the park, and close to the garden gate, and alone. Will introduced himself promptly enough, putting the letter forward, however, and keeping himself in the background to the utmost of his power, precisely as Rose, in her awe of a social superior, had thrown the onus of explanation on Will.

Miss Stanhope read the letter with an agitation of manner which surprised the young Cornishman, but was much perplexed by its contents. Plots and conspiracies were things so foreign to the world in which she had lived, a world of decorous observances and of conventional propriety, that she seemed bewildered, until Will's almost verbatim account of the conversation which Rose Trawl had overheard convinced her of the danger that menaced Hugh.

Then Maud read the letter of her humble friend once more, and this time understood it. Now she could see the peril, undefined and shadowy; but not on that account the less to be dreaded, that impended over him she loved. And, in the fear of losing him, in her natural womanly anxiety for his safety, she all but forgot the tacit lesson that she had learned through life, the pride of her superior station. For an instant she forgot that Hugh was but a poor fisherman, who, by gallant efforts, and by the force of a character singularly noble, pure, and strong, was winning his way upwards in the world. For an instant she forgot that she was a lady, and only remembered that she was a girl that loved.

'You are Hugh's friend!' she exclaimed, putting her hand on Will's arm; 'and you owe him, as I do, a life. Help him now, dear Mr Farleigh; for my poor help, which sweet Rose has written, ah! so prettily, to ask, avails little now. My uncle—Lord Penrith—is ill and old, and since the late accident on the railway—brave Hugh again! always foremost when good deeds are done—passes half the day in lethargic sleep. Go and warn him, good friend! Warn Captain Ashton that traitors are plotting—not his death—who dares meet him, face to face!—but some cruel scheme, to which his own guileless confidence may—O warn him, tell him what you have told me—and—and if you will come to the Hall and tell me that all is

well, I will bless dear Rose Trawl and you for the good deed done.'

So Will Farleigh set off for Hollow Oak Station, while Maud went back to her room to pray for him she loved.

HOME-LIFE OF THE ZULUS.

IN the present state of our relations with this people, the following sketch of their social life, their domestic manners and customs, compiled from the most recent books on South Africa, may be of interest to our readers.

Zulu history, in the few words we need devote to it, begins about two years before Waterloo, when King Chaka became chief of the petty tribe which by his military genius he raised into a large and powerful nation. Chaka while a lad in exile had heard from some English sailors of the exploits of the great Napoleon, and this had fired his ambition to become the Napoleon of South Africa. By great military genius and consummate statecraft he succeeded in his purpose, and in a few years became king of a new and large but compact and rigidly governed nation of warriors.

Under Chaka the whole manhood of the fast-growing Zulu nation was put under compulsory military service, and this has continued to be the law of the country under the three kings—Dingaan, Panda, and Ketchwayo—who succeeded him. This unique army of at least fifty thousand fighting-men is divided into regiments, each having its own military kraal or headquarters. Some of these regiments are composed of married men, others of bachelors; but no man is allowed to marry without the express sanction of the king, which is granted to whole regiments at once, but almost never until the men are past middle age, and have 'washed their spears' in an enemy's blood. Nor can the middle-aged Zulu even then exercise much choice in the selection of his bride, as the king, at the great annual festival when marriages take place, simply orders one regiment to take for wives the daughters of men composing other regiments of his army. If the maidens so chosen refuse to marry at the king's order, and especially if they are detected in love-affairs with men too young to marry, their punishment by the stern Zulu law is death.

The military kraals of each regiment are the villages of Zululand, and it is to them we must go to see the home-life of the people. These kraals consist of a large field, surrounded by a circular stockade about ten feet high, constructed of wattles firmly twisted together. Inside this fence are the huts of the natives, which are built by fixing in the ground a number of pliant poles in a circle, and then bringing their points together at the summit, and fastening them with ropes of hide. These poles, however, do not go up parallel to one another, but cross each other obliquely at regular intervals; and as the intersecting points are firmly tied together, the beehive-shaped huts have all the strength of basket-work; while stout posts driven deeply into the earth at the base give them additional security. The walls outside and in are daubed over with clay; and the

floor is also composed of clay, stamped down hard and polished by friction. The Zulu hut, Captain Lucas tells us in his recent work, 'is not at all an uncomfortable or unsightly dwelling, though affording but a single room for the accommodation of the family.' A partition of wattles, however, divides the interior of a married man's hut into two parts, of which the left-hand room, as one opens the door of wattles, is given over to the women and children, while the other apartment is reserved to the master of the house and his male companions. In each compartment are kept the personal chattels of its occupants: in the man's, his assegais, his shield and rifle, with his uniform of plumes, cow-tails, and apron of wild-cat skin; while the women, besides their simple finery of gala dress, keep the pots of milk, the stores of grain, and the cooking utensils; and under the raised platform on which they sit the Zulu herdsman shelters his precious lambs and calves from the inclemency of the weather.

The kraals of unmarried regiments differ to this extent from the others, that they are each under the immediate care of an 'induna' or chief, who strictly looks after the men and provides for their maintenance. In a corner of the inclosure, away from the huts, in each of which eight or ten bachelor inmates are housed, is an inner stockade, behind which is the Zulu colonel's 'isogodhlo' or domestic establishment, the houses of his wives, and the huts of his slaves; while in the centre of the great inclosure is his cattle-pen.

Cattle form the only riches of the Zulu; these are the only medium of exchange, and the only means of acquiring power and getting wives. Polygamy is universal; and whenever a man gets leave to marry, the only limit to the number of wives he can take is his power of buying and maintaining them. Each wife costs so many cattle to buy, and for each wife so bought the husband must provide a separate hut; so if a man is wealthy he may continue adding new wives to his household to the end of his days. This has brought about the deplorable state of matters that the more daughters a man has the wealthier he becomes, as daughters are readily available as so much stock for sale to the would-be husband who bids the most cattle for them.

Thus females are little better than slaves; and to them falls the task of digging and hoeing the fields, sowing and reaping the maize-crops, grinding the corn, weaving mats, and most of the other simple industrial labours of the country. Now and then an obliging young man may condescend to help in sowing and harvesting grain; but in no other labour will they help the women; while again there are certain departments of work which are exclusively confined to men, and in which the women dare not engage. It is not surprising to find that three of these are hut-building, the construction of fenced kraals, and the making of weapons; but the fourth is very strange. This is the task of milking cows, 'which,' says Captain Lucas, 'is esteemed rather as a kind of recreation, the practice being to suck the cow's udder with the mouth, and to discharge the milk by mouthfuls into the pail.'

The food of the Zulus is simple, and consists of millet, 'mealies' or maize, and milk, with now and then beef and mutton from their herds. Grain, however, is their staple; and this simplicity

of their commissariat arrangements is one of the great advantages the hardy and lightly equipped Zulu armies have over a British army with all its complicated array of baggage-wagons. A Zulu 'impi' on the war-path is followed by a company of lads, who bear a few days' supply of maize, the sleeping mats and blankets of the warriors, and who assist in driving a small herd of cattle, proportionate to the time the particular expedition is expected to last.

The great national festival of the Zulu year is the U-kweschwana or harvest thanksgiving on the first of January for the crop of maize, which now lies ripe for gathering. All the regiments appear at it, and are exercised and reviewed by the king, who at this festival grants permission to certain old soldiers to retire from military service, and to others to marry. The king then proceeds to perform certain sacrificial rites to their gods, who are the souls of Chaka and other deceased monarchs and heroes, authors of Zulu glory and greatness. Bulls are sacrificed to them, and they are implored to continue sending bountiful harvests, 'that the soldiers may eat and be strong for the noble work of war.' There are no regular temples in Zululand, nor any stated ordinances of public prayer, except at this harvest thanksgiving, and other similar festivals of the year, at which the king, as arch-pontiff, takes the leading part. 'It is evident,' says Captain Lucas, 'that whatever gods the Zulus may have in their own country, they have plenty of devils, and there is perhaps not much to choose between them.' Witchcraft is firmly believed in; and whenever this terrible charge is brought against any man, no matter how blameless his conduct had hitherto been, no mercy is shewn him; and his treatment recalls that dark page that stained our own history not so long ago. This gross superstition affords a ready pretext to king or chief in Zululand for destroying an obnoxious person, or acquiring the wealth of a rich man whose teeming cattle-kraal may have excited their cupidity. The 'inyanga' or witch-finder soon makes out a case against any such unfortunate; and his lands, herds, and women become forfeit to the king or other instigator of the 'inyanga's' accusation.

The ordinary administration of justice by the local chiefs is conducted in a form not very unlike our trial by jury. Plaintiff and defendant, accompanied each by a band of sympathising friends, approach the seat of justice—set up in the middle of the kraal—from opposite directions, shouting out the cause of complaint and the pleas in justification. When they reach the judge, these are stated in a quieter manner: a jury is formed of the notables of the kraal, who examine the witnesses, listen to the speeches of any of the bystanders, and pronounce their opinions how the verdict should go. All this time the 'induna' says not a word, sometimes, even, he lies down and appears to go to sleep; but when he has heard the popular verdict or verdicts, he retires for a little to consult the divine oracles, and then returns to pronounce his judgment, which generally agrees with that of the majority of the jurymen, who, however, are apt to fall in with the popular opinion shouted out by the crowd standing at a little distance from them.

Captain Lucas assures us that, except for the

curious 'click' sounds, which after all are not of frequent occurrence, 'the ordinary flow of Zulu talk is as liquid and melodious as that of Italian.'

A PICTURE-DEALER'S ROMANCE.

I.

I, JOHN GILDERN, was confidential clerk to Messrs Copal and Sons, picture-dealers near Oxford Street, London, long ago when these events happened; and the firm of Gildern and Co., that now passes pictures worth thousands through its hands, was not then even a dream of mine.

I thread my way back through the maze and confusion of a busy life to those unforgotten days, and one picture rises before me, real, living, all but substantial in my memory—the one picture that has haunted me through all these years, and that all the gold that ever was coined could not purchase, nor all the power of man give back again to my bodily sight. A young English girl, not tall or queenly, not lofty in looks, but straight and graceful and very fair; a face with clear-cut features, wearing yet the looks of a child; blue eyes, looking upward, with their dark fringes raised; eyes of the softest grayish blue, not bright, unskilled in any artfulness of glance, not fine with any artistic correctness of form; but eyes that were supremely beautiful in that rapt upward look, because they told of a child's unconscious simplicity, of a true heart's open candour, of a pure soul that in every-day life and among every-day things was bright enough to make its presence known. This is the picture in my mind. Marian standing on the door-step of a manor-house watching the floating clouds in the autumn sky. It was a picture of ordinary things with an inner depth of beauty. The accessories were commonplace enough. There was a white pavement before this side-door, some ivy on the wall, and all within was dark. The fair figure thus framed was dressed in some poor cotton stuff of pale-blue and white lines that ran into one soft colour. The lustrous brown hair with only a few golden threads where it sprang straight upward from the forehead, was plaited and hung in braids, as was the custom once before in those old days; and the hat with ivy leaves thrust under its band of pale blue, was pushed back, and cast no shadow on that never-to-be-forgotten face.

I, plain John Gildern, was in the most unromantic of moods, when turning out of the path from the side-gate by which I had entered, I came upon this sight. I presented the appearance of the most ordinary man of thirty, such as may be seen any day in London banks or offices in scores. I had come to the house merely on business, with no introduction to the family; but I carried a carpet-bag—a necessary appurtenance of the traveller in those days—and I was invited to stay in the house till my business was done, for it was expected to be troublesome and lengthy work—the drawing up of an accurate catalogue of the names and value of a galleryful of pictures, which the master of this place desired to sell to our firm. At my approach the girl stepped out

of the door-way into the garden, and I saw no more of her that day.

An old gentleman, careworn and, as it seemed to me, not too amiable in appearance or manner, received me in a room full of books and papers. When the servant, a shabby-looking individual with threadbare livery, ushered me into his presence, he was bending over the table looking at some stones and coloured earth through a glass that he held in a thin, palsied hand. He drew a newspaper hurriedly over his treasures, and without asking me to be seated, made his inquiries in a proud slow voice. Was I from Messrs Copal and Sons? I was. Had I come to examine the pictures as their agent? Yes; I had come to do that service. Then, he said, holding himself straight all the time, and with a pitiable artifice of display, smoothing back his thin gray hair with the shaking hand, whereon glittered a great diamond—then I would find my room made ready; and I was free to stay at Elmsmere as long as my work lasted, for Messrs Copal had given him to understand that it was sometimes a tedious operation to catalogue and do justice to so many pictures of all degrees of merit. He explained that he was a lover not of art but of study—waving his hand towards the book-shelves. He never went near the picture-gallery, and desiring retirement, he chose to ask but few to his house; so he was anxious to clear off the whole art collection—'all,' he said, 'every one of them;' and with a sudden betrayal of anxiety despite his proud demeanour: 'I am sure sir, Messrs Copal have sent a competent agent who will do my property justice. You can have them all, every one, mind; and I know such a house as yours gives a good price. Now sir, the servants will attend to your wants.'

With that he bowed me out; and the shabby serving-man went before me along the passage, with slippers down at heel and stooping gait; a living satire upon the last order of the poor broken-down gentleman. Such indeed was his master! I knew it as well as if he had shewn me his files of bills and his mortgage papers and the blank credit side of the accounts of Elmsmere. His diamond ring, his cold ceremony, and his erect port braving fortune, did not deceive me; but I must say for the credit of me, John Gildern the clerk, that I quitted his presence as I would have quitted that of a millionaire; for respect was commanded by this remnant of a grand family struggling against ill-fortune, and being, as the phrase goes, 'out of luck.'

My work began, and was not easily ended. There were but few paintings of value, though there were many having traditions of great names attached to them, which a close examination proved to be groundless; for these were generally but copies, or works 'in the manner of' Van Eyck or De Wint, as the case might be. There were, however, some really good Dutch pictures, a beautiful but ill-preserved Madonna of the Tuscan school, and a Rubens that sorely puzzled me, but which, as the event proved, turned out to be genuine. The main bulk of the collection were family portraits, worth little more than their frames. It was clear from the names of these that the family was related to a knightly one; but this branch bore no title. There was a veritable Stuart court-lady by Lely among the rubbish; and

there were two pretty children with unkempt hair, great brown eyes, and pointed chins, purporting to be from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is no need to describe, nor can I at this day remember, all the pictures of that miscellaneous collection. But amongst these hundreds of bright or old and discoloured canvases, there was one that attracted my attention, and it was only a little thing, no more than eighteen by twenty inches in size. This was the portrait of a fair young woman among vine-leaves at a window. She was dressed in white silk, adorned with jewels, and with strings of large pearls round her neck. Her hands were raised and clasped as if in some enraptured gesture, her blue eyes cast upwards. And though the dress was so different, and the attitude of the hands was tragic and what we commonly call 'stagey,' I had no difficulty in detecting a striking likeness between those fair, refined, spiritual features and the girl I had seen standing at the door. In the corner of the picture there was an awkward smear of paint. 'That conceals the artist's name,' I thought; and I soon carefully removed it. But beneath there was only scratched in small white letters, 'My Juliet'—two words which cast no light upon my business, but awakened my curiosity to a painful degree. On the back was a date twenty years before.

My work soon put the discovery out of my head. I saw no one all day except the slipshod serving-man; and after a lonely evening, he came with a guttering candle to light me up-stairs to a large bare room, filled with the smoke of an unwonted fire. It was a room with faded hangings, seedy pictures, a tiled hearth-place, and shadowy half-lit walls. Any one nervously inclined would have imagined not one but half-a-dozen ghosts there. I was haunted by nothing but the memory of the girl at the door, and the mystery of the portrait with its obliterated name, 'My Juliet.'

II.

All next day I worked alone, the rain pattering against the high narrow windows of the gallery. Many of the family portraits I omitted from my last list as not saleable, and various other pictures I set down as 'doubtful,' not being able without consultation to settle the question of their authenticity; but the little painting of the girl in white silk at the window was so exquisite in feeling, in colour, and in minute finish, that I had no hesitation about placing it in my list. It was about sunset when the light in the gallery was strong and clear in a dry hour after the rain, that as I knelt deciphering some artist's marks on a little Dutch sea-piece hung badly near the floor, I heard a light footfall, and looking up, I beheld a slight girlish figure treading with little slippered feet on the dark oak floor. I rose and bowed. It was the girl of whom I had wished vainly all day and all last evening to catch another glimpse. I rightly guessed that she was my host's granddaughter, and I was not free from an embarrassing flitter of heart when she came to speak to me; but I supposed it would be some message from the old man, nothing more.

The girl drew near and began to speak, with eyes not downcast, but like a child's eyes, raised steadily to mine, with a look that was at once the soul of innocence and maidenly gentleness. 'I

want to ask you,' she said, 'is that picture to be sold among the rest?' The picture she pointed to was that which had roused my curiosity the evening before.

Yes, I said; it was on my list. The instructions received were to the effect that all were to be sold; and though there were some of the larger portraits that I could not take, this picture was of value.

Never shall I forget the effect of these words—the nervous trembling of the girl's lip and the liquid look in the blue eyes. 'Sir,' she said, addressing me in that way because she knew nothing of latter-day customs, and was making an urgent appeal—'Sir, it is my mother's portrait. Grandfather does not care for it; but oh! I do. It is no use for me to ask it of him, he thought so little of her. But will you ask him, and have it kept for me?'

'Most assuredly I will,' said I, looking down at the earnest face, which it would have taken a harder and a more unchivalrous heart than John Gildern's to refuse. 'I am certain there will be no difficulty about having it left out of the list.'

'I am not so sure of that,' she said, smiling and shaking her head. 'Grandfather has such strange ideas sometimes, and he keeps so to whatever he once says.'

'Other people do that too,' I replied assuringly. 'I shall keep to what I have said, and see that the picture remains here.'

With her sweet voice she thanked me, and went away, leaving poor John Gildern standing still, note-book in hand, calling to mind every word that had passed, like any romantic swain of twenty, wondering if he would see her again, and through sheer anxiety, fancying every word of his own had been awkwardly and stupidly uttered.

When the servant summoned me to my solitary dinner, and took his place behind my chair in the deserted dining-room, full of faded grandeur, I could no longer resist the temptation to find out something about the family, or rather—need I conceal it!—about my charming little maid.

'It is rather tedious work for me here,' I said as a beginning, my preoccupation causing me to make such spluttering failures in dismembering a duck, that I knew the shabby-coated old man was grinning behind my shoulder. 'Family portraits are such useless things unless they are by a man of note, and there are some of the pictures that I know nothing about. For instance, there is a little thing of a lady in white silk at a window, and there is something interesting about it; but it has not even an artist's name.' I knew I was not wasting my words. This servant had evidently grown gray in the family; most likely there was not an inch of the house unknown to him.

'Ah! yes—ah, yes, yes!' he said, speaking in low husky tones, and clearly making a bad copy of his master's air of importance. 'There's a secret about that pictur'; 'tain't no common affair, not it.'

'Well,' I said, 'if you can assist me in any way that is valuable in my business, I shall of course consider your services.' All is fair in love and war, they say, and I could not resist the desire to satisfy my curiosity.

'Much obleeged to you, sir,' said the husky

old man with a bow of great dignity, as he forthwith proceeded to relate the history of the mysterious picture.

The facts I afterwards put together were these. There had long ago been a coldness, almost a feud between the owner of Elmsmere and his only son. The cause of this was the attachment existing between the son and a beautiful and virtuous girl, who was then on the boards at a provincial theatre. The delay to the marriage was caused by the father's threats of disinheriting the offender. But at last that difficulty was surmounted; a consent was wrested from the old man; the marriage took place; and the bride, bidding farewell to the stage, was brought home to Elmsmere. Her husband, the heir of the mansion, had dabbled a good deal in art. He painted his wife as Juliet, the part in which he had first seen her; and he insisted on hanging the portrait with the rest in the gallery. He met with a fatal accident not long after the marriage; and the father, for love of his wilful son, let the small portrait hang where he had placed it, but with his own hand blotted out the words in the corner—'My Juliet.' The young wife did not long outlive her sudden loss; and the old man was never reconciled to her, although, as the servant said, 'she was the gentlest, most heavenliest bein', sir, that ever drew breath.' But when, in dying, she left an infant daughter, the father's heart warmed to the child, and for his son's sake she became to him the one dear thing on earth. This was the whole story—a sad one enough. My interest in it only made the servant more communicative.

'Master will want to see you to-night, sir, as the business is done,' he said; 'and don't you mind, sir, if you find him nervous a bit—or hot, as I may say. It's his way, sir. The world's gone askew with him this long time back; and there's always a mine or some such nonsense just a-goin' for to be found on the estate, and not bein' found after all, and edging his temper, poor gentleman!'

The old man was evidently glad of some one to talk to; but when he verged on his master's present affairs, I stopped him; and dinner being finished, sent him with a message to my host to ask if he was at leisure to see me. He sent back word that he was engaged on most important business, but he would see me in half an hour. When the summons to the library came at last, it was easy enough to see that the 'most important business' had something to do with plans on the table, which were stained by late contact with clay or dusty stones. This much I could not help observing, as the plans lay on the table, and the old man held something in his hand, which dropped reddish earth on the floor when he stretched it towards me in an impatient gesture. I gave him a rough estimate of the value of his pictures subject to changes, for better or worse, which might be made in it by my employers. I offered him his option of doing business in this way, or of having the whole collection disposed of on his own account for what it would bring at our salerooms. He said he preferred ready-money transactions with the firm for the purchaser, but the figure I named was much too low. He went over the list with me, and waxed, as the servant had predicted, rather hot on seeing some of the prices, and hotter still at my inability even to take into

consideration the purchase of many of the portraits. He was only pacified, when he was absolutely losing his self-command, by my assurance that this catalogue was only a first estimate; that in order to avoid disappointment, I had set down what I myself thought the lowest figure, and that I had to leave out some works which examination might prove to be of great value, in which case our house would deal with him liberally. He had risen to his feet; but he sank again into his arm-chair on hearing this explanation, saying: 'Certainly, certainly; we cannot yet decide on the exact figure; and after all'—with a trembling voice and his loftiest air—'a few pounds one way or the other matter but little to me; but a man does not like to part with any of his property below what he himself believes to be its actual worth.'

This I judged a favourable moment for the commission I had received from my fair suppliant in the morning. I hastened to explain that a young lady, whom I judged to be his daughter—miserable me, driven to use such flattery!—'No,' he said; 'his grand-daughter.'—I bowed, and went on. The young lady had requested me not to include in my list a small family portrait of some value.

'I know the thing,' he said impatiently. 'She has been talking to me about it. Let it go. It is only a fancy of hers to keep it—a fancy, sir, which does not concern your business here. I want the gallery cleared, and I am only sorry so many of those vapid daubs of our ancestors have to remain there.'

His severe tone and cold looks were almost too much for me; but I was not outmastered yet. I replied in a firm but respectful manner, sorry for the artifice I was resorting to against his gray-haired ruined pride: 'You say sir, it does not matter to you whether the pictures bring a few pounds more or less. The price of this one is of no value to you; and the portrait itself is of so much value to the young lady for whom I speak, that she herself made it be my business and my concern to mention it.' This was a home-thrust.

'Of course I don't care about the paltry price,' he said. 'If she really wants the thing so much, strike it out of your list.' After that hurried speech, he bowed my dismissal, as he had done at the last interview, only remarking that he supposed I would carry the result of my work to London in the morning, and there would be no further delay. When I had gone to the foot of the staircase, in the dusk of the spacious flagged hall, I saw his grand-daughter coming hastily from a door-way, where no doubt she had waited anxiously for my step on the stairs.

'Have you asked grandfather?' she whispered.

'I have. He will do as you wish about the portrait. I have struck it off my list.'

'I am so glad!' she said, still in a low voice. 'I would not part with it for the world!' And she seemed surprised at her good fortune; while I knew but too well that the secret of it lay in my allusion to money affairs, a subject on which the poor man would have done anything rather than have a stranger's suspicion roused.

'You have been very kind,' she said—'very good to me.' And with some sudden impulse of gratitude she stretched out her hand, which I was but too proud to press for a moment in token of friendship.

'It was but a slight service,' I said, scarcely knowing what words I stammered out. 'I have to thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to do it for you.'

In another moment she was gone with a kindly 'good-night'; and I tried in vain to persuade myself that it was possible for her to take my answer as anything but a piece of ordinary politeness. Yet I had meant it with all my heart. What else could I have said? I thought. What else could I have done? Of course my words had only the sound of a courteous answer, and as such she took them, thinking not of poor John Gildern, but of her rescued treasure.

In the morning I wished in vain for one sight of that fair simple-hearted girl, that had so unconsciously robbed me of my own heart's peace, and of my ordinary, unromantic, business-like frame of mind. More—I confess I loitered unnecessarily long over breakfast and departure; and I took many a side-glance as the shabby servant led me to the door, and then it was not by the shortest route that I made my way to the high-road. But there was no help for it; I left Elmsmere without seeing my little enchantress again.

III.

Four years passed to be added to John Gildern's thirty. I was fortunate enough to have a rich relative, and I gave up the service of Messrs Copal, and spent the best part of those four years travelling with him in Italy; and it must be admitted that I thought but seldom of Elmsmere after the first few months, though there were certain memories connected with the place, which might any day or hour have filled my time-tried heart as full of romance as was ever a boy of half my years. These memories I put out of my mind permanently, as useless and disturbing; but I had no other romance, though there were ample opportunities for such indulgence both at home and when we were on our travels. At the end of those four years we returned to London, and I took up my former employment, but at a different house, which I may call here the house of Messrs Easelby and Sons. One morning I was laughing over the pages of *Punch* in an idle hour—there were many idle hours at Messrs Easelby's—when a fellow-clerk said in his usual off-hand way of throwing work on me: 'You might open that parcel and attend to those letters which the late post has just brought in, Gildern?'

I made some remarks more forcible than courteous about the parcel and letters, adding: 'I shall attend to them this time; but it is none of my business.' It was in this mood that I opened the first letter. Had my fellow-clerk been a student of physiognomy he would have seen my annoyance suddenly change to a feeling very different. But my comrade had no such gift of insight; and even if he had, there were deeper feelings awakened by that letter which my face did not betray. It was addressed to Messrs Easelby, and the writing was light and unfinished in character, much like a school-girl's with *u* and *n* alike. It was in after-readings—days, months after that—I noted all this, and then it was in no spirit of criticism. At the time I only saw that it was from a young lady, asking if water-colour drawings of hers done at her former country home would be acceptable for sale, adding that any

price would be taken, as she was anxious to part with them; and the name signed was MARIAN —. Even here I cannot break the sacred secrecy of that second name; but it was the same as that of the owner of Elmsmere, and I no longer doubted who the writer was, even before I opened the thin flat parcel, and took out sketches of parts of the well-remembered garden, the avenue of elms, and the shallow reedy widening of the little river that bounded one part of the grounds, and gave the name to the house. The letter was dated from a shop that I happened to know, a stationer's in City Road. I knew also that this was merely an address for correspondence, and not the residence of the writer. Unfortunately, there would not be the smallest hope in offering the drawings to my employers. But it was impossible for one who knew the would-be artist, and guessed the history of their coming, to return them to her as a failure. At least it was impossible for me, with pictures of the past rising in my mind, and sympathy roused until it was pain. I inclosed a trifling sum, letting it appear to come from Messrs Easelby, and signing my name in my accustomed illegible manner; and that night I took the parcel of drawings to my own home.

Day after day I spent in plans for coming into actual communication with her. I built castles in the air then indeed, imagining how I would come to know her again; how her grandfather, who doubtless had by this time fallen lower in the world, would accept me as her suitor; and how life would run for the rest of our days like a fairy tale. At the same time, every week that went by in hesitation added to my anxieties, and at last I was positively suffering from suspense, all my old ardour roused and my sympathies quickened by the thought of this young girl, so unfit for the world's trials, obliged to do stern battle with them, and perhaps alone. My surmises were true. When about a month had passed, the clerk who attended to the correspondence came to me one day, laughing at a poor attempt at water-colour drawing. I took the cardboard out of his hand, touched to the quick, and gave some awkward explanation, ending with: 'I shall attend to it.' So I did attend to it, by sending to the girl's address a poor price, but the best I could afford, and taking home with me the worthless drawing. This happened twice again; and being now on the watch, I myself managed to receive the parcels and letters; and each time I did what any man on earth would have done had he been placed as John Gildern was—sent my own money with my useful illegible signature, and appropriated the poor child's work. Then fearing the repetition of my pardonable ruse might lead to some awkward discovery, I desired the sender of the water-colour drawings to leave them in future at an address which I gave in the City, and merely to mark them 'Messrs Easelby & Co.—to be called for.'

The result of this step proved that I was right in relying on her small knowledge of the business world. But what was my dismay to find when first I called at this city address, a package, which, on opening it at my own rooms, I found to contain—ah! how well remembered—the picture of Marian's mother. A voice came to me out of the past: 'I am so glad; I would not

part with it for the world.' But some overruling power had doubtless compelled it otherwise, and what a tale the parting told! I glanced at the accompanying letter. It stated with the most unbusiness-like simplicity that the writer greatly valued the picture, but she needed money at the moment. If Messrs Easelby would send part of its price, and leave her the chance of buying it back again at some future time, she would be most grateful. But if they never did business on those terms, she would sell the picture for whatever they thought it worth.

'Poor child! Poor Marian!' I exclaimed with heaven knows how sad and burning a heart; 'she is sorely tried somewhere in this great hard world of London—sorely tried, and perhaps without a friend.'

I paced up and down for a few moments with the open letter in my hand, thinking what could be done, and haunted by every soul-stirring memory that the sweet young face and trustful blue eyes had left me. I wrote a hurried note, and sent it on its way, delaying only to inclose a cheque for the picture, and to explain that it would be safely kept, and might at any time be repurchased by the sender. Then I wrote another letter, taking care that it would arrive a post later than the business communication, purporting to be from Messrs Easelby's clerk of the unknown signature. The second letter ran:

DEAR MISS N—, I have hitherto corresponded with you only in your business affairs in relation to Messrs Easelby; but strangely enough I once had the honour—far from forgotten—of meeting you at Elmsmere, when I was acting as agent for Messrs Copal & Co. I have not forgotten your kindness and confidence in allowing me then to do you a slight service in connection with a picture which has to-day passed through my hands. If you send a word in answer to this note to John Gildern at the above address, I shall take it as a sign that you will do me the great favour of permitting me to renew that chance acquaintance. If I receive no answer, I shall do my best to be resigned to the greatest disappointment of my life; and in either case your business relations with Messrs Easelby will continue exactly as if I had never ventured to send you this letter.

I took care to write my name with clearness in the body of the letter, but to sign it as usual at the close. After a day or two of the utmost anxiety, a few words came in answer. Poor Marian explained that her grandfather was ill, but that he would be glad to receive me, and that she hoped I would not be surprised at finding that they had suffered great losses and misfortunes, for I would visit a very different home from Elmsmere. At the head of this letter was an address in a street in Finsbury, a quiet dull corner, not far from the City Road. Thither I made my way the very first evening after receiving the letter; and I still recollect how dull that street looked in the twilight, all the houses alike, as if each row had been cast in a mould. As I looked up and down for the house, I wondered if the people who lived there had to make sure of the number every time they went home. The number I sought led me to a house where in the lower room there was but dim firelight, and bright light

only in the top windows. After a long delay I was admitted to the room distinguished in those houses as the 'front parlour.' The stont landlady, who seemed particularly untidy and in a hurry, poked up the fire before she left me, and I could see distinctly the worn furniture, the glass shades of wax-fruit and the old lace curtains that I still recollect in one vague dream when I think of that room. The fire was bright, flashing white on the walls, when there came in a fair girl, pale and altered, but blue-eyed Marian still. But how strange she looked—tearful, and without a smile! She stretched out her hand, with the sorrowful words on her lips: 'Poor grandpapa!' She could utter no more; but I understood the rest. The poor broken-down man was dead in that bright room up-stairs.

I would have gone away at once, feeling my presence an intrusion just then; but she asked me to stay, adding most simply, with her face hidden in thin white hands: 'You won't mind my crying a little; but don't go just awhile. It is kind of you to come, and I shall be able to talk to you soon. But I am so—so nervous and shaken.'

We did not meet as strangers. Sorrow and sympathy become friends at once, and there is no barrier of ceremony between them. Somehow she trusted me; why I cannot tell, except perhaps because she knew nothing of the world, and I had once shewn some little kindness to her about that picture at Elmsmere.

There is but little more to tell. I accompanied her a few days after to the old man's grave. It was a sad lonely funeral; we were the only mourners.

I let but little time pass until I won Marian and made her my own; for loneliness and grief were telling upon her, and I could afford to despise the tattlers who talked of my unbecoming haste. Ah! it was well to make haste, for little did I suspect then that my new-found treasure was already hastening away from me. She busied herself gaily in our new home; she laid plans of all she would do to make it 'a little paradise, John,' when she would be well and strong; but there was a dark look under my little wife's blue eyes, a hollowness of the cheek once so fair and smooth, a husky cough that drove me wild with increasing fears. There was for me a deepening beauty in her looks: but more and more I felt the hand of fate upon us, as I watched her face and delicate form from day to day, seeing but too plainly

Something faint and fragile in the whole,

As though 'twere but a lamp that held a soul.

At last the day came, dreaded—oh! how long! when raising her fair head from her pillow, my poor Marian whispered to the watcher in his constant place beside it: 'Dear heart, tell me, am I dying?'

Oh! how the words cut into my very soul—'Am I dying?' from the sweet flower of Elmsmere, and the same question from troubled blue eyes that had so charmed me long ago. 'Not dying, darling!' I could only say. 'Don't call it dying. It is only going home!'

Then she laid her head upon my arm, looking up at me with those pure childlike eyes. 'Don't grieve and fret, dear heart. Ah! I'm afraid you will. He will bring you home too, you know, into His bosom.'

When I sat before my lonely hearth, I took courage from those words to bide my time and work out my life bravely. My grief has not driven me into selfish seclusion, and I have found interest in covering the walls of my home with art treasures of my choice. Amongst these is the picture of Juliet, which, with a pardonable artifice of love, I pretended to buy back for my poor girl before her marriage. As to her own drawings, I kept them hidden, and she never knew my secret. The revelation would only have taken from her the pleasure of thinking that her work had supported her ruined grandfather. But when she was with me no more, I filled my own room with those worthless sketches—priceless to me; and it is among them now that I have gone back through those old years, and raised again the memories of Elmsmere and of Marian as I saw her first, before her frail life was broken on the hard world's wheel.

THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

NATURE—if not unduly interfered with by Man—preserves a tolerably even balance in all created things. At the same time the due proportions of animal life can only be maintained, as we all know, by that incessant warfare among living things which is everywhere observable. All Nature is alive, the world teems with life, and whatever is living must be fed and nourished, whether it be animal or vegetable. One tribe seems only created to afford food to another tribe, and the strong as a rule devour the weak. The world, indeed, could not give space or yield sustenance to all, if all were destined to live and multiply for indefinite periods.

Although every created thing, however small it may be, has its mission, and plays its part in the animal economy of sea or land, Man is not always able to distinguish its rôle, or to know sometimes which are his friends and which his foes. Indeed, various plans have from time to time been propounded for the stamping out of sundry insects and animals which it is fancied are injurious to agriculture; but happily without effect. When, for instance, the French gardeners and farmers killed off their small birds in a ruthless manner because of their partiality for fruit, they speedily found, from the enormous increase of all sorts of insects, that their remedy was worse than the disease; and they were very glad to let the little birds alone. They found themselves, in short, in the same plight as that of a certain proprietor of an extensive fresh-water fishery who determined at one time to capture and kill all the pike which were in his waters, and did so most successfully. But the result did not fulfil his expectations; his trout certainly increased in numbers after the massacre of the pike had been accomplished, but they ceased to fatten; in fact they so fell off in condition as to be quite worthless for the purposes of the table. The food in a trout-pond is limited, and the pike did his part in keeping down the numbers, and insured that those trout which escaped his voracity were fat and palatable.

A proposition to extirpate the rat was recently discussed by one of our learned Societies. The indictment brought against this much hated animal was a formidable one, and the poor rat had

not a single friend in the meeting to say a word in his behalf. The enormous fecundity and vast destructive power of the rat were forcibly argued, and the saving, particularly of grain, which would be effected were these animals utterly exterminated, was announced to be very large. But when such a proposition is brought forward, it is only fair that the part played by the rat in the economy of Nature should be considered, as it is perfectly certain that this animal is intrusted with the performance of various useful functions, the cessation of which might be dangerous. The lobster is eaten with relish, and appears at the most fashionable tables as one of the *entrées* of distinction. Lobster salad is considered to be delicious, and *potage à la homard* is the soup *par excellence* of the chief restaurants of Paris. Yet the lobster fulfils in the sea much the same functions as the rat in the common sewer; they both exist upon garbage and débris.

The rat has many enemies, and great efforts are made by farm-servants and professional rat-killers to keep down their numbers. Statistics of rat-killing are not difficult to obtain. The late Mr H. Mayhew, who was well versed in out-of-the-way information, reckoned that at least two thousand of these animals are required in London every week in dog-training or in killing-matches. In the larger cities and towns of the provinces, as many more will be destroyed in a similar way; whilst in manufactories, grain-stores, provision-shops, bakehouses, and private dwellings, countless numbers are annually caught by means of traps, cats, dogs, &c. In the country, the rat is preyed upon to a large extent by foxes, which kill an enormous number in the course of a year; and as rat-skins are now largely used in glove-making, the animal has a distinctive money value, which will aid materially in his repression. With all his sins, however, the rat is much maligned. Notwithstanding his depredations in the barn and stack-yard, his value as a sanitary agent is all-important, and his extermination might therefore lead to serious evils; especially when we take into consideration the undoubted fact that he is a perfect scavenger, and reaches and disposes of matter which might otherwise occasion disease and death.

Nothing aids the increase of vermin of all kinds so much as a plentiful supply of food. At one time rats were over-abundant in Paris; but during the siege, two causes combined to exterminate them—food of all kinds became so scarce that the people were glad to eat these vermin, those fed in granaries bringing the price of three francs each. As a matter of course, when food for the people became scarce, food for the rats became scarcer, and under the pressure of circumstances these animals were in the latter days of the siege esteemed a delicacy of the rarest description.

In the case of the dog-fish which attend the herring-shoals, we have an excellent example of how the enemies of a species increase, when the individuals of the species preyed upon become plentiful in a more than usual degree. If we hear the herring fishermen complain that the dog-fish are making a mess of their nets, we expect to see in the official returns a series of figures to denote a large increase in the herring catch. In some years the 'dogs' multiply so enormously as quite to

impede the men in their work; a boat's crew will sometimes capture as many as five hundred of these marauders in a morning; and during some seasons they are found in literal tens of thousands on the outskirts of the herring-shoals, snatching the fish from the nets in which they have been caught, and destroying sometimes more than they can consume. It is therefore obvious that if dog-fish exist in tens of thousands, the herrings upon which they prey will be congregated in countless millions.

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the number of individual fish which may compose a shoal of herrings, and it has been averred that they would speedily impede navigation were it not for the vast number of agencies that are at work to prevent an undue increase of their number. As the result of recent inquiry, we have been informed that the quantities which man takes from the water for food-uses do not represent a tenth of what are captured by the sea-birds, or devoured by marine enemies. As the herring is the only fish of which statistics of the capture are collected and tabulated, we are in possession of figures which afford us a rough idea of the numbers annually withdrawn from the sea for food-purposes. In a recent year, sufficient herrings were taken to fill a million barrels; and as each barrel contains on an average seven hundred fish, we have thus a number equal to seven hundred millions. This quantity it must be observed represents *cured* fish only, and only those which are caught in Scotland under the superintendence of the Fishery Board. It is pretty certain that as many herrings are captured and offered for sale as fresh fish and 'reds' as are cured for the markets in Scotland and offered for sale as salt herrings; which gives us the prodigious total of fourteen hundred millions withdrawn annually from the sea; and even this number, vast as it is, does not include what are used in the form of white-bait, or those which are sold as sprats.

After draining the sea to such an extent, it might almost be supposed that there would be scarcely so many herrings left as would suffice for a breeding stock; but the demands of man are a mere fraction of what are taken out of the shoals. All that are captured, as well as all that are wasted during the capture, and destroyed in the process of curing, sink into insignificance when compared with the vastness of the quantities which are devoured by other enemies of the fish. Cod and ling are known to prey extensively on the herring; and a calculation, based on the number of cod and ling annually caught under the auspices of the Scottish Board of Fisheries (three million five hundred thousand were taken in 1876), assumes that there is a capital stock of these fish in the Scottish firths and seas of seventy million individuals; and that each individual consumes four hundred and twenty herrings per annum, which at the rate of two herrings every day for seven months in the year, shews a consumption of twenty-nine thousand four hundred million individual herrings. Nor does the account stop at this point. The Commissioners who recently collected information on Scottish herring-fisheries, assume that in Scotland alone, the gannet (a sea-bird) will annually draw on the shoals to the extent of one thousand one hundred and ten

million herrings! In addition to dog-fish, cod, gannets, and other sea-birds, the herring has many other enemies; porpoises, seals, coal-fish, and other predaceous fishes are constantly lying in wait to fall upon and devour them. A female herring, we know, yields over thirty thousand eggs; but at the shoaling-time myriads of those eggs are devoured by a variety of enemies; besides which, hundreds of thousands of the eggs are never touched by the fructifying milt of the male fish, and so perish in the waters.

Certain species of flies multiply in an alarming ratio and with great rapidity. We have the authority of Linnæus for stating that three flies with the generations which spring from them could devour a dead horse as soon as a lion could. Almost every flower and vegetable of the garden is the dwelling-place of a countless number of insects, which live upon them and multiply and replenish. Many recipes are in use among gardeners for the destruction of these pests; but prevention is better than cure, and when methods can be devised to prevent their appearance on the scene, it is better than killing by mineral powders and other plans. Here is a chance for the toad shewing his usefulness, as any one may prove who keeps a garden. The toad is a voracious feeder on all kinds of garden insects, and this knowledge induces London market-gardeners to purchase them in quantities.

Some farmers and landlords regard with high disfavour the depredations committed by rooks; but it cannot be sufficiently urged that these birds, if they do help themselves to a little of the newly sown grain, make ample amends by the good they achieve as grub-hunters and worm-eaters. Thus it may be taken as an exceedingly moderate estimate that the common rook will eat one pound-weight of food in each week, the greater proportion of such food being insects, grubs, and worms. One hundred of these birds will therefore consume in a single season as much as four thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds of matter that would prove exceedingly injurious to the farmer. In France, during the period of bird-murder, fourteen thousand beetle-larvæ were gathered by a small body of children in a few days; and at another time and during one season, twenty-eight million of these pests were collected, and after being boiled, were spread upon the ground as manure.

Within the last few years farmers have had legitimate cause of complaint with regard to the extraordinary increase of those genuine pests the wood-pigeons. In reflecting, however, upon the causes which have induced this increase, consideration must be given to the changes which have taken place in the rotation of crops: likewise, as we shall presently notice, to the merciless slaughter of our birds of prey. In destructiveness, the wood-pigeon may be said to excel every other pest with which the farmer has to contend. The ravages committed by this bird on grain and on the young shoots of turnips, seem to be in no way compensated for—as in the rook—by the devouring of grubs, wire-worms, and noxious insects. Mr Scott Skirving, an authority on such matters, estimates that as many as twenty thousand individual pigeons have been seen in one flock! They are fond of red clover, of which a plentiful supply is now grown in Scotland, and their food being

plentiful, the birds thrive and multiply. It would be for the general benefit if adequate means could be hit upon for keeping wood-pigeons within reasonable bounds.

In treating of the causes which affect the due preservation of Nature's balance, we would take this opportunity of protesting, as we have frequently protested before, against the indiscriminate slaughter of hawks and owls. Gamekeepers, with certain notable exceptions, seem to have *carte blanche* to shoot and otherwise destroy every animal that does not come within the category of game. And what is equally bad, their masters but too frequently approve of the slaughter.

Nothing can be more short-sighted than this indiscriminate killing down of animals which, though apparently inimical to the interests of the game-preserve, are in reality fulfilling a marvellously useful end, inasmuch as they serve to preserve the balance of Nature. Thus the peregrine falcon, though occasionally guilty of carrying off a grouse or partridge, is the means of killing thousands of wood-pigeons. The pretty little kestrel, which falls, with the rest of its tribe, a victim to the keeper's gun, includes in its dietary animals which are in ill repute with the farmer—namely, mice, frogs, and snails. While the owl, so far from damaging the interests of the farmer or the squire, is one of their best friends, and keeps the fields and barn-yards clear of mice, which, but for these silent night-flitters, might become a terrible nuisance.

Again we urge that the wholesale system of slaughtering animals simply because they are supposed to be game-destroyers, is one that demands inquiry and rectification.

LENTILS—CHEAP COOKERY.

VARIOUS kinds of cheap and nourishing articles of food, the properties of which were previously but imperfectly known, have been lately introduced with success into many homes in the community. Amongst these articles of food brought prominently into public notice and use has been the lentil, which now bids fair to continue to be a staple article of consumption and commerce.

As far back as the year 1851, a notice appeared in this *Journal* on the 'Lentil in Scotland.' At that time M. Guillerez, a French gentleman resident in Edinburgh, made an attempt to bring about the adoption of lentils as a British field-crop, and succeeded in sowing and bringing them to great perfection in ground near Queensferry. This experiment was entirely successful; and in the same paper the usefulness of the lentil in the homes of the poor was plainly stated, from its cheapness and nutritious qualities; the fact being that on the continent six men could dine well on a dish of lentils, costing *twopence*. The public mind has, however, been slow to accept this novelty in food, until the sufferings undergone by many during the winter of 1878-9 again forced the matter into prominence. Mr W. G. Ward, writing in the *Times* on January 23d of this year, noticed the fact that the last cargo of lentils imported into Liverpool found not a buyer as human food, so they were ground, and sold to feed pigs. The only other cargo in England at the time was at Gloucester, where it had remained

unsold for about two years, and was only then beginning to move off, as public attention was being awakened to its value as an article of food. Now we find the lentil sold and displayed by most respectable grocers in both town and country at threepence per pound, and in some places even at less.

A little well-timed volume on *Food for the People; or Lentils and other Vegetable Cookery*, by Eleanor F. Orlebar, supplies much useful information on this subject. The lentil is a kind of tare or vetch, with weak, angular, creeping, and clinging stems from one to two feet long, separated from near the bottom into several branches. Delicate stalks grow from the axils of the leaves, bearing whitish or purple flowers; and the pods when matured do not bear more than two sound seeds, flat on both sides. Where introduced as a field-crop in England, they have generally been used as fodder and food for cattle and pigs. To grow well, they require a light, dry, sandy yet strong soil, and may be sown about the middle of March. When ripe, the pods are thrashed, winnowed, and cleared like corn. Pulse of lentils is much eaten during Lent on the continent, and some are of opinion that the name of this season of fasting is derived from this favourite food. Revalenta Arabica, so highly recommended for invalids, is simply the well-ground flour of lentils. Dr Playfair on examination found that one hundred parts of lentils contained thirty-three parts of albumen or gluten, and forty-eight parts of starch, &c. They are well-known articles of daily consumption in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, North Africa, and the south of Europe generally.

To Mr W. G. Ward, of Ross, Herefordshire, belongs the credit of causing the demand for lentils, by several letters written to the *Times* on the subject. Mr Ward is one of the oldest vice-presidents of the Vegetarian Society; but though we do not indorse all his views, there is much that is worthy of attention. Speaking of cheap dishes for the poor, he recommends a tin of tomatoes, which may be bought at from sevenpence to tenpence a tin, which will form the relish for four dinners for three persons, to be used in the following fashion: Put a fourth of the contents of the tin into a frying-pan, with a liberal quantity of salt and some butter. Fry and boil; toast a slice of bread for each person; let it soak in the gravy; and then eat bread, tomatoes, and potatoes, all covered with rich gravy.

By using celery well cooked, Mr Ward declares it will be impossible to suffer from rheumatism, the latter ailment springing less from cold and damp than from acid blood. Used in the following form, he declares that celery is a preventative of both rheumatism and gout: Cut the celery into inch-dice; boil in water until soft. The water may be drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk; slightly thicken with flour; and flavour with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread round dish, and eat with potatoes.

The simplest method of preparing lentil soup is to wash, soak over-night in water, and boil them for three or four hours, adding onions, carrots, celery, or other seasoning, according to taste. Miss Orlebar thus quotes from the lips of a German corn-dealer: Half a pound of seeds will make a

quart or three pints of excellent soup. Do not strain off the liquor. The seeds will be soft like green peas when they are done; and all you will actually want for simple lentil soup is one of these little packets, two quarts of water or more, because it will keep boiling away; and remember to put them in the saucepan with the liquor in which they have been soaked.

We give what Miss Orlebar says was her 'best success' in cheap soup-making: Half a pound of uncrushed lentils, one carrot chopped, three onions, one leek, two pounds of parsnips, an ounce of chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar, and three large crusts of bread. We washed and picked the lentils, soaked them all night, boiled them with some soda in a large saucepan from ten to one o'clock, pressed them through a colander, heated up again, served, and thought our soup delicious. It cost *very* little, and was enough to last for two or three days.

Those who wish to be initiated further into the mysteries of lentils prepared with meat, and lentil puddings, &c. may consult Miss Orlebar's book. We will conclude by noticing one or two of Mr Ward's other statements regarding lentils and haricot beans. According to Boussingault's scale, fifty-six parts of white haricot beans, or fifty-seven parts of lentils, or sixty-seven parts of peas, are equivalent to one hundred parts of wheat-flour. Haricot beans when properly prepared are extremely nourishing. A common method is to boil them soft, and eat them with parsley sauce and potatoes. Another way is to prepare them after the manner of the Mexican national dish frijoles: boil until soft; drain; turn into the frying-pan with sage and onions, and fry with olive-oil; and then eat with potatoes. The sage and onions may be left out if desired, and flavour instead with Cayenne or curry powder; or make tomato sauce for the beans. Once cooked, these beans may be eaten perfectly well when cold. Such are some of the recommendations regarding cheap vegetable cookery, which, if introduced, may be a boon to thousands of homes.

SUN-LIGHT ON THE SEA.

THE August glamour falls upon the sea,
What time the East is flushed with rosy dawn,
And the brown sails on the horizon line
Shew out, a stately troop of messengers,
To all the climes of Earth.

The clover-fields
Are pink with fragrant blossoms, and the corn,
Its red-gold earlets rustles in the breeze,
That sea-born, on the white cliffs gently stirs
With whispering music the rich harvest-fields,
And softly dies away.

Up-heaves the breast
Of slumbering Ocean, glimmering in the sun
With green and purple sheen: and on the belt
Of yellow sand that bounds the wide sea-shore,
Beat the foam-crestlets of the breaking waves,
With murmurous ripple: on the shingle-beds,
Drawn up in grim array, the fisher-boats
Their black-tarred hulls shew in the flickering light—
The golden sun-light shimmering on the sea!

A. H. B.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 815.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

A SHIPWRECK AVERTED BY THE USE OF OIL.

ON several occasions we have urged on public attention the wonderful efficacy of oil in allaying rough tempestuous waves at sea, in cases of danger to mariners. 'Throwing oil on the troubled waters' is an old figurative sentiment, to which few pay any regard. The sentiment, however, has a foundation in fact, of which every one can satisfy himself, by practical experiment. So true is the fact, that the real thing to be wondered at is the frequency of shipwrecks which might probably have been averted by the simple sacrifice of a small cask of oil. Certainly those mariners who neglect to try the effect of this inexpensive precaution have not a little to answer for. How the oil should reduce the violence of the sea, is a scientific question. All that need here be said is, that the film of oil spreading along the surface of the surging waves tends to produce a calming effect, of which the navigator, driven to his last shifts, would be wrong not to take advantage.

Some instances of the value of oil in saving from shipwreck were given by us in an article, 'The Use of Oil at Sea,' 10th August 1878. In another article, 'Throwing Oil on the Waters,' on the 21st December 1878, we detailed the experiences of Shetland fishermen in saving their boats from being wrecked in raging tideways, by a very simple expedient. They crush in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. The effect is said to be magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but the oil keeps them from breaking, and thus extreme danger is averted. As what we stated was on trustworthy evidence, and may be readily verified, there is positively no excuse for neglecting precautions of this kind. The navigator who goes to sea unprovided with oil to be used on an emergency, may almost be said to invite destruction.

Not only should all sea-going ships be provided with oil, as a counteractive of danger to life and property, but all fishing-craft and pleasure-yachts.

We would particularly enforce this precaution on those who are intrusted with the use of Life-boats. For boats of any kind, one or two bladders of oil would suffice, and the cheapest whale-oil would answer the required purpose. When used in case of a storm, the bladders might be inclosed in a coarse canvas bag, and pricked all over with the point of a knife, to let the oil ooze out on the water. It will be proper to secure the bags to the boats by means of cords before being thrown overboard in the direction which appears most desirable. It might be suggested that in order to acquire proficiency in the management of these oil-bags, experiments should be made at suitable opportunities; the expense and trouble of such experiments being very inconsiderable in comparison with the advantages that may be derived.

In consequence of our repeated urgings, we should have refrained from so soon returning to the subject, but for receiving a letter from Mr Alexander Sprunt, British vice-consul at Wilmington, North Carolina, United States, dated 28th June 1879. The following is the letter, which will not be perused without interest by our readers:

'DEAR SIR—I consider that you are entitled to the thanks of not only shipmasters and shipowners, but of all who go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters, for publishing in the widely circulated *Chambers's Journal* the fact that during dangerously tempestuous weather at sea, a comparatively small quantity of oil thrown on the breaking waves greatly relieves the storm-vexed ship. Yesterday took down the experience of the master of a brigantine just arrived here from Bristol, on this point, as inclosed herewith. I doubt not you will receive many such acknowledgments of the excellent results attending the use of oil at sea; and it might be well still to keep before the reading public, both in Great Britain and this country, the great importance of this simple but valuable discovery.' The writer adds a number of personal compliments, and incloses copy of the following official deposition:

'British brigantine *Gem* of Sackville, New Brunswick, Richardson master. On the 1st April last, bound from Wilmington, North Carolina, for Bristol, took a heavy gale of wind about a degree to the eastward of Bermuda, from the south, veering rapidly to the north-west, whence it blew a hurricane for thirty-six hours, with a cross-breaking sea, ship labouring heavily—"started" the after-house and boats, stove lazarette hatch, and took try-sail from the mast. All hands aft in the cabin in case the sea should break over and carry away fore-house. 8 P.M., sea getting worse, the master thought of resorting to the oil experiment, which he had read of in *Chambers's Journal*. Had a canvas bag prepared, holding about three quarts of kerosene oil, with a rope of six fathoms attached, and kept trailing to windward; the oil leaking through the canvas greatly broke topping sea, and made matters much more favourable for the ship. This was kept up through the night; and at 3 A.M. on the 2d April the weather began to moderate. The mate, who had himself lashed to the rigging during the whole of his watch, believed with the captain that the resort to the oil saved the ship, as such fearful weather had never during the captain's experience of fourteen years been witnessed by him. A drop of the oil will smooth about four feet circumference of sea. Captain Richardson suggests that a canvas bag to hold about six gallons is the best size, pierced with small holes with a penknife, the holes to be enlarged as the canvas becomes wet and its texture closer.'

Here, then, is official testimony to the value of oil in allaying certain dangers on the occasion of tempests at sea. Surely, if there be truth in that and similar testimony, the duty of enforcing it should not be left to the editor of *Chambers's Journal*. We allow there is a vast gratification in knowing that we have been instrumental in doing the good which is above candidly admitted. But the matter goes beyond our efforts. It eminently deserves the attention of Lloyd's, and of all others who are specially concerned in shipping.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE TWO LETTERS.

'Two letters for you, Mr Ashton,' said Edmunds the head-porter, as Hugh, who now found more time on his hands than he could easily dispose of, returned, after one of the solitary rambles that were now habitual to him, to the station. One of these—which was sealed with red wax, and bore the impression of a coat of arms such as the Heralds' College grants for money in this degenerate age, when the heraldic instinct seems dead, and the simple beauty of antique blazons unattainable—was from Mr Dicker. Hugh's patron, in kindly terms enough, informed his young friend of his intention, on a tour of inspection, in company with two other Directors, of visiting Hollow Oak Station on the ensuing day. Mr Dicker, as Deputy Chairman, named two o'clock as the probable time for the

arrival of the Directors' special train, hinted at possible promotion for Hugh as the result of his late courageous action, and expressed his intention of formally verifying the accounts and receiving the amount of cash accumulated at the station.

Now it so happened that the sum-total of the cash under Hugh's charge was, for so very minor a station, unusually large. There are, of course, regular rules as to the paying over of moneys in the hands of station-masters into those of a Company's Manager, or Deputy Manager; but these rules admit of exceptions, and one such had been made in the case of Hollow Oak. The late station-master, Mr Weeks, had left a hoard of his employers' gold and silver behind him; while an unusual amount of ready-money had been lately received, on account of cattle, sheep, poultry, and other agricultural produce, alive or dead, which had been transmitted to London at that hungry Christmas-time. Hugh had a hundred and ninety-three pounds, odd shillings, in the cash-box, which was kept as usual in the station-master's house, ready to be handed over to the proper authorities.

As for the accounts, there could be no difficulty about them. They were short, simple, and had been kept so steadily posted up that a very brief survey would suffice to audit them. Hugh thought much more of the friendly terms in which the capitalist addressed him, and of his satisfaction in seeing that kind face again, than he did of the responsibility which his position entailed upon him. The other letter, however, now claimed his attention. It was very different in appearance from Mr Dicker's, being an ill-written and untidy missive enough, the contents of which, however, when he opened it, were such as to send the blood rapidly coursing through his veins. These were the words of the letter:

SIR—If you will take the trouble to be at Bullbury to-morrow (market-day), and will meet, at the *Chequers* in King Street, a person who Wishes you Well, and will be in waiting there at one o'clock P.M., you may learn some information of value to you in the search in which you are engaged. Mr Ashton is advised, for the sake of what he holds dear, not to fail at time and place, where I shall count upon meeting you.

Such was the letter, which was in the strictest sense anonymous, inasmuch that it bore no pseudo-signature, such as 'Lovers of Justice,' and the like, are wont to append to the epistolary arrows they launch in the dark. And Hugh was not the less inclined to place some credence in the good faith of his unknown correspondent, on account of the grammatical slips, or the irregular transition from the third person to the present, which the letter itself contained. But in any case he should have blamed himself had he flung away a chance, no matter how slender or how desperate, of elucidating the dark mystery that he had vainly tried to pierce. It was quite true that since Hugh's appointment to Hollow Oak Station he had made many inquiries, guardedly, as he thought, but not so guardedly as to avoid the appetite for gossip, which is the bane of a country neighbourhood. But he had gained no information worth the having. Gipsy Nan alone seemed to possess a clue to the secret that he would have

given his very life to solve; and although he had tried, repeatedly, to meet with the wayward wanderer again, he had failed to obtain a second interview. Her people, even, seemed to have shifted their camp to another part of the Forest, and could not be met with. Hugh felt that he had no choice but to accept the anonymous invitation to the *Chequers* at Bullbury.

Hugh never hesitated as to keeping the rendezvous which had been given to him by his unknown correspondent. It so happened that no duties of an urgent character compelled him to be at Hollow Oak at or near the hour named in the letter. Had his nameless friend been cognisant of the ordinary routine of the little official colony, he could not have timed more conveniently the hour appointed for the responsible chief of the station to be seven miles off, at Bullbury. At one o'clock the porters went to their well-earned dinners, in the full conviction that there was nothing to do. Later on there would be lumbering Parliamentaries that stopped at Hollow Oak, and swift trains that went by like the wind, but which, unlike the wind, required clear rails and elbow-room. But for the moment the station-master and his subordinates had really nothing to do.

Hugh borrowed a farmer's horse—his Australian experience of bush-leapers and buck-jumpers had been noised abroad, and he had been begged to break in more than one skittish colt, since he came to Hollow Oak—and rode over to Bullbury. The chief hotel there, like the only public-house in Hollow Oak, bore the name of the *Beville Arms*. But Hugh did not choose to patronise the chief hotel; nor did the *Angel*, the *Rose and Crown*, or the *Harp*, dear to Irish labourers employed on the canal works, find favour in his eyes. Inquiring his way, he rode up to where the ancient sign of the *Chequers* swung aloft over cobble-stoned King Street, and there dismounted.

There was not much business done, even on market-day, to all appearance, at the *Chequers Inn*, Bullbury. Inns, like other institutions, have their fashion, and run to seed. The *Chequers* of Bullbury, third-rate at best, was now, to judge by the eye, obsolete. Two or three farmers or bailiffs had what they called their 'traps' in its grass-grown yard. A few horses were rattling their halters in its damp stable. The waiter who ran about carrying half-cooked meat and half-boiled vegetables to grumbling chance customers in the mouldy old coffee-room, was out at elbows, and had white seams to his coat, and a general air of irritable dejection. The very mastiff in his kennel seemed infected by the insolvent melancholy of the place, and whined instead of barking. It was plain that the *Chequers* was in a bad way of business.

But Hugh saw no sign of anybody on the look-out for him, or for any stranger. Over and over again did he pace up and down before the wide gateway, down which the winter wind whistled shrilly; but not a glimpse could be caught of any person who seemed likely to communicate tidings of importance. The few people in the mouldy coffee-room appeared to be gloomy and preoccupied, men who devoured a bad dinner in hurried fashion, then called for the bill, and snarled at it, and were stingy to the ineffably shabby waiter, and went out into the town, declaring in no measured language that the *Chequers* was a rat-

hole that should have no more of their patronage.

But as for any one intent on him or his concerns, Hugh Ashton felt as though he might as well have been in the Sahara itself, amidst yellow gravel, and thorn bushes, and driving sand, such as constitute every wilderness from the Pillars of Hercules to many-hued Nile. There seemed to be not a soul, in or near the inn, whether man or woman, whose mind was busy on any other subject than the welfare of the thinker. When Hugh asked the hostler if any strange gentleman were waiting about, the rough fellow, in his catskin cap and fustian jacket, replied by asking if Hugh 'knowed of a place where a poor man as knowed horses, and did 'em justice allays, could make a living.'

And the fluffy-haired waiter, in a white-seamed coat and pumps down at heel, confided to Hugh his desire to serve some member of the British aristocracy, in town or country, 'where I might be treated a little less of a negro slave, and have a trifle wholesomer victuals, when dinner-time does come!' concluded the waiter, with suppressed vehemence, and a stealthy shaking of a feeble fist towards the window of the room wherein his bankrupt master, with his lean wife and unruly children, were dining noisily.

At last Hugh went back, baffled and perplexed. Had Ghost Nan been the writer of the letter, and if so, why had she failed in keeping the appointment? Hugh could not tell; but at anyrate, he had lost nothing save his time. On riding back to Hollow Oak, he found the station peaceful, and the regular routine of the day going on as steadily as ever.

CHAPTER XLV.—SALEM JACKSON'S STRATAGEM.

As a gaunt and hungry winter-wolf prowls about a sheepfold, half-maddened by the scent of live mutton that comes steamingly from the woolly flock, close-packed within, and yet keenly anxious to keep clear behind him the track by which his tireless gallop over snow and sward, through bush and brake, may outstrip hound and horseman, until he sees the Pyrenees, with peak unsealed by human foot, and cavern into which none but the 'gray beast' dares to creep, towering aloft like the ramparts of his city of refuge; even so did Salem Jackson, once a mariner on board the steamer *Western Maid*, range around the station of Hollow Oak.

Hugh, who knew him, was away. Salem Jackson, prompted by the Black Miller, had taken care that such should be the case. His anonymous letter, backed by Swart's local knowledge, had drawn away, on a false scent, the object of his hate and fear. The former mutineer had never forgiven the blow by which Hugh Ashton, on the occasion of the shipwreck, had caused him to measure his length on the steamer's deck; but then he had never forgotten it, and the remembrance of his former captain's superior prowess cowed him. Salem Jackson was of quite another order of scoundrelism from that to which his grim employer, Ralph Swart, belonged. Had any man struck the Black Miller a blow, there would have been a grapple indeed, from which one or other would hardly have emerged alive and unmaimed. But Salem Jackson was of another

mould. He feared hard knocks. He feared the law. He had used the knife, and had fired the revolver, not always with lethal consequences, in southern cities to the west of the Atlantic. But that was because others did so, and because, in tavern brawls at Memphis or New Orleans, it was safer to fight than to allow other rowdies to have free play for pistol or for bowie. In England, however, and with Hugh Ashton, though unarmed, for an antagonist, Salem Jackson preferred not to resort to the rude arbitrament of blows.

The sailor had his bowie-knife in the weasel-skin belt that he wore beneath his blue waistcoat. But he had no pistol. His three revolvers, relics of a stormy past on the other side of the ocean, he had purposely left at Treport. He would not trust himself to carry firearms, for fear, before his treacherous work was done, the door should burst open, and he should find himself confronted by his former Captain, and only able to free himself by doing what would bring his felon neck under the immediate attention of the Newgate authorities. He meant to succeed, this time, by fraud, but not by force, and therefore perhaps deserved to be likened rather to the fox than to the fox's lupine cousin, that turns so savagely on dog and man as they follow, straggling, in the long pursuit over hill and dale. Both Sir Lucius and the Black Miller had judged rightly in selecting this man, inspired as he was by mingled hate and greed, as a worthy instrument for vile designs: Salem Jackson was strong and lithe, and had a practised cunning which had eluded deserved punishment before that day.

The habits of railway servants at small stations are so much alike, allowance being made for the coming and going of trains, that their proceedings may be predicated with almost as much certainty as those of bees or ants. At Hollow Oak there was nothing to prevent porters or policeman from locking up the station and going off to dinner at one o'clock, the hour most congenial to themselves, and most convenient to their families. Nobody, on these occasions, was left in the station except Hugh Ashton, if he chanced to be at home, and a boy, a sort of apprentice to the guild of portership, who was called familiarly 'Brooms,' who drew about four-and-sixpence of weekly salary from the Company's exchequer, and who rubbed door-handles, and cleaned lamps, and wore corduroys, and was by no means the least efficient of the permanent staff there on duty. It had been arranged that little 'Brooms,' who was the son of a widow—and, it may be said, a widow of the Company's making, since his father, a plate-layer, had been killed on the line through some inattention to the switching of points—should always get such dinner as he was to have when the men came back from theirs, in order that the station might never remain absolutely ungarri-soned. And this, Salem Jackson, peering down from the edge of the fir plantation that crested the bank on the down side of the line, was not slow to perceive. He saw the porters troop off, like schoolboys dismissed from school, and saw the green-coated policeman follow them yawningly. Hugh Ashton, he knew, was, thanks to the lying letter he had himself, at the Black Miller's suggestion, indited, away at Bullbury. But then there was the boy.

Little Brooms, when left alone, moved for some

minutes to and fro, walking the platform with an air of authority, much as some junior lieutenant in the navy, who was a midshipman but yesterday, walks the deck as officer of the watch. He tried doors, glanced into the telegraph-room, as if to see whether anything had occurred to the instruments, and looked into the empty waiting-room and booking-office. Then, he began gravely to peruse the scraps of literature gratuitously provided in the shape of large-type advertisements, and seemed absorbed in contemplation of the merits of iron bedsteads, cattle-fool, mustard, and perambulators. Salem Jackson, watching this young student from his lurking-place, waxed impatient. The minutes were flying. Was this urchin such a marvel of steadiness that he would stand sentinel until the men returned from dinner? And if so, would it not be necessary to secure his silence by—

Ha! a change had come over young Brooms, and he had forgotten, for the moment, his position of responsibility as a railway servant, to remember that he was a boy, and strolled off to the locked carriage-gate of the station, there to indulge in a contest of repartee with other little lads of his own age, who came close to the wooden bars to banter him with rustic wit on the subject of the official cap and buttons, which they nevertheless envied, and to ask if he were hungry. Now was the time! So good an opportunity might never recur. With a sailor's activity, Salem Jackson cleared the fence, scrambled down the bank, and darted across the line. The boy, still beside the gate, had not turned his head. There were some crates, filled with live poultry, waiting for conveyance to London, stacked in a corner. Behind these Salem Jackson ensconced himself, while he took a closer survey of the place. What he desired to find must be looked for, he felt convinced, either in the ticket-office or in the station-master's house. The latter was the more likely of the two. But as a prudent general leaves nothing to chance, he determined to explore the ticket-office first.

Peeping round the corner of the pile of crates, Salem Jackson looked cautiously at the boy. The boy's face was yet averted, but he seemed as though he were in the act of turning his head. Quick as thought, the ambushed lurker crept from behind the crates, and gained the waiting-room, through which he passed into the booking-office. Once in the citadel, as it were, of the little pacific fortress that he sought to surprise, the Cornishman who had seen the world made haste to profit by the occasion. The tiny ticket-office was locked up. This was a matter of course. But the intruder's quick eye soon perceived that the stout timber partition, painted and varnished, which shut it in, separating it from the booking-office—which also served as a waiting-room for passengers of the second and third class—did not reach the ceiling, but left, probably for ventilating purposes, a space through which a man could easily squeeze himself. To scale the wooden screen, difficult perhaps to a rustic, was to a sailor a feat that presented no difficulty, and soon Salem Jackson found himself on the inner side of the partition.

The ticket-office did not prove to contain what the Black Miller's emissary was hunting for. In a half-shut drawer were two sovereigns and some

thirty shillings in silver. There were the tickets, and the stamping instruments, and some accounts and printed forms, and a watch belonging to the clerk or head porter, and an overcoat hanging on a peg, and a few parcels in brown paper, ready for conveyance. With none of these things did Salem Jackson meddle. He was in the act of reclimbing the partition, when he heard footsteps and the sound of a young voice, and in an instant he removed his brown sinewy hands from the top of the wooden screen, and stood, motionless as a statue, on the inner ledge close to the aperture where tickets are given out and change counted, stooping his head low, lest it should be visible above the partition.

Would that boy never go? Perhaps the fire in the booking-office was an attraction, on that chilly day, compared with which even such social intercourse as was possible through the bars of a gate had lost its charms. But at anyrate young Brooms lingered long in front of the blazing coals, shuffling his feet as he hummed a nigger ditty picked up from some roving company of begrimed serenaders, and all this time the strong man, scarcely venturing even to glance up at the clock overhead to note the provoking flight of time, watched and waited. All unconscious was the lad of the close proximity of Salem Jackson, with his knife concealed beneath his clothes, and breathing softly in the dread of being overheard. Would the brat never go? The villain grew desperate as he saw his chance of success and safety waning. Should he spring out now, like a tiger from the long grass of the jungle, he could readily—

Ah! Brooms, with the versatility of his age, was sauntering out at last, unwitting of the bony fingers that were preparing to clutch at his throat.

When the sound of the boy's iron-bound heels had died away in the distance, the seaman leaped noiselessly over the wooden screen, traversed the waiting-room, and after a brief sojourn under the lee of the pile of crates, made his way to the door of the station-master's house. The door was locked. But Salem Jackson was prepared to find it locked. Drawing from an outer pocket of his rough pea-coat a bunch of skeleton keys, such as locksmiths and burglars use, he selected one and then another. At the second attempt he succeeded, went in, and shut the door. There was nothing in the parlour, he found, that would serve his purpose. In Hugh's bedroom, when he reached it, he found a cupboard which was locked, but which, with slight trouble, he contrived to open. In it was a large-sized box of japanned metal, bearing the initials of the Railway Company, and secured by a patent padlock. The sailor shook the box, and heard the rattle of the money inside.

'Let us see, now,' muttered the fellow, as he produced another and a smaller bunch of wardless master-keys, 'whether the old Philadelphias won't tackle this toy from Brunmagem.—I thought as much!' he added complacently, as the lock yielded to his efforts, and he was enabled to lift the lid of the cash-box. The sailor's eyes brightened as he saw the notes and gold within, and that the sum was larger than he had expected it to be. There were papers too, but of these he selected but one, which he crammed hastily into his pocket, along with the bank-notes, and the

gold. Then he reclosed and relocked the cash-box, replaced it in the exact situation where he had found it, and locked the cupboard. Hugh's window had been left open. It was high above the ground, but an agile man could drop from it into the garden below, uninjured. Salem Jackson crept down-stairs, locked the door, remounted the stairs, and, emerging from the window, grasped the sill firmly, and dropped, as softly as a cat would have done, on the strip of turf below. Then he leaped the fence, climbed the paling, burst through a plantation of young trees, and, with an ugly grin of triumph, descended the bank, ran across the line, and plunged into the fir-wood, at the opposite side of which wound the Bullbury Road.

'Lifted that one's hair, I guess,' snarled out the sailor, as he trudged off townwards. 'I'd give a hundred dollars, I would, to see his face, presently.'

But Salem Jackson had not seen another face, watching him from amidst the dark trunks of the fir plantation as he cleared the garden fence, nor did he hear the footsteps that seemed to echo his own as he neared the town of Bullbury.

WEST OF SCOTLAND FOLK-LORE.

WITHIN the last two or three years, considerable progress has been made in the collection of the folk-tales and country sayings which remain to us. Not only has a Society, under able guidance, specially devoted itself to the collection and preservation of those relics, but numerous works upon the subject of folk-lore have seen the light. It is a truism that railways and the schoolmaster are fast changing all the conditions of life. Every year the network becomes more complex, every summer the tourist penetrates into remoter villages. The coming and going of many strangers, the news from east and west, have their imperceptible influence in inspiring new thoughts. Parents find that their children have learned at the Board school to despise all the little home superstitions; and they themselves therefore grow yearly more and more afraid of inquisitive gentlemen who want to know if there are any witches in the neighbourhood, or if Sandie or Jeanie know any ghost-stories.

A recently published volume on the folk-lore of the west of Scotland (*Folk-lore, or Superstitious Beliefs in the West of Scotland within this Century*, by James Napier, F.R.S.E., F.C.S. &c. Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1879) is deserving of notice, mainly because in it we have the notes of one who was born and bred among the popular beliefs and superstitions which in a green old age he has recorded for the information of students. We have therefore in reading his book a confidence in the accuracy of its statements, which cannot unfortunately be felt regarding all treatises on folk-lore. A tourist however painstaking and vigilant, is more than likely to make some mistake in noting down a local saying or tale. Owing to want of familiarity with the dialect, or possibly to acquaintance with kindred legends, his version is often, though unconsciously on his part, distorted and absurd. Folk-lore as a study requires rigid attention to the state in which a tale is

found; and in this as in other studies, there is nothing that ought to be more avoided than hasty generalisation. The labours of Professor Max Müller, Dr Tylor, Mr Ralston, and others have shewn indisputably the value to be attached to comparisons of many versions of one tale: and we may hazard the assertion that not only is the collector of folk-lore quite unjustified as a rule in drawing conclusions from his own investigations; but further, that it is impossible for any one who has not devoted time and talents to the special study of comparative folk-lore, and who has not at hand the fruits of other men's investigations, to speak with authority as to the worth or the worthlessness of a single note.

In the west of Scotland it was still an article of belief in days not very long gone by, that if an infant died before baptism its fate was only too certain; and the sighing of the wind among the trees was interpreted as the wails of unchristened bairns. If a stranger inquired what name had been chosen for a child, before baptism, the cautious answer given was: 'It has not been out yet;' for it was unlucky to call the child by any name. Great, therefore, was the anxiety to have the rite performed; and an instance is known of a baby born on a Saturday being carried two miles to church on the following day, rather than allow so long a space as a week to elapse. Great importance was attached to the choice of the woman who should carry the infant to church, to the manner in which the first person she met received the ancient gift of bread and cheese, and to the order in which the children were baptised; for if by any mischance Jeanie was christened before Sandie, Jeanie would have a beard, and Sandie would have none! Salt must have been familiar to the infant palate. Not only immediately after birth was the child bathed in salted water, and made to taste it three times, but whenever the mother took her baby to a friend's house for the first time, custom ordained that the person visited should put salt into the child's mouth and wash it well. But too great well-wishing was as dangerous as aversion, for the 'weel-faured' or well-favoured were most likely to be stolen by Queen Mab. No pains were spared to ward off the evil influence; and here we note that Mr Napier was himself thought to have had 'a blink of an ill e'e':

'I have quite a vivid remembrance,' says he, 'of being myself believed to be the unhappy victim of an evil-eye. I had taken what was called a *dwinning*, which baffled all experience. . . To remove this evil influence, I was subjected to the following operation, which was prescribed and superintended by a neighbour "skilly" in such matters. A sixpence was borrowed from a neighbour, a good fire was kept burning in the grate, the door was locked, and I was placed upon a chair in front of the fire. The operator, an old woman, took a tablespoon, and filled it with water. With the sixpence she then lifted as much salt as it could carry, and both were put into the water in the spoon. The water was then stirred with the forefinger till the salt was dissolved. Then the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands were bathed with this solution thrice, and after these bathings I was made to taste the solution three times. The operator then drew her wet forefinger across my brow—

called scoring aboon the breath. The remaining contents of the spoon she then cast right over the fire into the hinder part of the fire, saying as she did so: "Gude preserve frae a' skaith." [Preserve him from all harm.] These were the first words permitted to be spoken during the operation. I was then put in bed; and, in attestation of the efficacy of the charm, recovered. To my knowledge this operation has been performed within these forty years, and probably in many outlying country places it is still practised.'

The evil-eye was the more to be dreaded since it was not necessary that the evil-worker should see the child—the only thing indispensable being possession of something which had belonged to the child, as a lock of hair, nail-parings, or rags of clothing. The theory was, that if one of these was buried in the earth, as it decayed, so slowly and surely would its former owner die, through some assumed association of part and whole, or *sympathy*. In order to guard against this, all hair and nail-parings were scrupulously burned. Many objected even to have their likeness taken; it was unlucky. Doubtless, some lingering fear suggested the evil use a badly disposed person might make of it; and Mr Napier speaks of having heard of several persons who never had a day's health after being photographed. Among other curious superstitions in the west of Scotland—though not all, as students of folk-lore know, peculiar to that district—respecting children, we are told that when a child was taken from its mother, and carried outside the bedroom for the first time after its birth, it was lucky to take it up-stairs; and if—as we suppose was not uncommonly the case—there were no stairs in the house, the child was taken three steps up a ladder—we know an instance of this recently in the west end of Glasgow—or in case of emergency, the nurse got upon a chair! Again, to prevent children being stolen by the fairies, an open Bible should always be placed near a child.

Regarding the aversion to May marriages, the very pertinent remark has been made, that a strong reason exists in Scotland in the fact that the Scottish removal or 'fitting' term occurs in the end of May, and what young woman would like to enter upon her married life unless she could in some measure be assured of her new home! Sixty years ago, the first thing done to prepare the house for the bride was, on the bridal eve, to sprinkle salt on the floor, as a protection against the evil-eye; then the bride's feet were washed, this being, as suggested, in all probability a survival of the old Norse custom which enjoined the maiden-friends of the bride to assist at a sort of religious purification. On the eventful day, which was always a Friday, great attention was paid to every incident; for if the bride broke a dish, or the postman forgot to deliver a letter to the bride until he was some way on his journey, and had to return, or some soot came down the chimney, it was a bad omen for the future wedded life. After the knot had been tied and the clergyman had kissed the bride, 'the party returned in the following order: first, the two fathers in company together, then the newly married couple, behind them the best-man and the best-maid, and the others following in couples as they might arrange. There were frequently as many as twenty couples. On coming within a mile or so

of the young couple's house, where the mother of the young goodman was waiting, a few of the young men would start on a race home. This race [as on a former occasion we informed our readers] was often keenly contested, and was termed *running the brooze* or *braize*. The one who reached the house first and announced the happy completion of the wedding, was presented with a bottle of whisky and a glass, with which he returned to meet the marriage procession; and the progress of the procession was generally so arranged that he should meet them before they arrived at the village or town where the young couple were to be resident. He was therefore considered their first-foot, and distributed the contents of his bottle among the party, each drinking to the health of the young married pair; and then bottle and glass were thrown away and broken. The whole party then proceeded on their way to the young folks' house. At riding weddings, it was the great ambition of farmers' sons to succeed in winning the *braize*, and they would even borrow racing-horses for the occasion.

When the bride had been lifted over the threshold, and her mother-in-law had broken the cake of bread over her head, she was led to the hearth, and the poker and tongs, and occasionally the broom, presented to her along with the keys of the house. These ceremonies ended, and a substantial supper partaken of, the young people turned to the dance, where, if either bride or bridegroom had elder brothers or sisters unmarried, those neglected ones danced the first reel without their shoes. (Scotch weddings, it must be noted, frequently take place in the evening.)

The rejoicing days over, 'the first care,' says Mr Napier, 'of the young married wife was still, in my young days, to spin and get woven sufficient linen to make for herself and her husband their *dead-claes* or shroud. I can well remember the time when, in my father's house, these things were spread out to air before the fire. This was done periodically, and these were days when mirth was banished from the household and everything was done in a solemn mood. The day was kept as a Sabbath.' Among the miscellaneous superstitions of daily life, it was said that if on seeing the first plough in the season, it was coming towards the observer, it was a lucky sign, and whatever undertaking he was then engaged in, would be certain of success; but if the plough was going from him, the reverse would be his fate. If luck was desired with any article of dress, it should be worn first at church. If a person in rising from table overturned his chair, he had been speaking untruthfully. If a man spoke aloud to himself, he would die a violent death. If nets were set on the Sabbath, the herring would leave the district (thus it is said the herring were driven from Lamlash about two years ago). If a double ear of corn were put over the looking-glass, the house would not be struck by lightning. For long it was customary for farmers to leave a portion of their fields uncropped, dedicated to the evil spirit, and called *goodman's croft*.

In the above notes, only a few of the superstitions illustrated in the volume to which we have had occasion to refer, have been touched upon. To give further examples would occupy more space than we can afford; and we must be content with remarking, that however we may now

regard these old-world sayings and doings, their study in a collected form may serve to illustrate the growth of the world's civilisation and the progress of man's mind.

DIFFICULTY OF VERIFYING HISTORY.

THE evidence on which historical statements rest is often found, on close and careful examination, to be woefully faulty. The real facts are ascertained to have been different in important particulars; or the conclusions drawn from them are greater than they can support; or no origin whatever for the statements can be traced. Grave discussions (for instance) have arisen within the last few years concerning the evidence on which the events and personages connected with the past history of England and Scotland are depicted by historians; we assuredly ought to know the truth on such matters, if attainable; instead of which, charges and counter-charges of error are freely brought forth. Other countries experience a like difficulty. For our own pages, however, the subject may be illustrated by examples which admit of being treated with a lighter touch.

At Puzzuoli, in Italy, is a convent which owns a fish-pond just outside the wall; and near the pond is a figure of a man who, according to legend, was struck blind while fishing there: a punishment for fishing in sacred water, or in a pond situated in consecrated ground. He was thus deprived for ever of the power of seeing the fish he caught. So far good; but it has been pointed out that the idea is traceable to a much earlier date, when there was certainly no convent at Puzzuoli. The Roman epigrammatist and poet Martial had long before given the self-same story, but applicable to a fish-pond belonging to the Emperor Domitian.

What did Lord Chief-justice Cockburn say concerning the handwriting which was brought in evidence during the far-famed Tichborne trial? Surely, it may be urged, there can be no doubt on such a point as this! And yet doubt there was, and perhaps still is. The reporters of most of the London daily newspapers took down the words with unquestioned honesty of purpose; nevertheless there were differences, chiefly in the use of small words and in punctuation, which led to two directly opposite conclusions—one that the learned judge declared two handwritings to be similar; the other that he had pronounced them to be strikingly dissimilar. The late Mr Thom, who introduced this matter in *Notes and Queries*, was twitted with having made a difficulty of it; but his reply was a good one—that the twitters virtually twitted one another.

When Baron Marochetti's equestrian statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was set up in Palace Yard, one of the newspapers informed its readers that King Richard, on his death-bed, commanded his attendants to lay him on the floor naked and flog him, as a wholesome discipline. They flogged him thoroughly, and then he died. A search in the old historians has failed to bring to light any other authority for this than that Richard underwent some discipline at the hands of the clergy.

During the Tobacco Controversy in the medical journals some years ago, one of the combatants declared that the great Sir Isaac Newton was a determined smoker. This set inquirers to work; and they found that the reliable biographies of

the great philosopher do not support this assertion. On the contrary Sir David Brewster says that 'when Sir Isaac was invited to take snuff, he declined either to smoke or to snuff, remarking that "he would make no necessities to himself."'

'Up Guards, and at 'em!' Much interest attaches to the controversy whether the Duke of Wellington used these words at Waterloo. It is agreed on all hands that his custom was to shelter his troops as much as possible from artillery-fire by taking advantage of such irregularities of ground as might present themselves. He caused the soldiers to sit or lie down till the moment of attack; and then, when the enemy appeared likely to advance, he bade them rise and be the first to attack. The general belief is that he did this at Waterloo. An officer of the second brigade of Guards, writing some years afterwards his reminiscences of that eventful period, stated that the Duke at the time was not in such a spot that troops could have heard him, and that the 'Up Guards, and at 'em!' was the invention of some writer more graphic than veritable. The curious part of the matter is that when Mr Wyatt long subsequently took a likeness of the Duke, as a preliminary to a statue, and asked him about the truthfulness or otherwise of the popular account, His Grace replied that he did not remember having used the words, nor could he remember what words he had really used. Certainly they are rather more melodramatic than suited the plain-speaking Wellington.

The French have a great tendency to cherish sayings and phrases which were uttered or are believed to have been uttered by celebrated men. This proneness is due in part to a pardonable kind of national vanity, and in part to a certain fitness in the French language to adapt itself to brief, telling, epigrammatic sentences and phrases. Multitudes of such examples are to be met with, found on sober scrutiny to lack verification; nevertheless they live, and seem likely to live in spite of criticism.

'La France est assez riche pour payer sa gloire,' is attributed to Guizot the statesman, when he signed a treaty of peace with a vanquished power without asking for a money indemnity. France has truly shewn herself, in recent years, to be rich enough to pay for defeat if not for glory; but the question is whether Guizot uttered the words attributed to him—words which brought upon him a taunt for boastfulness by the Opposition. It has been shewn that the phrase was put into his mouth by a French journalist—in fact a downright invention.

'La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas!' said to have been exclaimed by General Cambronne, has in like manner been traced to a Parisian journalist; yet the French will doubtless continue to believe that the General, in relation to the condition of the famous Imperial Guard at a critical moment, heroically declared that the Guard would die rather than surrender.

'Fils de St Louis, montez au ciel!' The Abbé Edgeworth is said to have uttered these pious but somewhat venturesome words at the execution of the hapless Louis XVI. The Republicans who decapitated the king had of course no belief that they were sending 'the son of St Louis' to heaven; but the Royalists long cherished the idea

that the words had really been uttered by the Abbé. When questioned afterwards on the matter, however, he stated that the phrase was invented by the editor of one of the newspapers, and had not been used by him.

'Vive la République!' was the heroic shout of the crew of *Le Vengeur*, as she sank beneath the waves after a desperate hard battle. At least so the majority of Frenchmen believe. But the more sober among critics fail to find any evidence to shew that the unfortunate crew said anything of the kind.

'It is wrong for a man in a high station to revenge an affront suffered when he occupied a lower step on the ladder of life.' This, or something to this effect, was long attributed to Louis XIII, in reference to a wrong or an insult he had endured when Duke of Orleans. But the cruel critics have traced the magnanimous aphorism to an earlier date—the speaker being the Duke of Savoy, who prior to his ducal honours was only a Count. Shakspeare appreciated the sentiment well, when he made Henry V. behave with noble courtesy to the Chief-justice, who, in the days when the former was the roystering Prince Hal, had punished him for a misdemeanour; but the great dramatist did not put it into so sententious a form.

'All is lost except Honour,' was long believed in France to have been the sole contents of a letter in which Francis I. informed his mother of his defeat at the battle of Pavia; but when a recent examination of the king's letters was instituted, no such words were to be met with.

During the short Peace of 1814, when a hope was entertained throughout the greater part of Europe that the sun of the terrible Napoleon was set for ever, the Count d'Artois—afterwards Charles X.—entered France from exile in England. To please or appease persons who feared that stern measures would be adopted by the restored Bourbons, he is credited with having said: 'There is only one Frenchman the more: nothing is changed.' This became current on the authority of Count Beugnot. The speech was certainly neat and epigrammatic, as expressed in French: 'Rien n'est changé, Messieurs; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus.' It has been found, however, that the words were invented by a *littérateur* to adorn a newspaper account of Charles's public entry into Paris. The inhabitants of the gay metropolis rather liked poking fun at the somewhat obese Bourbon prince. Sir Robert Wilson, in his *Note-book*, speaking of a time when there was a general belief that the Count had really uttered the words imputed to him, narrates that when the once famous giraffe came to Paris, some of the wits made the animal say: 'Rien n'est changé, Messieurs; il n'y a qu'une bête de plus;' and that when the giraffe was taken to the palace at the king's command, the animal professed to be mortified at finding himself no longer the greatest *bête* in the kingdom. We must here bear in mind that *bête* in French frequently denotes dull, foolish, stupid—an additional sting in the arrows of the wits.

The time at which, and the mode in which the allied powers heard of the news which startled them all so greatly—the escape of Napoleon from Elba in 1815—have become the subject of a remarkable controversy, which tends to shew how difficult it often is to trace such matters to

their true source. The popular version is given in Sir Henry Bulwer's work on *Historical Characters*. On the 5th of March in the above-named year, while the Congress of Vienna was being held, a splendid ball was given at which most of the royal and distinguished diplomatists were present. A whisper gradually spread through the saloons to the effect that the dreaded enemy had escaped from his temporary island-prison. Prince Metternich suspected that Napoleon would at once march to Paris. The Duke of Wellington suggested that the Prince, as representative of Austria, should promptly draw up a proclamation, to be signed by all the powers, denouncing Bonaparte as a pirate and freebooter. M. Varnhagen, however, has recently ascertained that the scene in question did not take place at a ball. The historian wrote to Metternich, asking to be favoured with the real facts of the case. According to this account a conference of most of the plenipotentiaries lasted during the greater part of the night of March 6-7. Metternich, after two hours' sleep, was awakened by his valet, who handed him a letter marked 'urgent'; it came from the Austrian consul at Genoa. Metternich, wearied with hard work, left the letter unopened, probably not observing the word 'urgent.' Opening the letter two or three hours afterwards, he was startled at the contents. It comprised simply six lines, stating that the commander of an English vessel had called at the Austrian consulate to ask whether Napoleon Bonaparte had been seen at Genoa, as he had escaped from Elba. Metternich dressed and hastened to his sovereign the Emperor of Austria. The latter announced that he would at once send an army into France, and bade his minister ascertain whether Russia and Prussia would do the like. In one single hour all the three sovereigns had agreed, and had seen Field-marshal Prince Schwarzenberg about the command. By ten o'clock orders were transmitted to three armies.—At a midnight ball on March 5, and in the Austrian minister's bedroom at eight o'clock on the morning of the 7th, are obviously incompatible; and thus Varnhagen claims to have corrected a popular error which had deceived Bulwer as well as other writers.

In an article relating to the question whether and to what extent 'History repeats itself' (inserted in this *Journal* for March 15, 1879), reference is made to the Rev. George Harvest, a clergyman whose erudition was more than equalled by his eccentricities. In sheer absence of mind he threw his watch instead of a pebble into the Thames. There is something so marvellously like this in one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, that one's suspicions are excited. Will Honeycomb's Club and Mr Harvest's Club; Somerset Gardens and the Temple Gardens; seven minutes to spare in each case; the picking up of a curiously shaped pebble; the intention to shew it to a virtuoso; the pocketing of the pebble and the flinging away of the watch—coincidences beyond measure strange. We have deemed it not unprofitable to dip into this matter a little. *Notes and Queries* quoted the anecdote of Mr Harvest from the *Rock* newspaper, and at the same time drew attention to its resemblance to the *Spectator* anecdote. The *Rock*, we find, gave no authorities. A little search has brought under our notice two biographical tracts or pamphlets, published early in the present

century, each giving in full the anecdote of Mr Harvest. He was, it appears, incumbent of Thames Ditton in the second half of the last century. His death is noticed in some of the London periodicals for 1781; but we have failed to trace the story of his watch and pebble farther back than thirty years after that date. As the two tracts or pamphlets are anonymous, we have no hesitation in stating our belief that some writer (name unknown) concocted the story out of materials which he found ready to his hand in the *Spectator*.

This question of Mr Harvest may seem trifling in itself, but it affords a good example of some of the difficulties which arise in verifying history.

THE STORY OF A SPEAR.

AN oriental-looking weapon decidedly; indeed any one familiar with antique Eastern arms will recognise it at once as one of the pikes formerly carried by running footmen in India. It is of iron, plated with silver, in rings, to give a firmer grasp. It is rather more than six feet in length, and has a triangular blade more than twenty inches long, with sharp edges. A formidable weapon unquestionably, in skilful and resolute hands. Among a host of other oriental curiosities in a certain west-country English mansion it occupies a conspicuous place of honour. It is regarded indeed with a singular veneration—as well it may be; for on the 14th of January eighty years ago there was done with that spear a deed of prowess which stands unique even in the long and brilliant record of British valour—a deed which proves, if proof were needed, that the civilian can in emergency play the hero as effectively and successfully as the trained soldier. The story of that spear we purpose telling here.

The scene of the story is laid in the holy city of Benares, which was at that time, to use the words of Macaulay, 'in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarce make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. . . . Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St James's and of Versailles; and in the bazaars, the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere.' But Benares was not only the gathering-place of merchants and pilgrims, it was also the resort of all the maddest fanatics and most

desperate adventurers in India. The hardy rabble of its streets, ready at a moment's notice to rush to arms, were very handy auxiliaries to any bold political conspirator—and there was never any lack of such refugees in the holy city.

Now, among all the turbulent spirits that kept Benares in a ferment during the year 1798, by far the most conspicuous and mischievous was Vizier Ali, the recently deposed sovereign of Oude. He was but nineteen years of age, and had only enjoyed the sovereignty for the brief period of two months, when he was summarily ejected. It is necessary, in order to understand the incidents of our story, to explain briefly who and what this Vizier Ali was. He was the putative son of Asaph ul Doulah, Nabob-vizier of Oude, a mere creature of the Company, who had died in 1797. On his death there were two claimants to the vacant throne: this putative or adopted son, whom the late Nabob-vizier had publicly recognised and acknowledged; and Saadut Ali, the eldest surviving brother of the deceased sovereign. Sir John Shore—afterwards Lord Teignmouth—the then Governor-general, at first rashly recognised the claim of Vizier Ali; but two months later had to revoke his recognition, and admit the superior validity of Saadut Ali's claim. The latter was accordingly brought from Benares to Lucknow, and proclaimed Nabob-vizier of Oude on the 21st January 1798; whilst Vizier Ali, to console him for his disappointment, was granted a pension of fifteen thousand a year and a palace at Benares. So leniently was the young prince treated, that no attempt was made to control or restrain his movements. He was permitted to keep regal state and surround himself with a large retinue of armed adherents—to maintain, in short, all the external appearance of an independent sovereign.

The folly and imprudence of allowing Vizier Ali to live in this style in such a city as Benares, within the confines of the very state of which he believed himself to be the rightful ruler, was presently to become fatally apparent. He was a bold, ambitious, unscrupulous young man, of fierce passions and headstrong will; and though vicious and debauched, was exceedingly popular among the rabble on account of his profuse liberality. Indeed, he was in the act of plotting the overthrow of British power in Oude, when one of his secret envoys, intrusted with treasonable despatches to Zemaun Shah, was seized by the Company's police. The detection of his intrigues was quickly followed by an order from the Governor-general for his removal to Calcutta. He was to be allowed to retain his income and his state; but it was felt that the only way to neutralise his mischievous propensities was to keep him under the strict surveillance of the British authorities and isolated from his fellow-conspirators. It remained now to announce to Vizier Ali this order, which must be a death-blow to all his ambition. And at this point it becomes necessary to introduce the two important characters who figure most prominently in the story of the spear.

At a short distance out of the city of Benares there is a pleasant suburb called Secrole, which the European residents—the majority of them English—had chosen as their quarters. Their houses, which stood usually in the centre of con-

siderable grounds, were built after the English style, with such modifications as the difference of climate necessitated. There was seldom more than one story above the ground-floor. The flat roof, however, afforded space for an extensive terrace, surrounded with a parapet, and approached by a single narrow winding staircase, from the top of which a trap-door gave access to the roof. It is requisite that these details of construction should be borne in mind in order to understand the main incident of the story. In this suburb, within a quarter of a mile of one another, lived at the time of this narrative the two chief civil authorities of the Company at Benares—Mr Cherry, the political agent of the Governor-general, and Mr Samuel Davis, judge and magistrate of the district and city court. Mr Cherry, from the nature of his duties, was necessarily brought sometimes into personal contact with Vizier Ali; but with this exception, the haughty young prince held no communication whatever with Europeans. Upon Mr Cherry devolved the necessity of announcing to Vizier Ali the order of the Governor-general directing his immediate removal from Benares to Calcutta. The political agent was unfortunately a good tempered, easy-going man of a singularly unsuspecting nature. From the very first he had been completely hoodwinked by the wily young Vizier Ali, in whose honesty and good faith he implicitly believed. When, therefore, the first ebullition of rage at the announcement of the Governor-general's order was succeeded by humble submission and a declaration of the Vizier's readiness to leave Benares as soon as his travelling arrangements could be completed, poor unsuspecting Mr Cherry took it for granted that there would be no further trouble about carrying the order into execution.

Mr Davis, on the other hand, was a man of sagacity and penetration, who knew the treacherous nature of orientals too well to be duped by professions of friendship and loyalty, and who had besides, from information supplied through his police agents, the best possible reasons for distrusting Vizier Ali. It was he who discovered that there had been secret negotiations with Zemaun Shah, and it was owing to his emphatic representations that the Governor-general was induced to issue the peremptory order of removal. He had repeatedly warned Mr Cherry too; but that infatuated person would believe nothing to the discredit of Vizier Ali.

On the evening of the 13th of January 1799, Vizier Ali sent a messenger to Mr Cherry announcing his intention of visiting the political agent the next day 'at the hour of breakfast.' On the morning of the 14th of January, as Mr Davis was taking his customary ride on an elephant, he saw Vizier Ali, accompanied by a train of some three hundred horse and foot, pass on his way to the residence of Mr Cherry. As there was, however, nothing unusual in the sight, for Vizier Ali was always so attended, the judge thought nothing more of it at the time. But on his return home from his ride he found his *cutwal* or head of police awaiting him in a state of great perturbation with the news that he had just received sure information that Vizier Ali had despatched emissaries over the whole of Oude summoning armed men to his standard, and that he feared the Vizier's visit to Mr Cherry had some sinister

object. Mr Davis at once sent a hasty note to Mr Cherry, and waited in much anxiety and impatience for the reply. It was not long in coming; but in a very different form from what he anticipated. First there was a great cloud of dust, then a confused sound of shouts and cries, then the tramp of many feet, then a glimpse of men and horses and glittering steel. The solitary sentry at the gate, fifty yards from the house, challenged the advancing crowd; his challenge was answered by half-a-dozen musket-shots, and with a ferocious yell the mingled medley of horse and foot rushed over his corpse towards the house. There was murder in that yell, and the judge knew it; but his heart never quailed, nor did his presence of mind for a moment forsake him. He ran to his wife's apartments, bade her flee like lightning with her two children and her female servants up the winding staircase and through a trap-door to the roof; then dashed back for his firearms, but only to find the room in which they were, filled with the fierce followers of Vizier Ali. Remembering that there was a spear in one of the rooms above—think of the cool-headedness of the man, so unflustered by the danger that he could remember this!—he had just time to snatch the weapon from the wall and gain the trap-door when he heard the quick tramp of his pursuers close upon his heels. Turning to the terrified women and children, he bade them lie down flat in the centre of the roof, so that no stray bullets might reach them, told them to remember that General Erskine's camp was not ten miles away, and that without doubt help was even now on the way to them; then, spear in hand, and kneeling on one knee, he took up his post at the trap-door, resolved to hold that coign of vantage so long as life and strength were left him.

The staircase was a peculiar one, winding round a central stem, supported by four wooden posts, open at all sides, and so narrow as to allow only one person to ascend at a time. The trap-door which communicated with the roof was like a hatchway on board ship, and the judge kept it open, that he might have a fair view of his assailants as they came up to the assault.

He was not long kept in suspense. Rapidly the ascending footsteps approached, until the head and shoulders of a man appeared. It was Izzut Ali, one of the bosom friends of Vizier Ali, who sword in hand confronted the intrepid judge. For a moment Izzut stopped short, eyeing the figure above him, and then burst into a storm of abuse and execration. Having exhausted his stock of anathemas, he made a rush forward.

'Back, you scoundrel!' cried the judge; 'the troops are coming from the camp.'

Izzut Ali gave a derisive laugh, and struck fiercely with his sword; the blow was parried, and a thrust from the spear transfixed his arm. With a howl of rage and pain the first assailant fell back. Others pressed furiously forward from behind; but one after another they were sent back foiled and wounded, till no one cared to face that deadly spear-point and the strong arm that wielded it. Then they began to fire at the gallant defender of the stairs; but fortunately the peculiar construction of the staircase prevented them from taking good aim, and the balls went crashing harmlessly into the ceiling.

After a long fusillade it was resolved to make

one more effort to storm the trap-door; and this time the judge had a narrow escape. The first of the storming-party was a big powerful man, who dodged the thrust made at his head, and caught the spear-point in his strong grasp. It would have gone hard with Mr Davis had not the blade been triangular with sharp edges. But when, exerting all his force, he gave a desperate pull, the sharp edges cut through his antagonist's hands, inflicting severe wounds, and the spear was jerked out of his gripe. After that, no one ventured to come to close quarters with the judge, and his assailants contented themselves with keeping up for some time a desultory and harmless fire. Finally, they grew tired of this waste of ammunition, and proceeded to wreak their vengeance upon the judge's furniture, as they could not reach his body. After they had smashed up everything they could lay their hands upon, there was a mysterious and unaccountable silence. Not a sound of any kind was to be heard. Had the foiled assassins given up the attack in despair, and gone to seek other and less formidable victims? One of the female servants cautiously peered over the parapet. A shower of bullets rattled round her in an instant, and one of them pierced her arm. It was clear then that the house was surrounded and vigilantly watched. Again all was silent. The judge dared not leave his post of vantage to reconnoitre, though the silence was more trying than the noise. Could they be going to fire the house, and give the hapless inmates but the choice between massacre and burning?

Two hours had elapsed since the first assault upon the trap-door; surely the news of the rising must have reached Erskine's camp, and troops must be on the way to Benares. Suddenly the silence was again broken; there was the sound of footsteps, ascending the staircase. Once more the judge set his teeth, grasped his spear, and prepared to sell his life dearly. The steps came nearer, then a turbaned head appeared. In another instant the upraised spear would have been driven through the turban into the skull beneath it, when the intruder lifted his head and shewed the white beard and withered face of one of the judge's own body-servants. Fearing treachery, however, Mr Davis kept him at bay until he was assured that the party consisted of friends. He then descended, and found the new arrivals to be fifteen sepoys and a few of his own police. As the sepoys were armed with musket and bayonet, and had fifteen rounds apiece, the judge felt that he was now equal to standing a siege, and heard without dismay that Vizier Ali was preparing for another attack in greater force. Meanwhile he inquired if anything had been heard of Mr Cherry. He was told that to the best of his informant's belief Sahib Cherry and all the Englishmen with him had been killed. The judge was still musing over this melancholy news, when he was roused by another alarm, the rattle of sabres and the clatter of horses' hoofs. A hurried glance from the window, however, set all his fears at rest; for in the new-comers he recognised a troop of cavalry from Erskine's camp. The first hearty greeting over, the officer in command briefly explained that immediately on the receipt of the news of Vizier Ali's insurrection, he had been ordered to hasten forward with his

small force, and announce the approach of reinforcements. They had ridden first to Mr Cherry's; and there they found the house sacked, and the dead bodies of Mr Cherry and four other Englishmen lying mutilated in the grounds. Then they hurried to Judge Davis's, expecting to find a similar horrible spectacle awaiting them there; but were overjoyed to discover that here at least they were not too late. Little more remains to be told. All danger was now over. A strong force under General Erskine arrived shortly afterwards; and though there was some severe street-fighting, yet before nightfall, Vizier Ali's palace was stormed, his followers dispersed, and order restored in the city. The arch-conspirator himself, however, escaped, and at the head of a band of marauders made himself troublesome for a few months on the frontier; but was eventually betrayed to the English by the Rajah of Jeypore, with whom he had taken refuge, and kept in close confinement till his death.

By a curious coincidence, Vizier Ali was brought into Benares a prisoner on the anniversary of the memorable day which had witnessed the massacre of Mr Cherry and the heroic defence of Judge Davis.

As for the gallant Horatius of the staircase, he received the due meed of his valour. His grateful fellow-countrymen at Benares hailed him as their saviour from a cruel massacre. And the Governor-general, the Marquis of Wellesley, wrote expressing his high admiration of the splendid courage and coolness displayed by Mr Davis on that occasion; to which alone, he said, 'was to be attributed the safety of the English residents, and the salvation of the city from pillage.' For there could be no doubt that by holding the Vizier and his forces at bay for two hours, the judge enabled the other European residents to make their escape to General Erskine's camp, and kept the insurrection from spreading into a serious and formidable rebellion. Nor was there wanting more substantial recognition of the judge's gallantry and resolution. He was shortly afterwards removed to Calcutta, where he was promoted to a post of high honour and emolument. And at the time of his death he was one of the most respected and influential Directors of the great Company whose interests he had so faithfully and bravely served.

At the mansion of Hollywood, near Bristol, the seat of his son Sir John Francis Davis, who for his distinguished services in China received a baronetage in 1846, the spear which figures in this story is still preserved with the deepest veneration, and will doubtless be handed down as a cherished and precious heirloom from generation to generation of the descendants of Samuel Davis. Cheeks will glow and pulses quicken as the story of that memorable feat of arms is told. Nor is it only in the family of the hero that these feelings of sympathetic pride and enthusiasm will be stirred. In some degree at anyrate, would we hope that they may be stirred in the heart of every reader of this narrative. And who can tell but that some stout-hearted Briton who shall hereafter find himself in forlorn straits, may take fresh courage from the recollection of the brave judge of Benares, who with his single spear held the staircase against three hundred foes! For never surely was there a story yet that more forcibly pointed the moral

that 'While there's life there's hope;' and that even the most desperate game may be pulled out of the fire by dauntless determination and patient courage.

COOLIE IMMIGRANTS IN BRITISH GUIANA.

IN a recent number of this *Journal* we laid before our readers a Glimpse of Overseeing in Demerara; and we would now say something about the coolie labourers employed on the plantations in that colony.

Among a certain class there exists a prejudice against the introduction of East Indians, male or female, into Demerara and the other West Indian colonies. Obstacles of every conceivable kind have until quite recently been thrown in their way, and it has even been alleged that on the arrival of coolies in the colony they are not only overworked and underpaid, but that they are subjected to every hardship possible to imagine. These statements are really nothing else but calumnies, as the writer, who has had experience of a planter's life for some years, and been in daily personal intercourse with the coolies during that time, can testify.

The plantation-work of Demerara being well suited to the capacity of East Indian (Coolie) labourers, thousands of them seek their fortunes in the colony. On their arrival they are distributed among the planters by the Immigration Agent-general acting under the Governor; the number being regulated according to the application of each planter, his means of providing for them, and his willingness and ability to pay the cost of the immigration by periodical instalments. The coolies on being assigned to an estate are at once put under a contract or indenture to work there for five years. At the expiration of this period they are free, and can return to their native country if they like, being entitled to a gratuitous passage home. While subject to this contract they are bound by law to work, unless prevented through illness; and should any try to evade their contract, by desertion, shirking, or other means, they render themselves liable to be summoned before the district stipendiary magistrate, who may fine or imprison them. The time spent in jail as a punishment for idleness is registered against them in the estate books. At the expiration of the five years' term of service, any period a coolie has thus spent in jail has to be made good before he is entitled to receive a certificate of exemption from labour.

The manager of an estate is obliged to have work always ready for his labourers, and to pay them for it weekly at stipulated rates, which are nearly similar all over the colony. The men often earn two and three shillings a day; and when it is taken into consideration that the estate finds them a good lodging, and that a single man seldom spends more than four shillings on his sustenance during a week, the remuneration is usually considered ample. Moreover, the official returns issued by the Immigration Agents in

Georgetown and Calcutta shew that large sums of money are carried back to their country by returning immigrants, after their term of service has expired.

The coolies are able at any time to lay a complaint of bad treatment, insufficient wages, overwork, or any other grievance under which they may believe themselves to be suffering, before a local magistrate or Immigration Agent; and these complaints are always sifted to the bottom, and if found true, redress is immediate. In fact so warmly has the head of the Immigration Department been their defender and partisan, that he is nicknamed 'the coolies' papà.' In cases of alleged hardship, the coolies will carry their grievance to headquarters, and it is by no means an uncommon spectacle to the merchants and store-keepers of Georgetown to see fifty or sixty coolie labourers appear in Water Street on their way to the Immigration Office. They have come from some estate in the country, armed with their shovels and forks, just as they have struck work, to lay a general complaint against the manager, overseers, and foremen of the estate to which they belong. Usually, the sum and substance of their complaints is that they are not paid sufficiently for their labour, and that they would like some little addition to their wages.

The complaints, whatever they be, being carefully taken down in intelligible language, the men are told to return to their work, and that an investigation will take place on the morrow. The next day, the manager of the estate gets an official intimation that such a charge has been made, and that Mr T— will arrive at a stated time to investigate the case. The Agent arrives; the coolies renew their charge, but with less vehemence and more regard to truth, now that they are in the presence of their masters. The manager refuses to increase their pay, alleging that what has already been promised them is a fair equivalent for their work. A visit to the field where the work in question has been commenced takes place. It not infrequently happens that the Immigration Agent finds himself unable to come to a decision from his ignorance of planting details; and in such cases, four well-known planters are summoned—two chosen by the manager, and two by the coolies. Both parties then agree to decide by their judgment. With every wish to decide in the immigrants' favour, it is seldom that the Immigration Agent finds himself able to do so, for the simple reason, that as a rule the work is found to have been fairly valued, and at similar rates to those paid on neighbouring estates at the same time. The regular monthly visit of the Immigration Agent also affords the coolies opportunities of bringing complaints, thus saving them the time and trouble a walk to the town or magistrate's residence would entail.

The immigrants' time of work is limited by law to seven hours a day in the open air, and ten hours a day under cover in the manufactories; if, however, they like to work a longer time for extra pay, they are open to do so, and most of them gladly avail themselves of this right, by which they secure more wages at the end of the week. The children are free from birth, and when grown up usually develop into the most useful and skilful labourers. As a further inducement to the immigrants to work well, they are entitled to a

day's leave provided they labour with tolerable steadiness; and an industrious man or woman never asks in vain for two or three days or even a week's leave, supposing they wish to travel to a distant part of the country. Their children are formed into gangs, and employed at light easy work about the manufactory, or in the fields, being paid from sixpence to tenpence a day according to their age and ability.

The labourers on all estates are under the immediate supervision of several foremen, called 'drivers.' These men are coolies themselves, and are specially selected by the manager of an estate as men of superior intelligence and strength, and as having shewn themselves thoroughly acquainted with and able to perform the different descriptions of agricultural work they will have to superintend. These men are in receipt of fixed wages, and enjoy many agreeable privileges. It is their duty to stop all disputes, report everything wrong that may come under their notice, and be all day long with their fellow-immigrants in the fields, superintending their work, besides having to accomplish a host of minor duties. To rise to this position is the great ambition of most coolies, and the hope of one day becoming a driver acts as a very healthy stimulant to induce them to increase their industry.

There must be a hospital on each estate for the labourers, and a regular doctor; and when ill, and consequently inmates of this hospital, the coolies receive medical attendance, medicines, and food gratis. Properly qualified men called 'sick-nurses' have charge of these hospitals, and always live on the premises. The doctor visits three or four times a week, and in serious cases once or twice a day if need be.

The chief difficulty the coolies experience is in their acclimatisation and in recovering from the attacks of colony fever—not yellow fever—which is certain sooner or later to prostrate them, or anybody else, after their arrival in the colony.

Now we will suppose the first four months of a man's indenture passed; he has recovered from his worst attacks of fever; his hands have hardened, allowing him to grasp his *cullas*—a Demerara agricultural implement—without pain or blistering; he has learned tolerably well how to perform the different kinds of work, and has settled down to his new life just as a boy at school does after his first term. As for the first three or four months after their introduction the coolies are not sufficiently acquainted with their work, and might find it difficult on this account to earn a fair week's wages with which to support themselves, it is the custom for new coolies to be fed by the estate for the time being. They receive a good meal twice a day, and get biscuits and tea early in the morning. Were a man, therefore, at first only to earn as little as sixpence a week, he would not starve in consequence. The food is generally served out already cooked. Two and fourpence is deducted from each immigrant's weekly wages to pay for this food; but supposing that any man or woman has not earned so much, the estate is the loser, as the amount short is not carried on against them into the next week, but foregone at once.

Generally speaking, the coolies arrive from Calcutta almost destitute, and though perhaps they may experience rather a hard time of it for the

first four or five months after their introduction, so satisfied do they at length become with their lot, that as a rule they abandon all idea of returning to their native country, and ultimately settle down in the colony, as may be seen by the numerous coolie villages generally situated near large estates in the country. Even before their indentures have expired the men invest largely in cattle, and their wives invariably keep poultry or goats. A stranger landing in Georgetown cannot fail to be struck by the cheerful and happy aspect of the coolie men and women he meets as he walks along the streets. The Indian look of the place is heightened by the appearance of the population, the streets being filled with coolies in the picturesque garb of the East, with their wives in their bright dresses, their arms, ankles, and often ears and noses loaded with gold and silver jewellery, and their children in the garb of Eden.

Before concluding this paper, I must say a few words about the annual festival of the coolies, called the *Tags*, to celebrate which they are allowed from three to six days' leave. This festival usually takes place at the end of January or beginning of February, and preparations for it are commenced months before. The ceremony consists of the coolies carrying about the country structures made of bamboo covered with different kinds of coloured paper, which they call temples. The coolies of each estate attire themselves in bright apparel, and vie with one another in the size and gaudy magnificence of their temples. While these are being carried about by night at the head of long processions of coolies bearing torches, fencing, boxing, and other feats of strength are resorted to. The festival lasts two or three days, and is much looked forward to; as a rule, however, planters do not much encourage it, as after the third day a great deal of drinking goes on, and the immigrants do not recover from their exertions and excesses for weeks afterwards; moreover, its celebration has not unfrequently led to a free fight taking place between the coolies of two neighbouring estates, which has sometimes ended fatally for some of the rioters. However, it comes but once a year, and as it is the only real holiday these people enjoy, it seems hard to grudge it them. The most amusing part is that, on the last day of the festival, the temples and gorgeous structures upon which they have spent so much time and money are thrown into the river or into some old ditch, where they are left to rot and fall to pieces. In such places these remnants of departed grandeur may be seen for months afterwards.

In bringing this paper to a conclusion, the writer hopes that to any one who has had the patience to follow him so far, it will be tolerably clear that the coolies who leave Hindustan to try their fortunes in Demerara, are not subject to the persecutions and hardships supposed by many to be their lot. Looking at the subject from a thoroughly worldly point of view, it pays a planter much better to treat his coolies as human beings, susceptible of feelings like ourselves, than like wild beasts; and this the planters know perfectly well. So long as there is a constant and steady flow of immigration from India, Demerara is secured of prosperity; but once let this introduction of labour into Demerara cease, the wages which would be demanded for native labour would render it impossible for the planter to carry out

his operations with anything like success. Immigration, then, is as the lifeblood in her veins, endowed with which, Demerara is reserved for a great life in the future.

IRISH TRAITS.

MARY'S ABBEY, P—LANE, ETC.

A MODERN writer—A. M. Sullivan, author of *New Ireland*—has remarked upon 'the greater seriousness of character which the famine period has imprinted on the Irish people;' and no one who knew them well, and was familiar with their manners and habits before the 'black forty-seven,' will fail to indorse the truth of this observation. The once reckless taking-no-thought-for-the-morrow, living-from-hand-to-mouth system, has in a great measure gone out with the exclusive potato diet; but notwithstanding the diminution of improvidence and increased 'seriousness,' much of the old characteristic remains. The light-hearted fun, the keen relish of a joke still so prevalent, strike one, especially after an absence from the Green Isle.

Very noticeable was this to a small party of travellers who a few weeks since landed in Dublin from one of the North Wall steamers, having been absentees from the Green Isle for some considerable time. The boat was very full, and the moment the gangway was let down, the majority of the passengers pressed eagerly towards it.

Why is it that travellers, who surely cannot all want to catch a train or secure the best rooms at a hotel, and to whom, therefore, a few minutes sooner or later cannot be a matter of vital importance, will crowd and push and squeeze, getting themselves elbowed and jostled as they are propelled forward by the throng, bumped up against knobby packages, hand-bags, umbrellas, sticks, dressing-cases, and all the various articles where-with passengers encumber themselves, and over which in the jam and crowd they have no control?

Our travellers elected to stay quietly behind until the rush had subsided, so that when they emerged from the *Shamrock*, the quay was comparatively deserted, and only a few cabs were left. Along the line of these, among the cabbies, some rare and wonderful joke was passing. Peal after peal of laughter followed each sally as it flashed from one driving-seat to another. A man whose cab was just before the brougham where our friends sat waiting for their luggage, actually wriggled with delight at some extra-pungent repartee, drumming his feet on the footboard in an ecstasy of appreciation, and causing his sleepy horse to rouse from his doze and prick up his ears. The joke, whatever it was, had not died out when the cabbies, despairing of more fares—their spirits in nowise damped thereby—drove away, firing off parting shots of mirth-provoking fun with many a backward flourish of the whip at those left behind. The party, fresh from the sedate Jehus

of Euston and Paddington, were fain to confess that Paddy could still be sometimes 'himself again.'

But it is in the fairs and markets, the back-slums of towns, and wherever the lower orders congregate to buy and sell, that national characteristics most abound; and very droll they sometimes are.

Mary's Abbey in Dublin, frequented by customers of this class, affords many examples. Goods of various descriptions are ranged along the edge of the road-way in baskets, barrows, trays, and stands of temporary construction. Here a table of old clothes, brushed and furbished up to the best advantage; next crockery-ware; then a tray of gaudy artificial flowers, round whose splendid attractions, with longing eyes the young girls cluster, like bees about a lavender-bush; some of the damsels exceeding comely and good to look at. Cheap fish, not always the freshest; fruit at times ditto ditto; strings of onions, old nails, penny toys; smart muslin caps, knitted stockings, and bright-coloured woollen mufflers dazzling to behold; clay-pipes, sacks of potatoes, rows of second-hand boots and shoes, wooden ware.

Here is a man shouting out at the top of his voice: 'Three silver spoons for a halfpenny! Come and buy, ladies. Who'd keep on stirring their tay wid the bone of a herring, when they could buy three splendid silver spoons for wan halfpenny? Stand back there, gentlemen'—to the crew of ragged young street arabs pressing round—'stand back, if ye plaze, and don't crowd the ladies. Don't ye see they want to examine the plate?'

Farther on—in P—— Lane, a unsavoury region chiefly devoted to fish—a group of women are squatted round one presiding over a basket of herrings, listening eagerly while she narrates how Big Moll was 'run in by the pöliss—she having a dhrop in her the same time.'

'And sarve her right,' adds the speaker viciously. 'There isn't one in all Ireland handier with her fists and her tongue nor herself. Last Christmas, she and I had an argyment in Moore Street, and I guv her the lie before the whole market. With that, my dear, she ups with a big pot-stick was in her hand, and without another word she downs me. I thought I was kill't. Biddy O'Shea run up. "Vo, vo! Mrs Brien ma'am," she calls out, "are you dead?" "No jewel," sez I; "not dead; only spachless." For I couldn't spake, with the stun I was after gettin' when I was stretched. At last I come to, and struggled up be degrees; and away with me to Jervis Street Hospital wid my head in my hand to the doctor. He done the best he could, and plaistered it up. But ever since, and more especial when there's a change in the weather and rain coming on, there does be a humming and a bizzing and a buzzing in it, as if a whole swarm of honey-bees was working away in th' inside. Never fear but what I made the lady sup sorrow for what she done; summoned her before the magistrate, and got her two months—I did!'

Beyond these sits a wizened, meek-faced little woman keeping guard over a tray of doughy cakes.

She wears a shabby brown shawl; and stuck on the top of her grizzled head is a morsel of a bonnet, all lace and feather and gossamer, that evidently has surmounted, at fête or garden-party, the dainty *chevelure* of youth and beauty, before—in the vicissitudes clothes are heir to—it came down, draggled and defiled, to P—— Lane. The effect in its present position is grotesque in the extreme.

'Lovely cakes!' cries the wearer of the faded finery; 'beautiful and fresh, baked this morning. The smell of 'em coming out o' the oven would rise your heart. I just laid the dish on the kitchen floor for one minute; and the black beetles, when they got the lovely whiff of it—'tis they're the lads that knows what's good, and small blame to 'em—come swarming round in hundreds an' hundreds; you'd think 'twas a funeral was there. Just see the flies now, settling down and spotted all over the top, as if they was currants. Take one, acuishla;' this to a starved-looking little girl with a puny child in her arms, who is eyeing wistfully the tempting delicacies, and about to cower shyly away as she catches the eye of their owner.—'Ye haven't got the coppers; is that it? What matter! I'll be paid in heaven. And give a mouthful to the babby; he looks hungry enough, God help him!'

'Potaties! Arrah wisha now, d'ye tell me ye have the face to call *them* potatoes? Marbles is what I'd call them. Why, woman alive! they're that small, a goose would be ashamed of itself that couldn't swallow them whole!'

'Look at mine, will you!' shouts a neighbour, opening wider the mouth of a sack; 'beauties! Them's what you may call praties, and no mistake. Top of the market—thumpers! Sure they're finer this saison—glory be to God!—nor we've had them since the year of the great rot. So big that they were scrooging one another out of the ground; the little ones crying out to the big fellows to lie over and lave them room to grow.'

The right of husbands to inflict personal discipline on their weaker halves seems to inspire the latter with extra respect for their lords and masters. One who does not assert it when there is due cause, is apt to be looked down upon by the ladies of P—— Lane.

'That's a fine black-eye you've got, missis,' says a man to a gaunt beldam who comes striding along, a fish-basket at her back. 'Fightin' again, I suppose, eh?'

'No; I wasn't fightin'. Himself it was gave me that.—And I'd like to know,' facing fiercely round on the questioner—'I'd like to know who had a better right?'

'A pretty sort o' man *you*, to spake in that way!—Look neighbours, he tould the wife—threatening-like—that he'd bate her as black as a mourning-coach if she'd attempt to go again his ordhers. *Him?* He dar'n't. He hasn't the sperrit of a field-mouse. If she got the stick, as she ought, 'twould do her good; a born divvle, as she always was. Didn't I see her with my own eyes break two eggs upon his face one time they had a differ about something? He bate her, indeed!'

A gentleman appears, threading his way through the lounging chaffing idlers, and groups of eager busy buyers and sellers. He is bound for the Four Courts, and making through P—— Lane a

short-cut. General attention is fixed on 'the Counsellor.'

'Faix, if you had all the larning that that one has under his hair, you might considher yerself a wise man.'

'I'd sooner have the money he has in his purse.'

'More fool you then! Sure 'tis with their brains the likes o' them fills their pockets.'

A beggar-woman has espied the pedestrian, and straightway fastens on her prey. Shuffling along to keep up with his hurried footsteps, she follows him pertinaciously the whole length of the street, whining forth complaints and supplications in the face of repeated refusals. At last his patience is exhausted. He turns angrily on his tormentor: 'You have already got your answer. I never give to beggars in the street!'

'Yon don't sir, don't ye? give *in the street*? Och thin'—changing her tone to one of ironical politeness—'sure if I knew where yer honour lives, and if you'll just tell me your address and the number of your house, I'll call upon you an' welcome. Faix, I will, with all the pleasure in life, call any day you appoint for whatsoever 'twill be plazing to yer worship's honour to give me.'

The cool humour of her speech, ignoring the gentleman's angry irritation, and affecting to misunderstand his meaning, elicits transports of delight from the grinning audience.

There are some persons to whom queer things are often happening. Or is it that having a turn for humour, they see it, where others fail to perceive the ridiculous? G—— was one of these. Arriving in Dublin rather suddenly on one occasion, he found there was to be a Drawing-room at the Castle that night; and meaning to go, he directed his servant to put out his court-dress in readiness. Up to the throne-room he was making his way through the usual crowded throng and the usual baking heat, from numberless lamps and numbers of warm fellow-creatures, when he was taken with a violent fit of sneezing. Among the slowly moving multitude, acquaintances and greetings cropped up.

'G——, my dear fellow, I'm so glad to— Tsha! When did— Tsha! tsha!'

'I only arrived— Tsha! tsha! Confound it! Caught cold, I suppose, and'—

'And have given it to me!'—with another sneeze.

A lady close by now began sneezing; and soon the infection spread, and there was tsha-tshaing all round. Such struggles to get at pockets and extract handkerchiefs among the closely packed company, ladies encumbered with their trains and fans and bouquets, not a hand available; and men handicapped with cocked-hats and swords, the latter giving civilian wearers, unaccustomed to their management, quite enough to do to prevent their tripping themselves up, sticking into their neighbours' legs, or getting foul of ladies' trains. It was the drollest scene imaginable, this sneezing chorus, and quite unaccountable; until G——, on his return home, discovered that his housekeeper—who like John Gilpin's wife was a 'careful soul'—had, when laying aside his court-suit, plentifully besprinkled it with pepper, to keep off moths. A good deal of this had remained in the cloth and about the creases and pockets even after brushing, and the heat of the crowded vice-regal rooms had

brought out its pungency, and set every one within reach of it sneezing.

G—— belonged to a family whose thoroughly Hibernian love of a joke was irrepressible. One of them meeting an old acquaintance he had not seen for many years, found the latter full of inquiries.

'And how are all your children?' he said. 'Tell me about them.'

'Children! I have none.'

'Oh, beg pardon, my poor fellow! I'm so sorry! I ought not to have asked. You had such a fine flock!'

'And they're that still, folks say. Fine young men and women, every one. They grew up well.'

'And your brother?'

'My brother! He's long since gone the way of all flesh.'

'Ah, poor H——! the merriest, jolliest, best fellow in the world! Dear, dear, what a pity!'

'So his bachelor friends all say; but really I don't think he's worse off than any other man who's gone and been and committed matrimony. You'll find him much the same as ever.'

'And you too, old fellow, I find much the same as of old,' rejoined the amused friend—'always fond of your joke!'

A QUESTION.

My home is in the North; piercing and bitter

The winds that sweep o'er the cold Northern sky.

From morn till eve I hear no song-birds' twitter,

Only the sea-gull's harsh discordant cry.

To the black rocks pale sea-weed tufts are clinging—

The only flowers that here can find a root—

And foaming waves, their white spray wildly flinging,

Warn travellers here they may not stay their foot.

But in a Southern home my Love is dwelling;

Rich Southern blossoms spring beneath her feet;

Bright birds with radiant wings, her praises tell;

Circle and hover round her presence sweet.

Before her lies the sunlit summer ocean,

Whose blue waves seem to ebb or flow

The livelong summer day—while without motion

The blue sky above; and soft winds blow.

Which would be truest love? Shall I, who love her

As mine own soul, invade her calm retreat,

And cry to her by the blue heaven above her:

'Be mine, or I must die! Come with me, Sweet;

The wind blow bitter, but they will not harm thee,

Clasped in my arms, and to my warm heart pressed;

The waves rise fiercely, yet they will but charm thee,

For thou wilt view them sheltered on my breast.'

Or shall I leave her in her Southern dwelling

Unknowing or unwitting of my love,

And master my wild heart and curb its swelling,

Whilst she walks sheltered in her orange grove?

Would it be love to bear her from its cover,

Upon my barren rocks to fade and pine?

Yes, if she loved me!—half but as I love her!

Aid me, kind Heaven! Say which course shall be mine?

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 816.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

PRICE 11d.

FICTION IN TWO ASPECTS.

For the same reason that cards are tabooed in some houses, stern disciplinarians unhesitatingly prohibit all who are under their control from reading novels. Novels, in their minds, are always associated with impure and dangerous literature; just as cards are regarded by people of narrow views as mischievous inventions which are certain to demoralise those who use them. Even Goldsmith, himself a novelist, was prejudiced against this class of literature, for he writes thus: 'Above all, never let your son touch a novel or a romance. . . . Novels teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed, to despise the little good that Fortune has mixed in our cup by expecting more than she ever gave.' Many have followed Goldsmith's counsel, and instead of discriminating between novels of a healthy moral tone and those of an opposite tendency, have condemned all alike.

Let the objections be what they may, it is nevertheless certain that novels of the better class have their uses, and can exercise a great influence for good on the minds of those who read them; hence to condemn them as not only useless but demoralising, is just as reasonable as to denounce all the theatres in our land as institutions for depraving the people. One of the first traits observable in a child is a love of hearing some story. A fairy tale or any narrative however simple, will thoroughly delight the wondering and curious minds of children. They like to sit and listen to any incidents which the narrator may invent or repeat about characters in real life, or characters 'carved out of the carver's brain.' This is a childish pleasure; but it is a pleasure which does not cease to please when childhood's days are over. The love of hearing a story remains; but with the developed mind comes, very naturally, a desire for more elaborate narratives, for faithful delineations of character, and for the word-pictures with which so many writers of fiction charm their readers.

This natural craving created the novel. The various histories of personal adventure, the biographies of those whose lives had been in any way remarkable, were by no means numerous enough to satisfy the demand for entertaining literature. Hence arose the need for supplying this demand; and in doing this there was no difficulty, since the demand could easily be met by fiction.

Human nature presents many curious phenomena, but none, perhaps, more curious than the interest and sympathy which can be felt by men and women for the imaginary creations of the novelist. Herein lies the power of the novel. Were it not for this interest and sympathy, the novel could have no *raison d'être*. Thus the novel does more than supply a demand; it draws its readers away from the consciousness of self, and arouses those feelings of sympathy which always have a humanising tendency. A good novel may exercise a beneficial influence, of which the reader is quite unconscious, but which will nevertheless bear fruit in its effect upon the character.

To look upon novels as mere inventions for giving idle people and frivolous young men and women an occupation, is to take not only a very low view, but a very unjust view of their utility. This view might be justified if they never rose beyond the standard aimed at by a certain class of French and English novelists; but writers with high aims have devoted their intellects to the production of novels which cannot fail to raise the moral tone of those who read them. An eminent Oxford lecturer recommends students for holy orders to read good novels as a means of enlarging their ideas, and educating themselves for the social work of the ministry. And quite lately, Canon Farrar, in a lecture delivered to the members of the Homiletical Society, gave his testimony to the value of novels when he said: 'The occasional reading of a good novel may be the very fruitful occupation of the brief leisure of the clergyman's study; may enable him far more successfully to touch the hearts and consciences of his hearers;

may furnish him with new thoughts and topics for many fresh and interesting sermons.'

Such passages as this must arrest attention, and who can tell what after-effect they may have on the minds of those whom they have once led to reflect? Many a profitable lesson has been learned and taken to heart from the pages of a novel. Faults have been recognised, and struggled against after the perusal of a work of fiction in which their pitifulness and the mischief wrought by them have been faithfully portrayed. Vicious inclinations have received their first check from the merciless exposure in some well-told tale, of the ghastly travesty upon pleasure and happiness that a life of sensual indulgence is. Take for instance the character of 'Becky Sharpe;' what a warning it must convey to the worldly woman who goes through life with no thoughts but thoughts of self and self-indulgence! In the vices, the faults, and follies described in these eloquent monitors, those who heed them may see their own shortcomings. Thus a good novel may be of incalculable use in warning its readers against some of their own failings; in pointing out those failings which no friend perhaps would have the courage to speak of, and in leading them generally to contemplate the defects in their characters.

But further than this, a good novel usually contains the delineation of a character worthy of imitation. And it very often happens that the study of a noble character, even if the character be that of a fictitious person, has a lasting influence on the mind. Thus a novel may act as an exemplar to its readers of the standard of life they ought to aim at. But it would, naturally, be impossible to estimate fully the value and influence of a really good work of fiction. A good novel that has made its mark in the literary world, and which remains popular after the interest in its first appearance has abated, is read by thousands. Out of these thousands there must be some who are capable of being influenced by it; and if the perusal does influence them for good, it is all the better for them and for society that the book was written.

There is another point for consideration. The most inveterate readers cannot always be engrossed in the study of works which require close attention. Times will come when the weary reader requires a change, and no more healthful change could be imagined than that afforded by the pages of a thoroughly interesting novel. Hence this species of literature has its value as a mental anodyne. And it has this value not only to the brain-workers, but to those whose lives are harassed by the dull monotony of daily cares and anxieties. It is a great relief to turn away from the realities of life, and become absorbed for a while in the imaginary cares, sorrows, and joys of the great world of fiction. The tension of the mind is relieved, new thoughts are suggested, fresh interests awakened, and the book is laid

down in a very different frame of mind from that in which it was taken up.

Collectively, novels are mischievous only to those who spend all their time in reading nothing else. Individually, they are harmful only when they have an immoral or irreligious tendency. And this leads us to the worse aspect of the subject. Unhappily, too many novels written now, not only by French but by English novelists, are nothing better than the embodiment of gross impurity, which makes an Englishman who has any feelings of decency blush for his countrymen, and especially for certain so-called lady novelists. For strange to say, the chief offenders are women! They are found ready to write things from which even the most unprincipled literary men would shrink, resulting in a 'stream of moral sewage' unblushingly given to the world. The mischief they do is incalculable. Such writers cannot possibly write truth. Their notions of life, of society, of human nature are false and mischievous. Their pathos, when they essay pathos, is soulless; while their love-scenes are coarse, and tainted with a sensuality which is as repellent as it is uncalled for. The sanctity of the holy estate of matrimony is unpardonably outraged by their writings. Heaven help the man whose bride has formed her ideas of the duties of a wife and mother from the novels of these literary pariahs! A girl's notion of a husband derived from such a source is that of an easy-going elderly man who will act the part of chaperon when he is wanted, keep up an expensive establishment for her, pay her bills, and then leave her to flirt with her chosen companions. Or in some cases the ideal husband is represented as an impossible Adonis, endowed with every bodily and sensual charm; while under any circumstances, the necessity for marrying for the sake of a grand establishment and a perpetual round of ball and opera going and other gaities, is strongly impressed upon the minds of those who only too willingly adopt the false and pernicious notions thus suggested. Some of the unhappy results of this polluting and dangerously fascinating literature are from time to time made only too patent in the columns of our newspapers. There can be no doubt in any thinking man's mind that this kind of fiction is largely instrumental in causing many of the miserable scandals which are now of such frequent occurrence. Novels of the class referred to are read by thousands of readers of both sexes; and as the majority of these readers are, alas! the young, with their unformed and easily influenced characters, it is utterly impossible that the most mischievous results should not ensue.

As soon as a book is known to be in any way improper, there is an unseemly rush to the libraries for its possession. The volumes are not allowed to rest for a single day on the shelf; but as soon as one reader returns them, some other eager applicant carries them off, probably to be pored over by all the novel-reading members of a family. This is deplorable. Time that might be spent in reading healthy fiction is thus frittered away,

and worse than wasted; for the perusal of this vitiated fiction only whets the morbid appetite, and gives it a keen relish for every kind of depravity.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLV.—A VISIT OF INSPECTION.

'YOUR accounts, Mr Ashton, are quite correct. Nothing could be, ahem! more accurate. And now—if you have the cash ready, we will not trouble you much more.'

The speaker was not Mr Dicker, as may easily be conjectured, but Mr Mould, the elder of the other two railway Directors who accompanied their Deputy Chairman on his visit of inspection. Mr Mould was a thick-set, elderly, pompous-mannered man, with white whiskers, fishy eyes, a bunch of great gold seals, drab gaiters, and a remarkable resemblance to the thick, short, little fish called a miller's thumb. His voice was harsh but indistinct, and he lisped slightly. Mr Mould was not popular. A warm man on 'Change, he was a cold man in private life, but, such as he was, he represented among the Directors an Opposition party, adverse to Mr Dicker. The other Director, whose name was Barber, and who was a little man, red-faced, and with stiff gray hair that rose, rebellious to the brush, echoed Mr Mould's sentiments, and belonged to the Opposition too.

There are two parties in every Association or Assembly, public or private, as surely as night follows day, and so it was in this Railway Company. Mr Dicker's wealth and energy made him all but supreme; but there were those who grudged him the fortune he had amassed and the power he wielded, and these two, Messrs Mould and Barber, were of the envious minority. They had listened coldly to their chief's eulogies of Hugh's courage and coolness at the time of the late accident, which had saved the Company thousands of pounds in the form of costs and damages. They had been mute when Mr Dicker spoke of preferment as a thing certain to accrue to the Hollow Oak station-master. It is for Managers and Chairmen to promote deserving subordinates, not for Directors as such. The station had been inspected; the accounts examined; it only remained to take over the money belonging to the Company.

Hugh went to his house, where the cash-box was kept, and returned to the waiting-room, where he had left the Directors, with a white scared face and haggard eyes. 'Gentlemen,' he said in a voice that he vainly tried to render firm, 'I have been robbed! The Company's money in my possession, as the accounts prove, amounted to one hundred and ninety-three pounds fifteen shillings. Of this sum, the greater part was in Bank of England notes, the numbers of which I have marked on this list, as you will see. The money, as I happen to know, was safe yesterday at noon. I absented myself for three hours or so, from the station, at this our slack time, leaving the cash in the cash-box, locked in a locked cupboard in my bedroom. I left the house-door locked, and found it locked on my return. So were the cupboard and the cash-box, when I went to seek the money a few minutes since. But—'

and here the young man groaned and turned away his face—'some thief has carried off every farthing there.'

The Directors looked at one another blankly. Then Mr Dicker rose, and going up to Hugh, clapped him on the shoulder in token of encouragement. 'This is a bad business,' he said; 'but do not take it so to heart, my young friend. No one imputes, for an instant, blame to you, and'—

'Excuse me, Mr Dicker, sir,' croaked out Mr Mould, arching his shaggy eyebrows and shaking his fat head: 'Mr Barber and I may not be quite certain to take so charitable, ahem! a view of what appears to us a very, ahem! awkward transaction.'

'Excessively awkward, very!' chimed in red-faced Mr Barber.

'Not, of course,' resumed the senior of the two, 'that we would absolutely condemn Mr Ashton unheard'—

'Condemn!' broke in Hugh, flushing crimson, and then growing pale again. 'Can you pretend to believe, gentlemen, that I—I'—

He ceased speaking, and stood with horror in his eyes, as if for the first time he fathomed the position in which he found himself, and the suspicions under which he lay.

'I, for one,' said Mr Dicker sturdily, 'believe, from the bottom of my heart, everything that Mr Ashton has told us. I would stake ten thousand pounds on his truth and honour, and ten thousand at the back of that, Mr Mould! I never saw a better lad, nor a braver, and I am not going to desert him at this pinch.'

But Mr Mould appeared to have reason on his side when he said, gruffly, that Mr Dicker's partiality must not blind him to obvious facts. Hugh was in a place of trust. He had been appointed, it seemed, without producing testimonials or giving security. The money in his charge had disappeared, on the eve of the Directors' visit, and he had nothing to say in explanation of the disappearance. With all due deference to the Deputy Chairman, the case had an ugly look. By all means let it be investigated. So the three Directors went, in Hugh's company, to look at the cupboard, and to look at the cash-box whence the money had been abstracted. The cash-box still contained some papers, vouchers for the sum amassed by Hugh as station-master, and Mr Dicker's letter. Then Hugh was questioned as to the reason of his recent absence from the station. He said, frankly, that he had spent some time in Bullbury, where an anonymous letter had invited him—for a purpose which he preferred to keep private—to attend.

'But where is this letter?' asked Mr Dicker.

Hugh could only conjecture that it had been stolen, together with the Company's cash, by the mysterious thief who had profited by his absence.

'Perhaps, Mr Dicker,' said Mr Mould, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and looking more uncompromising than ever, 'you would like us to put faith in this cock-and-bull story?'

'That's just it—cock-and-bull story!' echoed Mr Barber, rubbing together his beefy little hands.

'I do believe it, Mr Mould, begging your pardon, and in spite of your ill-nature!' exclaimed the Deputy Chairman, taking Hugh's hand publicly, and rapping out an oath in conclusion, which we

will hope may be pardoned to the capitalist of Guildhall Chambers.

But Mr Mould, backed by his red-faced colleague, seemed master of the situation. He had, he said, in justice to the Company, a duty to discharge, disagreeable no doubt, but which no overbearing conduct on the part of his official superior should deter him from carrying out according to his conscience. The station-master at Hollow Oak, appointed, Mr Mould must say, in a loose and irregular fashion, to a place of trust, had failed in that trust. He had had, by his own admission, funds in his charge. What had become of those funds? That was the question. The plain duty of the Directors was to go before the nearest county magistrate—there was Sir Henry Marsden, Chairman of Quarter-sessions, a shareholder of their own, whose house, Marsden Hall, was near—and let justice take its course.

'I'll pay the money, and be hanged to it!' said Mr Dicker angrily. But the other two would not hear of this.

'Felonies,' said the senior dryly, 'must not be compounded, even to save your young friend, Mr Dicker.'

Hugh had quite broken down. The capitalist's kindness had unmanned him. But he dashed away the hot tears from his proud eyes, and said quietly: 'I am at your service, gentlemen. Let us go before'—

At that moment, with rattle and roar, and the ear-piercing shriek of the steam-whistle, the day-express went thundering past, drowning Hugh's voice; and, as the iron clangour ceased, a strange hubbub and dissonance disturbed the normal stillness of the place, and up the narrow stairs came, stumbling in their eagerness, several men. Will Farleigh it was who, flushed and panting, rushed up the first. Then followed police helmets, bright buttons, and blue uniforms. Two policemen led or dragged into the room a man in sailor's garb, with handcuffed wrists and dejected air, like a fox that has been trapped.

'Why, Will, lad? And Jackson—a prisoner, it seems!' cried Hugh, looking to right and left.

'Yes, Captain Hugh! we've got the villain, hard and fast! Here is the thief that robbed you,' said the bird-hunter eagerly. 'And here'—as one of the constables produced from his own pockets, and laid on the table, two bunches of skeleton keys, a chisel, a heap of gold and bank-notes, a letter bearing the Bullbury post-mark, and a bowie-knife of American make—'you may see what we found upon him. 'Twas Rose Trawl sent me. God granted that she should hear this hound, and a worse than he, Captain, one Swart or Grewler, the Miller of Pen Mawth, plotting your ruin, and how to send you out of your station here—those were the scoundrel's own words—with iron bracelets on; and he had nearly succeeded, but that I was on the watch, followed him to Bullbury, and got him arrested there.'

Even Mr Mould could no longer feel or affect incredulity. There were the bank-notes, found in Salem Jackson's pocket, and indorsed by Hugh. There was the anonymous letter that had tempted Hugh over to Bullbury, and which, as a measure of precaution, the robber had carried off. Every proof was clear, and Mr Dicker was jubilant.

'We will go before Sir Henry,' he said, with a look at Mr Mould, 'but with a different charge

to make, and against a different person, gentlemen.'

But the Bullbury sergeant of police, jealous for the honour of his town, intervened. The caption, he said, had been made in the borough. Sir Henry—at mention of whom he touched his helmet—was a county magistrate. Let the borough magistrates first decide whether the prisoner was to be handed over to the county jurisdiction or not. And let the prisoner be safely lodged in Bullbury Bridewell.

Salem Jackson simplified matters by his behaviour. Like most cowards, in adversity he was abject. He snivelled out contrite entreaties to be forgiven by all, and especially by Hugh, hinted darkly at his readiness to denounce the Black Miller, and only checked his garrulous confession by frequent pleas to be assured of immunity from punishment as, 'State evidence—Queen's—as I believe you call it in the—in the dear old country, gents!' So he was removed to strong lodgings at Bullbury; and Hugh wrung Will Farleigh's hands, and asked him a thousand questions, and thanked him as his best of friends; and Mr Dicker thanked him too; while even Mr Mould exclaimed stiffly: 'I am obliged to you, Mr—aw, Fairweather—for having prevented me from doing a great injustice.—Eh, Barber, didn't he?'

But he said it in a thick, pompous way, as though the fact of uttering those few words implied a receipt in full to himself and to his colleague for all previous severity in judging Hugh Ashton.

Then the two Directors caused their special train to be ordered up by telegraph from Stedham, and went off Londonwards, leaving the Deputy Chairman behind.

'I shall not leave my young friend here so soon, gentlemen both,' the capitalist had said with a cool nod.—'Good-day, Mr Mould—your servant, Mr Barber!'

Will Farleigh could not wait. A train, convenient for his return to the west, would start from Stedham at seven o'clock. And he must go to Alfringham, he said, to tell Miss Maud the result of his mission. Miss Maud, so the bird-hunter declared, had seemed as sorry for the scrape Captain Hugh was in, as himself or Rose Trawl. So Will trudged up again to Alfringham, where he found Miss Stanhope on the terrace that commanded a view of the road, eagerly awaiting him. And Maud thanked Will, and praised him, with thanks to heaven's mercy too, for Hugh's rescue from the vile schemes of vile men, and took him into the mansion, where Mrs Stanhope saw him, and commended him too, but with a well-bred moderation in her praise. And Will, with a grateful letter, hurriedly penned, of thanks from Maud Stanhope to her best of friends, dear Rose Trawl, was sent on in one of Lord Penrith's carriages to Stedham, in good time for his train to Cornwall. But he did not see the old lord himself, then struggling betwixt life and death.

CHAPTER XLVII.—MR DICKER'S DINNER.

Hugh Ashton left alone with Mr Dicker, after the special train had borne off the two other railway Directors, grasped the capitalist's hand and pressed it warmly.

'Heaven reward you, dear sir!' he said in a broken voice. 'You believed me, when others thought me a liar and a thief. I have known no such friend as you since my dear father died.'

'It is I, my boy, who have reason to be proud of your friendship,' answered Mr Dicker, coming for once fairly off his golden pedestal, and descending to the level of common humanity. 'I wish I had been your father. A son like you would have'— And the rich man sighed as he remembered that there was none to inherit his wealth save Miss Dicker—who was a plain little person, with pinkish eyes, and a resemblance to a white rabbit, overloaded with fine clothes and fine accomplishments—and whatsoever seign of needy nobility might become that young lady's husband.

'Your kindness emboldens me,' said Hugh, after a pause, 'to ask a further favour at your hands. My story—the real history of my life, I have breathed to no one; and I had determined, if I died before the proofs I seek were found, that the secret itself should die with me. But now, I begin to mistrust my own judgment, and should be glad of the counsel of so experienced a gentleman, as well as so true a friend'—

'As I am, eh?' chimed in the capitalist, patting Hugh gently on the shoulder. 'And quite right too. It's getting dark, isn't it; and if there's an inn in the neighbourhood where they can give us something to eat and a glass of wine, we'll dine together. By Jove! but we will.—Oh, the *Beville Arms*, eh?' And the capitalist passed his arm familiarly through Hugh's. 'Then the *Beville Arms* shall have the honour of providing for a hungry customer. This sort of thing makes me ravenous.—And you, Mr Edmunds, or whatever it is, will please to look to the station; and you and the others can drink Mr Ashton's health, at proper time and place, with this five-pound note.—Now come along, and I won't hear a word, mind, till dinner's on the table!'

The *Beville Arms*, gaining from the tattle of the porters some inkling of the wealth and commercial standing of its unexpected customer, exerted itself to content the fastidious palate of a Londoner. Somehow, there was a fish, and a chicken, and a pudding added to the chop and steak which were all that the local butcher could supply; while the landlord, who had been a servant at Alfringham once upon a time, unearthed a bottle of such green-sealed sherry as he kept for rare occasions, as when some belated fox-hunter slept at Hollow Oak.

'It's not half bad!' said Mr Dicker critically of the wine; 'but I'll give you, one of these days, some Amontillado, which couldn't be bought, sir, couldn't be bought. It was a present when the Aranjuez Junction was planned, from the Infante — Never mind that! I want to hear your story, my poor boy.'

'In the first place,' said Hugh, with a forced smile, 'I have to begin with a sort of confession, Mr Dicker. I fly, as we sailors say, false colours at the main. My real name is Hugh—but not Hugh Ashton.'

'Dear me!' returned the capitalist, really interested.

'It is from no mean motive, heaven knows!' went on Hugh, 'that I have consented to disguise my identity, and to bear the humble name by

which I have for years been known. My poor father—who died in helping to save lives in a boat-accident in Wales, last summer—was a man of rank and family, who lay for weary years under a foul and hideous charge—as false as it was cruel—that of fratricide—of the murder of Marmaduke Beville—his own brother.'

'Beville! your father! Surely he could not have been the Honourable George Beville, second son'—exclaimed the capitalist breathlessly.

'Second son, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh quietly, 'of the present Lord Penrith, of Alfringham, close to this place. I saw my grandfather, for the first time, when the railway accident occurred, the other day. Yes; my name is Hugh Beville—not Ashton—and these papers,' he added, as he drew from an inner breast-pocket of the coat he wore a large pocket-book of black leather, opened it, and laid it on the table before Mr Dicker—'these papers will prove that my words are true. Here is the marriage certificate of the Hon. George Beville's marriage to Letitia Ashton, at the chapel of the English Embassy in Paris. Here is my own certificate of birth and baptism, dated, as you will see, from Sydney, Australia. And here are letters'—

'But, my dear young friend!' said Mr Dicker, jumping excitedly to his feet, 'are you aware of two things? First, that you are heir to one of the oldest titles, and one of the greatest territorial fortunes, as well as the future head of one of our most ancient families in England. And, secondly, that you are the son of my kindest friend, of the man who lent me a helping hand at the most critical moment of my fortunes; for, without the two thousand pounds he lent me—and which, in fact, I owe still—I should never have been a partner in the house of Isaacson, Jellerby, and Dicker, of which I am now sole representative!'

Mr Dicker's excitement seemed contagious.

'Can it be possible,' exclaimed Hugh, springing up, 'that you have been my father's friend as well as mine? And if so, is it in your power to assist me in the task to which, beside his grave, I solemnly devoted myself, that of clearing his dear name from the base aspersions of a heartless world? Because, Mr Dicker, so long as George Beville is deemed the murderer of his brother, Hugh Beville chooses to remain as he has hitherto done, plain Hugh Ashton, and to earn his bread by the labour of his own hands. And no temptation of rank or fortune would avail to change a resolve deliberately made, and steadfastly adhered to. Even love itself could not do that.'

'You mean,' inquired the capitalist, who could scarcely credit himself with having heard aright, 'that you will not claim your rights as Lord Penrith's heir, unless he do justice to your father's memory?'

'That was the meaning I intended to convey,' answered the young man. 'Until my father's innocence is acknowledged, I, for my part, will not count kinship with those who drove him out, like Cain, into the wilderness.'

Mr Dicker resented himself, and eyed Hugh very much as he had eyed him, in Guildhall Chambers, at the time of his refusal of the cheque. 'Upon my word,' said the man of money, wonderingly, 'you are a very extraordinary young man. But I like you the better for it. I felt from the

first that you reminded me of some one, and now I look at you I see the likeness, and yet the difference. Your poor father had a thoughtful look and a retiring manner. Well, it so happens that I can, in my turn, hold out a helping hand to the son of my former benefactor. Sit down again, and fill your glass, and I will tell you how. I need not explain how first by accident—a lucky accident for me—I made acquaintance with Mr George Beville. I was then a poor and struggling man, and the money that he lent me—it had been part of his mother's fortune—gave me my first decided lift in the world, converting me from a clerk into a partner. I prospered so well, that in two years or so I should have been able to repay the debt, when suddenly came the rumour that Lord Penrith's eldest son had been shot dead, and that his brother had fled the country rather than stand his trial for the act. I never, for a moment, believed your father guilty.'

'You did not!' rejoined Hugh, with a bright gleam of pleasure on his face.

'No; because I knew him well, and could conceive,' resumed the capitalist, 'how his gentle nature would have shrunk, too sensitively perhaps, from the publicity of a trial in open court, and from the suspicions and callous curiosity of a crowd intent on being cheaply amused. And the circumstantial evidence, they said, was strong. Innocent men have been condemned ere this. At anyrate, I thought I could understand the motives that prompted him to keep away, and I tried more than once to discover his address and assure him of my regard; but in vain. What I never did comprehend was the reason of his doubly unfortunate absence at the very date of the murder.'

'These letters,' said Hugh, offering them, 'will explain that. They are from my mother, written while she was still Miss Ashton, and under a secret engagement to marry my father, who dared not, for fear of his father's prejudices and violence of temper, openly mention his attachment to an orphan girl without pedigree or fortune. It was a stolen match after all. My mother was induced to go over to Paris under escort of the old aunt with whom she lived, there to be privately married; and my father started to meet her in France, as ill-luck would have it, on the very afternoon that witnessed his brother's murder. He wrote to inform his father of this; but the old lord was angry and unjust, so that he destroyed the letter half-read, and answered it with a malediction.'

Mr Dicker took out his memorandum book and pencilled down a note or two. 'My poor friend left England, then, or at anyrate started from Alfringham, in the afternoon of the very day of the murder. That, in itself, should almost substantiate an alibi, coupled with the intention of going abroad, which these letters—yes, yes; post-marks and signatures well preserved, I see—establish.'

Hugh shook his head. 'My father always told me,' he said sadly, 'that he could not prove his innocence thus. He left his brother Marmaduke near the garden gate of the steward's house, and himself went by a footpath across the fields to Bronley Common, and so into the Stedham Road. At Stedham he procured a carriage and post-horses, and thus travelled to Southampton, whence he pursued his journey by railway to London and Dover. But he must still have been walking

towards Stedham when my uncle Marmaduke was found dead near Lambert's Stile, close to the Bullbury Road. Then, too, the pistol which was found in the snow, close to the place where the murder was done, had been mislaid, or stolen from the house, a day or two before; but unhappily my father had not mentioned its loss to any one.'

'That's bad!' rejoined the capitalist. 'But I hope we shall be able to prove that the fatal bullet was fired, not, as was assumed, from a pistol at all, but from a gun, and that the pistol was left on the ground for the purpose of directing suspicion to its owner, George Beville. Now listen to me! That poor fellow Purkiss, who perished in the shipwreck, as you remember, had special instructions from me to make inquiries, while in Australia, for George Beville's place of abode. In this he failed; but, strange to say, a man whom he befriended in Queensland, a poor wretch who had been waiter in a tavern, and was ill and poor, and whose last hours my clerk's good-nature rendered comfortable, dictated and signed a confession which Purkiss took down in writing, and which was among those valuable papers that were in the purple bag, and which you saved while rendering what assistance was possible on the night of the shipwreck. The man's name, as I recollect, was Cooper—it is a common name, I am told, among the gipsies, and he was himself of gipsy blood—and he had emigrated, been gold-digger, stockman, and shepherd, by turns, lost his health, and finally did not wish to die with the load of an undivulged secret on his conscience. Yes; his name was Cooper, and the usual camping-places of his tribe in or near this part of the Forest. He solemnly affirmed George Beville's absolute innocence of the crime imputed to him, declaring that he and a sister of his, Anne or Nan Cooper—better known as Gipsy or Ghost Nan—Why, you seem to know the name?' said the capitalist.

'I know the name, and the woman. But for heaven's sake, go on!' answered Hugh.

'Where was I?' said Mr Dicker. 'O yes; that he and a sister of his, bearing that name, were actually eye-witnesses of Marmaduke Beville's murder, being at that time encamped beside a hedge bordering the field in which the crime was committed, and that the deed was done by one James Grewler, the steward of Lord Penrith's estate, and a man in whom your grandfather reposed unbounded trust; and that the weapon used was a valuable gun, of somewhat remarkable construction for those days, which had been a present from Lord Penrith himself.'

'But why'—began Hugh, bewildered.

'Why, you will say,' went on the capitalist, 'did not the gipsies come forward to denounce the criminal, and save the reputation of an innocent man? But you must remember that these wanderers are at war with Society, and that it would take a strong motive to induce them to give evidence in a court of law, or aid the Justice they deem hostile to themselves. Then—if I recollect rightly—this Grewler had a hold on them, knowing of some poaching or petty depredations that the gang had committed; while, lastly, Cooper admitted having received hush-money, though to no great amount, from the steward, who afterwards, it appeared, absconded with a large sum of money belonging to Lord Penrith.'

'Why, then, may I ask, dear friend, did you'—Hugh began; but again the capitalist anticipated him.

'Why did I not, on receiving these papers from Australia which your courage preserved, make public the gipsy's statement, and clear your father's name? I answer—For two reasons. Cooper himself exacted a pledge from my clerk—of which, with some outline of the story, poor Purkiss informed me by mail—that old Lord Peurith should not hear the truth unless George Beville, or his innocent children, should prove to be alive to profit by it. I fancy the gipsy apprehended that some legal punishment might befall his sister, this Nan, or Nana, as he called her, of whom he seemed to stand in superstitious awe. And then, what proof had I that George Beville was alive! I knew that advertisements had been inserted, years ago, in the colonial newspapers, making inquiries about him, but fruitlessly. I will, however, telegraph forthwith to London to one of my people, and have the box that contains the confession brought to Hollow Oak to-morrow by the earliest train. Then we can go before Sir Henry, or any other justice of the peace, with a story worth the telling.'

The telegram was duly despatched; but there was still much to say and to arrange, and it was late before Hugh and Mr Dicker separated, the latter to commit himself to the lavender-scented sheets of the best bedroom at the village inn; the former to pass but broken slumbers, as may be guessed, while eagerly awaiting the morrow.

STAINED GLASS.

NEARLY contemporary with the revival of Gothic architecture applied both to ecclesiastical and secular buildings, the taste for the enrichment of such edifices by the introduction of coloured and painted glass has revived and flourished. The secret of communicating to glass the exquisite and glowing colours, so richly and harmoniously blended in the few uninjured specimens that remained in the medieval churches of Great Britain, if not absolutely lost, was for long buried in obscurity. Another most serious impediment was the difficulty of producing a pigment which should possess sufficient affinity with the glass to be readily incorporated with it, and yet be capable of reduction to a consistency favourable to its use as an ordinary kind of painting material to be laid on, and variously treated, according to the artistic necessities of the manipulator. But these and other minor obstacles gradually disappeared before the searching investigations of enthusiasts in an art that had been so long neglected.

Let us now follow the art of glass-staining through its chief stages. The design of the window being determined upon, and the cartoon or full-sized drawing being prepared, a kind of skeleton-drawing is made, shewing only the lines which indicate the shape of each separate piece of glass. It is apparently not generally understood that a window is not one piece of glass, to which are applied the various colours displayed, but a number of small pieces, which are united by grooved lead, which incloses each individual fragment, and that each different colour we see is the colour of that particular piece of glass, the only painting material

employed being the dark-brown pigment used to define the more delicate and minute details. This skeleton or working drawing then passes to the cutting-room, where sheets of glass of every imaginable shade are arranged in racks, each bearing a number, by which a particular tint is known. The drawing being numbered on each separate piece of glass by means of a frame containing small pieces of every shade, and each numbered according to the rack containing the glass of that colour, the use of this frame renders unnecessary the tedious process of visiting each rack in search of the particular shade required; the glass is laid bit by bit on the drawing, and each piece is then cut to the required shape by means of a diamond.

After the glass is cut, it passes to the painter, who laying it over the drawing, traces upon it with his brush all the details of features, folds of drapery, foliage, &c., as designed by the artist. But as the action of the weather and the continually varying conditions of the atmosphere, would speedily remove every vestige of paint if left in this state, it is necessary to subject the painted glass to the action of heat by placing it for several hours in a kiln, under the influence of which the paint is fused into absolute affinity with the glass, and becomes actually incorporated with its substance. After this burning process, it only remains for the different pieces to be united with the grooved leaden framework which binds the whole together. The places where the leads join are then carefully soldered together, and nothing remains but to thoroughly work over the whole surface with a thick kind of cement, which fills up any interstices between the glass and lead, and renders the whole panel perfectly water-tight and weather-proof.

After having noted the various processes necessary to the completion of a window, let us proceed to the examination and comparison of the different styles and peculiarities which characterise the originals upon which most of our modern productions are founded. These styles or epochs correspond almost identically with those similarly adopted to distinguish the progress of architecture. The first is the Early English, commencing approximately towards the close of the twelfth and extending to the end of the thirteenth century. The windows of this period are characterised by extreme simplicity and even crudeness of design; but these defects as such, when carried to extremes, are counterbalanced by the great richness of general effect, and an apparently intuitive appreciation of the rules which affect and govern a pleasing harmony of colour. As the architecture of this period in its severe simplicity had not arrived at the elaboration of dividing the windows into separate compartments, or 'lights' as they are technically termed, it is obvious that the artist was either restricted to the portrayal of a single figure or subject in one window; or was compelled, if desirous of introducing more than one such representation, to reduce the size of each individual picture, and by a judicious and ornamental arrangement of geometrically shaped panels, to form by the repetition of these an effective and pleasing whole. This treatment was one widely adopted at this time both in England and abroad; and the comparatively few specimens

at home, and those somewhat more numerous on the continent, are sufficient to shew how effectively these arrangements were carried out. A natural consequence of the then architectural ignorance of the advantages of mullioned windows, was the increase in size of the single lights, thus affording far wider scope to the artist in arranging his groups of subjects. They represented for the most part scenes from the life of Christ, or pictorial histories of sainted and martyred Christians; and evidenced painstaking care on the part of the monastic artists who originated and executed the designs.

On comparing the attempts at ornamentation of this period in architecture and in illuminated manuscripts, we find the medieval artists following in the same track; and thus we find the decorating of their windows to take the form either of canopies and bases, founded in their design on the actual stone models before them in their churches, or of foliated scroll-work of an extremely conventional and formal character. We find as a rule, that the single figures—such as figures representing the apotheoses of saints or martyrs—stood under the canopies referred to with probably nothing but a broad strip to support the figure; and in the same manner the architectural work of the canopies was designed with the most sublime disregard of perspective, and arches of the flimsiest structure supported a superincumbent weight calculated to strike a modern engineer with horror. But such eccentricities as these are forgotten when we look upon the complete work, and see how, with all its incongruities of drawing, and its frequent defiance of the laws of gravity, the idea thus crudely conveyed was one of reverential worship on the part of the designers.

On the other hand, the grouped subjects, when arranged to contain several scenes, were generally separated by flowing scroll-work bearing some resemblance to foliage, but growing in carefully drawn curves, and interlacing with a remarkably happy effect of colour rather than of truth to nature. Still, the effect as a whole is beautiful and devotional in the extreme; and it is interesting for those who have the opportunity of studying the progressive styles, to note how, as devoutness and purity of expression diminishes, there grows a taste for elaborate and beautiful ornamental details, and a more artistic aptitude in the drawing of human and other figures.

In the glass of this period the brush is but sparingly used; the dresses being very simple and with few folds, are little more than the coloured glass cut to the shape as nearly as possible, a few strong strokes of the brush indicating the leading folds. The figures too are small compared with the space at command, and the accessories of background, trees, buildings, &c. are treated in the simplest and most primitive manner. But by slow degrees the style became merged into what is known as the Decorated or Second Pointed Period.

This epoch appears in medieval art to be the culminating point in architecture, stained glass, and illumination, beyond which the most aspiring ambition could not hope to pass; and truly it is difficult to imagine anything more perfect in its own sphere than the different branches of art at this time. The crudeness and imperfections of the earlier years were now rectified and supplied;

while little was lost of original simplicity or feeling in the superior treatment of the later style.

In this the Decorated Period we find the windows divided by mullions, and as the years went on, the mullions by interlacing curves, forming smaller openings in the upper part of the window, called tracery. The width of the several lights by this alteration was naturally considerably diminished, and encouraged the almost universal adoption of the canopy as an appropriate finish to the work. And in these canopies are evinced the most pleasing and varied fancies, being, with certain restrictions, almost reproductions of the beautiful stone tabernacle-work still to be seen throughout the cathedral towns of England. The crocketed pinnacle, the traceried window, the gargoyle grotesquely leering from his coign of vantage—all are to be found depicted in transparent splendour. The painting too at this period is found to have progressed; the features are more carefully and naturally traced; there is less grotesqueness of pose; the drapery bears evidence of closer study; and the whole shews a decided advance towards artistic success. The glass itself is cut in larger pieces as the power of expression by painting increases, and this of course implies a more sparing use of the lead-grooves, and a corresponding increase of lightness. At this point then, it may be said the art has reached its zenith; and from this point commences the downward course. It is perhaps natural that as the artists towards the close of the fourteenth century became conscious of their improvement in many ways, each generation should strive to outstrip the other; and beneficial as such a course, under certain restrictions, must necessarily be, the unrestrained and imperfectly educated efforts of these rivals, brought about a result far more disastrous than an absolute standstill. These artists overlooked the fact that, from the very conditions of its manufacture and treatment, stained glass must always be to a certain extent conventional. This was the trap into which fell the leaders of the third period, called the Perpendicular or Third Pointed. In their endeavours, honest and laudable enough no doubt, to out-trip all competitors, they discarded the brilliant and gorgeous colours of previous years, and presented little positive colour, except in the backgrounds to figures or subjects. They substituted for the magnificent canopies of the Decorated Period, elaborate and generally painfully top-heavy structures, certainly more true in insignificant details than their predecessors, but in disregard of the commonest rules of perspective.

We have now arrived at the virtual termination of the practice of the art for the time being; for although it was carried on for some time longer on the continent, it languished slowly but surely, and expired for want of encouragement in the stagnant times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; to be revived and to flourish again with renewed vigour, and under more favourable circumstances, in the present century.

Of the adaptability of this beautiful art to the internal decoration of both public and private buildings, it is not necessary to say much. It agreeably completes the general scheme of mural decoration, which would otherwise be wanting in unity of design, in consequence of the break in

the continuity of ornament by the existence of an undecorated and, apart from its purpose, unjustifiable blank space. Thus the artist in stained glass comes to the rescue of the decorator, and without interfering with the transmission of light, renders the hitherto unsightly window an additional beauty and adornment to the building. And the art has another great advantage—of being capable of use in concealment as well as display. It frequently happens that from various causes the outlook from a window is far from agreeable, though the necessity remains for the window itself; and here again stained glass is of the greatest service, as it can be arranged to admit light, and at the same time prevent the eye from resting on an unpleasant prospect without, or the curious eyes of prying outsiders from intruding on the privacy of those within.

It will be seen from the foregoing how many and urgent are the claims of the art of stained glass on the notice of lovers of architectural adornment; and in these days of intellectual enlightenment, and artistic as well as scientific progress, such claims will not present themselves in vain.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

AMONGST the most honoured of all the professions is that of Medicine. It is often also a very lucrative one, especially if a medical man gains a name in the *beau monde*, and still better, is called upon to attend royalty. It is said that William III. during the first eleven years of his reign paid the celebrated Dr Radcliffe on an average not less than six hundred guineas per annum.

At a more recent date, royalty has not shewn itself ungrateful for medical services. Mr Wadd states in his *Memorabilia* that the physicians who attended Queen Caroline had each five hundred guineas, and the surgeons three hundred; and that Dr Willis was rewarded for his successful attendance on King George III. by fifteen hundred per annum for twenty years, and six hundred and fifty per annum to his son for life. The other physicians had, however, only thirty guineas each visit to Windsor, and ten guineas each visit to Kew. A physician's ordinary fee at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries was ten shillings; but if it happened that his patient were a man of condition, the doctor expected gold; and still later, several pieces of that coin from rich patients. A good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. The doctor dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them. But Sir Richard, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

'Are all the guineas found?' asked his lordship, looking round.

'There must be two still on the floor,' was Sir Richard's answer, 'for I have only three.'

The hint of course was taken, and the right sum made up.

Another physician who had been accustomed to receive a three-guinea fee from an old lady-patient, received one day only two, and had recourse to one part of Sir Richard's artifice, and assuming that the third guinea had been dropped, through

his carelessness, looked about on the floor for it. The result, however, was rather disappointing.

'Nay, nay,' said the old lady with a smile; 'you are not in fault. It is I who dropped it.'

How much of 'hope deferred' is experienced by many doctors in the beginning of their career before the guineas become plentiful, is little known by the public. It is said that the great surgeon Sir Astley Cooper, whose income eventually varied from fifteen to over twenty thousand per annum, earned five guineas the first year, and in his fifth his fees only reached a hundred pounds. But the day came when patients waited for hours in his anterooms before they could obtain an interview with him, and even then perhaps were compelled to go away without a consultation. And for some years one patient alone paid him six hundred pounds annually for professional attendance upon him at his seat near Croydon.

Though there are numerous instances of large sums being received by doctors for successful treatment of their patients, it is rarely that they reap substantial benefit beyond their ordinary fees, in cases of failure; instances, however, are known.

A story is told of a French lady who put herself into the hands of a surgeon to be bled; the operator used his lancet so clumsily that instead of a vein he cut an artery. This mishap eventually caused the death of the lady. With a mixture of humanity and irony, she made a will in which she bequeathed a life-annuity of eight hundred livres to the surgeon on condition 'that he never again bled anybody as long as he lived.'

A Polish Princess about a hundred years ago, who lost her life in similar circumstances, had the following clause inserted in her will: 'Convinced of the injury that my unfortunate accident will occasion to the unhappy surgeon who is the cause of my death, I bequeath to him a life-annuity of two hundred ducats, secured by my estate, and forgive his mistake from my heart. I wish this may indemnify him for the discredit which my sorrowful catastrophe will bring upon him.'

Bleeding in those days, notwithstanding its risks, seems to have been regarded as almost a sovereign remedy for present ills, and an antidote against prospective ones. A good story is told of Lord Chesterfield and a friend of his, Lord Radnor, who was fond of acting the surgeon as far as bleeding was concerned. We will give it in Mr Jeaffreson's own words, from whose interesting *Book about Doctors* we have obtained a portion of our information. 'Lord Chesterfield wanting an additional vote for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radnor, and after a little introductory conversation, complained of a distressing headache.

"You ought to lose blood then," said Lord Radnor.

"Gad! do you indeed think so? Then my dear lord, do add to the service of your advice by performing the operation; I know you are a most skilful surgeon."

'Delighted at the compliment, Lord Radnor in a trice pulled out his lancet-case and opened a vein in his friend's arm.

"By-the-by," asked the patient, as his arm was being adroitly bound up, "do you go down to the House to-day?"

"I had not intended going," answered the noble operator, "not being sufficiently informed on the

question which is to be debated. But you, who have considered it, which side will you vote on?"

'In reply, Lord Chesterfield unfolded his view of the case; and Lord Radnor was so delighted with the reasoning of the man who held his surgical powers in such high estimation, that he forthwith promised to support the wily Earl's side in the division.

"I have shed my blood for the good of my country," said Lord Chesterfield that evening to a party of friends.'

Amongst the doctors who have lived in this century, Abernethy perhaps figures most conspicuously. Though many of the stories related of his brusque manners and sometimes rude speech are said to be false or exaggerated, sufficient are authenticated to leave no doubt of his eccentricity. He had, however, under a rough exterior a kind heart. He often refused or returned his fees if he discovered that his patients were poor. In one well-known instance, a widow lady, whose child had been under his care, received from him, inclosed in a friendly letter, all the fees he had taken from her under the impression that she was well able to pay—he had learned that her means were straitened—and in addition fifty pounds, which he begged her to spend in giving her child a daily ride in the fresh air. To the honour of the profession be it said that instances of kind consideration and true generosity are far from rare amongst our medical men.

It is difficult to imagine how Abernethy could act with so much kindness and delicacy of feeling towards one lady, and yet give such offence to another, that she exclaimed: 'I have heard of your rudeness before I came, sir, but I was not prepared for such treatment.—What am I to do with this?' she added; meaning the prescription he had given her.

'Anything you like,' the surgeon roughly answered; 'put it on the fire, if you please.'

He had met his match. The lady took him at his word, placed his fee on the table, and his prescription on the fire, then with a bow left him. Abernethy instantly followed into the hall, apologised, and begged her either to take the fee back or allow him to rewrite the prescription; but all to no purpose; the lady would not yield.

On another occasion the doctor was forced to own that he had the worst of it. The story runs thus. He was sent for one day in great haste by an innkeeper, whose wife had in a quarrel scratched his face with her nails to such an extent that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said: 'Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, in fact?'

'Well, doctor,' fiercely returned the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head?'

A gentleman once asked Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would 'injure the brain.'

'No sir,' was the doctor's prompt reply; 'for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff.'

At the end of last century, and extending far into this, there flourished in Lancashire a family of the name of Taylor, the male members of

which for two or three generations were known as 'The Whitworth Doctors.' Indeed some of their descendants may possibly be still in the profession. Though plain of speech and possessing little refinement, the Whitworth Doctors were great provincial celebrities, especially as surgeons; but their fame extended far beyond their own region. In a number of *Tait's Magazine* published forty years ago, William Howitt gave an account of a visit he paid to the Whitworth doctor then extant, who related to him one or two amusing incidents connected with his father's attendance upon royalty. He had been called in to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth, a daughter of George III. 'The complaint of the Princess was a continued pain and stupor in the head. Of course John Taylor immediately ordered her to take his snuff. This snuff is made of the powdered leaves of the Asarabacca, which has the property of purging the head, and of which plenty was grown in the garden at Whitworth. John having given his order and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and seeing the Princesses all there, he clapped the Queen familiarly on the back, and said: "Well, thou art a farrently woman [good-looking] to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses."

'Queen Charlotte took the unusual familiarity with very good grace, smiling and replying: "Yes, Mr Taylor; and I was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them."

'The doctor had not retired from the presence of royalty very long, when he was sent for again in great haste.

"Well, and what is the matter now?" asked he on entering.

"Oh, the Princess is taken with such a continual sneezing that we are quite alarmed."

"Is that all?" said John. "Then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good."

'The doctor is said to have had the honour of completely relieving the Princess of her complaint.'

Patients doubtless often amuse by their idiosyncrasies the medical men they consult. According to Dean Ramsay, Dr Gregory—of immortal Mixture memory—used to tell a story of an old Highland chieftain, intended to shew how such Celtic potentates were once held to be superior to all the usual considerations which affect ordinary mortals. The doctor, after due examination, had in his usual decided and blunt manner pronounced the liver of the Highlander to be at fault, and to be the cause of his ill-health. His patient, who could not but consider this as taking a great liberty with a Highland chieftain, roared out: "And what business is it of yours whether I have a liver or not?"

We are also indebted to the Dean's *Reminiscences* for the two following stories. 'An old lady about seventy years of age sent for her medical attendant to consult him about a sore throat, which had troubled her for some days. The doctor, decked out with the now-prevailing fashion, a moustache and flowing beard, was ushered into her room. The old lady, after exchanging the usual civilities, described her complaint to the worthy son of Æsculapius.

"Well," said he, "do you know, Mrs Macfarlane, I used to be much troubled with the very same kind of sore throat; but ever since I allowed my

moustache and beard to grow, I have never been troubled with it?"

"Aweel, aweel," said the old lady dryly, "that may be the case; but ye maun prescribe some other method for me to get quit o' the sair throat; for ye ken, doctor, I canna adopt *that* cure."

'A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, &c., with strict injunctions *always* to prefix, "with her compliments." At length one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S—'s compliments, and she died last night at eight o'clock!"'

Doctors are by no means infallible, and sometimes make very serious mistakes. In the *Book of Blunders* there is a curious story told, quoted from Cooke's *Seven Narcotics*, of a young Spanish doctor who went from Madrid to the Philippine Islands some years since with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he landed, the doctor sallied forth for a walk on the *pasco*. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, the doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a humble cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padre* was brought, and everything was arranged to smoothe the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor tried his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and very soon the newly arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune.

In the midst of all this, somebody one day had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before.

'Predict it!' replied the doctor; 'why sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half-a-dozen times.'

'Blood! But how did you know it was blood?'

'How! What else could it be?'

'But every one spits *red* in Manilla.'

The doctor, who had in the meantime observed this fact, and was labouring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough

to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread through the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the *bufo*, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction.

The doctor's patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, the doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return with all speed to Spain.

We will bring our gossip to an end with a story illustrating the varying degrees of feeling, regulated by the state of his health, with which a patient may be said to regard his medical adviser. It is related of Bouvart, a French physician, that one morning as he entered the chamber of a certain Marquis whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was addressed by his noble patient thus: 'Good-day to you, Mr Bouvart! I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me.'

'I am sure it has,' replied Bouvart dryly. 'The very first expression you used convinced me of it.'

'Pray explain yourself,' said the Marquis.

'Nothing is easier,' was the doctor's reply. 'In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your "dearest friend;" as you began to get better, I was your "good Bouvart;" and now I am "Mr Bouvart." Depend upon it you are quite recovered.'

A COURIER'S STORY.

My name is Carl Johann Roeckel. By birth and nationality I am a Swiss, but cosmopolitan in every taste and habit. In my early days I regularly followed the profession of a courier, as I do now occasionally when any of my old patrons or their friends require such services, which is rather infrequent, the taste of the travelling public having degenerated into hasty journeys by express trains, with the consequent loss of all enjoyment of the different phases of scenery through which the travellers are passing. In the course of my many years' experience, I have been witness to many strange occurrences, have assisted in many a secret and adventurous undertaking, and have been subject to many perils. From among such varied experiences I give the following strange story, suppressing for obvious reasons the real names of those interested.

Many years ago I was engaged as courier to His Excellency the Honourable Frederick Eslington, ambassador-extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty King George, on a special secret mission to one of the great continental powers. Having finished his duties and successfully attained the object of his mission, we started on our homeward journey in the summer of 18—. The period was one to be long remembered from the political excitement which existed throughout all Europe, almost every government having unsheathed the sword. We had travelled a considerable part of the first stage of our return journey, when His Excellency, who

was feeling the fatigues of the incessant travelling in the heavy rumbling carriage, said he should stop at the next town we arrived at, and take rest and refreshment; both of which he was much in need of, besides having important state documents to transcribe. In due course we arrived at the small town of S—, on the confines of Germany, where we put up. We stayed a day and a half there; and I was then instructed to have the carriage and horses in readiness to continue our journey. His Excellency meanwhile had completed his writings, to which he had assiduously applied himself; and told me, as it was a fine afternoon, he would take a short walk, and on his return resume his journey at once; and I must therefore make all necessary preparations. He accordingly left the hotel. But he was never seen afterwards, nor was anything known of his fate!

I waited for upwards of an hour anxiously, and then made a close search for him, which I continued for several days; but not a trace could I discover of my master. A villager, however, living outside the town brought to me at the hotel a pair of overalls, which he stated he had found in a neighbouring copse. I recognised the garment as belonging to His Excellency; and at once repaired with the villager to the copse, and closely examined the spot, but found no trace or sign of any struggle.

Finding it useless to prosecute the search, I at once returned to London with His Excellency's travelling gear, which I handed to his family. The British government at once instituted inquiries, as also did His Excellency's family, and large rewards were offered by both, and advertisements widely disseminated for any information respecting the missing ambassador; but they failed one and all to gain any information of or the slightest clue to his fate. A certain amount of suspicion attached to me, but it was only momentary, and I at once cleared myself of it, and assisted the distracted wife and her missing husband's family as much as lay in my power. Well I remember the agonies of anxiety and suspense caused to the ambassador's wife and family by the distressing calamity. Magisterial investigation was made, experts were employed, and every endeavour made to penetrate the dark veil of mystery surrounding the event; but all efforts were unsuccessful. One of His Majesty's ambassadors had completely and mysteriously disappeared, without leaving a clue to light up the awful obscurity which enveloped the tragic occurrence.

Several years had elapsed since the distressing event, and the memory, the painful memory, of it was beginning to fade from my mind, when I happened to be in Antwerp on a short tour through Belgium with patrons. And while listlessly strolling by myself on the quay one summer's evening, watching the passengers disembarking from the newly arrived steamer, I was accosted by a mean, haggard-looking, little man of beggarly appearance, who spoke to me in Flemish.

'Are you not Herr Roeckel the courier?' said he.

'Yes,' replied I. 'What do you want with me? Who are you?'

'I suppose you have quite forgotten me?' said he.

I stared at him keenly. The man's features were somewhat familiar to me, yet I was confused in my remembrance of how and where I had seen him. 'I do not know you,' said I.

'Yes; you do, and very well,' replied he. 'My name is Ludwig Kuhl, and I have frequently driven you the first stage out of Vienna. I did so when you were courier to His Excellency the Honourable Eslington, in the summer of the year 18—.'

(The courier is remembered even when the patron is forgotten, for it is to us that landlords and their servants look for their gratuities.)

I stared at him, and then recognised the haggard looks. 'True,' said I; 'I remember you now well. How goes it with you? What do you here in Antwerp? The old trade, eh?'

'Ah, no!' he replied with a deeply drawn sigh. 'It's a long story, and I can't tell it to you here in all this noise and bustle. Let us go to a quiet cabaret.'

I agreed; and in our short walk I revolved in my mind all those circumstances, so dark and impenetrable in their profound mystery, which had happened years before. And I remembered how our postillion Ludwig Kuhl had assisted me in the unavailing search for His Excellency. Soon we reached a little cabaret—their name is legion in Antwerp—in one of the back streets near the Cathedral; and with a glass of his favourite Boonjekamp in front of him, he seated himself, and told me the following sequel to the mysterious disappearance.

'You must remember me, friend,' he began, 'when I was in a better condition than you now see me;' and he scanned his wretched garments, shrugging his shoulders with an impatient air.

I nodded acquiescence.

'Well,' said he, 'you must also know in your long experience of travel that all classes of society on the continent, and particularly in Vienna, have their secret club. The postillions had theirs; but it was subject to the rule of the Chief Secret Society. In my younger days, friend, I was induced, in an unlucky moment, to enroll myself as a member, and take the oaths of the Secret Society of Postillions. Bitterly have I repented since, for it is to that circumstance I owe my present deplorable state of mind and position.'

'But what has that to do with the mysterious case of His Excellency?' I asked of him somewhat impatiently.

'Much more than you imagine or can ever know, friend,' replied he, sententiously wagging his head. He paused for a moment. 'Well, I will tell you,' continued he, 'though you must not break my story with your inquiring comments. Firstly, then, you must know that I was on the establishment of Herr Spiiltzen, the carriage-master and stable-keeper from whom His Excellency the Honourable Eslington hired his travelling carriage and horses for his return journey. It was known to the Chief Secret Society that His Excellency was in possession of important papers, and it was also known that he was on the point of starting with them for England. The Chief Commander had important reasons for

obtaining these papers, or copies of them, and of one in particular above all others, by fair means or foul; and what the Chief says is to be done, is done invariably at any cost. The Committee had balloted for the person who must execute their orders, and their choice had fallen on me as postillion, and the more likely to effect a successful result. By virtue of my oath I was bound to obey, or I should have suffered a secret death, by assassination probably. I need not tell you my instructions; but a dreadful fate awaited you in the event of you or His Excellency obstructing our wishes. In every town through which we passed there were emissaries of the Chief Society to assist me, so great is its organisation; and when I received your instructions to pull up at the next town, which if you remember was S—, I knew the wishes of the Chief Commander would be effectually carried out. The landlord of the hotel you stayed at and the head hostler were known to me as members of the Chief Society, and there were other residents in the town also members whom I did not know. So you see, my friend, how His Excellency and you were encompassed in a net from which there was no escape; and he clucked to himself as he said it. 'Now you remember how His Excellency was always engaged in writing his despatches and documents. Well, there was consequently great difficulty in getting a view of the papers without adopting foul means, and time was of great importance to the Chief Commander.'

'What!' I exclaimed in great astonishment, my hair almost on end with the suddenness of the confession—'what! Do you mean to tell me Carl Johann Roeckel, that you murdered His Excellency in cold blood?'

'Not exactly that, friend,' he quietly replied. 'When His Excellency went for that short walk, the head hostler also went for a stroll in the same direction. A short distance from the town the hostler met a friend, also a member, and they quickly bound and gagged His Excellency, and carried him to the cellar of the latter's house, where they kept him secretly until after the excitement of the disappearance and search had subsided, when he was taken to Vienna in the involuntary disguise of a dangerous lunatic peasant, and afterwards'—And he made a significant sign indicative of strangulation. 'The papers were abstracted by the landlord, and handed to me, and I in turn delivered them to the Chief Commander personally. Nothing was ever said about the missing documents, if you recollect, because only one other person besides His Excellency and the Chief Commander knew of them, and he dared not say what they were.'

'But how,' asked I, 'was everything kept so quietly, as the British government made a great stir over the matter, and large rewards were offered?'

'Well,' replied he; 'those to whom the matter was referred were mostly members of the Chief Society, which you must remember, numbered in its roll members of all ranks and stations. The pair of overalls found in the copse some days after the disappearance were purposely placed there to lead and encourage the belief that His Excellency had been robbed and then murdered.'

'But you do not account for your being here in Antwerp now,' said I.

'Well, friend,' continued he, and he drew himself closer to me and spoke in a very low tone—'well, the Chief Commander, in consequence of the stir made by both the British and our government, and fearing disclosure on account of the large rewards offered, took effective steps to prevent it by ordering the deaths of those concerned in the tragedy. The landlord of the hotel, however, suddenly decamped to America—where he will be tracked, never fear—after hearing of the deaths of the hostler and his friend, who were found stabbed in their beds; and I escaped here, by circuitous routes, and I have remained in hiding ever since. But I am already known and discovered, and I go daily in fear of my life. The sign of the Black Dagger here'—and he tore open his vest and shirt, disclosing the print of a dagger on his breast—'is known to all members of the Secret Society. My death-warrant has long ago been signed, and I am studiously watched, I feel certain. Even now'—And he suddenly stopped, casting a cautious glance round the room, and pointed to a stranger who was silently smoking and drinking, to all appearance engrossed in their enjoyment. 'I must leave you,' he said in a hurried hoarse whisper. 'Good-bye, friend;' and he crept out of the *cabaret* quickly.

The next morning, Ludwig Kühl's body was found floating in the canal, near its entrance to the Scheldt, pierced in the breast by a short dagger, with the device in German on its flat black handle, 'We wait.'

LEANING AND CROOKED TOWERS AND STEEPLES.

Of these singular objects, whose striking appearance is due to various causes, we meet with a number of instances both in our own country and on the continent. Of leaning towers, perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most widely known, is the celebrated one at Pisa in Italy. It is one hundred and eighty-seven feet in height, being ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than fourteen feet. Erected about 1174, this beautiful structure is built of marble and granite, having eight stories, each formed of arches supported by columns, the several stories being divided by ornamental cornices. Being unconnected with the neighbouring buildings, it was probably intended to be used as a belfry. Notwithstanding its inclination and the fact that seven hundred years have elapsed since the erection of the structure, it has withstood the ravages of time with more than ordinary success, exhibiting at the present time hardly any perceptible sign of decay. It would seem that the tower has not always presented the peculiar appearance which it has now assumed, for in the Campo Santa, a neighbouring burial-ground, the cloisters of which are ornamented with curious paintings on stucco, there exists a representation of the tower in an upright position. These paintings are supposed to have been executed about 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was built; so that it may be considered pretty certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as is the case with those at Bologna in the same country.* The taller of these latter, that of Asinelli, was built in 1109. It is over three hundred feet high, and has been stated to

incline two feet and a half. It may be ascended from the interior by five hundred steps; and the summit commands an extensive view of the neighbouring cities of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. The lesser tower of the two, that of Garisendi or Garissnidi, compared by Dante to the stooping giant Antæus, is about one hundred and forty feet high, and deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from an upright position. In Italy, besides those already mentioned, numerous other instances are to be found. The bell-tower of St Mary Zibenica at Venice leans; also towers at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being but between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies, at a siege which took place in 1326. There are also leaning towers at Bridgenorth Castle in Shropshire and at Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, both caused by the use of gunpowder during the Civil War between King Charles and his parliament.

Of churches with crooked spires, the most noteworthy is the famous one at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. It leans six feet towards the south, and four feet four inches towards the west, and its height is two hundred and thirty feet. So peculiar is the distorted appearance of this steeple, that it is said to appear falling towards the spectator from whatever point he approaches it. There are several traditions extant respecting this singular architectural deformity. One is that the builder, a native of Chesterfield, having agreed to erect a church, did so, finishing the tower without adding a spire. The authorities of the town, not being satisfied with the structure, appealed to the Attorney-general; who gave his opinion that the spire was as much a part of the church as the tower, and that consequently the builder must finish his contract by its addition. The subject was, however, fully discussed at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects in January 1855, and it was ascertained that the oak planks on which the framework of the spire rests are much decayed on one side; which is sufficient to cause the divergence from the perpendicular. The timbers also have the appearance of having been used in a green and unseasoned condition. The action of the sun upon the spire would therefore cause it to become crooked, and this may account for the distortion, without attributing it to design.

There used to be another example of a crooked spire at the church of St Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, which served as a landmark from the sea. There is an excellent view of the town of Yarmouth, shewing St Nicholas with its crooked steeple in Buck's *Perspectiva Views*, vol. iii. plate 82 (London, 1774). It, like Chesterfield spire, from whatever way viewed, appeared awry. It was however, taken down and rebuilt perpendicular about the commencement of the present century. Salisbury Cathedral spire is said to lean considerably from an upright position. There was a

common tradition in Chichester some sixty or seventy years ago that the architect who built the cathedral having quarrelled with his foreman, the latter went to Salisbury and built the spire of the cathedral at that place, which he carried up more than four hundred feet, in order to outdo the work of his former master, which was only three hundred feet in height. There is however, no truth in the tradition, as Chichester Cathedral was completed early in the twelfth century, and Salisbury not until the thirteenth. Lowestoft steeple is crooked, which is attributed to the warping of the lead-covered timber of which it is constructed. In the Lincolnshire fens, Spalding Church spire used to lean so much that it was in great danger of tumbling down. Four miles from Spalding is Surfleet Church, whose steeple, on account of the marshy ground on which it is built, inclines in a frightful manner towards the west. So alarming is the appearance of this singular building, that travellers have frequently dismounted from their horses, afraid lest the steeple should fall on them. Another example is Weston Church, also in this neighbourhood. It too has for many years leaned very perceptibly to the west. On Sunday evening February 8, 1835, Linthwaite Church, near Huddersfield, was struck by lightning; and without any of the stones being shattered, the spire was bent out of the perpendicular so as to incline towards the church. The tower of the Temple Church, Bristol, leans nearly four feet from the upright, and has by sinking separated from the church. Its appearance is unpleasant and somewhat alarming; but it has been examined from time to time to test its security. The steeple of Glasgow Cathedral has an inclination towards the south-west, commencing at the highest battlement, perhaps thirty or forty feet from its top. It was struck by lightning in 1756.

As a last instance, we will give the case of Wybunbury Church, Cheshire, the tower of which used to lean about five feet towards the north-east. The inclination of this tower having exhibited a slight increase from year to year, it was resolved in 1834, so dangerous had it then become, to take it down and have it rebuilt. Fortunately, however, before this was commenced, a Mr Trubshaw having made an examination of the building, undertook to set it right again without pulling it down. By a simple and ingenious process, he accomplished his object; and the tower was restored to its perpendicular so safely that not a single stone of the fabric was injured; and it has ever since been perfectly secure and perfectly upright.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

How or whence a proverb has originated is in most cases a matter of doubt. Some few perhaps are choice morsels culled from the writings of noted authors; others are adaptations from the literature of ancient nations, and notably from that of the Hebrews; but in most cases they can be safely included under the heading 'old sayings.' This is the case with English proverbs; but it is more especially so with the twenty or twenty-five thousand which form the principal adornments of Chinese conversation. Mr Scarborough has devoted considerable time and trouble to making a methodical collection of the wise or witty say-

ings of the Celestials, and has produced a book (*Chinese Proverbs*, Trubner & Co., London), which will repay perusal, firstly, on account of the amusement which may be extracted from its pages; and secondly, because it serves to illustrate the morals, customs, and habits of those peculiar people.

Chinese proverbs are not without wit, although they do not always incline to brevity. In fact some of them may be fairly entitled 'short moral stories,' in which the Chinese excel; although, as the author of the work above referred to remarks, their conduct is not by any means in accordance with their preaching. Illustrative of their eagerness for obtaining a bargain, we quote the following generally accepted maxims: 'Calculate what you can sell before you buy.'

Who does not ready money clutch,
Of business talent has not much—

a distich worthy of the directors of a co-operative store. 'If you'd not be cheated, ask the price at three shops.' And again: 'When one cheats up to heaven in the price he asks, you come down to earth in the price you offer.' A slow trade is described by the phrase: 'To sell a couple of cucumbers in three days.' Whilst the good old maxim: 'There is no friendship in business,' is rendered by the Celestials in somewhat uncouth phraseology: 'Relations or no relations, my turnips are three hundred *cash* per *picul*.' The excellent results following from the united action of partners in business, are shewn by the couplet—

When two partners have one mind,
Clay is into gold refined.

Whilst very much disposed to sharp practice, the Chinaman is fully alive to the fact that if he would attain either eminence or competence, he must work hard. Invitations to perseverance and to thoroughness of purpose are frequent. 'If you don't scale the mountain, you cannot view the plain;' and, 'You had better go home and make a net than go down the river and *wish* for the fishes,' are illustrations of the Chinese method of expressing this sentiment.

The caution of the Chinese character is fairly represented by: 'If the wind be strong, yield to the wind; if the rain be heavy, get away from it;' and their dislike of procrastination after resolution, by the proverb: 'Wait till the Yellow River becomes clear, and how old will you be?' The fact being that the Yellow River is naturally and permanently 'of the muddiest muddi.'

Many of the Chinese proverbs have their counterparts in English; the difference of expression, however, being in many cases characteristic. Thus: 'Throw a sprat to catch a whale,' is rendered: 'Throw a brick to allure a gem.' 'Not to cry stinking fish,' is rendered in Chinese: 'The melon-seller declares his melons sweet.' 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' becomes: 'Count *cash* as though they were gold'—*cash* being a coin of the smallest denomination. Again: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' is translated: 'The swallow plastering its nest is labour lost'—this being a very happy allusion to the migratory habits of that bird. 'Preparing is preventing,' an old English expression, has its counterpart in: 'Get

the coffin ready, and the man won't die;' whilst 'Too many cooks will spoil the broth,' is rendered by the curious expression: 'Seven hands and eight feet.' 'There is a black sheep in every flock,' becomes: 'Crows are black all the world over.' And the oft-quoted saying of 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul,' assumes the form: 'To pull down the western wall to repair the eastern.'

A great number of proverbs amongst the Chinese are noticeable chiefly for their peculiar forms of expression, or the singularity of the figurative language used. To lend to a spendthrift is: 'To pelt a dog with meat dumplings.' An impracticable task is described as: 'Kua Fu's race after the sun's shadow;' or in derision of its inutility, as: 'A blind man going up a mountain to view the scenery.'

Many allusions are made in Chinese proverbs to the decrees of Fate, and the bulk of the people are firm believers that 'Nothing follows man's calculations, but that his whole life is arranged by Fate.' The opposite belief, however, finds expression in the following curious sentence, which in sentiment is much more healthy: 'The more I study, the more I miss the mark—what have I to do with Fate? The more I miss the mark, the more I study—what has Fate to do with me?'—a peculiar arrangement of an antithetical sentence, and containing much food for thought. A man without the necessary information is 'A blind man on a blind horse coming at midnight to a deep ditch;' whilst the following is a little gem in the way of curious expression. Speaking of the scarcity of good men, the Chinese say: 'There are "two" good men; one of them is *dead*, the other *unborn*.' A man with an extreme absence of mind is said 'to seek the ass he is riding on;' or still more frequently, his bundle, his umbrella, and himself are represented as three individualities; and he is made to say: 'Here's my bundle—here's my umbrella—but where am I?' Umbrellas, by-the-bye, are important possessions among the Chinese, and the allusion to the same in the following curious verse will be readily appreciated; moreover, the moral conveyed is extremely good:

He hoards to-day; he hoards to-morrow; does
nothing else but hoard;
At length he has enough a new umbrella to afford;
When all at once he is assailed—a wind arises
quick,
And both his hands grasp nothing but a new
umbrella stick.

Servants seem almost as much trouble among the Celestials as among the English. A very independent domestic tells his master bluntly: 'There are temples elsewhere than on Mount Ni;' whilst on the other hand the employer gives vent to his spleen in the following curious, if not complimentary saying: 'One man will carry two buckets of water for his own use; two will carry one for their joint use; but three will carry none for anybody's use.' 'A lean dog shames his master,' is the reproof offered to a mean employer by his servant.

So far our attention has been given to those proverbs which illustrate the ordinary manners and habits of the great people that inhabit the eastern portion of Asia, and that without praising or condemning the sentiments expressed. No person can, however, fail to appreciate the beauty

of many of the moral sayings in use among the Chinese, and which they are in the habit of displaying in their places of amusement upon high-days and holidays, after the manner of the conductors of our Sunday-schools. They illustrate forcibly the high tone of morality taught by the old philosophers, as well as the insatiable desire for learning which exists even to the present day. We have not attempted any particular arrangement of subject, but conclude with the following :

'A wise man can fill a thousand mouths ; a fool cannot protect himself. One good word can warm three winter months ; one bad one stir up anger. If you converse by the way, remember there may be men in the grass. Let those who would not drink, look at a drunken man. The lion opens his mouth ; the elephant [the emblem of wisdom] shuts his : shut yours. They are only horses and cows in clothes who neglect the study of the past and present. Every character must be chewed to get its juice. Foam on the waves is the fame of earth. The bright moon is not round for long : the brilliant cloud is easily scattered. The ancients saw not the modern moon ; yet the modern moon shone on the ancients. The great wall of a myriad miles remains ; but Chin Shih 'Huang [its builder] is gone. Heaven, earth, and the spirits love the humble, not the proud ; to the humble they give happiness ; to the proud, calamity. Man cannot become perfect in a hundred years ; he can become corrupt in less than a day. Men who never violate their consciences are not startled by a knock at the door at midnight. Each half of a riven bamboo smokes. [This is said against quarrelling.] Better be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance. To save one life is better than to build a seven-storied pagoda.' And lastly : 'Do not consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it ; or any vice trivial, and so practise it.'

MARGINAL CREDITS.

In the discussions that have lately taken place as regards banking, a phrase has sometimes been employed about which little or nothing is generally known. The phrase is 'Marginal Credits.' There is no reason why there should be any obscurity or mystification on the subject. The following is the meaning of the phrase.

By Marginal Credits are meant certain operations in which bankers lend the credit of their names, as it were, to their customers, and thus enable them to carry out important commercial transactions which otherwise could not be gone into, or only at excessive cost. A merchant in this country, for instance, desires to import tea or silk, but his name is not so well known on the Chinese Exchanges, that bills drawn upon him by a merchant in China can be sold there at a reasonable rate of exchange. The tea or silk cannot be bought without the money being on the spot to buy it with, and if he sends out specie for that purpose he involves himself in heavy charges for freight and insurance, and loses the interest of his money while on the voyage. Before it arrives, the prices of tea and silk may have been so altered in the market that he would not be inclined to buy, and his money would thus be placed where it is not wanted. But while drafts by the merchant in China on the merchant in

this country would not sell, or only at a heavy sacrifice, the drafts by the merchant in China on a banker in this country will sell at the best price. The merchant in this country therefore deposits with his banker, cash or securities equal to the amount to which he desires to use the banker's name, and receives from him *Marginal Credits* for the amount. These are bill-forms drawn upon the banker, but neither dated nor signed, with a margin containing an obligation by him to accept the bills when presented. The bills are dated, drawn, and endorsed by the merchant in China before being sold, so that the obligation runs from the date on which the money was actually paid, and the tea or silk is most likely in the merchant's warehouse before the bill is payable. For the transaction, the banker charges the merchant a commission, to remunerate himself for the risk involved.

Many other transactions between merchants abroad and in this country can only be carried through by the acceptances of a London banker being tendered in payment, but the transactions are intrinsically the same as when Marginal Credits are used. The banker in the country can arrange with his customer to obtain the London banker's credit for him. Bankers—usually in London—also accept bills to a great amount for the exchange operations of foreign banks. A banker in, say Canton, buys from his customers bills drawn upon merchants in this country for a given amount, and sends them to his correspondent in London, who holds them for him and grants a credit in his favour on the security of them. The Canton banker operates upon this credit by drawing upon the London banker, and sells his drafts at the most favourable exchange. With the money received he purchases other bills, and remits them also, to be again drawn against. When these operations are made with caution and sound judgment, they are beneficial to all concerned ; but when engaged in without sufficient knowledge or recklessly, they involve most disastrous consequences.

ON THE LAWN.

THE heliotropes within the garden-beds
Azure- and crimson clusters shewed ; and scarlet blooms
Of rare geraniums mingled with the bells
Of white petunias ; calceolarias,
Their yellow purses fringed with rich maroon,
Swayed lightly in the breeze : the perfume sweet
Of mignonette, of fragrant cabbage-rose,
Spice-breathed clove-pinks, and odorous jessamine
Filled all the August air.

She comes, she comes !

Amid the green and shining laurel leaves—
The laurel clump that skirts the Rectory lawn—
I saw the gleaming of a snowy dress—
White muslin sprayed with blue. A soft fair face,
Of wondrous beauty, set in golden hair,
Looked out upon me, with a sweet shy blush,
The while the tender, dewy violet eyes
To mine were raised, as on the lawn she stepped,
That white-robed vision, whispering : 'I am here !'
The flowers bloomed fairer, joyous sang the birds,
For Love's sweet glamour gilded everything ;
'Twas Eden there, at least to two fond souls,
And I—unworthy Adam—found my Eve ! A. H. B.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 817.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

PRICE 11d.

THE CHILDREN'S TEETH.

BY A FATHER OF A FAMILY.

A VERY important subject—so important, that I will venture to ask all parents who have growing children not to pass hastily by this paper. Few persons fully realise the value of teeth till these are injured or lost. In the nature of things it cannot be expected that children should understand the value of their own teeth; and our knowledge, or painful experience, ought to be employed to guard them from the consequences of their natural ignorance. The well-being of the teeth in childhood concerns all their future life. Bad teeth mean bad digestion, and what *that* means some of my readers understand perhaps too well. Very good abilities may fail in good results for want of health and strength; and the decline of these is at times distinctly connected with imperfect mastication.

It must be admitted at the outset that the children's teeth often stand a very poor chance, or to be accurate, no chance at all. What things they do with their teeth! Crack nuts, untie knots, crunch hard sugar-plums almost like stones; in fact children do almost anything with their teeth, except clean them. Now, if the hair or nails are left uncared for, one quickly hears the remark, 'How Mrs Blank neglects her children;' but the poor little mouth may be a perfect magazine of future misery, and the neglect pass quite unnoticed. A man who gives his daughter an elegant set of jewels on her coming of age, is counted an indulgent father; but a man who has by his care secured for his girl a perfect set of teeth, has done a far better thing for her.

The first mischief I will notice is *crowding*. Very few jaws have room enough for all the thirty-two teeth which will in time demand their places. Nothing is more common than to find the teeth so crowded that one or more are pushed out of line, and project beyond the others, or lean inwards towards the tongue, instead of standing perfectly upright. And even where there is no such dis-

placement, there is sometimes an intense pressure; the teeth are jammed against one another with a tightness which is almost incredible to those who have not given any attention to the subject. Sometimes, indeed, a tooth will turn sideways under this severe pressure. Now, in such cases it is simply impossible that the enamel can be properly deposited. This hard outer surface is the life of the tooth, and when it is thin and weak, that life must be a short one. As soon as the enamel is gone, the inner bone quickly decays, until in time the nerve is reached, and then comes the acute pain known as 'toothache.' What is wanted in most young mouths is the sacrifice of one or two of the weakest teeth, in order to give the others room to get all the enamel the system can supply, and thus grow strong. Happy the growing lad or girl who has between the teeth sufficient space to admit a half-worn shilling! It will be his or her own fault if there is not a good set of teeth in that mouth in after-years. Yet I have heard an ignorant nurse express her dislike of a girl's mouth which had in it this promise of exemption from *curies* and dentistry, with all their tortures. But where there is not room enough, it must be made, and as that cannot be done by stretching the jaw, the only alternative is to thin out the crowded teeth, or they will in time destroy one another. But papa is often so busy, and mamma so tender, that the painful duty is put off, perhaps too long. And sometimes both parents are ignorant of the cruelty which they are unconsciously inflicting on their youthful charge—none the less real because unintended. I am not a dentist, and do not wish to be suspected of writing in the interests of that profession; but my own experience has made me very inflexible on this point, and when my pets' mouths shew symptoms of being crowded, they have an early interview with my good friend Mr Forceps. In too many cases, if the irregularity of the teeth is not very striking in *appearance*—that deity of feeble and narrow minds—the irregularity is suffered to continue, in miserable disregard of the fact that the presence of a few superfluous teeth

may insure the ruin of the rest, and cause untold suffering in after-years. Crowding, then, is the first point for parents to watch against.

Next of course comes want of *cleaning*. It is an unsavoury subject, I grant; but it cannot be passed over if the question is to be fairly dealt with. At the bottom of the teeth, touching the gums, may constantly be found a rim of some pasty substance, white or yellowish in colour. I speak of the mouths of children of course; grown-up sensible people know better than to allow any such unpleasant accumulation in their own. Now this substance is the deadly enemy of the teeth. It is often of a very acid nature, and eats away the enamel most certainly, and not very slowly. Let this deposit alone, and the teeth are doomed; for the 'neck' of a tooth—the point at which it touches the gum—is its weakest part. It is there, above all, that decay is likely to begin; and it is just at that point that 'stopping' is most difficult. Moreover, that deposit is promoted by the free use of animal food; small pieces of the fibre and of the fat cling around the teeth and get between them, keeping the mischief at work. To neutralise this, it is well to rinse the mouth with an alkaline wash, not too strong; ordinary soda-water being excellent for the purpose. Especially should this be done at night before retiring to rest, as the acids of the mouth gather strength in the night, and if habitually allowed to work undisturbed for eight or nine hours, can do considerable harm. Indeed if the teeth can only be cleaned once in the twenty-four hours, I unhesitatingly give the preference to the evening. Let the *débris* of the day's work be cleared away, and not left to undergo the chemical changes which are certain to ensue if they are left undisturbed for hours, with warmth and moisture to promote decomposition. The bad taste which is often found in a neglected mouth in the morning may prove to its owner that these cautions are warranted by facts. The unpleasant odour issuing from a neglected mouth is only too convincing to others. The habit of occasionally rinsing the mouth during the day is, when practicable, of great service. Those who cannot afford expensive toilet preparations will find that a very little plain yellow soap—a mere touch on the brush—is an admirable substitute for costly dentifrices and washes. Indeed I doubt if, as has before been indicated in this *Journal*, yellow soap is not in every way the best substance for cleaning the teeth.

And now a word or two about improper ways of cleaning the teeth. This is eminently a matter in which 'overdoing is undoing.' A lad is told of the evils of neglect, and resolves to attend to his teeth in future. He buys, or has given him, a brush as hard as wire; and with this—and perhaps a scouring tooth-powder—he rubs away with youthful zeal, might and main, at his luckless teeth. It is like the monks finishing what the Goths began. The movement is nearly all horizontal; the angle of the hard brush presses on the necks of the teeth; the water and the powder help its action, and the youngster might almost as well *file* away at the necks of his teeth. He can cut them by the combined action named above, as certainly, though not so quickly, as by filing. The brush should be soft, and the rubbing should be, up and down, as well as along the

line of the teeth. Care should be taken not to place undue pressure on the bottom of the teeth, and especially not to apply the *angle* of the bristles to their necks. A quill toothpick may be used with advantage before beginning to clean the teeth, to remove anything that has lodged firmly; indeed, its frequent use is desirable, except at the dinner-table. Acid medicines are extremely injurious to the teeth, and should always be taken through a glass tube or a straw. The old muriatic preparations of iron and steel have ruined many a set of teeth. Happily, there are now solutions of iron which are not acid, but which had better be promptly washed off the teeth by rinsing, all the same.

To some readers these remarks may be familiar truths; many others will be but too well aware of their necessity. The results of ignorance and neglect in this matter are truly calamitous, and very extensive. I do not wish to see a generation rising up around me of young people who delight in 'showing their teeth' on every occasion; but I should be glad to save some of the young from the inevitable results of carelessness; and I see—too often—young people for whom, I am sure, there is much future trouble in store. The family doctor might often render most valuable service to his youthful patients by taking more notice of their teeth. And he should not content himself with a mere hint; but if he finds the matter neglected, should explain its importance, and insist that what is needful be done. I hope this is not beneath the dignity of the profession. It ought not to be. All the resources of surgical science are employed to remedy a hare-lip; an important and most delicate operation is undertaken to cure a squint. (Appearances again!) Why then should a decaying tooth be left to infect its healthy neighbour? Why should superfluous teeth be allowed to injure the whole set? No one knows so well as a doctor what are the consequences of defective mastication and imperfect assimilation of food. Let him picture to himself the child's future sufferings from toothache and neuralgia, often culminating in dyspepsia and hypochondria, and he will scarcely hesitate to order the aid of a good dentist while it can be of real service. Of course there are cases of constitutional feebleness in which the teeth would probably decay whatever was done for them; but there is also, beyond question, much preventable mischief and needless suffering.

If this paper has the result of directing more attention on the part of doctors and parents to the children's teeth, it will not have been written in vain. Nothing which helps to lessen the sum of human suffering is unimportant; and on the stamina of the rising race depends the well-being of future generations.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

'VERY well, Mr Linklater,' said the capitalist to the confidential clerk, who, coming down by the earliest train that started in the gray dawning, alighted at Hollow Oak with the deed-box, lacquered, patent-locked, and with hinges of extra strength, in his careful custody; 'I am obliged by your punctuality. You had better stay, though. We are going, this gentleman and myself'

—pointing out Hugh—‘before a magistrate, and you might as well be present as an extra witness.’

Mr Linklater, one of those tall, gaunt Aberdonians whom the City of Granite sends out to do hard work and win hard cash by willing labour, was at his chief's disposal, of course. But he looked with no trifling perplexity from his employer to the young station-master, and back again, as if marvelling what connection there could be between scrip, shares, and discount, which formed the current grist to the mill at Guildhall Chambers, and country magistrates, Hollow Oak Station, and Hugh the master of that station.

But Mr Linklater, whose previous civic experiences had been eminently unromantic, and who knew more of tare and tret, of agios, caravan, commission, bulk-breaking, and other miscellaneous items of commerce, than he did of the real flesh-and-blood world outside the doors of a counting-house, had soon further cause for wonder. For into the station glided, ghost-like, the wasted form and weird face of Gipsy Nan, draped, it is true, in squalid garments, quite unlike the picturesque attire of her kindred in Spain or the East, but wearing them with a savage dignity such as would have becomed a prophetess of some barbarian race. She walked direct towards Hugh Ashton.

‘Follow me,’ said the gipsy boldly, ‘son of the Red Hand, for I am come to wash the stain of blood away! I saw the shot fired. I saw the man stagger, and put his hand to his side, and turn his face fronting his enemy, as a wounded stag turns on the dogs, and then fall. He tried to speak; but the blood ebbed fast, and the life with it, and he did not frame a word. But he is living yet who fired the gun. Ha! it will be a brave show when they bring James Grewler back, in chains, to Alfringham—a brave, when he hangs within the jail walls of Dorchester. Now I am ready, if you will, to go before your judge!’

At another time, Mr Dicker would have proved no patient listener to Gipsy Nan's tirade. But now he welcomed the woman's wild words, as lending valuable confirmation to the story which he and Hugh had to tell. The capitalist could not doubt that in Ghost Nan he saw the surviving sister of the gipsy emigrant who had died in Australia. Half-crazed she certainly seemed to be, and there were doubts as to how far her testimony would be respected at the Central Criminal Court. But, if she were not held a credible witness in the prosecution of Marmaduke Beville's real murderer, at anyrate her evidence was worth having on behalf of George, his dead brother.

‘Get her into the fly; it is waiting at the *Beville Arms* by this time,’ whispered the capitalist to Hugh; ‘and hold her there, by force if necessary, till we get to Marsden Hall. What should I have said, a week ago, if I had been told that I should alight at the door of a country gentleman, and one of our shareholders, in company with a half-mad gipsy beggar-woman like this!’

Sir Henry Marsden, Chairman, as Mr Mould the Director had truly said, of some Sessions, Petty or Quarter, within the shire of Dorset, was an active magistrate, and perhaps as favourable a specimen of Her Majesty's justices of the peace as it was possible to light upon. It might truly be said of him that he was an estated gentleman

and a baronet if you please, but a magistrate before all things. His estate bordered on that of Lord Penrith, and would have seemed more considerable had he not had a lord for his immediate neighbour. He had been invited to contest the county in parliament. But he thought little of the extent of his acres, and less of the chance of recording a silent vote at divisions, in comparison with his reputation for being able and upright on the Bench. There were barristers now and then in the modest court over which he presided who were irreverent enough to express the wish that all our legal bigwigs had the sense and patience of Sir Henry Marsden.

It was perhaps lucky that Sir Henry was the magistrate referred to. An ordinary squire might have been dull and helpless. A clerical justice, or some retired admiral pitchforked into the commission of the peace, would have boggled over every detail. But the baronet gave the whole case his best and most courteous attention, and such questions as he asked were thoroughly to the purpose. By good fortune the clerk to the magistrates was in the house, having come over to Marsden Hall on county business, and Gipsy Nan was persuaded to make her affidavit with tolerable coherence. There could be no reasonable doubt that the Nan, Nana, or Anne Cooper mentioned in the gipsy emigrant's death-bed deposition in Australia was the same person as the vagrant then present. As little doubt could there exist that the employer of Salem Jackson, in his treacherous theft of the Company's cash-box at Hollow Oak, was the false steward who had plundered Lord Penrith, and the real assassin of Marmaduke Beville.

‘We will get this sailor-fellow—this Jackson,’ said Sir Henry confidentially to Mr Dicker, whom he well knew by reputation, ‘immediately transferred from the care of the borough to the county police, and I will make a point of seeing him before I sleep. From what you tell me, I feel sure that he will save himself by revealing all he knows; and I feel equally sure of the identity of this Swart the Miller of Pen Mawth, in Cornwall, with the James Grewler who was steward when I was a lad at Alfringham, and who made off with a great sum of my lord's money. Yes, yes; there had been two generations of the Grewlers, stewards, before him; and this young James had been sent to the university at Lord Penrith's expense, for he was a good scholar; but he came away in disgrace, and his father was glad to get him made steward in his stead, here. The very year after the murder, old Thomas Grewler died, and this precious son of his levanted with a large sum. I thought he was dead. But I hope to see him committed yet for trial at the assizes.’

‘Shall we hang him—the Miller, I mean?’ asked Mr Dicker in a low tone, of the magistrate.

‘I'm very much afraid not,’ answered Sir Henry with a smile. ‘I am speaking now, of course, as a private person; but in my opinion the scoundrel will save that ugly neck of his. Juries, you see, are squeamish. The thing happened long ago. This queer woman’—dropping his voice still lower—‘is not to be relied upon. Any clever counsel for the defence could play the bear with her evidence. She has sworn to her brother's handwriting, and sworn to her own deposition; but I doubt whether twelve men in

a box would believe her in a matter of life and death. And she may never appear at the assizes. Why she came now, as a volunteer, it is hard to say; but perhaps she scented out, through some secret channel of information, what was on foot, and chose to have a finger in the pie. But if the Miller of to-day, and faithless steward of a quarter of a century back, escapes penal servitude for the rest of his rascally life, call me a false prophet!

Towards Hugh, the magistrate was not only courteous but kind. 'Allow me, Mr Hugh Beville,' he said, taking his hand, 'to be the first of your neighbours to welcome you, and to greet you by your own name. There is an old friendship between our families; and I knew your father, and your uncle too, poor fellow, in my young days.'

One duty, which could not well be deputed to a more appropriate person, Sir Henry undertook to discharge. He offered to go in person to Alfringham, without delay, taking with him the proofs of Hugh's descent, and of George Beville's innocence, and there, through Mrs Stanhope's intermediation, to break the news to the old lord.

'You should pity him—your grandfather, I mean—Mr Beville,' said Sir Henry Marsden, as he ordered round his carriage, having first, but vainly, pressed his hospitality on the unexpected visitors. 'We, who live near, have seen the canker of that mistaken belief poison his whole life.'

'I do pity him,' answered Hugh, in softened tones, 'from my very heart.'

Then Sir Henry, with all the papers in his possession, drove off to Alfringham, promising that on the morrow warrants should be issued, which, duly indorsed by the authorities of the county of Cornwall, would authorise the arrest of the Black Miller. Nan stalked off, ghost-like, towards the Forest, disregarding alike Hugh's thanks and Mr Dicker's offers of money; and so soon as the fly from the *Beville Arms* had jolted back to Hollow Oak, Mr Dicker took a kind farewell of Hugh, and went back, by the next up-train, to London, accompanied by his clerk. How strange it was to Hugh to find himself back at his little station, and to continue to perform his duties of routine, while his brain was in a whirl of excitement; and when he remembered that into the last few hours had been crowded more of stirring news than most of us hear in a lifetime. But his work, he felt, was not yet done until the murderer of his uncle had been dragged into the light of day.

CHAPTER XLIX.—LORD PENRITH DIES.

Left alone once more at Hollow Oak Station, Hugh began almost to doubt whether the events of the last two days were not merely the idle fancies of a dreamer's brain. So rapidly had one surprise succeeded to another, that a sense of unreality attached even to the recent vindication of his father's name. Hugh felt what we all feel when some goal to attain to which we have striven long is reached at last—a startling contrast between the marvellous ease with which success is grasped, and the painful efforts and anguish of hope deferred that preceded the final triumph. Not that in Hugh's case the success was even yet certain. His grandfather's prejudiced resentment against the son he had cast off might be impregnable to

proof or reason, and Sir Henry's kindly mission prove a failure. It would be hard if justice should not be rendered at the last to George Beville's memory, by the father whose good opinion he had desired so ardently to regain, and if Lord Penrith should choose to go out of the world without a gentle thought or fond word for the son who had passed his life in unmerited want and disgrace.

Hours passed, and no tidings came. Hugh went about his duties as usual; but for once he performed them with a cold mechanical precision, as a sleep-walker might have done. The porters collected in little knots, whispering to one another, and throwing sidelong glances at their official superior. Rumour is many-tongued, even at such places as Hollow Oak, and it was partly guessed, and partly known, that a great change was imminent in Hugh's fortunes. It was the dejection of his attitude and the anxious look which he could not conceal, that perplexed the men who watched him, wondering that sudden prosperity should bring with it so little joy. It was dusk already, and would soon be night, when through the gloom of the winter evening flashed the bright lamps of a carriage. It was an Alfringham carriage, and out of it sprang Dr Bland.

'Mr Ashton—Mr Beville rather,' said the doctor eagerly, 'I have come, at Lord Penrith's urgent wish, to ask you, to implore you to come to him at once. I have a note too—here it is—from Mrs Stanhope, begging you to lose no time. Delay may be dangerous. I will not disguise from you that my noble patient is sinking fast. He cannot, humanly speaking, live through the night. And he cannot die in peace—these are his own words—till he has been reconciled to George Beville's son.'

'I will go,' answered Hugh with emotion. 'Yesterday, I must have refused. To-day, I can cross the threshold of my grandfather's house with no feeling of anger or of shame.'

A minute more, and the carriage had rolled swiftly off towards Alfringham, with Hugh and the doctor. 'Is recovery or any improvement in his condition impossible?' asked the former, as they sped onwards.

'Quite impossible,' answered Dr Bland, more decisively than physicians can usually be brought to speak. 'For days it has been evident that his lordship's life hung by a thread; and the emotion caused by the news Sir Henry brought, gently as it was communicated to him by his sister, caused a syncope that lasted long, and which I feared would be fatal. His mind is clear now, and he has rallied somewhat; but I am convinced that it is but the last flicker of expiring vitality. My lord holds on to life for but one object, now.' The remainder of the short drive was passed in silence.

Alfringham at last! and the sound of the wished-for wheels had clearly been anxiously awaited, so promptly were the wide doors flung open, to reveal the lighted entrance-hall within. Hugh, guided by Dr Bland, entered, still feeling as though all around him stretched a dream-world, shadowy and unreal. He scarcely saw the marble columns, the polished floor, the gleam of statues, or the array of liveried servants to left and right, bowing their powdered heads in deference to him who, in an hour's time, perhaps, might be the lord of Alfringham.

All seemed real enough, however, though the reality was a strange and sad one; when, after traversing a portion of the great house, Hugh found himself inducted into the stately chamber in which the aged master of so much that the world covets, of rank, fortune, splendour, and power, had laid him down to die. Mrs Stanhope was there, and so was Maud, and both greeted Hugh as he came in, but silently and, as it were, timidly. All appeared to feel the involuntary awe that impresses itself on even the most frivolous when Azrael, the Angel of Death, spreads his sable wings above the house of the living. There was a solemn hush in the old lord's room. Even the feeble ticking of the French clock on the massy chimney-piece, even the feebler tinkle of the charred embers as they dropped, ruby-red, from the half-consumed logs blazing on the hearth, could be heard with a painful distinctness. Many waxlights were burning, and the curtains of the great bed, carved and gilded, were drawn back, so that the face of the old lord, almost as white as were the pillows on which it rested, could be plainly seen.

The first to break the oppressive silence was the dying man.

'Stand nearer—nearer to me, yet—Hugh Beville!' he said, in a thin, weak voice, but with an ineffectual attempt to raise himself. 'I am glad that you have come, boy—come to forgive the old man, before he goes. I—did your father—cruel injustice, and'—Here his voice failed him, and he fainted; and they feared that he was dead, and crowded closer to the bed, while Dr Bland made haste to apply remedies. With some difficulty the old lord was enabled to swallow a few drops of the cordial that the physician had poured out, and as his eyes slowly unclosed themselves they lit on Hugh's face.

'I was not mistaken, then, as to the likeness,' muttered Lord Penrith feebly. 'I thought, at the station, that it was a spirit come to haunt me—the spirit of my poor wronged boy—but I know better now. You are very like your father, Hugh. He would have forgiven me, I know. Can you do it?'

'Indeed, my lord, I can,' answered Hugh, in a softened voice, as he knelt down beside the bed, and took the wan weak hand of the aged lord in his. 'But in truth there is nothing to forgive, only a sad mistake, and a sad estrangement, though my father never spoke of you to me otherwise than with affection and respect.'

'Poor George! poor George!' muttered the old peer, as he looked long and fixedly, regretfully, as it seemed, at Hugh's handsome sun-bronzed face and manly bearing. His conscience, lulled to rest through many years by the dogged conviction that he was right in his harsh judgment of the despised and discarded younger son, was painfully awake now, and perhaps he saw George Beville's gentle goodness of character in a clearer light than ever he had done before the family tragedy had been played out to the bitter end. There was something touching in the very earnestness with which the noble owner of Alfringham pleaded for pardon—for pardon from the grandson who had grown up as a stranger, amidst toil and adventure, in climes far remote. Lord Penrith had so wrapped and draped himself, through a long lifetime, in the mantle of his pride, that to see him cast it from him at the last might have melted a sterner heart than that of Hugh Beville.

'My poor banished boy—I wish I could have seen him once again, on this side of the grave,' said the old man, after a pause. 'But you err, Hugh, when you say there is nothing to forgive. May Heaven do so. I was wrong. I was unjust. My wrath blinded me. I would listen to no argument—no plea. And all the time I was a dupe! The knave who ate my bread, and rewarded my trust by treachery, he it was who spilled the dear blood of my murdered Marmaduke. Sir Henry Marsden tells me that Grewler is to be hunted down at once.'

'The man will be made to answer for his crimes, no doubt,' replied Hugh gently.

'Do not spare him!' exclaimed Lord Penrith, with a spark of the fierce energy he had shewn in his youth; but then his restless gaze, as it wandered about the room, fell on Maud's beautiful face, and his mood seemed to change. 'I had forgotten,' he said, almost humbly.—'You too, Maud, my dear, have something for which to blame your old uncle. You will be no heiress, now, dear. Alfringham cannot be yours, as I intended.'

'That will not make me unhappy, dear uncle, believe me,' answered Maud, bending over the dying man as he lay; 'I should have prized it only as your gift.'

'And,' said Hugh, looking up, as he knelt beside the bed, 'if my cousin—I may call her so, to-day—will accept my heart and my love, that have been hers since first we met beside the Welsh lake, and Alfringham along with them, I shall be prouder and happier than ever, in my brightest day-dreams, I dared to picture myself.'

Maud did not speak. All she did was to turn her blushing face shyly towards Hugh, and a glorious smile broke forth, for one instant, through her tears. For an instant only, for then she hid her face in her hands, and wept afresh, while her mother, with fond words of endearment, folded her in her arms.

'You love her, you say? You would marry her?' asked the old lord eagerly. 'Do you know, boy, that in taking her as your wife, you wed no heiress, but a girl, well born, but almost penniless; that not the Penrith coronet only, but Alfringham and all its lands, are your very own; and that you will be, as soon as I am dead, undisputed master here? Do you still wish, knowing this, to marry my niece?'

'I have only one answer to make,' said Hugh simply; 'I love Maud—Miss Stanhope I have always loved, but it was from afar off, as a man might love a star in the heaven above him.' And then he approached the weeping girl, and took her unresisting hand. 'Can you care for me, dearest,' he asked of her, 'rough and plain of speech as I am?'

Then Maud, allowing her hand to rest in Hugh's hand, made answer in her turn falteringly, but distinctly enough for her low accents to reach the ear of the dying man: 'Yes, my love, my love! I can care for you; have cared for you from the first, from the first!' And then she hid her head, sobbing, on her mother's shoulder; and Mrs Stanhope, weeping from mingled sympathy with her daughter and grief for her brother's loss, held out her hand to Hugh.

All had forgotten Dr Bland, who now glided quietly up to the bed, and administered to his

noble patient a few more drops of the cordial. The old lord's failing strength revived a little as he lay helplessly back among his soft pillows.

'That is well,' murmured Lord Penrith, looking alternately at the two fair young faces before him. 'You, my grandson, could not have a sweeter, truer wife than dear Maud Stanhope, and I have lived to learn that my poor George's son is a worthier lord of Alfringham than—— Never mind that. Hugh looks every inch of a Beville. I don't care a straw for the rest.—But, don't you think, Julia'—this was addressed to his sister, and the speaker's mind seemed to have wandered away, as the minds of the dying often do, far from the dread threshold that must so soon be crossed, far from the vague terror that guards the frontiers of the unseen world, to trivial matters which have to do with this one—'don't you think, Julia,' continued the old lord, in his thin reedy voice, 'that Hugh is the image of old Sir Beville Beville, whose picture hangs on the right-hand side of the gallery, between Queen Mary and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham? I never thought that George looked like that, and yet the two are so much alike. But I am glad the boy came—home.'

Home! It was with unaccustomed tears in his eyes, with an unaccustomed tightening of the muscles of his throat, such as grief brings to a strong man used to play his part manfully in a world of hard knocks and scant favour, that Hugh listened to the old lord's words. There had been a pathos in the last sentence which had dropped from those dying lips that had rarely spoken but to threaten or command, that told how different old Marmaduke, Baron Penrith, might have been, had his surroundings been different, had his second son but possessed, with his own gentle purity of soul, the steady fearlessness of Hugh's more self-reliant nature. But it was too late for that now.

'Kiss me, Julia!' said the old lord feebly; and his weeping sister bent to touch his pallid cheek with her lips. 'My will provides yet for you, my dear,' he added, trying to pat her cheek, with that contemptuous kindness which may through life co-exist with a sincere affection; 'and you'll have a better fellow for a son-in-law than that coxcomb Lucius.—Where's Maud? Let her kiss me too! I meant Alfringham to go to Maud; but it's all for the best—the best! Dr Bland, I have been, like some old king, an unconscionable time in dying, but I must ask you to excuse—— And Hugh? Not gone? Take me by the hand, boy. I feel as if, while I hold to that strong hand of yours, I hold to life. I wish poor George were here!'

It really did seem as though old Lord Penrith did hold on to life through the grasp which his feeble fingers kept of Hugh's strong right hand; and to the last the old lord strained his failing eyes to distinguish the bold, handsome features of the gallant young man who was to be his heir, and whom he acknowledged to be a fitting representative of the ancient stock of which he came. Then suddenly, Hugh felt the pressure of the weak fingers that clung to his, relax. With a smile upon his face—happier, it well may be, than he had been for five-and-twenty weary years—Lord Penrith had sunk back, and, without a struggle, died. Then Maud and her mother, weeping, were

led away; and Hugh too, slowly and sadly went, leaving the room to the solemn hush of death.

PICTURES OF RURAL LIFE.

THE business and bustle of modern life, with the drain they make on the nervous energy of the worker, render an occasional change of scene welcome and necessary. Numberless, however, as the pursuits of holiday-seekers may be, it is still self-evident that but few gather by mountain-side or sea-shore the full harvest of enjoyment provided in country life to the observant eye and cultured mind.

We have much pleasure in drawing attention to a volume entitled *Wild Life in a Southern County*, by the author of the *Gamekeeper at Home* (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.), descriptive of rural life, by one upon whom the mantle of Gilbert White of Selborne seems to have fallen. The pictures of rural life which abound in the book are drawn with unusual felicity; the dweller in town is transported by its help at once to the by-ways of the country; the habits and appearance of every bird in the hedgerows become familiar to him; the animal life of the forest is passed in review before him; in short the reader may live through the whole cycle of country life, so completely has our author sketched its leading aspects. In company with our author we are brought face to face with Nature in both her rough and her pleasant moods, in a southern county of England; and we feel sure that a country-walk with our friend would do more for our growing appreciation of Nature, than months of close study.

Some of the most charming descriptions here given, are those of bird-life. Reclining with our friend on the downs, with a noble view of hill and plain before us, we note the rise, the poise, and the descent of that sweetest of aerial songsters the lark. In early spring, above the green corn, love-making is in full progress; and far as the eye can see, the air seems alive with them. Around the many-gabled and thatched farm-house of Wick (the southern country farm described by the author), tribes of birds have loved to congregate, building in the ivy and in the eaves, the starlings taking up their abodes in the holes around the chimney. In the early summer, the latter are continually busy feeding their young; perching too, upon an ash about fifty yards from the farm, and chattering to one another in the most voluble manner possible, and only singing when a companion is within sight.

The chirp of the sparrow around the farm-yard is ceaseless. In the nesting season they are particular to secure the most fluffy feathers dropped by the fowls. Amongst the ripening corn they will flutter until they grasp an ear with their claws, and bending it down, revel in it at their leisure. Where the corn has been levelled by rain, they will attack it in hundreds at a time. Every spring the swallows return to the precincts of the farm, repairing their old nests, or building new ones, flying around and near the horses and cattle for the insects found there. In spite of the pity and commiseration drawn forth on behalf of poor cock-robin throughout so many generations of children, we have our belief confirmed that he

is a most pugnacious fellow, never missing an opportunity for a stand-up fight, and choosing the early morn for his battles. When the thrush has made up his mind to attack the ripe gooseberries in the garden, he works himself up in an indirect way towards them; the blackbird, on the contrary, makes a desperate rush forward, and retires about twenty or thirty yards with his booty. In the morning he may be seen in the stream taking his bath and splashing the water over himself with immense energy. Then he retires to a rail, where he prunes his feathers. Our author is never tired in listening to the rich liquid notes of the blackbird. 'There is,' he remarks, 'no note so sweet and deep and melodious as that of the blackbird to be heard in our fields; it is even richer than the nightingale's, though not so varied.'

The nightingale sings best on a fresh spring morning, on the upper and clearer branches of the hawthorn. It may be approached until within a few yards, when the swell of its throat may be seen as it pours forth a flood of melody. The elm is the favourite tree chosen by the rooks for nest-building, and they shew a marvellous instinct in selecting the proper boughs and in placing the twigs. The young birds quickly gain the use of their wings, and a few days of difference may ruin the prospects of the rook-shooters. The young birds are easily distinguished when the shooting is in progress; the old birds meanwhile rising in the air out of reach. A few leaden pellets will pick them off; and he who handles them is mercifully warned regarding the vermin which covers them. As late as July the young crows—as big and black as their parents—may be seen in the fields, receiving lessons from them how and where to feed. Rooks have their special haunts and feeding-grounds, and observe certain rules which are handed down from generation to generation. Thousands of them will act in concert, and as if in obedience to a certain word of command.

We feel, in reading the descriptions of rabbits at play near the warren; of ferreting; how to secure a corn-crake in the mowing-grass; the description of a spaniel and hedgehog; of the snakes in the field, and the water-fowl by the lake, that the writer's sympathy with animate and inanimate nature is as close and sympathetic as that evinced by Gilbert White or the Bauff Naturalist. The gambols of the rabbit afford him real pleasure to watch. He will tell you, if you wish to look for wild-flowers, that a much better place than the open field is the narrow uncultivated strip beside the hedge. There in season you may find the white convolvulus, the scarlet poppy with the black centre, and the pink pimpernel.

A walk across the downs, upon a green track which must have been a military road, carries our author, in imagination, to the time when the fierce Dane carried fire and slaughter inland, or to the time when the eagles and chariots of old Rome passed along it. With a crook to pull down the branches gradually without injuring them, we go a-nutting, and are told how to enjoy the full flavour of the fruit on the spot. Our friend has something to say about the bees in the garden, the haunts of the butterfly and the wasp, the toad and the fox. The snake loves the

dry sandy bank, crawling forth when bright weather comes; the female frequently deposits her eggs in a manure-heap near the farm-yard. When discovered by the mowers in the field they are killed without mercy; and they will go the length of telling you that if a man sleep in the fields with his mouth open, a snake will sometimes crawl down his throat! Snakes also get the credit of breaking and sucking eggs. Our author introduces us to all the varieties found in his neighbourhood, and assures us that a forked stick is best to catch them with, as it pins the head to the ground without injury.

Full as is our gossip companion of lore, connected with field and stream and copse, he gives us much pleasant insight to matters pertaining to indoor farm and village life in his southern county. Life there, we are told, moves on with but little variety from day to day, from year to year. Many home industries are nearly extinct in the village; still a few old women gather the stray flakes of wool after the sheep-washing in the brook, caught in a net spread for the purpose, and manufacture stout mops, which are readily enough bought by the farmers' wives. The wool is worked up by means of the ancient spinning-wheel. From the willow-trees of the brook, which are cut and split into flexible strips, ladies' work-baskets and endless nick-nacks are made. The making of hurdles for stopping gaps in fields, is another industry; but we are told that the master-carpenters in the large towns have undersold their village competitors. The wheelwright and the blacksmith are always busy. Besides the tinker, the cobbler has a good time of it too, the rough damp roads requiring a home-sewed boot to keep the feet dry. Gleaning in the fields in autumn, though it has declined much, is still practised. The cottagers, next to their gardens, love plenty of out-housing, and sheds where they may store wood, lumber, vegetables, &c., a fact which is sometimes forgotten when the modern labourer's cottage is built.

The descriptions given by the author of the older shepherds, remind us of the realism of Thomas Hardy in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. While more observant than the older labourer, the shepherd knows every field in the parish, the soil, and what weather suits it best. His books are the open fields and the hill-side. His knowledge and fidelity are chiefly put to the test in lambing-time. The modern greatcoat is now taking the place of the 'smock-frock' with him; while the aged men stump along the country road with their great umbrella slung over their shoulders with a piece of tar cord, and their staff projecting six or eight inches above the hand. The Lady-Day fair and the Michaelmas fair are the standard holidays of the farm maid-servants, affording a capital opportunity for the men and women of the neighbourhood to exchange the news and see the sights. Previous to Christmas, mumming, the singing of carols, and instrumental music, are often engaged in and practised.

Nathaniel Hawthorne would have found himself at home in the homestead of Wick Farm, which has been occupied by six or seven generations of the same family. Memories of the past have accumulated around it; covered with brown thatch it stands hidden and retired amongst trees, with cherry and pear against its wall of subdued

brick. The solid furniture within is stiff and angular; with quiet nooks and corners, and over all a suggestion of flowery peace and silence. The oaken cupboards contain a few pieces of old china. The lumber-room contains ancient carved oaken bedsteads; linen presses of black oak with carved panels; a rusty rapier, a flintlock pistol, and a yeomanry sabre which was used by the farmer in riding forth in the turbulent days. The parlour mantel-piece is always decorated with flowers in their season—in spring with boughs of horse-chestnuts, lilac, blue-bells, or wild hyacinths; in summer with nodding grasses, roses, and sweet-brier; while in autumn, two rosy apples may be seen gracing the shelf, and the corners of the looking-glass decorated with ripe wheat. In glass cases are preserved the various animals which may have been shot on the farm—two stuffed kingfishers, a polecat, a white blackbird; over the doorway there is a fox's head, and a badger's skin lies across the back of the arm-chair. The walls are adorned with two old hunting pictures, crudely and hardly executed.

The mistress of the house still observes the good old habit of baking; she can make all kinds of preserves, besides cowslip, elder-berry, and ginger wines. When the anxieties of harvest are over, the people of the farm can spare a day or two for the occasional picnics which take place while the sun is still warm and the sward dry. Although the farmer is independent of a landlord, he yet gives, by way of compliment, the first of the shooting to a neighbouring land-owner, and loses nothing by his liberality. From November until the end of January the farmer usually carries his double-barrelled gun, for a chance shot at ground-game or wild-fowl. About Christmas-time the traditional four-and-twenty blackbirds are shot, and baked in a pie; an apology for a social gathering, with cards and music. Some of the better-class farmers who keep hunters, ride constantly to the hounds; whilst the local steeple-chase, whither flock crowds of labouring people, is the most popular gathering of the year. And when the auctioneer is called in, as he is very frequently nowadays for the sale of lambs, young short-horns, or standing crops, a great dinner is prepared, at which sherry takes the place of ale.

The summer day begins very early at Wick Farm-house; at half-past two in the morning, the swallows begin to twitter faintly below the eaves; by three o'clock the cuckoo is calling from the meadows, and the mower is whetting his scythe while the day is cool and the dew on the grass. Between three and four the thrushes have begun to sing in the copse at the corner of the field; shortly afterwards may be heard the shoes of the milkers clattering in the court-yard; then their voices may be heard crying to the cows in the meadow, 'Coom up! Ya-hoop!' as they troop to the milking-place. The household breakfasts begin about half-past six; between eleven and twelve is luncheon-time; and dinner comes on about four o'clock. By six o'clock, work is over, the women having been allowed to leave the fields half an hour earlier, to prepare their husbands' supper.

The associations connected with a wagon are pleasantly described by our author; the child rides in it, as a treat, to the hayfield with his father; then the lad walks beside the leader, visiting the market-town for the first time; when

manhood arrives he takes command of the wagon; when he is married, it brings home his own furniture; and perhaps his own children in turn ride in it. When old and weak-kneed, it carries him in pity to the neighbouring town, and eventually may carry him to the churchyard on the hill.

The book, of which we have given but an imperfect sketch, is a most refreshing one to read. The author seems to combine the observant eye of Frank Buckland with the natural raciness of Gilbert White. Like his former work, the *Game-keeper at Home*, the present one is penned in a simple natural way, which carries the reader away into rural by-paths never before trodden by him.

THE DAY YOU'LL DO WITHOUT ME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE day was full of the sweetness and light, the glory and warmth, that only summer can shed over and extract from the land. Down to the left of the verdure-covered old vicarage-house—where the chief action of the story I am relating took place—broad meadow-lands lay bathed in a purple haze—purple haze that spoke of intense heat in the open, and that made even the self-absorbed young pair under the trees on the lawn, grateful for the shelter afforded them. Any one who had seen them there would have seen the naturalness of such self-absorption, and at the same time have felt sorry for it. For though the dawning liking between them was 'natural,' it was not fit. The girl was the third daughter of a poor country parson, who eked out a slender professional income by taking pupils. The boy was the highly prized son of a noble house. And still they were allowed to be together!

The young fellow of seventeen, though he had not come to his full heritage of manly beauty yet, was a very worthy idol, so far as appearances went, for a young girl to set up and worship. He had the slender, clearly defined, delicate form and features that belong to the handsomest race in the world—the English aristocracy. There was a look of 'breed' about him that was unmistakable—that look that is never seen unless blood and culture have aided in producing it. What wonder, then, that May Barou contrasted him with the well-to-do young farmers in her father's parish; and having done that, erected an altar in her heart, whereon she worshipped Lionel Hastings unceasingly! She was supremely happy this morning, for her mother had given her a half-holiday to dispose of as she pleased. That excellent mother, on household cares intent, quite believed that she would go off for a stroll in the woods with some girl-friend, as it had been her wont to do from her childhood. But Lionel magnificently ordered her to 'stay and read poetry to him under the weeping-willow;' and she was only too pleased to obey him.

The sunbeams fell down like scattered gold through the leaves, fell down flickeringly on the two young heads; the boy's covered with crisp curls of dark-brown; the girl's crowned with such golden tresses as only fall to the lot of one woman in a thousand. The masculine head reposed comfortably on the boy's own folded arms. The feminine one was bent down over a volume—a collection of miscellaneous poetry—from which she was reading lines and verses at random.

'This is very jolly!' Lionel said languidly, for

the heat was subduing him. His only reason for speaking at all was that May had kept her violet eyes cast down on her book for a long time, and he liked to look at them often.

He had his 'taste's desire' at once. Without a moment's tantalising delay, she lifted her silken fringes obediently, and bent her honestly adoring gaze upon him, as she said sympathetically: 'Yes; isn't it? No lessons, and such sunshine!'

'And you so jolly pretty!' he cut in with a vast increase of energy. Then he withdrew one arm from under his head, and flung it round her slender waist; slender certainly, for though May was sixteen, she was symmetrically and perfectly formed. 'Now, you may go on reading,' the young sultan said, as May acknowledged his caress by saying: 'Oh, dear Lionel!' A rosy colour flushed the girl's face. The thought that perhaps she ought not to let Lionel Hastings treat her as he might his sisters, crossed her mind, and clouded her happiness for an instant. Then in her purity and innocence, she blamed herself for even that thought, condemning it to herself as 'dreadful.' Then in her confusion she began reading at random, selecting by chance the very poem she ought not to have selected. It was an American poem, written by an anonymous author, and deserves to be more widely known than it is. One verse ran thus:

You call me true and tender names,
And gently twine my tresses;
And all the while my happy heart
Beats time to your caresses.
You love me in your tender way!
I answer as you let me;
But oh! there comes another day—
The day that you'll forget me!

Her voice had faltered more than once in the reading, and he had watched her confusion, and enjoyed it with half-laughing malice. Boy as he was, he knew so well what was in this young girl's heart. He thoroughly understood her sudden shame, and perfectly realised how keenly the dread that he might go away and forget her, cut May Baron.

'Look at me, pet!' he said with sudden authority.

'I—I am looking for something else to read,' she stammered.

'Look at me, and confess! Aren't you sorry you read those lines, because they describe your own situation and feelings to a certain degree?'

'Lionel, don't be so rude and cruel.'

He had taken her chin in his hand, and turned her face towards him. And she knew that her face was telling the truth, that she loved him much! 'My own pet!' he said, more softly and seriously, 'I shall never go away and forget you—trust me for that.' Then he reared himself up, and kissed the little face that was rich with happy blushes now; and May was well content to believe him. 'I shall have you painted by Millais,' he said presently, lying back and regarding her critically.

'Shall you!' She was alight with pleasure at the way in which he was assuming the right to direct her and manage for her in the future. 'Who is Millais? Is he any one I ought to know about?'

'He's one of the greatest painters alive,' he said

with reproving gravity. 'I don't know that I shouldn't put him at the top of the list of English painters, if it weren't for Leighton's conflicting claims. Of course you ought to know about him, pet; only, how should you know about any one while you're kept cooped up here!' Then he went on to tell her that Millais had painted his two sisters, both of whom were great beauties and celebrated belles, and both of whom were married to peers of the realm. 'They were the youngest brides of their respective seasons,' he added. 'Ida was only sixteen.'

'Sixteen! my age!' she exclaimed in astonishment.

'Yes, by Jove! you *are* sixteen. But my sister Ida looked much more of a woman. She had no end of offers; but my mother knew that St John would come on at the end of the season, so she kept Ida free.'

'It was lucky your sister Ida didn't care for any of the others,' she suggested timidly.

'She did though. She was an awful goose about a fellow called Bartie Friel; but he hadn't the needful. The best of it is that he's St John's cousin, and introduced St John to Ida. He thought'—the boy paused, and laughed lightly at the absurdity of it—'that Ida would win old St John's liking, and get him to give Bartie something good; but Ida won something more than old St John's *liking*—she won the title and coronet.'

'And his heart?'

'His heart! I don't know about that; he's popularly supposed to have lost his heart thirty years ago to my mother.'

'Then he must be quite old?' May questioned in angry surprise. 'Tell me, Lionel, is he quite old and gray?'

'Of course he is. He's fifty, and Ida's eighteen.'

'Poor thing!' May ejaculated with honest pity.

'Very few people speak of Lady St John as "poor thing," I can tell you,' he said, laughing. 'She's the leader of about the best *coterie* in London.'

'Poor Mr Friel then,' she then said softly.

The boy's face clouded. 'Bartie Friel is'—He stopped himself abruptly.

And she asked with interest: 'Is what?'

'Never mind; I can't tell you, pet. Something you ought not to hear till you're a fashionable lady,' he added half sneeringly; then he ended by saying: 'He's not half such a good fellow as old St John after all.'

They were summoned to luncheon soon after this; and May went in dreamily, her head being full of faint outlines of the romances in real life of which Lionel's sister Ida was the heroine.

The dining-room of the picturesque vicarage was as dreary an apartment as drab furniture and dingy papered walls could make it. Nature had done a great deal for the room, by throwing garlands of blush-roses and French honeysuckle across the lattice-windows; and through these floral shades the sunbeams fell in the dancing, graceful way in which sunbeams do play through leaves. But alas! all beauty and grace came to an end here. The coarse, crude, time-worn, children-torn furniture could not be beautified even by the sunbeams. We are so apt to accuse the mistress of a house of 'want of taste,' if her surroundings are ugly and stiff and soiled. But how can a woman with an empty purse and full hands drape

windows artistically, and polish up her household gods perpetually? Poor Mrs Baron most certainly had not solved the difficult problem of how this was to be done. She had seen things fade and grow more and more dilapidated year by year, and she had made strenuous efforts to repair them. But repairing is not replacing, and things had been meagre even at the beginning; so now it was but a small wonder that an air of dull though decent poverty should reign over everything inside the house.

It may be asked: 'But with daughters who were grown up, should the taste of beautifying, or of attempting to beautify, have been left to the already over-worked mother and manager?' The answer is simple enough. The two elder girls were wearing their way through the world as governesses. And May's education was incomplete, she being only sixteen. Truth to tell, May had never troubled her handsome little head about any of these shortcomings of her home, before this awakening day. But now when she sat down to luncheon, something about the arrangement of the table, something about the dinginess of the room, struck her as being sordid and utterly inharmonious; utterly out of keeping with the refinement that surrounded Lionel Hastings like an atmosphere.

Her meditations on this subject were put to flight abruptly. Her father spoke in agitated tones—tones which the poor wife knew so well portended fresh anxieties, fresh struggles, fresh combats with poverty. 'Lionel, I have had a letter from Lady Hastings this morning; she thinks that the sooner you go to Oxford the better.' Mr Baron's voice trembled very obviously. Lionel's 'going to Oxford' meant the direct loss of three hundred a year to the poor over-wrought vicar of Balton.

It is needless to recapitulate here all that was thought and felt and said, after the key-note of separation had been struck. In the midst of the boy's natural delight at the proposed change, there was a pang of regret at the idea of parting with May. Pleasure and sorrow were delicately blended in his heart, and they filled the situation with emotional interest. But in May's heart it was all pure sorrow, unmingled with any pleasurable sensation at all. He was leaving her, going to Oxford; going to be 'a man,' going to 'begin life;' and in these facts he found compensation for leaving her. But she only felt that she was losing him! For her, there was no compensation either in the present or the future. Lionel was going away! With the bashfulness of a girl's first love, she never once thought of censuring him ever so slightly for not feeling this approaching separation painfully, as she felt it. It was natural, she told herself, that boys should long for and revel in the commencement of their emancipation from the trammels of their boyhood. Especially was it natural that Lionel should do so. Light as her father's rule over the lad was, still it was rule, and Lionel was born to be 'free,' if ever human being was so. Thus she reasoned and argued against her regret at his going, and went on regretting it just the same. The positive difference which would be necessitated in the household arrangements by the loss of that sum, which Lionel represented to her mother, never occurred to her. She was too young and loving and

thoughtless to cumber herself with domestic cares, or take thought for the morrow of domestic life.

It did not occur to Lionel that he ought to say something more definite than he had said to the girl, whose whole horizon was darkened by the thoughts of his departure. He had meant loyalty and lovingly; and so, when he kissed her on the lips, and put a little gold ring on her finger, he thought he had done all that was needful. When the time came for him to marry—fellows of his 'order' married early—he should marry May, of course. Meantime it was useless to talk about it. And May relied unconsciously upon the fidelity he did not plead; but still thought far more impatiently about that 'meanwhile' than he did.

At last the day came for them to say good-bye, and the boy went out into the world; when a thousand fresh interests sprung up like flowers in his path, making it beautiful. And May went about the old vicarage-house and grounds as of old, and found the days very long and eventless, now that there was no Lionel to brighten them.

Lady Hastings wrote a courteous letter to Mr Baron, thanking him for the care and attention he had bestowed upon her son. And Lionel himself wrote a nice note to May during his first term—a note which May prized next to her twisted gold ring; though there was little in it save an account of his feats on the river, and of the prowess of a certain well-pedigreed bull-dog pup. She answered it with all the frank confidence of a child—all the hearty, loving sympathy of a woman. And then it ended.

Gradually the old vicarage-house and all the occupants of it faded from his mind. Life was full of bright promise for him, and he had no time to look back. He finished his college career with more than credit. He was a touch more than clever, and his impetuosity stood him in stead of perseverance, and carried him well on the road he had chosen. By the time he was five-and-twenty he had done such good service to government by the subtlety, skill, and energy with which he had carried through a delicate negotiation abroad, that government recognised his claims munificently, and gave him an important and highly salaried home appointment. In fact Lionel Hastings had made his mark, and the mothers of daughters regarded him kindly.

The years had flown with him, the eight years that had passed since he had said good-bye to May Baron, and promised never to forget her. But they had not flown with her.

THE INNS OF COURT.

THE four Inns of Court—that is to say, Lincoln's Inn, the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple, and Gray's Inn—combine to form what is in fact the legal university of England—if by the word university we may imply an examining body which has framed specific regulations for the admission of students, the 'keeping of terms,' the conduct of examinations, and the granting of degrees. Of the history of the Inns it is not our purpose to write; and on that subject indeed, very little could be said within the limits of a magazine article; but we may perhaps effect a useful end if we confine ourselves to roughly sketching the process by which a layman becomes a barrister.

Firstly, then, it has been decided that every person, not otherwise disqualified, who has passed a public examination at any university within the British dominions, is entitled to be admitted as a student of any of the four Inns of Court without passing a preliminary examination; but no attorney-at-law, solicitor, writer to the signet, or writer of the Scotch courts, proctor, notary-public, clerk in Chancery, and certain other professional men, shall be admitted as a student at any Inn of Court until such person shall have entirely and *bond fide* ceased to act or practise in any of the capacities above named or described; and if on the rolls of any court, shall have taken his name off the rolls thereof. The Society of Lincoln's Inn also requires that the candidate shall not be a person who is in trade; and a declaration to the effect must be signed before further progress can be made. The aspirant then signs and delivers to the steward or treasurer of the Inn a formal statement of his wish to be admitted as a student; paying for the form on which he makes such statement the sum of one guinea; and the declaration of fitness must be vouched for by two barristers, and approved of by the Treasurer or by two Benchers of the Inn. Supposing the candidate never to have passed a public examination at any British university, he must forthwith present himself before the Board of Examiners appointed by the four Inns, and demonstrate to their satisfaction, both by writing and *vivâ voce* if necessary, that he possesses a competent knowledge of the English and Latin languages and of English history.

Having passed his examination, the candidate is admitted, and pays five guineas for the right of attending during his studentship the lectures of four professors appointed by the Council. He also pays other sums, which vary at each Inn. If he become a member of Lincoln's Inn, these include a 'fine' of eight pounds eleven and sixpence on admission, twenty-five pounds two and sixpence for stamps on admission, and one hundred pounds as a deposit, to be returned on call to the Bar or on leaving the Inn, on payment of all arrears of commons, &c. The last payment may be avoided by the execution by third parties of a bond for the amount; but as the fees on call come to nearly as much, there is but little to choose between the two methods, for sooner or later, a hundred pounds must be paid. These are necessary disbursements; but they do not by any means represent the total expense to which the student renders himself liable; for, except for the mere grains of legal instruction he may obtain at the public lectures of the four professors of Jurisprudence, Common Law, Equity, and the Law of Real and Personal Property, he has not yet contracted for his technical education. Still, it should be noted that no one need go either to lectures or to chambers unless he thinks fit; and that so long as the student is able to pass his examinations previous to call, he may obtain his knowledge from whatever source is most convenient to him. He must, however, in all cases pay the lecture-fee of five guineas.

So much for the process by which a man may educationally qualify himself for the final examination and call to the Bar! Even more important is the process of formal qualification. Who has not heard of the ordeal of 'eating dinners?' To him who would be a barrister, food for the

body is as necessary as food for the mind; but while the Council of Legal Education cares not whence the mental pabulum is derived, it most strictly exacts that at least a certain amount of the physical dietary must be partaken of within the Hall of the Inn to which the student is attached. The inexorable regulations prescribe that, with insignificant exceptions, 'every student shall have kept twelve terms before being called to the Bar.' The rule might have been made by Epicurus, for it means in plain language that no student shall be called to the Bar until he has eaten a certain number of dinners at his Inn. In the case of members of an English, Scotch, or Irish university, this necessary number is three per term; and in that of other students, six; so that the miserable man who, not being affiliated to a university, would aspire to be a barrister, must first eat no fewer than seventy-two dinners, as served for him by an unsympathetic cook.

Of these dinners a volume might be written, nay, two—one of complaints and one of praises. At Lincoln's Inn, the huge Hall is traversed at the north end by a table, at which dine the Benchers in august state, separated from the vulgar crowd of barristers and students by an array of sideboards. Then, also running from east to west, are two tables dedicated to the *apprenticis*, or barristers aforesaid; and lastly, running from north to south, are several tables for students. Dinner is at half-past five on week-days, and at five on Sundays; and about ten minutes before dinner-time the Hall begins to fill. As the student or barrister enters by the south door, he is received in the lobby by a servant, who relieves him of his stick and coat, and by another who robes him in a gown, the property of the Inn. In the Hall he probably finds a friend or two, with whom he arranges to 'make a mess;' that is to say, to dine, or as others phrase it, 'to make a table;' and with them he stands talking with his hat on, until, as the clock strikes, the head-butler solemnly marches to the west end of the long sideboard, and by means of three blows of a hammer, exhorts to comparative silence. 'Making a table' consists in four men agreeing to dine together and taking possession of two places on each side of one of the long 'boards;' the four sets of knives and forks thus forming a square. At the students' tables, he who sits at the north-west corner is captain of the mess, and in him is the right of deciding what wine shall be drunk by himself and his friends, unless some one chooses to ask for port, in which case port must be brought. Otherwise, on ordinary occasions the choice lies between two bottles of *vin ordinaire*—and very *ordinaire* it is—or one bottle of good claret, or one bottle of sherry between the four, beer *ad libitum* being forthcoming as well.

Dinner is seldom quite punctual; but in due course the head-butler goes again to the sideboard, and with great *empressement* announces: 'Benchers, gentlemen!' whereupon every one in Hall respectfully rises. The dons enter, in Indian file unless guests are present, by the north door, bowing as they come; and then all remain standing for a minute until the head-butler once more raises his voice and cries: 'Silence, gentlemen, if you please.' This is the signal for the chaplain to ask a blessing. Forthwith every knife and fork begins operations, unless, of course, there be soup,

in which case the man sitting on the left of the captain of the mess helps himself first, and then passes the ladle to the right. The same plan is pursued with fish. But for the captain himself is reserved the privilege of first cutting the joint which follows, and of then passing it on, always to the right. A butler has meanwhile placed the wine on the table; and he who sits on the captain's right is the first to taste it, as also he is the first to partake of the dish—generally a fruit-tart—which succeeds the joint.

The method in which the wine should be passed is somewhat complex, and there are, we imagine, but few students who clearly understand how it should be done. One rule, however, it is advisable to remember. As a man hands the decanter to his neighbour for the first time, 'he begs to be allowed the honour of taking wine with him:' and the omission of this custom is the infallible sign of a freshman. But all the Inns—and Lincoln's Inn especially—are nests of venerable customs, the propriety and the antiquity of which may not be disputed; and though fashions for non-observance of them are no longer the fashion, they still exist, and will doubtless continue to flourish.

One night in each term is called Grand Night; and on that occasion a somewhat better dinner than usual is provided, and guests—usually legal and political celebrities invited irrespective of party—dine with the Benchers, who, if there be any truth in rumour, not only 'fare sumptuously every day,' but absolutely 'aldermanise' on these festivals. For their banquet they pay nothing; barristers paying half-a-crown; and students a guinea for the first six in each term, and two shillings per dinner afterwards; and in all cases wine is included.

Dinner over, the head-butler again implores silence, and the chaplain says grace, releasing the students, who immediately depart, but causing no emotion in the Benchers and barristers, who still sit at their leisure. The interval between the blessing and the grace is usually an hour; but after the great body of students has departed, two or three usually remain 'to be introduced to the Bar-table,' in accordance with the special regulation of the society, which exacts that 'no student can be called to the Bar who has not been three times introduced to the Bar-table after dinner, once in each of three different terms; and one of such introductions is to be in the last year before his call to the Bar.' The ordeal is not very trying; for it principally consists in the student walking rapidly between the two Bar-tables, whereat sit some fifty inattentive or preoccupied legal luminaries; but before undergoing it, he has to renew his declaration that he does not fill any disqualifying office, and to certify that he is not in trade.

The necessary expenses previous to call are at Lincoln's Inn something like one hundred and fifty pounds. At the other Inns the total is, we believe, generally less, amounting to about one hundred and twenty pounds. Further expenditure on books, &c. may very easily raise the cost of being called to the Bar to three hundred pounds; a sum exclusive of the cost of living during the twelve terms which have to be kept. Yet the Inns are crowded with students, and never, probably, were so many men called to the Bar

in one year as during 1878. Legal business is always increasing, and it is an undoubted fact that, as the practice is simplified, so the number of cases, both litigious and otherwise, grows proportionately greater. We have no longer many of those old family Chancery suits which bled our grandfathers to death; but by way of compensation, we find that nowadays nearly every man who will 'have the law' on his neighbour, has dealings with a solicitor, and through him with a barrister. For every one, save for barristers and their providers, the question is so serious a one, that our advice to all who are litigiously disposed is—think twice before 'going to law.'

INDIAN SNAKE-STORIES.

I WAS a passenger on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Medina*; one among several young fellows who had started in various capacities on our 'trial trip' to India. We had encountered some rather rough weather after quitting the Red Sea, but that was all over; we had had favouring gales for several days, and were now within twenty-four hours or so of Bombay. Our promised land was almost in view; we were full of its many and varied attractions; all the dark colours had vanished from our picture, and our imaginations were kindled by the recollection of all we had read and heard; and we longed to realise for ourselves the new and strange experiences which we hoped were in store for us. India and Indian matters were now the staple topics of conversation; those going out for the first time were eagerly seeking information on many points from the 'old stagers' among their fellow-passengers; and some of these worthies were a little inclined to improve the opportunity, and treat the 'griffins'—as the new-comers are usually called—to not a few travellers' tales. For my own part, I had made several good friends among the old Anglo-Indians on board, had learned much from them of practical importance to myself, and had listened to many a capital anecdote on matters relating to social life, and to hunting and travelling experiences.

It was our last evening but one in the *Medina*, and a group of us were sitting on deck after dinner, enjoying the pleasant light breeze that was blowing, chatting over the various incidents of the voyage, and discussing the probabilities and possibilities that awaited some among us in our new home. Elephant-hunting and tiger-shooting were passed in review; and some anecdotes of rather a thrilling nature were related.

'The big game are getting very much shot down,' remarked an old Judge, who had been many years out. 'Tigers are quite scarce now, compared with what they used to be. In fact it is becoming rather difficult to find them.'

'All the better too,' replied a fat good-natured little man, Dr Beamish. 'The existence of tigers is only desirable to a parcel of idle sportsmen, and it is to be hoped they will gradually be exterminated or nearly so. The rewards offered

by government have done much to effect this; and I hope the time is not far off when one may take an evening stroll without the risk of being carried off to form the supper of a family of hungry cubs.'

'I don't think tigers are the chief objection to an evening stroll,' said Mr Barry, a civilian of some standing in the Bombay Presidency. 'I can't say I ever encountered one myself, unless I went specially to look for it. Except those horrid brutes the man-eaters, who stick at nothing, a tiger will generally keep out of your way if you keep out of his. The snakes are the real obstacle to a comfortable walk. There is something peculiarly disagreeable in the idea of kicking what looks like a bit of wood out of your way, and getting in return a small prick from a cobra, which leaves you a dead man an hour or two afterwards.'

'Ay, a good deal sooner than that, sometimes,' observed Dr Beamish, nodding his head. 'A few years ago our regiment was going from one station to another, and one morning we were marching before daylight, when a native servant, who was very near me, uttered an exclamation of pain, and put his hand down to his foot. I asked him what was amiss, and he replied that a thorn had gone into his foot, and was hurting him badly, and making him feel sick. He staggered as he spoke; and bidding him sit down, I called for a light, and bent down to examine the place, and try to extract the thorn. Not many minutes had elapsed, but the man was now very faint and unable to support himself, so I strongly suspected it was something more than he fancied. A moment's inspection showed me two tiny punctures like stings; a small livid ring was already forming round the place, and I became seriously alarmed for the poor fellow, for what he had imagined to be the prick of a thorn, was the bite of a deadly snake. Excision of the part, and brandy and other restoratives were immediately administered; but all to no purpose; the poor man was a corpse in less than an hour from the time he had been bitten.'

'How horrible!' was the general exclamation.

'It must be a most deadly poison to act so rapidly,' said a gentleman who stood near the doctor. 'Has no antidote ever been discovered to counteract it?'

'None that can be relied on,' replied Dr Beamish. 'The bite of the cobra *de capello* is certain death to the unfortunate victim; and that within a very short space of time. I have known many instances of individuals having been bitten, and heard of many more; but I never encountered a case in which the sufferer recovered from the effects of the poison, though I have heard of such a thing having occurred among the natives.'

'You mean by the application of the snake-stones?' suggested the Judge.

'Yes; I have certainly heard of some apparently well-authenticated cases of cures having been effected by them; but never having witnessed one, I cannot say what amount of reliance may be placed on such statements.'

'Snake-stones—what are they? Where are they found?' inquired one or two of the listeners around.

'They are manufactured in various places,' said

the doctor; 'and I have seen them, though I never happened to see them employed. Their native name is Pamboo-kaloo; and they are small dark substances, very light and porous in texture, their power of absorption being very remarkable. In calling them stones we merely use the customary expression, for they are not really stones, but are in reality small pieces of charred bone.'

'Do the natives carry them about as charms, or how do they apply them?' asked a young assistant-surgeon, who had been listening very attentively.

'They do not seem to have any power of averting snake-bites, so are not considered as charms in the ordinary sense,' replied Dr Beamish. 'When a native has been bitten, and a snake-stone is at hand, the limb is bandaged very tightly above the place, and the stone is applied to the wound, to which it at first adheres closely, and then drops off of its own accord. It has then apparently drawn out all the poison, and the patient is supposed to be cured. This at least is what I have been told; but the efficacy of the so-called cure is quite another matter.'

'It is what I have often been told too,' observed the Judge; 'and I remember seeing a man in my district who was said to have been bitten by a cobra, and had been cured by the application of one of these so-called stones. But I am inclined to think there is a good deal of chance in the matter. Perfect faith in the virtue of the stone may go a long way in assisting the cure; and of course we only hear of the successful cases, never of the failures.'

'That is true,' replied the doctor; 'and there is besides no special quality in the 'stone' itself that can be ascertained, for they have been frequently subjected to very careful analysis, and as I said, have turned out to be nothing more mysterious than a piece of charred bone, afterwards shaped and polished. At least that is all we can tell about them; and they certainly hold no place among the remedies employed by medical men.'

'In fact, doctor, there is no remedy for the bite of a snake so good as keeping out of its way; prevention better than cure, eh?' remarked a cheery old merchant, on his way back to the North-west Provinces.

'No doubt of that, Mr Roberts; but unluckily we can't always manage to keep out of the way of snakes; I only wish we could. Why, I could tell you a dozen instances of their being found in the most unlikely places, and of several most providential escapes from being bitten. A brother-officer of mine, who was with his regiment on the line of march, slept every night on a low *charpoy* or camp-bed in a corner of his tent, which was curtained round, but of course rather loose in its construction. His servant's entrance one morning disturbed a snake, which rapidly slipped from the bed, and made off through an aperture in the tent. Another servant on the outside perceived it, and killed it instantly by a blow from a switch which he chanced to have in his hand. It proved to be a cobra, three and a half feet long; and my friend's thankfulness for his escape may be imagined when he discovered on an examination of his bed that the deadly reptile had been lying coiled up within a few inches of his head, the round indentation on the pillow being plainly visible; while he recollected

having felt a slight sensation of movement once or twice, which luckily for himself he had been too drowsy to notice further.'

'Come now, doctor! is that a fact?' said old Mr Roberts, shaking his head doubtfully. 'They say misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but a cobra would stagger most people.'

'It's a fact all the same,' rejoined the doctor, oracularly. 'Bless you! if that surprises you, I'll tell you one or two more; and then I'll call on the Judge, who I know has *one* at least of a nature to make your hair curl, for I've heard him tell it. Well then, I was assisting once at a *burra-khana* or big dinner-party, and we had all been extremely vivacious. At last the ladies rose to depart; when just past the muslin skirts of a very pretty girl who had been my right-hand neighbour, there glided a cobra, which forthwith made for the open window behind us; but was attacked and killed before it could escape. The young lady, not unnaturally, got rather hysterical; but she soon came round, and then told us what, considering all the circumstances there was not the slightest reason to disbelieve, that during the progress of the dinner her foot had on several different occasions touched a soft object, which once or twice moved slightly, but which she concluded to be a pet dog belonging to the master of the house, which she knew to be perfectly quiet and good-tempered. The dog, however, had not been in the room at all; and the object she had touched had undoubtedly been the coiled-up snake, whose bite would have been speedily fatal to the poor girl, who little guessed the awful risk she had so narrowly escaped.'

Various ejaculations followed this anecdote. 'Now really, doctor!' from Mr Roberts.

'Solemn fact, my dear sir,' replied Dr Beamish. 'I saw the thing happen with my own eyes, and by no means omitted to reflect that the young lady sat next to me, and the calf of my leg was not far off, and might have come handy, as an Irishman would say.'

'Now for one other anecdote, and then perhaps the Judge will kindly follow suit. One of our sergeants' wives had a little boy of about a year old. The child was asleep one day in a wicker cradle, over which his mother had spread a light chintz quilt, to protect the infant from the flies. She was engaged in some household matters in the next room, quite assured of the boy's safety, as she was close at hand, and could hear his slightest movement. Some cause or other took her into the apartment where the child lay; and glancing at the cradle, she beheld a terrible sight. The infant lay in a deep and tranquil slumber; but at the foot of the cradle, coiled up on the quilt, was a snake, which the least motion of the child might at any moment disturb and irritate, when the most frightful result would probably follow. Knowing herself to be powerless for good, the poor mother cast an agonised look on her sleeping babe, and with trembling limbs slipped from the room and rushed to the place where she knew she should find her husband. In a moment he had decided what to do; and seizing some implement with a forked extremity, he followed his wife back to the house. Stepping softly up to the cradle, with one swift movement he dexterously twitched the deadly reptile from the spot where it lay, and with a well-aimed blow killed it on the ground

where it fell. Nothing like presence of mind on such occasions; no time for deliberation with cobras. Now I think I have pretty well done my share of the talking, and harrowed your feelings up to the proper pitch for the Judge's story.'

The worthy Judge thus appealed to, cleared his throat, and looking round the group, which had by this time become considerably larger than at first, he observed with a smile: 'Upon my word, we look for all the world like a circle of natives listening to one of their story-tellers. I don't know that I feel up to the subject; the doctor has taken me quite at a disadvantage. Men with his powers of narration should have mercy on their less highly gifted neighbours. I am sure you can tell the story far better yourself, doctor.'

'Time about is fair-play, Judge,' replied the doctor jocosely. 'You were an eye-witness; I was not.'

'Well, well,' said the Judge; 'I suppose I must try. Once upon a time then—to begin like the old fairy tales—I was a smart young fellow, like a good many of you here; and I was lucky enough to obtain a Civil appointment, which was a very good thing in those days, and isn't a bad thing now, let me tell you. My father had an old friend, a civilian, who lived in Bombay; and when I landed, I found a very cordial invitation awaiting me to go to this gentleman's house, and stay as long as suited my convenience. A most worthy, kind, and hospitable old gentleman he was; nobody could have been a more sincere friend; he would have gone miles to do any one he liked a service. He had one special fault however, or weakness we may rather call it—he was very fond of practical joking.'

'A most detestable vice, if you'll excuse bad language,' interpolated the doctor.

'It is indeed,' resumed the Judge; 'and I trust none of our young friends here will ever be guilty of it, for it is neither clever nor gentlemanly. My friend Mr Gordon *was* a gentleman however; but in those days more latitude in manners was permitted; such things would not be tolerated now. In addition to various foolish little tricks which Mr Gordon was fond of playing off upon his guests, especially upon the "grills," he had one favourite joke, which had become a constant habit with him, so that he rarely encountered a new-comer without perpetrating it, if the opportunity offered. This was to pick up a stick, bit of matting, or rope, or anything that came handy, and throw it against the person he wished to startle, at the same time exclaiming: "A snake!" Some of them merely smiled and took no further notice; others perhaps started and looked uneasy for a moment, and this delighted the old gentleman; while a few were found who were visibly annoyed, and did not see the joke at all. It was certainly a very weak one. However, he seemed to find it entertaining, for he constantly perpetrated it, till he one day received a lesson, which undoubtedly cured him of that trick, and I think of a good many others.'

'He was walking in his compound or garden one afternoon with two or three friends. I was there too, and with me was one of the young men who had come out at the same time as myself, and who had called that day to see me, and had been hospitably invited to remain to

tiffin. He and I were strolling about by ourselves, when the course of our walk brought us close to the spot where Mr Gordon and his friends were chatting. In a moment the old gentleman stooped down to a little tuft of herbage beside him, seized what looked like a small stick or bit of branch, and flung it against my friend Mr Ashley, saying quickly: "There's a snake!" I had heard this so often now that I did not even smile, but just glanced at Ashley with a look meant to say: "Never mind; it's only his little joke!" My eye fell on his bent arm, where the object thrown by Mr Gordon had alighted; it had not fallen off, but had remained there. That moment it began to move; and with a sensation of horror, which to my dying day I can never forget, I saw the reared head and small bright eyes of a krait, one of the most poisonous snakes in India! Its bite was all but certain death, and that in a very short time. "Stand still!" I cried in an agony. "Do not stir, Ashley, as you value your life!" One glance, and the brave young fellow comprehended the situation. The snake was now slowly curling itself about his shoulder. If he shuddered, I never saw it; indeed my eyes were riveted upon the horrid spectacle, and I prayed as I had never done before, that this most terrible fate might be averted from my poor friend. Just one glance I ventured at Mr Gordon, who with his friends had turned round on hearing my exclamations, and stood silently by, still as the grave, hardly daring to breathe. The poor old gentleman was piteous to see. His face was pale as death, his eyes almost starting from his head, great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Mercy! O God, mercy!" I heard him once faintly murmur.

'You must remember that all this occurred in less than a minute, in far less time than I have taken to tell it. But what an age it seemed! And if it felt so to me, what must it have been to the poor fellow who knew that his only chance was to remain perfectly still! He did so. He stood as if he were made of stone, never moving even a muscle. The snake crawled round his neck and shoulders, reared itself for a moment against his head, and again I saw its horrid glittering eyes. Once more it curled itself round his arm, and then, after a moment's pause, it glided down his leg to the ground, and rapidly made off in the direction of a hedge not far off, where we did not attempt to pursue it, being only too relieved by its disappearance. "Thank God! you're safe. Oh, thank God for it!" said Mr Gordon, rushing up to young Ashley, and seizing him warmly by the hand. "My dear young fellow, can you ever forgive me! for I never, never can forgive myself! One thing, however, I am crred. Never from this day forward shall I do such a senseless idiotic thing again—never, never!" "Perhaps it will be as well sir," replied Ashley with a faint attempt at a smile; but the next instant he fainted. The strain had been tremendous; and it was a good while before he came round. He was not ultimately the worse for his fright however, and the incident proved greatly to his advantage; for he found a staunch friend in Mr Gordon, who never forgot the peril to which he had exposed the young man, and did all in his power to assist him in his profession, of which he afterwards became a very successful and

leading member. And so ends my contribution to the evening's entertainment.' Whereupon the worthy Judge leaned back in his deck-chair with an expression of considerable relief, and waved his hand in a deprecating manner, in reply to the thanks he received from the circle who had been listening to him.

'Story-telling is like eating; it only wants a beginning,' observed Dr Beamish cheerfully. 'I knew the Judge would come nobly out of the difficulty; and I see Mr Barry there has an anecdote at the tip of his tongue. Let us have it, my dear sir, by all means.'

'Curiously enough,' said Mr Barry, 'that story of the Judge's reminded me of a case that happened many years ago in my district. I did not see the occurrence myself; but a man who did told me about it, and in fact the thing was perfectly well known. It took place at a dinner-party or social gathering of some kind. A lady sat down to the piano, and had just begun to play, when some one chanced to look at the leg of the music-stool on which she was seated, and perceived something moving there. A closer inspection shewed that the moving object was a snake, one of a most venomous species. It had been closely coiled round the spiral leg of the stool; and when the poor lady unconsciously seated herself in its vicinity, it had been disturbed, and immediately began to move. She was quickly warned of her great danger, and urged to sit perfectly still, which she very heroically did, not stirring hand or foot, or uttering a cry. It must have been a fearfully trying ordeal for the poor thing, as there was no telling what course of action the snake might pursue. However, in this case it never touched her at all; but after curling round and round the music-stool for half a minute or so, it dropped on the floor, and was killed before it could effect its escape.'

'How excessively unpleasant!' said a young fellow; one of those, like myself, new to Indian life and experiences. 'Why, the horrid reptiles seem to meet you at every turn! Is no place safe from them?'

'Don't be alarmed, my dear sir,' replied the doctor easily; 'the snakes are not so frequently encountered after all, the poisonous ones at least. And though it is unhappily the case that thousands of people, chiefly natives, lose their lives by snakes, there are at the same time numberless instances in which those who have been bitten by the less dangerous species have recovered, and in fact suffered little or no uneasiness. There are plenty of harmless snakes, but you are not sure which are which, for a time. The stories you have been hearing are what we may call "special cases."'

Among the group that had formed on the deck was an Indian chaplain, who had been listening to all that had gone on, but had not hitherto taken any active part in it.

'If you will allow me,' he now observed, 'I will tell you a very curious and melancholy incident that happened on one occasion in a church where I was conducting the service. The windows and doors were of course all wide open, and through one of those open doors a cobra glided into the church. I did not notice it myself, but several of the congregation did, and were not unreasonably much alarmed. The beadle, a native, was fortunately

on the alert; and he managed to procure a tulwar, with which he cut off the creature's head before it had time to do any mischief. Tranquillity was restored, and the service proceeded to its close, when many of the congregation went to look at the dead snake as it lay headless on the ground. Among them was a man who, in his curiosity to examine the reptile, put his foot on the head and rolled it towards him; when he instantly uttered a loud exclamation and drew his foot away. By some means or other, he had contrived to set in action the muscular apparatus attached to the poison-fangs, which had darted violently forward and struck him on the foot. All remedies were useless: in half an hour the poor fellow was a corpse; proving, with a vengeance, the awful virulence of the poison of the cobra da capello!

This was our last anecdote. It was getting late, darkness was setting in, and it was about the time when the Judge, the doctor, and some of the others were in the habit of turning in for a nightly rubber of whist. An adjournment was made therefore by most of the party to the cabin, Dr Beamish bringing up the rear with the chaplain.

'Very curious incident that you have just related, Mr Lane,' I heard him say, as he descended the stairs; 'I must really make a note of it.'

'Yes,' calmly replied the chaplain, 'but nevertheless terribly true.'

[Our readers will be startled to learn that according to a return published in January 1878, no fewer than twenty-two thousand human beings lost their lives in India during the previous year, by snake-bites! This lamentable sacrifice of life is occasioned not only by the cobra and krait, but by other deadly species, and notably by a snake, barely a foot long, the *Echis carinata*, known also by the name of Kupper or Foor-sa.

The effects produced by snake-bite vary according to the species. Thus, the bite of the cobra produces coma and speedy death, whereas the poison of others, such as Russell's viper, produces excessive pain, convulsions, and usually death. The bite of *Echis carinata* causes blood to ooze from the pores of the victim, who, after lingering for a week or more, succumbs to the fatal poison.

The number of harmless snakes is enormously in excess of the venomous species, else the mortality would unquestionably be greater even than it is; and it is to be deplored that more strenuous measures are not taken to eradicate, as far as possible, a tribe of animals so deadly to man.—ED.]

THE TWO SEXES.

THE following pointed observations, which appear in the *American Socialist*, may be quoted in confirmation of the views we have propounded in the article Fashionable Vagaries, in a recent number of the *Journal*.

'As to the question of the sexes, I think that woman's love of dress is the stamp of her inferiority. It ends the discussion with me. I can't respect my sex as I do the other while we are such creatures of dress. Here a man and his wife are projecting a journey. The man is equipped in an hour, and his attention is free for the higher considerations of the occasion; but the woman must have a week for her preparations,

and starts off fagged out with shopping, and dress-making, and packing. Go to Wilhelmj's concert. The gentlemen performers are not distinguished at all by their dress, unless it is by its simplicity. Wilhelmj's black coat is buttoned across his breast up to his collar, and his wristbands are quite inconspicuous. But the lady singer comes in dragging a peacock's tail unspreed, and tattooed from head to foot with colours, and frills, and embroidery. What is a wedding to a woman? It is a bride's satins, and laces, and jewels. The sentiment of the circumstance is all smothered in dress. She can neither feel solemn nor gay—she is a spectacle of clothes. You bring me Scripture for her relief: "Can a maid forget her ornament, or a bride her attire?" I don't say she can any more than a leopard can change his spots; I only say it is something which stamps her inferiority.

'If you quote revelation, I will quote nature. According to nature, man should be apparelled in brighter colours and with more fanciful decoration than woman, and should think more of his appearance. See the peacock, and gobbler, and rooster, and the male birds generally. The lion cultivates a flowing mane, but the lioness wears her hair as meek as a Methodist. The human female seems to have lost her natural prestige, and is fain to make herself attractive in meretricious ways.

'Imagine a man compressing his ribs with stays, or trammelling his legs with skirts; let alone swathing them after the mummy fashion of to-day. Imagine him spending an hour every morning in having his hair for a day-long torment. He will have his dress subservient to health and comfort, and freedom of breath and motion. You say he is in bondage to the changes of fashion as much as the women are. But he contrives to keep these conditions intact. His new styles are not allowed to intrench on his comfort and health, and the higher interests of life. If he changes the cut of his hair, he still keeps the sweetness and unconsciousness of short locks; he does not let them grow inconveniently long, or canker his head with a frowsy chignon. If he changes the fashion of his coat, it is almost unnoticeable, and you may be sure it is at no sacrifice of ease. His pantaloons may be cut a little more baggy or a little more statuesque, but never with trails or any impediment to his natural gait. His hat is always the same serviceable sun-shade, and his cap the same protection from the weather, no matter what the details of style.

'Well, you say that the women dress to please the men, and if women are foolish, men make them so. My answer to that is, that men are as fond of pleasing women as women are of pleasing men, and more so; but they have wit enough to accomplish their object without the monstrous sacrifices women make. Whether any amount of education and opportunity will give women this wit, or diminish the advantage man has gained, remains to be seen.'

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 818.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

BY AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Two feasts in the sportsman's year are already past. The richer part of the sporting community have had nearly three weeks' recreation among the grouse. Knee-deep in purple heather, or surrounded by lichen-grown boulders and babbling mountain streams, they have revelled in the pure fresh air of hill-side and plain.

After the 12th August, the next red-letter day which concerns the sportsman is the date which stands at the head of this paper, on which day, in England at all events, partridge-shooting commences. 'What about the birds?' is the question that has been anxiously asked by one sportsman of another all through this exceptionally wet summer. The rain we had during the time when the all-important operation of hatching out was taking place must have caused considerable anxiety to those who rely upon the plump gray bird for their season's sport. However strong and numerous the youngsters may be when hatched, continued wet weather is sure to be fatal to many of them. In a rainy time, insects are scarce, and many a weary round does the fond bird-mother go with her brood trailing after her, gradually getting draggled and wet and cold as they toil through the drenched corn or over the sodden soil. One by one they drop behind and die; while the old bird—whose instinct, although it supplies her with many a stratagem to draw off an intruder from her as yet helpless progeny, does not teach her the art of counting—continues her watchful care over the survivors, happily unconscious of any falling off in the number of her brood. Many a promising season is spoiled by the rain; and yet of course showers are very necessary, as without rain the root-crop is a failure; and in many places sportsmen are dependent on a good crop of mangold or swedes or turnips as covert for the birds when the time for shooting them arrives. Some savants say that the rain that is necessary to secure a good root-crop will

be pretty sure to play havoc with the birds. Be this as it may—plenty of birds without plenty of covert is almost if not quite as bad as the other alternative. One way of making a bag when there is no covert is by 'driving' the birds and shooting them as they pass; but it is a well-known fact that driving spoils the future shooting on any but very extensive beats. I have heard of good bags being made when covert is scarce, by means of an artificial kite shaped to represent a hawk; but somehow, I cannot reconcile this with ideas of true sport.

The First of September is *the* day for English sportsmen; and what a host of recollections it calls up to the mind of a veteran gunner of some fifty years' standing! How pleasant it is to stroll round the fields with such a one on the evening before the First, and hear him sing the praises of what he is sure to term 'the good old times!' How enjoyable are his tales anent the shooting capabilities of the veritable flint-locked 'Joe Manton,' that hangs on the rack in solitary grandeur in the study at home! How refreshing are his stories relating to a celebrated strain of pointers that have been for generations in the family! How 'Don' one day jumping over a stile winded some birds, and halted as if paralysed as he alighted on the ground, afraid to move for fear of disturbing them. How 'Major' the old water-spaniel flushed a couple of ducks in the beck yonder, which fell to the Manton mentioned above, but were both of them only winged; and the old man's eye lights up as he tells how 'Major,' who had never been known to hurt a bird before, and who never did afterwards, when he had tried in vain to carry both at once, came to the conclusion that it could not be done. How 'Major,' after due deliberation, carefully killed one bird and put it down upon the bank, while he swam over the beck with the live one, and after delivering it safe and sound to his master, went back, without being told, for the other one he had left behind. And the old man chuckles with delight when he adds: 'Ah, my boy! you don't get dogs like old "Major" nowadays.'

Pointers are almost done away with for partridge-shooting, and retrievers substituted; these, however, have to be led by keepers, to prevent their spoiling sport. Indeed, it is quite a question whether shooting as it is often now practised can be called sport. The introduction of breech-loader has changed everything. On large manors, guns enough to fill a field come together; a line is formed, and quick march! is the order of the day. If a bird is winged, a retriever is slipped for a few moments, and if he finds it immediately, well and good; but if not, the whole line, with the exception perhaps of the man who winged the bird, is impatient to be off again; and 'Rover,' as soon as he can be caught—which is often a matter of time and difficulty—is taken in hand by his keeper, and the bird is left, badly wounded it may be, to die by inches.

I for one, should like to have a day in the style of 'fifty years ago,' when two guns—flint locks of course—were considered ample; with pointers which retrieved, and in fact did everything but speak, and which, moreover, were broken as well as bred by the sportsman himself. A leisurely comfortable walk, with no keeper to bother you, but a cheery companion of the Izaak Walton sort, who could interweave timely and genial conversation with the shooting, and who above all things knew when to hold his tongue. How pleasant to be received with a cheery welcome by old-fashioned farmers, their equally old-fashioned wives, and their comely, healthy-looking daughters; to leave them a brace, and to taste their sparkling cider, meeting with nothing but smiles of welcome and hearty good-wishes for your sport everywhere!

Too often nowadays the farmers, if they get any game at all from the people who shoot over their land, must be satisfied if an officious keeper—to lighten his own load perhaps, or to get something to drink—suggests that Mr So-and-so would like a hare; though I am bound to confess there are many notable exceptions to this unworthy plan. It really does seem hard that a farmer, on whose corn the birds have fed all their lives, and who has in a measure preserved them all through the year, and so in reality supplied the game—it does seem hard, I say, that the farmer not only may not shoot a brace for himself, but too often does not even get any given him by the shooter who tramps over his land, scares his stock, breaks his fences, and invariably finds fault at the close of the day if the bag is not big enough to satisfy his inordinate rapacity. September is now here. Once again the fields will ring again, and the woods around will echo and re-echo with shots fired in stubble and root, in hedgerow and clover. The annual slaughter of the genus *perdix* will have begun, and the momentous—to sportsmen at all events—question, 'How about the birds?' will in many instances have been answered practically.

I would recommend intending shooters in the early part of the season not to shirk their work, but to look their land very thoroughly. More birds are passed over by cutting off corners, taking wide sweeps, and leaving the stubbles unsearched, than many people are aware of. A small quantity of ground thoroughly beaten is sure to afford more sport than a large number of acres merely scrambled over—provided of course the birds are there. Many a sportsman leaves off after a long

day's shooting dissatisfied with himself, his dogs, his keepers, his sport, and his bag, solely because he imagined that the way to have plenty of sport was to walk hastily through the best pieces of covert, entirely disregarding little bits of rough meadows, grassy banks overgrown with thistles and rough herbage; and above all, the shady corners of fields during the heat of the day. Straight powder, an even temper, jolly companions, and a healthy mind in a healthy body, are all necessary for thorough and successful enjoyment of either the best or the worst sport that one's shooting can afford.

The evening of the First is by no means the least enjoyable part of the day. Many a sportsman whose eye is getting dim, and whose silvery locks display traces of Time's wanton fingers, can look back, perhaps, to some September evening long, long ago in the dim vista of the past, and call to mind the close of a certain never-to-be-forgotten day's shooting, when, as he was sauntering about the lawn, watching the full harvest-moon rise so softly and so gently above the trees in all its splendour, he was emboldened by the still loveliness of the evening and the charming natural repose of things around him, to say a few words that rendered him happy for life.

And now his son, perchance being in the same fond predicament, hangs on his father's lips—to use a classical expression—as the old man relates his past September memories; and steals sheepish glances at a sister's friend who happens to be staying at the Hall. And then on the same lawn, and near the identical spot perhaps,

In her ear he whispers gaily:
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'

While his fair companion also sore smitten—

Replies in accents fainter:
'There is none I love like thee!'

Man is an imitative animal; and the advice I give to young sportsmen who wish to render this September the happiest in their lives, is to follow the example mentioned above. Tennyson is a first-rate poet to grow sentimental over, and when assisted by Nature in the shape of a lovely September evening, he is perfectly irresistible. *Esperanto crude.*

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER I.—THE MILL OF DEATH.

RAIN, rain, and always rain, ever and always. It rained in Cornwall as if it had never rained before, fiercely, incessantly, as if of storm and evil weather there should be no end. It is, no doubt, quite a mistaken impression on the popular mind which attributes eternal rain, as one of its abiding features, to the ancient realm of King Mark the Luckless. There are bright sunny days on that rock-cradled promontory, when the coy scent of the golden gorse-flower mingles with the perfume of the shy myrtle, and when Cornwall seems dry enough. But when it rains, the Cornish rain is very real, pitiless, and persistent, and so it was just then; while in Dorsetshire and Hamp-

shire the light hoar-frost of winter was silvering the grass blades.

But if the rain that beat against the window-panes of old Captain Job Trawl, sick now, and bedridden, in the low-lying outskirts of Treport, was heavy and continual, fiercer still was its beating upon the slated roof of the Mawth Mill, and on the lofty table-land of which the Mawth Mill occupied the highest angle. High above, at the head of the glen, loomed aloft, over the ruined castle of the Mountmorts, and over the Mill that had been an engine of their tyranny, the shapeless ungainly mass of the one mountain in the district, grim and gaunt Pen Mawth, where the rocks cropped barely out from the thin soil.

The Mill could work no more. The great wheel, with its weighty float-boards, was chained up now, and protected, so far as was possible, against the fury of the downward current, by hoardings of stout timber hurriedly put up; while every sluice and flood-gate had been opened to the fullest pitch, to let the rushing torrent go free into the lower stream that brawled on towards Tregunnow. The men in the employment of the Black Miller came up still from their hamlet in the dell, timidly to take the orders of their brute master, as once their forefathers had crept to the Norman baron's gate to learn the pleasure of the feudal lord who had his hired horsemen in leash, ready to let slip, like bloodhounds, against those who angered him.

Ralph Swart, in these latter days, appeared more self-willed and more morose than ever he had been before. He drank deeply, in solitude, as it was his nature to drink; and on the few occasions on which he appeared in public, his dusky face was enpurpled by the effects of strong liquor, and his speech thicker than usual, if equally decided and imperious.

'Word and blow, Master Swart's worse than custom is!' said the much-enduring peasants who had to deal with the terror of the countryside, and whose habitual turn of mind was quite unlike that of the bolder and blunter population of the coast. Jan Pennant, the fisherman, would not have cowered before even Ralph Swart as he did before his terrible creditor, the Jowder, frail, physically, but armed cap-a-pie in the strong armour of money.

Yes, it raged, the rushing stream that had its birth on the crest of heath-clad, shapeless Pen Mawth, and gurgled through the deep ravine, burst out, brattling over the stones in the rolling upland beyond, and then swirled on past the rocky platform on which stood Tregunnow Church-town. The low-lying meadows, between that ugly water-shed and the coast, had been swamped for weeks past. Boats, had there been any boats, would have supplied the best means of communication between some of the inland villages. Cattle had been drowned, bridges washed from their piers, sheep had perished helplessly, and ricks had been floated off, and still the rain fell. It was a wetter winter than any Yule-tide of all the years since Ralph Swart had been the tenant of the Mawth Mill. Little recked the Black Miller of the rain. If he remembered it, it was with anathemas against the stoppage of his mill, and the cost which the repairs entailed on him. No reasonable precaution did he neglect; but the men who worked for him—hired from Tregunnow and other

places near—plied saw and adze, and hammer and spike-nail, and spade and pick, as they would never have plied them for my lord or Sir John, with all the liberal flow of ale from the Hall's buttery-hatch to stimulate their efforts. And they would turn to and fro in their horny palms the money Ralph Swart paid them, and breathe on it for luck, and feel uncomfortable as they thrust it in their pockets at last.

What cared the Black Miller for rain or lowering skies! The storms that lashed his house, and raged about his glen, and stripped the thin coating of peat from the slippery stones of the hill above, were to him sources of trifling annoyance. What really seemed to preoccupy Ralph Swart was the non-arrival of some letter which surely ought to have reached him ere this, and in quest of which he visited Tregunnow so often and so scowlingly, that the timid post-mistress, as she looked up from her sorting, to say, 'Nothing to-day, Mr Swart,' felt it as a relief when the retiring tramp of heavy boots told that the man had withdrawn his big presence from the narrow office. He was much in Tregunnow, just then, was Ralph Swart, always in public-houses, drinking deep, but convivial never; and either a stealthy listener to other men's talk, or engaged in the perusal of the beer-stained and dog-eared country newspapers that littered the tables of bar and taproom.

It roared, the stream, as it came down, flinging high the sudden jets of wild fountains into the air, as the rushing water spouted forth from among the boulders that blocked its course, climbing farther and farther up the rocky gorge, sending heaps of white froth across the black depths of the mill-dam, and encroaching hourly on croft and pasture, as the sea, in some countries, wins roads and acres from the land. Higher up than the mill, far up the humpbacked height of dark and shapeless Pen Mawth, the few hind who earned their bread by toiling there whispered one to another, as they trudged back from their work, or at the doors of the red-brick Shiloh or Ebenezer that they attended for the sake of stinging sermons, hymn-singing, and spiritual excitement, how very bad things looked. Nathan's field of oats was a part of the swamp now, and had moved off, bodily, with the moving peat and turbid water. Farmer Bloss had lost two stacks, sucked down by the quagmire that had swallowed half a score of strayed sheep on Monday last. There was more mud than Swedish turnips on Mr Dean's ten-acre patch. The black tarn at the top of the hill was seething as if a mighty fire burned below, and the foam and foul bubbles overflowed even to the naked stones and firs beyond.

In the hamlet that sheltered the handful of adult labouring men, descendants of those whom the Mountmorts had conquered and enslaved so long ago, who yet clung to the old place, and yet earned a frugal livelihood from the barren soil, there was much doubt as to whether Ralph Swart the Miller 'ought to be told' of the danger he ran in obstinately holding on to perhaps the most exposed position for miles around. The women were for leaving the 'foreigner,' who had been a quarter of a century resident there, to shift for himself. Ralph Swart's manners were not calculated to endear him to the gentler sex. But the men had less easy consciences, and after much growling over the tobacco-pipes, a sort of gruff remonstrance was

made with the Black Miller on the score of his persistent solitary residence in the flooded glen in such weather.

Ralph Swart was not drunk—he was never that—but inflamed and quarrelsome with drink when the deputation reached him, towards sundown. It was long remembered how the Black Miller had stood on his door-step with the orange gleam of the setting sun falling in unwholesome lustre on his swarthy face and harsh lineaments, as he railed at the officious cowardice of those who came to utter a reluctant word of well-meant warning.

'Pack of meddlers!' he had said savagely, 'pack of croaking crows! Be off, fools! and may your black tarn smother your own thick skulls and lazy bodies—ye whey-faced curs! Take that for your pains, neighbours!' And with that he slammed the door, and drew bolt, and set bar, regardless of wailing wind and beating rain, as he was of the well-intended advice of those who dwelt near him.

That night every inhabitant of Mawth hamlet was awakened by a roar and a crash, as though the great sea itself, bursting its barriers, had made its resistless way inland. There was rattling of loose rocks, and the crash and fall of masonry, and the snapping of tree-trunks too weak to bear the pressure laid on them. And amidst the fiendish uproar and tumult, amidst shrieking wind and lashing rain, and the roar of the triumphant water, arose a frightened voice that cried aloud how the black tarn on Pen Mawth, swollen long, had burst for the second time in eight hundred years, and filled the glen, and how Mill and Miller, and all that drew the breath of life within that desolate ravine, had perished in the darkness, amidst the inundation that had swept down, pitiless, from the mountain-side!

CHAPTER LI.—RALPH SWART'S HEIRESS.

Day had dawned, and the red streaks in the sky had changed, slowly, into the reluctant light of a stormy winter morning, as a party of wayfarers, coming up from Tregunnow, approached the ravine in which the Mawth Mill was built. Some of them wore police helmets and police uniforms, others were in the garb of ordinary life. That stalwart form in front can belong to no other than Hugh—so long called Ashton in these pages—while beside him is Mr Dicker, whom even his London engagements and world-wide business have not prevented from being present on this occasion; and at the capitalist's elbow walks a stout-built, pleasant-visaged man, the first sight of whose well-fed face suggests visions of oil-cake, root-crops, and gold medals vigorously competed for at the Agricultural Hall in Islington, but who probably knows nothing of beef until it reaches the butcher's shop-front and the kitchen; being no other than Sergeant Brow of the Detectives, a ministering sprite from Scotland Yard, whose services Mr Dicker has had reason to appreciate before to-day.

It was windy and gusty yet. The rain that still fell was but puny rain, like the dropping fire of skirmishers that sometimes succeeds the thunder-crash of a general action, and the furious torrent that had wrought such mischief in the night had had time to shrink to more moderate dimensions.

But, even at Tregunnow, cellars and basements had been filled, and gardens choked with peat and mud washed down from the mountain-side; while rumour, which deals ever in the superlative, had represented the exposed Mill of Pen Mawth as having not one stone left standing upon another.

'I fear he has escaped us,' said Hugh, more in sorrow than in anger, as he and his companions passed on, catching at intervals a glimpse of the turbid flood rushing so hurriedly down in its tumultuous passage towards the sea. That one so wily and alert as Ralph Swart had actually perished by drowning had not seemed probable, either to the Cornish county police, to the experienced detective from London, or to Hugh and his friend Mr Dicker. To them, the storm of the previous night presented itself rather in the light of an untoward accident, likely to have given the alarm to the formidable occupant of the Mill of Death, and to have caused him to be elsewhere than at home when the domiciliary visit of the police should be paid. Warrants, as promised by Sir Henry Marsden, had been duly issued, authorising the arrest of James Grewler, otherwise Ralph Swart, and as formally indorsed by justices of the peace for the county of Cornwall. And there was Sampson Brow, sergeant in the Detective branch of the Force, of which Scotland Yard forms the headquarters, ready to lend the aid of his valuable advice, should the local officers be at fault. But for all that, there were few hopes of a successful result.

'I'm afraid you're right, my lord! We shall find the bird flown,' said the sergeant, touching his hat.

Presently, turning an angle of the rocky road, the party of seekers from Tregunnow became aware that they were not the only ones whom curiosity or interest had caused to be early abroad. Numbers of the country-people had collected in the lower part of the ravine, still encumbered by torn-up trees, and bushes uprooted, and turf, and rocks, rolled down the hill-side by the resistless force of the now subsiding torrent. One group had gathered around the half-submerged carcass of a dead horse that lay across a tongue of land projecting itself into the stream. The poor brute had evidently struggled hard to gain the bank.

'It is the Black Miller's horse,' said one of the labourers.

'Are you sure of that?' asked the Inspector of the county police.

'Quite sure, master,' was the answer. 'See! there be some of the woodwork of the shed that was used for a stable, and there's the broken halter still.'

A little farther on, and the Mawth Mill itself was in sight. Popular rumour, in reporting its destruction, had erred, as usual, on the side of exaggeration. There had been much damage done. The out-buildings had been washed away. The mill-dam had been demolished. The shattered fragments of the great wheel might be seen mingled with brushwood and rubbish at the edge of the stream. But the strong masonry had stood sturdily against the rush of the black flood, and the walls remained unbreached. There was a deep pool of foam-flecked water around the dwelling-house, and it was necessary to wade, before the door, still fast closed, could be reached. Near the house itself the gazers had gathered thickest,

and among them was a spare elderly gentleman in clerical attire, who seemed to be giving orders to the rest.

'Our vicar, gentlemen, from Tregunnow—Mr Mulgrave,' whispered the local Inspector of police; and then he approached the clergyman and said something in a low voice. The vicar started, turned round, and courteously raised his hat.

'You are here, gentlemen, as I understand, on business,' said the clergyman; 'so am I, for mine is a large parish, and Mawth Hamlet and Mawth Mill are included in it. But I am afraid we shall find no one living here. Swart the Miller is either absent, or he has perished. We have knocked repeatedly, without any answer being returned. And I was just telling the men that they had better force the door.'

'We have authority to make an entry in any case,' replied Mr Dicker. 'This man Swart is charged with wilful murder; and our errand here is to bring him to justice for a crime committed five-and-twenty years ago.'

There was a stir and a murmur among the crowd; but if there was some excitement, there was no astonishment. All seemed prepared to hear the worst of the Black Miller that could be heard. Meanwhile preparations were being made for bursting open the door. A beam had been brought, and slung as a rude sort of battering-ram, from the shoulders of several men. The first shock awakened the sullen echoes of the dark uninviting house; but the door resisted. A second and more vigorous thrust, and it gave way; while forth through the aperture poured a fresh torrent of turbid water, and it was not until some minutes had elapsed that the house could be entered.

'There he be—there be Master Swart!' exclaimed a dozen voices at once. Yes; he was there, the man they sought, the secret assassin who had cheated justice so long. He lay there, fully dressed, his dead face upturned, his right arm and hand extended, as if in the attempt to undo the fastenings of the door, and escape, surprised as he had been by the flood of angry water that had broken in at the back of the house, and which had filled the lower rooms almost to the beams of the ceiling. There he lay, grim and threatening of aspect to the last, not unpunished, though no clerk of assize was to record, for Doom, the sentence pronounced on James Grewler. And Hugh looked down on his bitter enemy, unseen before, with a sort of awe, as men do when earthly revenge is baffled by the interposition of a higher power than theirs.

'Vengeance is the Lord's!' said the clergyman, breaking the silence that ensued.

Up-stairs were found ample proofs of Swart's or Grewler's guilt, proofs sufficient, had they been produced in court, to have given his neck over to the hangman, even without the additional evidence at the command of the Crown. There were letters proving the motive which had led to the commission of the murder so long ago. Marmaduke Beville had detected, or fancied he had detected, something wrong in the steward's accounts, and, without mentioning to his father the suspicions he had formed as to Grewler's dishonesty, had repeatedly threatened the dishonest steward with dismissal and disgrace.

'Threatened men live long,' was Grewler's cynical comment, in the form of a marginal note

on Marmaduke Beville's letter. To murder the eldest son of his deceived employer, and artfully to throw the blame of the murder on the second, had been James Grewler's counterplot. To this end he had purloined the pistol; while the gun, a present from Lord Penrith, with which the deed was done, was found in the murderer's bedroom at the Mill.

A careful search, in executing which there was no lack of volunteers, led to the discovery, in a secret cupboard, of an iron safe containing a great sum of money in notes and gold, in silver, and even in copper coin. The Black Miller's hoard amounted to almost fourteen thousand pounds; the larger portion of which no doubt consisted of the funds embezzled while Grewler was steward at Alfringham, and to which, as Mr Dicker whispered, Hugh had a legal claim.

'I shall make no claim,' answered Hugh.

At that moment there rose up from below a babble and outcry of shrill female voices, as, in the midst of a knot of gesticulating women, there drew near the house the thin and bending form of a young girl, travel-stained, weary, and haggard, yet decently attired, and with a modest, shrinking air, which matched well with the sickly aspect of the pinched face and wistful eyes.

'It's herself, it's poor Jane Swart—the Miller's daughter—her he drove away, the Lord forgive him! come back now, on such a day as this!' cried the excited women.

Yes; it was Jane Swart, the young daughter whom, five years ago, the Black Miller in his drunken fury had driven out into the world, bidding her starve or steal, for he would bear with her whimpering voice and whey-faced looks no more. The poor thing had earned what was called her living—dying by inches would have been a truer term—by plying her needle sixteen hours a day for bare bread and decent lodging beneath the roof of a seamstress at Falmouth, who found it all too hard to maintain herself and her children to be over-tender with the young women who worked under her orders. And now that consumption had set its seal on her, and that her weary eyes could see the thread no more, she had perforce wandered back, saying, simply: 'Let my father kill me if he will—as I have seen him kill many a dumb thing—but he is my father, and I have nowhere else to go.'

All pitied her. Most of those who saw her remembered her. The vicar told her to be of good cheer. Her father was dead, it was true, but she was among friends, and would be poor no longer. He would himself provide her with a comfortable lodging among kind people at Tregunnow. A few formalities complied with, and she would be rich. She was heiress to fourteen thousand pounds.

'I shall not live long enough to enjoy them,' said the girl, with a wan smile, and her hacking cough and lustreless eye told that she had spoken truly. The evil that the Black Miller had done lived after him.

CHAPTER THE LAST.—YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

With all the state and splendour and ceremony that became his rank, the aged Lord Penrith was borne to the tomb. And then indeed Alfringham knew a new master. Hugh offered his house, for a while, to Mrs Stanhope, who was reluctant to

quit her home of many years' date; but Maud prevailed, and she and her mother went to reside, quietly enough, in the Isle of Wight, until the day should come when Maud—Maud Stanhope no more, should recross the threshold of Alfringham as the beloved bride of its young lord. The day came, six months later; but the wedding, which took place in the little church of Alfringham village, was not a very gay or sumptuous one, on account of respect due to the old grandsire, whose word, but a little while before, had been law at Alfringham and for many a mile around.

The first and only visit which young Lord and Lady Penrith—Hugh and Maud—paid after their return to England from the bridal tour that custom renders necessary, was to Llosthuel Court. And while guests of the hospitable Dowager, it scarcely needs to be said how the Lord and Lady of Alfringham went to visit Rose—Rose Trawl no more—but Will Farleigh's happy, pretty wife; for this young couple had been wedded, by particular desire, on the same day as that which witnessed the union of Hugh and Maud Stanhope. Rose and her brisk young husband had not, thanks to Hugh's gratitude for kind services so opportunely rendered, to plunge into matrimony with no surer prospects than those which were based on the uncertain gains of a bird-hunter. An income, handsome in the eyes of the two young people, had been secured to them from their wedding-day; but it was not until the green leaves of another autumn had turned to red and brown, that old Captain Job Trawl died, and that Maud's husband, at Maud's wish, willingly placed Will Farleigh in a snug farm, within a mile or two of Alfringham, and persuaded the Cornish couple to transfer their household deities to Dorsetshire, where they have thriven. Nezer, the dwarf, with some regrets, was induced to expatriate himself also from the sight and smell of the sea; and Neptune's honest bark is yet heard on the farm, where Rose Farleigh's children tell their tiny playfellows from the Hall what good service the brave dog did, at 'my lord's' side, in a Cornish shipwreck years ago.

Mr Dicker always remained Hugh's truest and most valued friend, and in the maelstrom of his ever increasing business, finds time annually to pass some happy days at Alfringham. The money which he owed to Hugh's dead father has been expended, at Lord Penrith's wish, in establishing fresh lifeboats at Treport and St Mary's Bay. Another benefaction, of a less useful character, it may be, shortly after the catastrophe of the Mawth Mill, accrued to the poor of that poverty stricken part of Cornwall in which Pen Mawth stands. Poor consumptive Jane Swart—whose name should have been Grewler—sleeps at her mother's side beneath a headstone in Tregunnow churchyard; and by her last will and testament she left her fourteen thousand pounds, the hoard of the Black Miller her father, to found certain almshouses for the benefit of the needy in Tregunnow and the parts adjacent. Ralph Swart's name and age, with a Scripture verse beneath, may be seen on a plain flat flagstone hard by the resting-places of his wife and daughter. It was not a case for eulogistic epitaphs; nor has the dismal Mill of Pen Mawth ever again been under repair.

Mrs Stanhope, who inherited money under her brother's will, lives with Lady Larpent at Llosthuel Court, and her presence is a solace to the

Dowager, who is neither so hale nor so cheerful as she used to be. Her two younger boys—Edgar, who is called Sir Edgar, and on whom the baronetcy has presumably devolved, and Willie—are good, bright boys enough, dutiful and affectionate; but they are much away, one with his regiment, and the other at the university; and Lady Larpent has never quite recovered the shock caused by the mysterious disappearance of Sir Lucius, her eldest son. Money was spent, and exertions made, we may be sure, to trace out the missing ne'er-do-well; but in vain. The people at the inn where the horse and dogcart from Llosthuel had been left knew nothing, save that the gentleman who so left them had started by the train; but it so chanced that no one in Tregunnow or Mawth had seen Sir Lucius on the fatal day of his visit to the Black Miller, and that his bones may lie undisturbed at the bottom of the abandoned mine until the Judgment-day.

One or two of the minor characters in this history have yet to be accounted for. Ghost Nan, the gipsy, yet walks the world, and it is not probable that she should have wholly relinquished her favourite camping-grounds in the vicinity of the New Forest; but from the day when she was prompted to make depositions before a magistrate of the hated Busné, the old spirit of lawlessness seems to have been revived in her wild nature; and Hugh, though he occasionally heard of her, was never again able to have sight of, or speech with, the half-crazed wanderer. Salem Jackson, who in consideration of his readiness to turn Queen's evidence, was let off with more lenity than he deserved, recrossed the Atlantic, and was last heard of as a boarder, with a twenty years' sentence to endure, in the Tombs, New York, whence, if what we hear of the severities of American prison discipline be true, he runs little chance of emerging to prey upon the honest portion of the community.

And Hugh? and Maud? Loving and beloved, they may, from the setting in of that new-born period of well-deserved prosperity which succeeded to Hugh Ashton's early struggles, be compared to those happy nations of whom no story can be told. Brighter days, indeed, than those of a stormy youth spent in adventurous exile, or in poverty at home, have dawned upon Young Lord Penrith.

THE END.

ODD PEOPLE

'WHATEVER you do, my dear, don't be odd!' Such was the advice of a very wise old lady-friend, whose kindly face made glad many of my childish years. At the time I speak of—namely when the above advice was given—I had no very clear idea in my own mind what the word 'odd' signified. As years passed over my head, however, I discovered that this small, short, and easily spelt word meant 'particular, strange, out of the way;' and so I dreaded above all things to be thought 'odd.' The idea of becoming so, weighed incessantly on my mind, and often made me very unhappy. If in early youth a bright idea struck me and I clothed it in words, some of my companions, to whom the same idea had not presented

itself, would exclaim: 'What an odd girl!' and this was quite enough to shut my mouth, and plunge me in dismay for some time.

It may be said that every individual, unless unusually commonplace, is in some points considered 'odd' or 'queer' by his fellows. We have all hobbies, which make us, in the eyes of others, singular enough, now and then. But the people I am going to treat of were regularly oddities, and had not one, but many peculiarities. Two old Scottish maiden ladies stand forth prominently in my memory as decidedly the greatest human curiosities that could possibly be met with. Their names I shall give as Miss Kitty and Miss Wilhemina. They lived in a small cottage in one of the many small towns on the Firth of Forth. Miss Kitty was the elder. At no period of her life could she have possessed beauty, and certainly a more funny little woman never existed. Dressed in a gown whose tightness was in those days something to wonder at, her fat little body resembled nothing so much as a thick and well-filled bolster. Her features were plain even to ugliness. A large wart adorned the side of her immense nose; and a white cap of some substantial fabric, with a very high crown, covered her head, on which the hair grew luxuriantly, though in colour it was pure white. Strange to say, however, this uncouth little woman had a certain fascination of manner which made most people like her, and children were always devotedly fond of her. She had a pair of merry black eyes, which twinkled with fun when she spoke; and her anecdotes were many concerning the days of her youth, when her father, 'a gallant soldier, served King George.' A sword belonging to her deceased parent hung in the little hall of the cottage, and this she used often to take down and flourish as valiantly as her podgy arms would allow, exclaiming in a martial tone: 'Ah, my dear, if only we had a French invasion, I would prove myself a true soldier's daughter.'

Notwithstanding this exhibition of military ardour, Miss Kitty was firmly possessed with the idea that in her own person she carried every disease incidental to humanity; therefore, those who knew her well were not at all surprised to see her frequently, while talking, leap from her seat with great agility, place her hand with fantastic manner and gesture upon her chest, and declare in pathetic tones: 'It's that right lung, my love—quite gone, you know!' Or, if sitting quietly at work, she would spring up excitedly, pace the small sitting-room, and with a sort of whine declare that 'she knew her heart was becoming gradually ossified.' In talking of her possible decease, she informed her friends that she had made arrangements with her lawyer as to the disposal of her body—or shell, as she called it. The moment she died, her remains were to be handed over to the Faculty for scientific purposes, and thereafter, with no attendant ceremony, thrown over the pier of Leith! The advantages of this step, as she triumphantly pointed out to Miss Wilhemina, were twofold—firstly, no burial expenses would be incurred; secondly, the medical gentlemen of Edinburgh would be materially benefited.

Miss Wilhemina was a much less prononcée character than her sister, but was also most whimsical and curious after a fashion of her own. She had, poor lady, once on a time been engaged

to a gay young soldier, who was doubtless attracted by her golden curls and blue eyes. The marriage-day was fixed, the *trousseau* prepared; and all would have gone on well doubtless, had the bridegroom only appeared. But as he chose to be a hundred miles away on the day appointed for the marriage, the guests had to be dispersed, the dresses 'laid in lavender,' and poor Miss Wilhemina borne away fainting on the sympathising bosoms of her bridesmaids. After a long period of brain-fever and sickness, the poor creature rose once more, a very shadow of her former pretty self. The golden curls had been shorn, the blue eyes were dim with illness and weeping. And in short, as Miss Kitty said: 'Poor Mina's a mere remnant!' She never quite recovered the sad blow—a blow more to her vanity than her affections, for she had no great depth of nature; and her heart, such as it was, had been more set upon her lover's gay uniform than on any supposed good qualities in him. When, after a month or two, Miss Mina read in a paper the marriage of her 'soldier lad,' she abandoned herself to fits of angry crying, varied now and then with sullen fits of silence, which Miss Kitty endured with exemplary patience. The *trousseau* was still kept in a certain chest of drawers, which were solemnly opened twice a year, and the garments taken forth, aired, and refolded, with many a bitter sob from the hapless lady.

Miss Kitty died first. She had a certain melancholy satisfaction in the assurance that her complaints, varied and curious, had now reached a climax, and during her somewhat protracted illness vehemently combated poor Miss Mina's entreaties that she would see a clergyman, loudly protesting to the last that 'no one should pray over her,' and with almost her last breath murmuring happy prophecies concerning the substantial good to be derived from a minute study of her highly diseased 'shell.' Poor Miss Mina was perfectly inconsolable, but of course buried her sister, minus the post-mortem, and respectably, in the little country churchyard belonging to their birthplace. After Miss Kitty's death, Miss Mina was invited to a friend's house. Her spirits, at all times variable, were somewhat calmer than formerly; perhaps the real grief she felt for her sister's death had cleared away the remnants of her long-nursed and sentimental sorrow. One evening, however, she rushed from the room where her host and hostess were seated, and not appearing for some hours, they went to look for her. She was found in her bedroom, weeping bitterly. When asked what was the matter, she said: 'Oh, I did feel hurt at Mr M——'s conduct; but there has never been a real true gentleman since George IV. died!' Upon investigation, it was found that her kind-hearted host had inadvertently 'turned his back' on Miss Mina, and so had most unintentionally offended her. Not long after this, Miss Mina was found dead in her bed; and the little cottage became inhabited by strangers, neither of the ladies having had any relation.

A friend of ours was notorious for much oddity of manner; and this proceeded, we discovered, from absence of mind. He was intelligent, refined in appearance, and not ignorant of the usages of society. Yet great were his blunders both at home and abroad, simply because his thoughts

seemed always distant from the scene immediately surrounding him. Servants called him 'the odd gentleman'; and ladies used to titter as they saw him enter a drawing-room with his hat firmly planted on his head. When any one pointed out this absurdity to him, he would look like a person newly roused from sleep, and would make a hundred apologies. He was a great smoker, and once or twice lighted his pipe with bank-notes. He frequently forgot to go to bed, and used to be found by his old servant and housekeeper sitting in his parlour, with his arm-chair drawn close to the grate, in which the fire had gone out hours before. He hated children, dogs, and flowers; but shewed great benevolence to almost every other person, animal, or thing. He was passionately fond of leeks cooked in every possible way, and his garden was filled with these vegetables in all stages of growth.

A gentleman in a good position had an extraordinary fancy for cats. He had no less than sixty; these he kept in a large room which he had built for them. He would not admit any cat into this institution unless it was young, handsome, and full-grown; and as a result, some really fine specimens were to be seen in this feline chamber. It was a sight to see all the varieties at feeding-time—such a mewling, snarling, and purring went on, and such a quantity of food disappeared. After the gentleman's death, the poor cats were dispersed here and there, and the 'institution' fairly broken up. Some went wandering hopelessly about the outside of their old home, mewling in a broken-hearted way; a lot ran off into the neighbouring woods, and became fierce as tigers; while some of the very handsomest were carried off by friends of the deceased. It may be mentioned that though the aforesaid gentleman loved cats, he could not endure either children or dogs; but in other respects he was much like other mortals.

A lady in a respectable position would insist upon always wearing stockings of different colours on each leg, and gloves which were not neighbours on her hands. She boasted that she had never in her life worn a pair of stockings or gloves, and when asked why she did this, she gave for answer that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise. She rejoiced in a curious assortment of opposite colours in her dress, and delighted especially in a certain green bonnet with blue and yellow flowers in it. Her character was as odd as her tastes; she conceived bitter and unreasonable aversions to certain people, and disliked flowers, which she disposed of under the general name of 'rub-bish.'

A lady's-maid who had been many years in high families, made a point of never laying aside as useless any gown, piece of ribbon or lace, or any other article of dress which might fall into her possession. Her hoards of old things were wonderful; many pieces of raiment grew mouldy with keeping, and her repositories after her death were a sight to behold. Bundles of every hue, pattern, and size, filled her drawers to bursting; ribbons, discoloured and dirty, scraps of print in endless variety, and in short every sort of imaginable article, collected during her thirty years' service, filled one room almost to overflowing. The dates of the various fashions might have been known by the patterns of the pieces of brocade, chintz, and other fabrics which lay around in

wildest confusion. The *embarras des richesses* was so great, that after keeping out a few better things, the rest were committed to the flames, a huge bonfire being the result.

THE DAY YOU'LL DO WITHOUT ME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE first three years that passed after their parting had gone by peacefully enough, though they were burdened by dullness and poverty. Still they were spent in her old home, among her loved own. But the last five had seen her knocked about from one family of strangers to another; now as companion, now as governess; for her father and mother were dead, and all May inherited from them was a patient brave heart. There had been no lack of lovers during these long years—lovers who were ready not only to woo, but to 'marry and a,' if she could only have awakened from that early dream, and left off wearing that little twisted gold ring. But she could not bring herself to do either. She clung as tenaciously to her old memories as she did to that frail little pledge of the affection Lionel Hastings had forgotten. So she preferred working her way on wearily enough, to forfeiting her claims to cherish hope and her ring.

'She was far too beautiful to be a governess,' all the men said; for time had matured and enriched the beauty that had been very bright and bewitching at sixteen. Poor May! She longed sometimes to shew Lionel the beauty that others prized so highly. Surely if he could see her, he would remember Balton and their old 'young love!'

Her present occupation was a congenial one to her in many ways. She was acting as secretary and amanuensis to a lady, who insisted on being 'literary,' and who, luckily for May, was really fond of reading good works. This lady was sufficiently bright and clever to be able to collect about her a brighter and cleverer circle; and the ability to do this proves no inconsiderable talent. It was while mingling with this circle that May heard the name of her old love again for the first time for eight years.

'Lionel will be here in an hour, my dear Mrs Gaspard,' May heard one evening, and looking round, she saw a stately matron with Lionel Hastings's eyes. 'His mother!' she thought with a thrill, as she obeyed an irresistible impulse, and got herself nearer to Lady Hastings, longing to speak to her, to touch her, to do her some service however slight, for love of the unforgotten Lionel! Suddenly the fact that he would be before her in an hour recurred to her; and the thought of how he would look, and feel, and act, upset her self-possession, and made her falter in the advances she had been about to make to Lady Hastings. But that lady being very keen about beauty, had already marked her.

'Who is the girl with the crown of gold?' she asked of the hostess; and Mrs Gaspard, who was proud of her well-selected library and handsome companion, answered: 'My secretary, Miss Baron. Quite a jewel. I wouldn't have her in the house for the world, if I had a son.'

Lady Hastings laughed easily. 'Those fears are

quite out of date; men are so much wiser than they were. What does she do?'

'Everything.'

'And how does she do it?'

'Magnificently. I hope no one will discover her value and rob me of her. She saves me all trouble, and sings like a prima donna, for thirty pounds a year.'

'Pray, make her sing presently,' Lady Hastings said. And at the same moment Lionel entered the room.

May felt as if the words 'Lionel, don't you know me?' must be painted on her face, as after speaking to Mrs Gaspard and his mother, he turned, and carelessly scanned the form and features of the girl who wore his twisted gold ring upon her finger.

'A golden beauty!' was his thought as he let his gaze travel away from her. 'Never seen her before; quite new, evidently.'

It was a relief to her that at this moment Mrs Gaspard came to her and issued her polite command in the words: 'My dear, will you sing?'

The acute agony she experienced at his non-recognition could not have been borne in silence. She must either have cried out or laughed. Heaven help the women who laugh in their anguish; they suffer more than those who weep. She must do something, she felt, and so it would be as well to sing; and as she got herself to the piano and took off her gloves, she stole another glance at him, and he was looking at her admiringly. His lips had left a kiss on hers which had never been brushed off. And he had forgotten her! Oh, the pain and shame of it! She plunged into something, and sang it well, though every fibre trembled. When she had finished it, he was standing by her ready to offer her a compliment. Again she turned her great reading violet eyes upon him; but he did not know her. The little ring shone in the lamplight, for May never killed it by wearing another. Doubtless he admired her fingers, but he never noticed the ring.

He spoke to her of her masters, of those who had trained her voice, discussing them and it intelligently. Her voice 'reminded him of a queen of song whom he had heard in Vienna,' he said; and he added that he never forgot a voice. 'Would she sing again? He would like to remember hers.'

How dear he was to her in spite of all his cruel unconsciousness! How desperately dear! How she hated Lady Hastings at that moment, for coming up to him, and putting her hand on his arm, and telling him that she must 'take him away!' How she envied the mother! How she loved the son!

'I am to hear one more song, and then I am at your service.—You will sing again, will you not?' he said; and Lady Hastings backed his request by saying: 'It is really asking too much of you; but do.'

She could not resist the impulse. Before her—though she strove to be blind to it—rose the scene and the actors in it—the day that was full of all summer glory, sweetness, warmth, and light—the velvet lawn and weeping-willow and rose-covered vicarage, and the splendid boy-hero, to whom a lovely shy little girl was reading poetry. She could not resist the impulse. Come what would, he should be reminded of that scene too. And

so when her pearly notes in all their purity smote his ear, they fell on the words:

You love me in your tender way!

I answer as you let me;

But oh! there comes another day—

The day that you'll forget me!

And after one eager gasping glance, he exclaimed: 'Why, it's May—May Baron!' and her song came to an end.

It would be pleasant to have to record that as she was revealed to him, his love for her returned without delay. But mine is a true tale, and therefore I cannot wrest facts to my own pleasure in any such way. As he recognised her, he admired her immensely, and remembered that even in her girlhood she had not been gawky after the manner of other girls. But he entirely forgot that he had ever loved her, or ever acted in such a way as to teach her to love him. There was not the slightest approach to that high misdemeanour in fashionable life—a scene. His self-possession was so easy, so perfect, that May at once recovered her own. True she ceased singing the instant he exclaimed: 'Why, it's May—May Baron!' But even his mother could find no fault with the slow sweet smile and gentle inclination of the head with which the beautiful and clever companion greeted her father's former pupil.

'Let me introduce you to my mother,' he said at once; and May found herself made known to his mother, who complimented her 'on the possession of a charming voice.'

He did not notice the ring. As soon as she recognised that he was absolutely without any recollection of what she had supposed them to be to one another, May took care that he should not see it. She slipped on her glove, and when that was done she felt safer. But she need have had no fear. He had forgotten the episode of the ring as utterly as he had forgotten the words he had spoken when she read the poem under the willow-tree—the same poem she had sung this night.

Presently he asked after her father, and May had to ice herself in order to avoid breaking down as she replied that he was dead. He admired her very much. It was quite a treat to meet with that genuine radiantly gold hair, in conjunction with such intensely violet eyes. She was altogether 'good form' too, and he lazily wondered if she were married. She had not corrected him when he had introduced her to his mother as 'Miss Baron;' but that might be due solely to the fact of her having lived long enough to have discovered that it is not worth while to correct any one for anything.

She was dressed well too. Lionel liked women who were well dressed. He recalled a vision of her in the old days climbing up a tree to get apples for him, in a torn dress and a ragged garden-hat.

'Are you living in town?' he asked.

'I am living here with Mrs Gaspard, and I must go and attend to some of my duties,' she said, rising and smiling at him as composedly as if her heart had not been nigh unto breaking with revived hope and bitter disappointment. She had pictured meeting him a thousand ways, but not one of the pictures had been like this!

He turned to his mother as May crossed the

room away from them. 'She must have made a sensation when she came out,' he remarked.

'My dear Lionel, she is very handsome and nice; but she has never "made a sensation" or "come out," as you seem to think. She is and has been a governess all her life, I suppose. But she is really a beautiful woman.'

'Magnificent! I was in hopes she was married, that I might have seen more of her. She used to be a clever girl, I remember.'

Then there was a fresh arrival. Lovely Lady St John, the leader of the wildest, gayest, most daring set in town, entered, and in another minute a 'friendly' smile flashed round the circle as Bartie Friel lounged in.

Of all spectacles on the face of the earth, Lady St John's reckless disregard of appearances was the most obnoxious to Lady St John's brother. He was fond of her, proud of her, well inclined to believe that there was—as she used to assure him—'no harm in her intimacy with poor Bartie.' But he could not endure the looks that were cast upon the affair. And in exact proportion as he loved his sister, he detested Bartie Friel.

So now, with a sterner face than Lady St John's friends and aspersers cared to smile into, he proceeded to take leave of his hostess and bow himself out of the room. As he was doing this, he heard the man who was carelessly compromising Ida—the man he most disliked in the world, ask: 'Who is that with the jet in her hair? She's the loveliest woman out!' As these words fell on Lionel's ears he remembered that he had not said good-bye to the 'loveliest woman out,' who was no other than his old friend and playfellow May Baron.

He made his way back to her; and some little delay being caused by the increasing crowd, by the time he reached her, Bartie Friel had gained the introduction and was engaging her in conversation.

A sharp angry spasm of annoyance—he could not define the cause of it—seized Lionel Hastings, and he turned away and left the house without giving another word to May.

Well, it was over! And it was over without her having derogated from her feminine dignity at all. There was a certain amount of satisfaction in this; but the dubious satisfaction was not balanced altogether by the keen anguish she felt at that utter forgetfulness of his. 'After this, I can never wear his ring again,' she thought, and she tried to take it off. That ring had been given to her as a pledge, and he had forgotten that he had given it!

That night the ring and his one letter were packed up and carefully put aside. She could not make up her mind to destroy them, though something told her that it would be wiser to do so. But 'just for a little longer,' she pleaded with this instinct of hers. And so 'just for a little longer' she kept them.

Mrs Gaspard prided herself upon 'living in a whirl.' She went everywhere, and received every one, and so May, her beautiful companion, was very much before the eyes of that portion of the world who constituted Mrs Gaspard's 'set' at this juncture. Further, Mrs Gaspard had 'no prejudices,' she was fond of averring, and so Bartie Friel, who was rather a black-sheep by this time, received a warm welcome whenever he came to

the house. But though a black-sheep, he was a marvellously attractive one; and so people talked about him and about what he was doing and what he might be expected to do. His admiration for Miss Baron did not remain a secret very long. Every one heard of it; among others, Lady St John and Lionel Hastings.

It is greatly to be feared that every one is afflicted with that baleful thing, a too communicative friend. At anyrate, Lady St John was so afflicted, and thus it happened one day, when Lionel was quietly having a cup of afternoon tea with his sister, that they learned from the lips of this friend that Mr Bartie Friel was positively going to marry that Miss Baron who lived with Mrs Gaspard!

Lady St John received the tidings with the utmost *sang-froid*. 'Is he?' she asked indifferently.

And the friend replied in a friendly manner: 'Yes. I wonder he has not told you?'

What could Lady St John do but acquiesce in that wonder faintly.

'Bartie Friel marry that girl!' Lionel exclaimed the moment he was alone with Ida. 'She shall know what he is before she is a day older. Why, she's a good girl. The fellow would shock her out of her life or her reason.'

'O Lionel, don't be harsh; don't malign him,' she muttered.

Lionel scowled.

'Then spare me,' she pleaded in a lower voice. 'I know how you blame him; but spare me. Let him marry her if he loves her;' and then she began to weep bitterly.

He would make no promise; but he went away from her feeling sorely distressed. Was she not his own sister? 'Poor girl!' he thought bitterly; and then he remembered the other one. At least he would—for old friendship's sake—go and hear from May Baron if there were any truth in this vile report. He could not help calling it a 'vile report,' as he reflected on some portions of Bartie's career, and contrasted them with all he knew of May.

'Why, I was in love with her myself when I was a lad,' he thought, and he wondered if May ever thought about that. An hour later he was inquiring for Miss Baron at Mrs Gaspard's door, and hearing that she would receive him.

She was quite as composed as on the occasion of their meeting that first night—quite as composed, and quite as beautiful. He could not stand by patiently and see her become the prey of such a one as Bartie Friel.

'On the score of old friendship, I am going to presume greatly with you—greatly, Miss Baron,' he began.

She opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Haven't you forgotten the old friendship yet?' she said. 'What a wonderful memory you must have!'

'Indeed, I have not forgotten the old friendship,' he replied gently; 'it prompts me to say something that you may not like to hear.'

He paused, and her treacherous heart began to beat. But she was mistress of herself. His ring and his letter were nestling in her bosom all the while. And he could speak calmly of 'old friendship!' 'Men differ from women with a vengeance,' she thought. 'He who *kissed* me, to ask if I have forgotten our old friendship!'

'They say you are going to marry a man of whom you know very little,' he began softly. And her face and heart grew like stone. 'Tell me, is this true?'

She made no answer; and he thought: 'She is resenting my interference; she has forgotten how fond I was of her when I was a boy, and she looks upon this as mere impertinence.'

Nerving himself by all he knew about Bartie Friel and all he thought about Bartie Friel, he resolved: 'He shall never have her! The splendid creature! She deserves a better fate than to be a worn-out *roué's* wife;' and he spoke, warming with his words: 'You're astonished at my presumption in interfering; I feel sure of that. But May, I can't forget the old days when we were children together. Can you?'

She bent her head down lower, and he could not see her eyes; but he went on: 'You have forgotten probably, May, and why should you have remembered indeed? But I will remind you, and then you will understand that it is more than mere friendly interest that prompts me to interfere.' Memory jogged him at this moment, and he went on glibly: 'You may have forgotten how I loved you, darling'—

'Have not you been the one to forget?'

'On my faith, no! Not now, when I see you again,' he protested ardently; and then, as he clasped her in his arms, she shewed him the ring and the letter, and sang him a verse from the song that had wakened his memories:

I do not fear the darkest way,
With those dear arms about me;
But oh! I dread another day—
The day you'll do without me!

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

THAT learned folks as well as others indulge in amusements of an eccentric nature, may be gleaned from the following examples, culled at random.

Cardinal Richelieu we are told, spent his hour of relaxation in leaping over the furniture, and on one occasion he was discovered jumping with his servant, to try which could reach the high side of a wall. De Grammont knowing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump him for a wager—a proposal which shews the courage, as much as the event shewed the diplomacy, of the courtier. The offer was accepted; but De Grammont took care that his leaps should never quite reach those of His Eminence; and thus he lost a few louis, but gained speedy and high promotion, by the favour of his triumphant and gratified opponent.

Dr Johnson's play-hour was employed in taking a walk down Fleet Street; but then that walk was so cunningly saddled with self-imposed conditions, that it became a feat as difficult as it was amusing. The first condition was, that every post should be touched as it was passed; and so resolutely did the Doctor observe this rule, that if he happened to pass one without giving it the magic touch, he would return the moment he became aware of his neglect, and gravely perform the mystic ceremony. Another rule rigidly complied with by the great lexicographer was, to step always exactly in the centre of the flagstones as he 'rolled grandly along;' and a great adept he must have become in this style of

geometrical progression, for even that most microscopic of observers, Boswell, does not record a single failure. But the *tour de force* of this extraordinary promenade was reserved for its conclusion; for the Doctor on reaching his house made it compulsory upon himself to cross the threshold with one particular foot. In order to do this gracefully, it was necessary to commence a series of measured steps at a certain distance from the imaginary hurdle. It is apparent that some very nice calculations were necessary so as to perform this feat, and we are not surprised to be told by Boswell that the good Doctor occasionally failed, and—as he would on no consideration enter with the wrong foot—turned back again for a new start. Which foot—whether the right or left—the Doctor required to enter by, we shall never know, since Boswell himself confesses that he does not recollect.

These tricks of Dr Johnson are considered inexplicable by all who have observed them or commented upon them; but it seems not at all unreasonable to ascribe them to that desire of amusement which made Richelieu jump over his furniture, and which we have ample proof burned as strongly within the Doctor as it did within his young friends Beauclerk and Langton—those 'dogs' with whom the learned man went to have a 'frisk' at three o'clock in the morning. So that while the lexicographer could not, on account of physical disabilities, engage in the sport of leaping over chairs, we are not in the least surprised that such a wise and frolicsome man should invent a game which combined the physical exercise of base-ball and the mental labour of chess, and having invented it should regularly practise it. A very different man was Shelley, who derived great amusement from sailing paper-boats upon the Serpentine and the lakes in Hyde Park. Long practice had made the poet an adept in the construction of these toys; and when they braved the winds and waves, Shelley would run round with eager delight to the opposite shore, and receive into harbour his brave little craft.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's was a nature in many respects resembling that of Shelley, and he had the same love of simple and natural amusements. Jean Jacques, when he was in the country, would carry huge stones—as big as he could carry—up to some high cliff, and there he would dispose them in a pile. Then laying himself securely upon the cliff, he cautiously advanced his face till he could see clearly the foaming waters below; and one after the other the stones were hurled over the declivity by the philosopher, who watched with delight the heavy mass as it rolled and bounded before it reached the bottom.

The poet Cowper's amusement was a thoroughly practical one, and is thus humorously referred to by him in a letter to his friend Unwin: 'Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen windows till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a busi-

ness in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese of ten times my fortune would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China?'

While the cloud which had long obscured his faculties was slowly rising from the poet's mind, it will be remembered how he dreaded human intercourse, but delighted in the company of his two tame hares. When at length, one of the hares became sick, Cowper nursed it with the greatest care, and the animal upon its recovery thanked its protector in a most unmistakable and singular manner. 'No creature,' says the poet, 'could be more grateful than my patient, a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand; first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part unsaluted.' What is remarkable in this episode is the fact, that never before nor after did the creature behave in a similar fashion except once, when it was attacked a second time with sickness. The gentle poet nursed it as on the first occasion; and upon recovery the second time the identical ceremony of thanks was repeated by the grateful animal.

Having touched upon the attachment between Cowper and his hares, we may best conclude these remarks by a reference to Dante and his cat. This creature was not only a solace to the poet during his hours of relaxation, but was a humble servant to him while he was dining or reading; for having been taught to sit with a lighted candle between its paws, puss acted as a faithful torch-bearer on these occasions.

And yet, the following anecdote shews that the cat remained wonderfully cat-like still. Dante maintained, in an argument with Ceccio, that art was more potent than nature, and referred to the ability of his cat as a demonstration of the correctness of his views. An appointment was made in order that Ceccio might see for himself the conduct of grimalkin, and the disputant came, well prepared, however, with a test which should try the thoroughness of the change in the feline nature. For while the cat was sitting with the candle between its paws, Ceccio emptied the contents of a bag which he had filled with mice, upon the floor. Is it necessary to add that the candle was at once dropped, and that puss flew after her natural prey?

THE SURGEON AND THE MOGUL'S DAUGHTER.

It was the summer of the year 1651. Shah Jehan, grandson of the mighty Akbar, had been for four-and-twenty years on the throne of the Great Mogul. He was the most magnificent and luxurious of all the Moguls. Before the radiant and amazing splendours of his court all the pomp and glory of the greatest monarchs of the West paled into insignificance. He had been known to spend a million and a half sterling upon a birthday festival. His royal progresses through his dominions surpassed in grandeur and sumptuous display all that even the oriental imagination had conceived. Travellers told with awe of the acres of land covered with carpets of silk and gold; of the stately pavilions glittering with diamonds and

pearls; of the gorgeous tents of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, supported by massive poles forty feet high, and stretching over long miles of level country; of the seven resplendent thrones studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls; of the world-renowned Peacock Throne, Shah Jehan's own fanciful invention, so called from a peacock with its tail spread, the natural colours faithfully represented in sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, which formed the chief ornament and design of a mass of diamonds and other precious stones valued at six millions and a half sterling.

They told, too, of the elephants that looked like shining mountains of jewellery—elephants trained to kneel before the throne and do reverence to the Great Mogul with their trunks—whose keep cost five hundred rupees apiece per month; of the magnificent horses on whose bridles and saddles the gems stood thick as dew-drops on a lawn at sunrise; and of a thousand other lustrous and dazzling marvels, the mere mention of which made men stand agape with wonder and astonishment. Not Solomon in all his glory could compare in lavish splendour with Shah Jehan the Great Mogul.

And now, after nearly ten years of incessant war, there was peace in the Mogul Empire, and the Emperor had come to enjoy his well-earned repose, and revel in the luxury which he loved at his capital Delhi—that Delhi which he had restored to more than its ancient glory, whose marble halls and spacious courts and golden domes and stately mosques he could proudly boast were unequalled anywhere for grace and beauty and sublimity. For Shah Jehan had a passion for noble and beautiful buildings—the mausoleum which he erected to his wife at Agra, known as the Taj Mahal, standing to this day as one of the noblest monuments in the world.

But passionately as Shah Jehan loved luxury and magnificence, gorgeous pageants, and splendid buildings, there was something he loved more passionately still, and that was his eldest daughter. In all his vast empire there was no lovelier, more charming, or more accomplished lady than the Padshah Begum. Shah Jehan idolised this his favourite child. She was his constant companion. She enjoyed his confidence to an extent which men very rarely allow to women in the East. Her lively conversation, her skill in the use of musical instruments, her gift of melodious song, could always charm him into amiability. She was the light of his life, the only being that, since the death of his queen, he really loved. His sons he distrusted and suspected, and not without reason, for filial affection was a virtue which had always been conspicuous by its absence among the sons of the Moguls, and he was himself destined to die a prisoner in the hands of his own son Aurungzebe, who deposed him. It was on his daughter, therefore, that he lavished all the tenderness that was in his heart. The Padshah Begum was now in her twenty-second year, and in the full flower of her beauty and womanhood. Who could have dreamed that so fair a lily could be blighted in a single night?

It was an evening in July; Shah Jehan lay dozing under the gentle fanning of the punkah, when he was roused by a piercing shriek, followed in quick succession by a series of shrieks, each

more heart-rending and blood-curdling than the last. He raised himself to listen. It was apparently from the women's apartments that these appalling cries proceeded. Whilst he listened, the shrieks grew fainter and fainter, and were succeeded by a wailing sound, as of many voices moaning. Suddenly the curtains were pushed aside, and a servant pale, trembling, and breathless, entered and prostrated himself before the Emperor. He was impatiently asked what his tidings were. Groaning and beating his breast with his hands, he stammered out his news—news that made Shah Jehan leap to his feet—while his swarthy cheek grew livid with pallor, and he stood rooted to the ground with horror and amazement. For the news was that the Padshah Begum had been burned to death! It was but for a moment that Shah Jehan stood there petrified and horror-stricken. In another instant he had darted off in the direction of the Princess's apartments to learn for himself whether the dreadful tidings were true or not. He was like a maniac as he burst into the chamber where his daughter lay upon a couch, surrounded by her women wailing and wringing their hands. Already two of the court physicians were there, and were stripping the charred remnants of her robes from the scorched and blistered limbs. She was not indeed actually dead, as the messenger had reported, but she had fainted from the terrible agony of her wounds, and lay there quite unconscious. The ghastly sight almost deprived the Great Mogul of his senses; distracted and overwhelmed with grief, he flung himself beside his beloved daughter, and passionately called upon her to speak to him. Then he turned to the physicians and implored them to restore his daughter to life, promising them the most extravagant rewards if they succeeded. But the physicians, however skilled they may have been at curing internal diseases, were bunglers at healing wounds. They shook their heads gravely, and seemed to think the case hopeless.

It was then that the Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, bethought him of the English traders at Surat. He remembered that the surgeons who came over in the East-Indiamen had wrought some wonderful cures, and had acquired a high reputation for surgical skill. He therefore suggested to his master that an Express should be sent immediately to Surat, with orders to travel day and night, and bring back with the utmost speed an English surgeon. It was a 'far cry' from Delhi to Surat; but the Express had extraordinary powers to take what horses or supplies he needed from whomsoever he pleased on his journey; and by dint of travelling day and night as fast as horses could carry him, it was just possible that the English surgeon might be brought to Delhi before it was too late.

The *Hopewell* East-Indiaman had just arrived at Surat from England, when the imperial Express dashed into the settlement. The ship's chief surgeon, Gabriel Boughton, had gone ashore, and was at the residence of the Company's factor when the Mogul's messenger was announced. Without a moment's hesitation, Boughton offered to return at once with the Express. The factor privately warned him that should his skill fail, things might be made very unpleasant for him at the Mogul's court. But the young surgeon had plenty of

pluck and self-reliance; and besides, the thought of having such a patient as the favourite daughter of the Great Mogul excited his professional ambition. It would be sheer madness to throw away such a splendid chance of winning wealth and distinction simply because there was some risk attaching to it. And so, without further parley, Gabriel Boughton prepared to start for Delhi.

In less than two hours from the arrival of the messenger, the English surgeon was riding at headlong speed on the mission which was to make or mar his fortunes. Weary, anxious, and almost exhausted, Gabriel Boughton reached the Mogul's palace, and was rejoiced to learn that he was not too late. He was led at once to the apartments of the Padshah Begum, and there he found Shah Jehan, who had never left his daughter's side. Haggard and worn and wan from constant watching, sleepless anxiety, and poignant grief, the Great Mogul looked almost as fit a subject for the doctor's skill as his unhappy daughter. The moment he saw the face of the English surgeon, he rushed to him, clutched him by the arm, and in imploring accents besought him to cure his daughter, declaring on his sacred oath that whatever reward the surgeon might ask should be granted him, were he but successful. To have the richest and most magnificent monarch in the world thus a suppliant almost at his feet, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. But Gabriel Boughton was calm and collected, and set about the delicate and critical task before him in that cool business-like manner which was even then a marked characteristic of English surgeons, and which served more than anything else to inspire the natives of India with confidence in their skill.

By his unwearying attention, his patient care, and skillful treatment, Gabriel Boughton succeeded in effecting a complete cure. Not only was the Padshah Begum restored to health, but her beauty was little if at all impaired by the terrible injuries she had suffered. The gratitude and joy of Shah Jehan knew no bounds. The Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, to whom Gabriel Boughton owed his introduction to the imperial court, was commissioned to inform the fortunate surgeon that on a certain day the Great Mogul would grant him a special audience in state, that he might then claim his reward, and that whatever he might demand the Emperor pledged himself to grant. The Grand Vizier was obsequious in his manner, knowing how politic it was to secure the good graces of a rising favourite, and even ventured to hint at a future so brilliant and dazzling, that Gabriel's brain went dizzy at the prospect. Left to his own meditations, the surgeon pondered deeply over his position. He was young, he was good-looking, he was ambitious. Here was a father whose heart was full of the most extravagant and reverential thankfulness towards him; here was a daughter equally grateful, and even more favourably disposed towards him than her father. What was to prevent him from asking her hand, and becoming the most powerful and influential personage at the court of the Great Mogul? To Western ideas, such an aspiration might seem too audacious and romantic to be entertained for a moment; but in the East there were plenty of precedents for such a reward,

granted for services of great value—why should he not make this bold bid for position and fortune?

The day appointed for the state-audience with the Great Mogul arrived. Seated on his splendid throne, the high heron plumes, clasped with diamonds, adding majesty to his face, his dress one blaze of brilliants, by his side, unveiled, the beautiful Padshah Begum, around him his magnificent retinue of nobles, scarcely less gorgeously clad than himself, Shah Jehan prepared to receive the man who had done him a service which, as he gazed lovingly at the sweet face beside him, it seemed that the whole of his imperial treasury was hardly rich enough to repay. The Englishman bowed low as he came into the presence of the Emperor. Then Shah Jehan beckoned him to come nearer, took him by the hand, and looking significantly at the Padshah Begum, bade him name his reward. There was breathless silence as the young Englishman opened his lips. And what was the price he claimed for his services? He asked for no private emolument; he sought no selfish advancement; he simply solicited that his countrymen, the traders of the East India Company, might have liberty to trade free of all duties in Bengal, and establish factories in that province! What the Padshah Begum thought of this unromantic request, or whether she had ever dreamed of any such romantic termination to the episode, as the Grand Vizier had vaguely hinted at, history does not say. But Shah Jehan himself was profoundly impressed with the magnanimity and unselfishness of the English surgeon, and gave his solemn word that the most ample privileges and opportunities for trading should be granted to the English merchants.

Boughton had thought the matter out patiently and carefully, and had decided that the position of favourite and son-in-law of the Great Mogul, though dazzling, was precarious; that he should simply surround himself with unscrupulous enemies, who would sooner or later effect his murder or his disgrace; and that even those who were his friends at first would come to regard him as an upstart and an alien, usurping the riches and the power that should belong to one of themselves. It would be wiser to use his great influence over the Mogul to promote the interests of the Company, whose servant he was, and look to the Company for a reward, which though less splendid and romantic, would be safer and more enduring. So he dismissed the fanciful dreams which for a moment had filled his brain, and chose the humbler and more prudent course.

But Shah Jehan would not hear of Gabriel Boughton's going empty-handed away. He invited him to take up his abode at the palace as chief court physician; and this invitation Gabriel thought it advisable to accept, because his presence at the imperial court would give him excellent opportunities for pushing the interests of the Company, besides enabling him to lay the foundation of a private fortune. Several other successful cures following close upon that of the Padshah Begum established Gabriel Boughton's reputation, and spread his fame far and wide. His popularity was extraordinary, mainly perhaps, because, as he never meddled with political matters, foreign or domestic, no one was jealous of him. How long he remained at the court of Shah Jehan

is uncertain; but he at any rate did not leave until he had seen the Mogul's promises most amply fulfilled, and the Company reaping the fruits of these liberal concessions. The richest province of India was thrown open to the English traders, free of all duties and payments whatsoever; and from the granting of that extraordinary privilege the East India Company dated its first great stride towards the wealth and power which eventually made it the arbiter of the destinies of India. Historians are often apt to overlook the small causes from which great events spring. And most of the historians of India have wholly ignored the claim of Gabriel Boughton to be considered one of the true founders of the British Empire in India. A less public-spirited or far-sighted man would have used his immense influence over Shah Jehan for his own selfish aggrandisement. It is to the undying honour of Gabriel Boughton that he did otherwise, and thereby raised the East India Company from a struggling body of coast-traders into the richest corporation of merchants in the world. It is this fact, we feel, that renders worthy of more detailed narrative than we have ever yet seen allotted to it in any single history, the romantic episode of the Surgeon and the Mogul's Daughter.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE present year has been so exceptional in respect of weather that it will be interesting to place a few facts on record. The usual average of rainfall, as reckoned by meteorologists for the first six months of the year, is nearly twelve inches: this year the fall from January to June was eighteen and a half inches! The prodigiousness of the excess may be judged of by comparing it with the years 1858, 1864, and 1874, in each of which the total rainfall was less than nineteen inches. The superabundance of water during the present year may be regarded as calamitous. The effect is aggravated by deficiency of sunshine. Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, shew that in the first six months of 1878 there were six hundred and forty-three hours of sunshine; this year there were four hundred and seventy-one hours only. June 1878 was spoken of as a gloomy month; but it had one hundred and eighty-one hours of sunshine, whereas June 1879 had not quite one hundred and nineteen hours. So wet a June indeed as the last has not occurred for twenty-seven years, with the exception of June 1860, when the rainfall was more than seven inches; and it is clear that a long spell of dry weather will be required to restore the balance.

July was expected to make amends for the previous deficiency; but that usually sultry month proved less propitious than June. The landscapes were green everywhere; but luxuriant leafage and rank grass are not equivalent to sunshine, and the weather-prophets who predicted an intensely hot dry summer, found themselves at fault in the presence of persistent rain. The cold for the seven months prior to July was greater than it has been for one hundred and sixteen years. Readers who desire to understand the common-sense of the question of the weather

should read *Modern Meteorology*, a little book published under the auspices of the Meteorological Society.

Messrs Lawes and Gilbert, the well-known agriculturists, have communicated to the Royal Society an account of their experiments with different manures on the same land during a number of years. They mention that so great have been the difficulties encountered, that after their years of labour and examination of the subject, as well from the chemical as from the botanical point of view, Messrs Lawes and Gilbert say that they can 'hardly claim to have yet done much more than reach the threshold of a very comprehensive inquiry.' The experiments were made on seven acres in the park at Rothamstead, near St Albans. Of the plots into which the land was divided, two were left without manure from the commencement; two were treated with ordinary farm-yard manure, and the others with different kinds of artificial manure, applied for the most part year after year on the same spot. On the unmanured plot the yearly average crop of hay has been about twenty-three hundredweights per acre; but on the most heavily artificially manured plot about sixty-four hundredweights. With these great differences in the amounts of produce, as the experimenters remark, the botanical character of the herbage has varied most strikingly. Whatever promotes growth occasions a struggle; and while some plants are increased, others are diminished, until on some plots, and in some seasons, less than twenty species are discoverable. 'Even in the first years of the experiments, it was noticed that those manures which are the most effective with wheat, barley, or oats, grown on arable land—that is, with graminaceous species grown separately—were also the most effective in bringing forward the grasses proper in the mixed herbage; and again, those manures which were the most beneficial to beans or clover, most developed the leguminous species of the mixed herbage, and *vice versa*.'

By means of chemical tests, the amount of constituents developed in the several plants was ascertained: the dry matter, the nitrogen, the potash, and the phosphoric acid; and at the same time the soil of every plot, at different depths, was chemically examined. Important variations were discovered, according to the nature of the manure which had been employed.

Professor G. Ville of Paris has published a book on Artificial Manures and their application to agriculture, which has been translated into English by Mr Crookes, F.R.S. (Longman & Co.) It is a readable volume, clear and lively in style, discusses theory and practice, the composition, growth, nutrition, and cultivation of plants, the assimilation of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, the function of mineral matter in plant production, the comparative cost of farm-yard and chemical manure, the importance of the waste parts of crops as fertilisers, and other topics, which include tables for calculating the exhaustion of the soil and regulating the feeding of live-stock. In the chapter headed 'Agricultural Industry,' Professor Ville points out the way to cultivate beet-root and carry on a distillery at a profit. 'To consume beet-root,' he says, 'to export alcohol, and to provide pulp for live-stock, a distillery is equal to an increase of meadow-land, since it pro-

cures an increase of food for the animals. On the other hand, the industrial product that we export is alcohol, and this exportation will not in any way lessen the fertility of the soil. Rain-water and the carbonic acid contained in the air cover all the cost, and provide all the raw material; for alcohol contains nothing but carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Practical farming confirms the fact that distilleries contribute to the amelioration of the soil, and science explains why.'

Professor Ville is of opinion that English farmers should manufacture chemical manures for themselves, instead of paying unreasonably high prices, as at present. He gives an example: a certain manure, largely used, is sold at twelve shillings the hundredweight. It contains phosphoric acid soluble and insoluble, and nitrogen in the form of ammoniac sulphate, the cost of which amounts to six shillings and fourpence-halfpenny. And besides the saving in expense, there is the assurance that the article is genuine. 'Calcic superphosphate,' says Professor Ville, 'is rather more difficult to manufacture, on account of the necessity of procuring the sulphuric acid. But when a co-operative association has secured the services of a practical chemist, this difficulty vanishes, and the result is well worth the trouble. The farmer will for twopence three-farthings per pound obtain a soluble phosphoric acid, for which manufacturers have been charging him about sixpence.'

The Agricultural Show at Kilburn was so unfortunate in weather that many articles of permanent interest were but little noticed amid the damp disappointment. Among them was a corn screen or separator, exhibited by a Frenchman, which effects its object by means of a series of cells, instead of passing the different kinds of grain or seeds between wires or through perforations. The action is described as rather slow; but the machine perfectly separates long from round corn; wheat from barley or oats, from peas, vetches, and smut, and divides wheat into two qualities.

Another French invention is an ingenious agricultural wheelbarrow, which opens in front, and discharges the load over the wheel. Another is Mr Noel's pump-valve, described as 'simplest of the simple, being just an india-rubber ball resting upon a seat, and confined in a cage fixed over it.'

Ruston and Company exhibited a steam-engine with patent fire-box, in which the smoke and gases pass downward between the bars, instead of flying off by the usual upward draught; by which all the smoke and much of the gases are consumed, with considerable development of heat and saving of fuel. The fire-bars are tubes filled with water, and thus are prevented from burning away.

Want of coal and wood as fuel has hindered the introduction of steam-machinery for agricultural purposes into some parts of the south of Europe where, on the broad plains, wheat is grown abundantly. Messrs Ransomes and Company have overcome the hindrance by a steam-engine which will burn straw, reeds, cotton-stalks, cane-waste, and such-like products, greatly to the satisfaction of the foreign farmers.—Fowler and Company exhibited a portable railway of twenty inches gauge, of which a mile can be taken up and relaid in a different place in one hour. It is available for horse-power or steam-power.—And a self-acting

park gate that opens and shuts on the passing of a vehicle, being operated by two alternating water-vessels in an underground tank, exemplified the ingenuity of Mr Walton.

The use of wire-ropes for traction in ploughing by steam is open to the objection that there is much friction, and that the power is applied at a distance. Mr Darby, of Chelmsford, exhibited a Pedestrian Broadside Digger, which applies its power directly on the spot where it is wanted. It is a steam-machine of ten horse-power, with wheels on one side, and legs and digging-forks on the other. According to the description: 'The forks and legs work in pairs, digging the ground, and at the same time slowly propelling the machine broadside on, in any direction, as may be required. The width of work taken at once is nineteen feet and a half, and the pace is variable, according to the depth and coarseness or fineness of the tillage. When at the rate of half a mile an hour, the digging amounts to about ten acres a day, with the assistance of one man and a boy, in addition to the supply of coal and water.' This seems to be the cheapest means of tillage yet invented.

The offer of a prize for a railway van which would keep fresh meat or poultry in good condition during a long journey, brought forward two competitors, who were subjected to a severe trial. Meat, poultry, and rabbits were placed in the two vans on June 19, and sent to Holyhead and back, and kept undisturbed till the 28th, when on examination the contents, with some exceptions, were found in good condition. The prize was consequently awarded to the Swansea Wagon Company of Glamorgan, the makers of the successful van, which, in addition to other merits, maintained an interior temperature of thirty-nine degrees whether in motion or at rest. The importance of this achievement will be apparent to all who know how essential it is that meat should be brought to market in a perfectly wholesome condition. It supplements satisfactorily the successful transport of meat thousands of miles across the sea which has been some time in practice.

It would be a triumph of optics and chemistry if photographs could be made to represent the natural colours of objects. Attempts towards this result have hitherto ended for the most part in disappointment. But Captain Abney in a short paper 'On the Production of Coloured Spectra by Light,' read before the Royal Society, makes known that he has succeeded in producing approximately in the natural colours, pictures of the solar spectrum on silver plates, and also, but less brilliant, on compounds of silver held in place by collodion. 'I reserve for the present,' he writes, 'the exact details of the production of these pictures, but may say that they are produced by oxidation of silver compounds when placed in the spectrum; an exposure of two minutes being amply sufficient with a wide slit to impress the colours. The colouring-matter seems to be due to a mixture of two different sizes of molecules of the same chemical composition, one of which absorbs at the blue end, and the other at the red end of the spectrum, and the sizes of these molecules are unalterable while exposed to the same wave-lengths as those by which they were produced.' And he is of opinion 'that the colours may be preserved unchanged when exposed to ordinary daylight.' From this it will be under-

stood that Captain Abney has made a step in advance, of high importance.

In connection with this we mention improvements in colour-printing, by which Herr Albert, court-photographer at Munich, produces chromo-photographs of surprising excellence. The process commences by the taking of three photographs, each being exposed to the action of different and definite portions of the spectrum. This is effected by causing the light, before it reaches the sensitised plate, to pass through coloured glasses, or suitable coloured liquids, and moreover, by employing in each case special solutions for the development of each negative. A positive printing-plate (a glass plate gelatinised) is then produced for each negative; and if the absorbing media and the developing preparations have been correctly chosen, it is only necessary to colour one of these plates with red, another with yellow, and the third with blue, in order, by successive printings, to obtain a picture which exhibits more or less resemblance to the original. Success appears to depend on the skill and nicety with which the absorbing materials are employed, for mixtures of colours and of colouring materials are quite different things; and, to quote the technical description, 'for the negative belonging to the blue plate we must employ such absorbing media and preparations as will prevent green from producing any influence on it, and at the same time will render blue and violet quite inactive, inasmuch as these tints must appear only on the positive plate.'

Specimens of landscapes and of decorative panels printed by Herr Albert's process, were exhibited at scientific receptions in London during the past session, and were deservedly admired. The details were shewn: a plain yellow picture; then on the yellow a blue, and on the blue a red; and with these three the effect of a well-finished water-colour drawing was produced.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GOTHARD

A FAVOURITE ST BERNARD DOG.

A CALM majestic dog, and fitly named,
Imposing, stately, as the mountain famed,
Was Gothard. One of pure St Bernard race.
A world of wisdom in his thoughtful face.
Grave consideration! had his powers been tried
On Alpine heights (his work to him denied
In English home), how he could best expend
His strength, in skill and gentleness, to lend
Assistance to those dying in the snow,
Unseen by man in frozen depths below,
But known by canine instinct to be there,
And saved from death by canine strength and care.
His strength was all unused in English home;
No snow, nor ice, no mountain heights to roam;
No crash of avalanche to wake his ear;
No practised eager watch for travellers near.
It seemed a waste of power—Sagacity
Had little scope, but yet Fidelity
Had room, and strong, deep love and jealous care
Of home, and her he owned as mistress there.
He had no higher work to do; but well
He filled his place. Ah me! 'tis sad to tell
How soon that work was done, how keen the smart
His death, unlooked for, caused to one true heart,
Which found him, though a dog, companion, friend,
And misses sore the charm his life did lend.

SENCA.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 810.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

FASHIONABLE VAGARIES.

THERE is one thing which we have never been able to understand, and which we believe few can possibly comprehend or explain. It is the vagary of female fashion. Who it is that invents it, and has the knack to maintain it as long as he pleases, and then with equal audacity and success starts something fresh, is all a mystery. The phenomenon is by no means new. A hundred and sixty years ago, the old essayists were at a loss to know how the extravagant oddities of female attire originated, and were so cleverly kept up in spite of torrents of ridicule. Then, as now, a new fashion had its run of a few years, and dropping out of use as mysteriously as it commenced, was followed by something equally preposterous. High-heeled shoes, lofty head-dresses, hair-powder, long and short waists, painting and patching, all had their day. For a time the wearing of hoops, by which a lady could enter a door only sidewise, was a favourite frenzy. The fashion of taking snuff, usually from a pretty circular box with a picture on the lid, was just going out of practice among ladies in our early days. The last lady whom we saw taking a pinch and handing round her box was—

She, the fair sun of all her sex—

Burns's Clarinda! Such a circumstance seems now very absurd; but it was only of a piece with a long catalogue of fashionable vagaries, in which no rational meaning can be discovered.

The world is said to be getting wiser every day. Certainly, there is an abundance of teaching, reading, and lecturing, from which presumably there should be an increase of intelligence. In almost nothing has there been such a signal advance within the last hundred years as in female education. Yet, with all the visible elements of diffused knowledge and thoughtfulness, no one can observe the slightest abatement in the frolics of feminine fashion. Ladies aspire to be social reformers, to be voters at elections, to be members of school-boards, actually to be

doctors; and some think they do not acquit themselves badly. The strange thing is, that, with rare exceptions, the wisest and most accomplished ladies are quite as much the voluntary thralls of Fashion in its more contemptible forms as the less instructed in the sisterhood. There they are like the rest, wearing the grotesquely shaped dresses which remind us of the drolleries of a pantomime.

In these vagaries of Fashion there seems for the time-being to be a kind of mental derangement—perhaps more correctly the prostration of intellect, through a deficiency of moral courage. Forty years ago, the lady part of mankind fell into a mania for wearing dresses with huge shoulders blown up like balloons. It amounted to a purposeless distortion of the person. So everybody said it was. But the avowal made no difference. Sleeves must be made six times larger than they need be. Shoulders must be distorted, rendered positively ugly. It was the Fashion, and that was enough. In due time, when the mania had run its course, the ballooning was given up, and shoulders shrunk to their natural figure. When it was all over, no one ventured to explain how the frenzy had originated, or what was its meaning. On the contrary, as if ashamed of the weakness, the subject was skilfully dropped. Next in the order of this species of feminine dementia, came the crinoline vagary. A petticoat of horse-hair and whalebone was employed to distend the outer dress far beyond the person. It was a resumption of hoops, with the difference, that while hoops expanded sidewise, the crinoline spread out all round. Every woman had the shape of a hand bell, wide at the lower edge, and small above. Gracefulness was out of the question. If the object was to produce a monstrosity, it was eminently successful. Avowedly, the Fashion had some practical inconveniences. The space taken up by a lady in a public meeting or on the pavement was greatly beyond her proper share. The wide contour was apt to sweep the ground, and send clouds of dust upwards, much to personal discomfort. The quantity of material required for a dress

was so largely augmented as to suggest the idea that silk-mercers had something to do with the invention. Whatever were the drawbacks, the crinoline mania had a fair run of several years. When given up, there occurred the fresh surprise how it ever had received the slightest encouragement.

Crinolines of every variety having been relinquished, feminine society is sorely in want of a new eccentricity. It would be against all rule not to appear ridiculous. So wits are at work in the grand arcana of Fashion. The world had not long to wait. The fiat goes forth from somewhere that, as a superlative novelty, dresses are to be worn tight to the person from top to toe. Instead of paddings and ballooning, there is to be squeezing so tightly as to be hardly able to breathe. To impede walking, and if possible to prevent sitting, the legs are to be held back with strings. By way of compensation for the tightening up, the dress is to be so long as to trail three or four feet on the ground. Such may be called the present fashionable régime, maintained as usual with the force of inexorable law. Woe-be to the fine lady who does not make herself as lank as a skinned rabbit, and who fails in the tuckings and tyings to restrain locomotion! What her natural shape may be is nothing to the point. She may not be able to go up or down stairs, except by one foot at a time, like a child learning to walk, but that is of no consequence. Fashion demands that she shall appear maimed in the lower limbs. The law is to be obeyed, and there's an end of it. Objections, however, are not even hinted at. The chief anxiety is rather to go to extremes. In the furor for being as slim as it is possible to be, the ultra-fashionable young lady gives up wearing the usual under-garments. She clothes herself in tight-fitting vest and pantaloons of chamois leather, over which is a slight exterior dress with trailing skirts. To be in leather is the height of Fashion. 'How do you like your leathers?' asks Lady Betty confidentially. 'Charmed with them beyond measure; could not do without them.' The proverbial expression, 'Nothing like leather,' has obtained new significance.

The unchallengeable authority that by self-election regulates female costume, is doubtless European in character. It may issue its decrees from no very exalted sphere, but it at least possesses the power of gauging the feminine tastes and habits that prevail on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Were it analysed, it might turn out to be nothing more than a shrewd man-milliner, who with an eye to profit in ringing the changes, graciously issues his edicts from a back-shop in Paris. Our smart friends, the Americans, once took it into their heads to set up a rival despotism. The effort was audacious and seemingly well meant. It consisted in substituting light trousers with a kind of kilt for the wonted gown and petticoats. Bloomerism, as this new form of female

attire was designated, never took. It did not proceed on the old lines. It amounted to a revolution, and got so uncereemoniously laughed at, that it failed to gain a footing. Yet, there was some good in Bloomerism. It might have answered for female doctors and lecturers, with other varieties of strong-minded ladies who are determined, at all hazards, to assert the rights of women.

Under the sanction of what is deemed to be Fashion, there has sometimes been a cruel waste of innocent and helpless animals. On a former occasion we spoke of the odious practice of slaughtering larks, robins, finches, and other small birds, in order to embellish ladies' head-dresses. The vile practice continues, with some additional and costly eccentricities. In one of the monthly records of Fashion we see it stated that, 'After having admitted lizards as side bouquet fasteners, and mice as hat-trimmings, we have now instances of ladies wearing dresses made entirely of scarabæus, birds, insects, and other animals. I have not seen the dress, but a friend of mine tells me that the other evening she saw a lady dressed as an owl! The foundation of the dress was of dark blue, and was trimmed with owls' feathers. In front the apron was entirely of these feathers, and instead of a bouquet in front of the bodice, there was an owl's head, with a similar head in the hair.' The same authority informs us that the right thing is a toque or evening head-dress, 'trimmed with birds' wings, or silver mice, birds, or lizards.' We are not told whether these are real animals or only effigies in the precious metals. A report has reached us, however, that a lady of fashion in London wears an ornament consisting of a live scarabæus, or Egyptian beetle, which is tethered to the front of her dress to prevent its elopement. It has apparently come to this, that in the vagaries of Fashion the animal world is freely laid under contribution, with a view to secure something piquant— a lizard, a mouse, the head of an owl, or a beetle. What are we to think of the intellect that seriously occupies itself with these frivolities?

Slim in figure, squeezed like a wasp, and with head-dresses as fantastic as can be devised, there is one more token of high Fashion. It is a return to the antiquated practice of wearing high-heeled shoes, which happily falls in with the plan of bandaging back the legs, to prevent freedom in walking. The folly of distorting the foot, by throwing the pressure unduly on the toes, is so manifestly vicious, and has been so frequently the subject of remonstrance, that it calls only for a passing denunciation. Those who are guilty of the error will in this as in some other matters live to regret their weakness. The wonder is how the ridiculous extravagances in attire which are here barely alluded to, should for a moment have met with any degree of support. In the article of dress, men and women appear to have pursued an entirely different course for the last

fifty years. The tendency in male attire has been towards extreme simplicity—perhaps too extremely so—while as regards the female mode of dressing, according to Fashion, it has been a succession of wild eccentricities, always going from bad to worse.

Obviously, the mania, now as formerly, is demonstrated in its more outrageous forms by the idle, the thoughtless, and those to whom money is a matter of little consideration, whether as a result of wealth or otherwise. As partially tending to solve a perplexing social question, it might not be uninteresting to ascertain if the numerous bankruptcies of late years were any way due to the vulgar extravagance in dress of wives and daughters contrary to every rule of taste or propriety. Admitting that the articles are honestly acquired, in extravagance of this sort a bad example is set. Crowds of young women dependent on their personal industry, are constitutionally unable to withstand the mania for imitation, and being piteously dragged at the tail of every prevalent Fashion, they throw away means that ought in some degree to have been consecrated to a thrifty regard for the future. Even those ladies who but to a limited extent yield allegiance to fashionable vagaries have something to answer for. In no shape protesting against absurdities which apparently they know to be wrong they practically countenance the current folly; whereas a spirited policy in resisting what is manifestly ridiculous as well as wasteful, would, we feel assured, be appreciated by the male part of the community.

For some such policy, an argument could be found in improving the health of the young. By all who treat on the subject, exercise of the limbs is recommended as a matter of first importance. Girls do not require the boisterous recreations of boys, but due and recreative exercise is nevertheless desirable, with a view to strengthening the frame, expanding the chest, giving an appetite for food, and throwing the bloom of health into the cheeks. How base therefore are the present idiotic fashions of artificially trussing up the person to prevent freedom of movement! Has any one gravely inquired what is to be the destiny of the beings who are so enfeebled? Certainly it is not to be wives! Wherever fathers and mothers can exert their proper influence, this heinous offence against the laws of health should be peremptorily checked. Let girls, of whatever grade, freely exercise their legs and arms at all suitable opportunities. Let them run at lawn-tennis, play at battledoor and shuttlecock if they have a fancy, and take walks and skate in winter. Above all, they should learn the art of swimming, for independently of the healthful exercise, it may some day be the means of saving their life. To make themselves useful, and prepare for the battle of life, let them help in household work. We have heard of a physician who prescribed the daily sweeping of an apartment with a long broom as an excellent means of expanding the chest of a

young lady; and the prescription answered. Away, at all events, with the paltry tricks which, on the ground of being fashionable, are undermining the health and damaging the prospects of that interesting section of our social system, the young ladies of England!

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AT ALFRINGHAM.

THE third drawing-room at Alfringham, which, as has been mentioned, was so favourite a room with Mrs Stanhope, on account of her belief that its pink hangings suited her complexion, was large enough to accommodate a numerous family. It did, for a wonder, contain for the moment so many as three persons, since, besides Maud and her mother, Lord Penrith himself was there. The master of this grand house very seldom entered any of its sumptuously furnished drawing-rooms. He lived in his own suite of apartments, and was rarely seen out of them except at dinner-time, when he and his sister habitually dined alone, in an enormous room that could not be cheerful in the absence of guests, despite the array of serving-men in and out of livery, and the blaze of gold and silver plate upon a sideboard that would have graced a royal festival.

What Mrs Stanhope, naturally fond of gossip and tattle, of harmless dissipation, and a town-life, must have suffered year after year during Maud's visits at Llosthuel Court and elsewhere, and when she was compelled to dine alone with her solemn, silent brother, it would be difficult to estimate. Even the great fire of blazing logs could not in winter bring the social thermometer much above freezing-point on these melancholy occasions. There was state and splendour in abundance. The stalled ox was served without the sauce of either hatred or love, merely garnished with frigid ceremony. There would sit the old peer, eating without zest, caring little or nothing for the wines which the grave butler poured into the array of glasses before him; there on the walls, frowned or smiled a double line of pictured ancestors, as if criticising the conduct of the then tenants for life; and there was the London ex-beauty, racking her modicum of brains to find scraps of conversation that should prevent the dull meal from taking place in mere dumb-show. When Maud was at what was conventionally called her home, matters were pleasanter. Even my lord would be induced to talk a little then. For if Lord Penrith cared for any living soul, it was Maud he cared for; and any servant of the house, any agent, or tenant, or whosoever was connected with the House of Beville, would have staked his life that Miss Stanhope was the destined heiress of Lord Penrith's estate.

And now, for a wonder, Lord Penrith was in the third or pink drawing-room. He had come in, leaning on the arm of his valet; and he had been lodged on a sofa, and propped up with pillows at precisely the proper angle, near the fire; and there he was, spreading out his shrunken hands to get the benefit of the welcome heat. His lordship was always cold. His lordship was always ill, though smooth Dr Bland would have been puzzled sometimes, had

he been called upon to state before a jury of experts the precise nature of his noble patient's malady. Yet that the old lord was ill, no unprejudiced person who looked attentively at his face could doubt or deny. He was that most pitiable, perhaps, of all sights, the wreck of a strong man. Handsome he may possibly have been; but he was not comely now, as old age often is. The high forehead was crossed by a thousand wrinkles; the eyes were bloodshot, restless, and unutterably sad; and the mouth, the most tell-tale of all features, had a silent eloquence of its own which told of pain long borne, but in no spirit of resignation. Altogether it was a speaking countenance, the face of a proud man, whose very pride had been caused to sting him, scorpion-like.

'How cold it strikes!' said my lord peevishly. There was a hot fire of crackling logs and glowing embers, ruby-red, and Alfringham Hall was supplied with all manner of cunning contrivances for sending heat everywhere throughout the spacious pile; nor was the weather by any means comparable to what people mean when they speak of an old-fashioned Christmas. But Mrs Stanhope cordially agreed with her brother as to the severity of the weather; and, had he pleased to aver the Dorsetshire climate to be one of arctic rigour, his devoted sister would have been as ready to endorse the assertion as were Hamlet's courtier-friends to liken the cloud to whale or weasel as his Highness pleased. Nor was Mrs Stanhope consciously a hypocrite or a time-server, only that she had laid it down as a rule through life to defer to a brother who had so much in his gift.

Lord Penrith did not seem to care much for his sister's opinion as to the inclemency of the temperature. He was used to hear his words re-echoed, and regarded the circumstance as one of the adjuncts of his position.

'This pillow slips away each time I stir my head,' was the noble invalid's next remark. 'Jackson said he had placed it properly; but Jackson is a fool, a self-sufficient fool, pig-headed like all Cornishmen; and how I put up with him, or how the Duke bore with him, I cannot conceive, except that Glamorgan is a fool too.'

Lord Penrith, in his querulous moods, was severe in his judgments, and did not spare his own order, as his observations on His Grace the Duke of Glamorgan, K.G., and his body-servant Luke Jackson, who was as careful and considerate a valet as a nobleman needed to have about him, sufficiently proved. Maud rose, and with feminine dexterity adjusted the pillow under the old man's head.

'Thank you, my dear!' said Lord Penrith, more gently.—'Kate, have you had an answer to that letter of yours?'

'From the house-steward at Penrith House, do you mean, dear?' asked Mrs Stanhope, hesitatingly.

'Of course I do,' said the old peer tartly. 'Did you not desire him, at my wish, to get everything ready to receive us when we go up to London to-morrow, and ought he not to have sent the answer before this? Unless, indeed, Mr Smith has gone down to spend Christmas with his relations in the country, and has left Penrith House to take care of itself; which would not surprise me. Nothing does.'

Mrs Stanhope feebly suggested that the post-bag

had not yet arrived; and Maud reminded her uncle that Smith the defaulter had not as yet had time to reply in due postal course, but would doubtless do so by telegraph that day.

'Whether he does so or not,' said Lord Penrith, decisively, 'we go up to town to-morrow. My health is too precarious for me to be any longer a subject for your precious Dr Bland, Kate, to try experiments upon. Bland is a smooth-tongued charlatan, kicked out of London practice to poison us in the country. I tell you he does not understand me in the least, not in the least. Sir Joseph does. Old Sir Joseph Doublefee is a humbug; but he is a physician, and he does know my constitution; and I choose to put myself under his hands again, at least for a time. As for any other things, London will be a shade more tiresome, if that can be, than Alfringham.—Maud, would you kindly ring for Jackson?'

Jackson the valet came nimbly in response to the summons of the bell; and leaning on the man's arm, Lord Penrith tottered, rather than walked, back again to his private apartments. There was not a stable-lad or a weeding-boy employed at Alfringham who probably did not get more enjoyment out of his life than did the noble master of all.

'My poor uncle!' said Maud Stanhope, when she and her mother were left alone together; and her tone expressed a pity that was more than conventional.

'So altered—so sadly different,' sighed Mrs Stanhope, 'from his former self. In one thing, my dear, he is unchanged, and that is his kindness to me. That has been unfailing since the days when I, quite a little child, used to look admiringly up to the bold, tall, elder brother who was even then a young man; for I am eighteen years his junior, you know.'

Maud had most likely been informed on other occasions of the difference of age between Lord Penrith and his sister. At anyrate, she expressed no surprise, but merely said: 'Poor Uncle Penrith! His has been but a sad life. I never realised it, I think, as I do now.'

'How altered he is,' repeated Mrs Stanhope. 'Yet I can remember him as a handsome young man, hot-tempered, fiery, and determined to have his own way always; but generous, and not the less liked because of his strong will. His temper, poor man, has cooled itself down now to mere fretfulness; and his very pride has turned inward, and become moroseness. But it was not always so. Before the great sorrow of his life, when Marmaduke the heir was brought back to the house dead, he was so different.'

'I never quite understood that sad story, often as I have heard it mentioned,' said Maud. 'Those whom I remember to have spoken of it did so as if they feared to be overheard, like superstitious people who talk of ghosts and witches after dark.'

'It was a terrible disgrace to the family, besides the horror of the crime,' answered her mother. 'But you, Maud dear, who may come to be mistress here some day, should surely know the truth, melancholy as it is. Marmaduke, the eldest son, was his father's favourite, and in disposition very like his father—only harder and more imperious. Even when almost a child, he domineered over the whole household, I think,

and especially over his younger brother, George Beville, the—the murderer, you know’—

‘Tell me,’ said Maud, with some interest, ‘what sort of person was this unfortunate man whom you call George?’

‘I liked him,’ answered Mrs Stanhope. ‘He was a sweet-tempered boy, and grew into a young man, handsome, indeed—all the Bevilles were that—but shy, timid, and a bookworm. His father, who idolised Marmaduke, and encouraged him in his high-handed line of conduct, despised poor George as a milksop—though George was brave enough, as I remember, in time of need—on account of his preferring books to field-sports, and there was not much in common between them.’

‘Now George, as I have said, had a sweet temper, and his patience with his brother was astonishing; but sometimes it gave way, and there would be a heavy quarrel, in which, I am bound to say, Marmaduke was always obstinate, and always in the wrong. There had been such a quarrel, I recollect to have heard, on the morning of the miserable day when the wicked deed was done. The elder brother had a notion that, as the heir of Alfringham and future chief of the family, he had a right to dictate to his cadet not only what he should do, but what he should think. And poor George in the course of his reading had picked up some newfangled notions—about the poor, I believe—which vexed his father, and made his brother very angry. But the dispute this time, though loud and hot, came to an end; and both brothers left the Hall together, and apparently on more friendly terms than had of late been usual.’

‘Hours passed, and neither George nor his brother came back; but there was no uneasiness; until just before dark—’ it was winter, as it is now, and the days were short—there spread a rumour through the place that Mr Marmaduke was killed. It was too true. His body had been found lying near a stile, at the end of a footpath leading from the Ridge to the Bullbury Road. He must have been dead some hours, for he was quite cold. He had been shot through the heart. And beside him in the snow lay a pistol, silver-mounted, and with arms and initials engraved on a plate in the stock; a pistol which my nephew, George Beville, was known to have bought in London only a month before. And George did not come back, and all knew that he must be the murderer of his brother.’

‘How dreadful!’ murmured Maud.

‘Dreadful, indeed!’ replied her mother. ‘My brother’s anguish was such as we seldom behold, at least in a man. But then he had loved Marmaduke so fondly, and had gloried in the prospect of leaving an heir so worthy to succeed him in the title and property—indeed he had begun to allow Marmaduke to interfere with the management of the estate in his father’s lifetime, which many wise folks thought wrong—that the blow was hard indeed to bear. He never held up his head again.’

‘But the unhappy man who did it—George?’ asked Maud.

‘George wrote from abroad—from Paris, I think, but I am not sure as to the place—so soon, he said, as the report of his brother’s murder, and that he was himself suspected of the crime, reached him

through the newspapers. He indignantly protested his innocence.’

‘Perhaps he was innocent, after all,’ said Maud eagerly.

‘No, no!’ returned Mrs Stanhope, with a sigh; ‘no one could believe that. The chain of circumstantial evidence—for of course there was no witness—was too strong. There had been a quarrel that very day between the brothers, by no means the first; then there was the discovery of the pistol; then George’s absence; and then the younger brother’s interest in becoming, as Marmaduke’s death made him, heir to the title and estates. And George never ventured to come back and stand his trial. All regarded this as in itself a proof of guilt; but I, remembering his sensitive, nervous nature, and how he shrank from blame, have never been quite sure. His father was sure. He would not even consider his son’s assertions, made by letter, of his innocence, or trouble himself about the reasons George gave for his strange absence just then. He merely wrote a violent letter, cursing the fratricide, and casting him off for ever, with bitter regret that in going abroad as he had done, George should have cheated the hangman. There came back but a curt reply to this, saying that the discarded son would trouble his unjust father no more. And that was the last news of George Beville, who died, we believe, in Australia, in poverty; but even that remains uncertain.’

‘Perhaps he was innocent,’ repeated Maud thoughtfully.

THE FRONTIER-LAND.

IN this which is pre-eminently the age of travel, the frontier-land of America yields to none in the attractions which it offers to the traveller in search of adventure and sport. All of us, it is true, cannot share personally in such prairie experiences as Major Campion describes in his book *On the Frontier*; but the many debarred by the force of circumstances from such silvan delights, cannot do better than turn their backs in imagination on the comforts and luxuries of nineteenth-century civilisation, and accompany him into the land of the bison and the scarcely less savage Indian brave.

Major Campion’s party consisted of five—himself and a friend, two hired backwoodsmen, and a clever well-educated ne’er-do-weel yept Jack, who volunteered for the office of cook to the party. This gastronomic volunteer proved himself in fact to be no mean disciple of Soyer; although the difficulties he had to contend with in the shape of a smoky camp stove would have taken the heart out of almost any other *chef de cuisine*. The outfit, in addition to the aforesaid stove, consisted of a light covered wagon, four mules, a tent, a watch-dog, and two good horses trained to the sport of buffalo-hunting, and hence technically known as buffalo-runners. The possession of a good buffalo-runner is of the utmost importance to the would-be buffalo-hunter, as should the rider momentarily lose his presence of mind, as is not unusual with a novice when first brought face to face with the stupendous rush of an enraged buffalo, the trained horse performs his accustomed evolution, and by

a sudden spring to one side evades the murderous charge.

Major Campion bears his testimony, as almost all travellers have done, to the expansion of spirit and wonderful exhilaration of body and soul produced by travelling in fine weather through the vast plains of the western wilderness. 'Around us,' he says, 'was a rolling prairie, with an horizon like the ocean's; and a balmy, invigorating, almost intoxicating air blew over it into our faces, coming untainted and unpoisoned by the breaths, smells, and smoke of cities, from the Rocky Mountains, seven hundred miles off.'

Day after day the travellers journeyed over these grassy plains, which ever as they advanced lengthened out before them into what seemed an endless immensity of verdure; till one day scanning with anxious eyes the wide ocean of green, it was seen to be dotted with small black specks, which in the distance massed themselves into little groups, which again were defined into a dark line on the horizon. A sudden jubilant shout rent the air, for there at last were the much desired buffalo. It is one thing, however, to sight buffalo, and quite another thing to kill or even to stalk them, as our travellers found. The first thing needful was to pitch their camp. Without much difficulty a site was found for this movable hunting lodge, which was christened Camp Gibraltar; and from the top of a high tree in its vicinity an anxious look-out was kept upon the herd of buffaloes. At first they seemed stationary; but by degrees the shaggy forms of the bulls, which always feed upon the outskirts of the herds, became more distinct, and it was evident that they were slowly approaching. Soothed by visions of buffalo humps and tongues on the morrow, each aspiring Nimrod wrapped himself in his blanket and sank into a fitful but not unguarded sleep of expectancy.

A sentinel was always posted at night at Camp Gibraltar, and the sentry of the prairies be it understood has in some respects a much more arduous task than his European congener. He must in the first place neither walk nor stand; to do either would make him a sure mark for the silent arrow of the prowling Indian scout. No; he must grovel ingloriously but safely upon his stomach, hidden by the long prairie-grass—'with his elbows far apart, his wrists brought together, his chin supported on his hands, his ears open, and his eyes everywhere.'

In this position of little ease the sentry of Camp Gibraltar had been already squatting for a couple of hours on a fine moonshiny night, when he suddenly heard a sound which he could not at all make out. It was low at first and indistinct, like the faint far-off murmur of the sea; but it increased every moment in strength and volume till it sounded like the roll of distant thunder, or the roar of the surf on a rocky shore. Thoroughly puzzled, the sentinel awoke his comrades, and a hurried council of war was held. Was it a prairie-fire? No; the grass was too green for that. Was it a sudden rain-storm to the west, and was the Republican River, on whose banks they were encamped, coming down in flood, to sweep away the sandy foundations of their temporary home? This contingency was alarming enough; but after a few anxious minutes the sound was clearly perceived to come from the direction of the herd of

buffaloes; and thoroughly tranquillised by this discovery, the novices turned in again, and were soon fast asleep. Even the sentinel grovelling among the long prairie-grass owned afterwards to a few moments of profound unconsciousness, when there was a sudden crash, as if the whole universe around them were falling to pieces with a deafening roar; and with a start the inmates of Camp Gibraltar awoke. 'The scene around them was terrific. The air shivered with noise, the earth trembled under their feet. The main herd was crossing the river close to their camp. The roar of the bulls, the lowing of the cows, the tramp of thousands of feet, the splash of water as the huge mass of animals plunged and struggled through it, the crumbling fall of the bank as the buffaloes forced their way up its steep face—all were blended in one mighty tumult.' Sheer astonishment at first held them speechless and motionless; but this soon gave way to the instinct of self-preservation. They were in imminent peril; if the herd came their way, they would be ground to powder; their only safeguard was a fire, which was piled up, and fed all through that memorable night, whose long hours were spent in watching the continuous tramp and din of the ever passing, apparently interminable herd.

Major Campion says of this striking spectacle—which bids fair, from the rapid decrease of the buffalo on these western plains, to be soon numbered among the things of the past: 'I have stood on the deck of a ship aflame in mid Atlantic; I have been startled from deep sleep by the firing of rifle-balls, the quick zip-zip of flying arrows, the death-scream of a slaughtered sentinel, and the war-whoop of the Red Indian—but none of these scenes recall themselves more forcibly to me than does that midnight crossing of the Republican River by that mighty host of buffaloes in thousands.'

Next day the whole prairie was alive with them; and our traveller, after two hours of patient stalking, was rewarded by an old bull coming lumbering round the corner almost up to him, and then gently trotting off. He gave chase at once; and the wily patriarch finding his pursuer gaining upon him, suddenly wheeled round; then pivoting on his hind-legs, he lowered his head, tossed back his shaggy forelock from his fiery eyes, and switching his tail into the air, made a sudden charge, which would inevitably have ended for ever Major Campion's hunting adventures, if it had not been for the sagacity of his horse, a well-trained buffalo-runner. He had fired just before the brute charged, but without success; and now his comrade did the same, and wounded it, but so slightly, that it in no way interfered with its rolling gallop. Spurring their horses to their utmost speed, both men now gave chase, and as they closed upon the bull, fired off their pistols, wounding him as before, but failing to kill him. The horses were now thoroughly exhausted; and very reluctantly the patriarch of the prairies had to be abandoned to his fate, which meant most probably the tender mercies of the prairie-wolves; and the two crest-fallen hunters, minus hump, tongue, or juicy steaks, sneaked back to camp. Meanwhile the two backwoodsmen and Jack the cook had with a single shot killed a buffalo which had come down to the river to

drink; a piece of good fortune which, however mortifying to the *amour propre* of their masters, had the attendant consolation of buffalo-steaks for dinner, and marrow-bones which were voted delicious.

A great proportion of the buffalo-meat, all that cannot be used fresh, is jerked; that is, it is cut into strips of equal thickness and as long as possible; these are dipped into brine, laid upon a rough wooden table, under which a fire is kindled to keep off the insects, and dried in the sun.

This free jolly hunter's life at Camp Gibraltar came like all superlatively good things to an all too sudden close. One frosty night when wreaths of silvery mist were creeping up from the river in the moonlight, the sentinel, grovelling as usual upon his stomach among the long damp grass, became aware of an indistinct object approaching through the mist. Looming gigantic in the distance it resolved itself as it drew nearer into a horseman, carefully tracking in the moonlight an easily followed trail. Arriving close to the camp, where all the trails blended into one, he reined in his horse; and there, in the clear full light, stood revealed the striking figure of an Indian brave. His bow and arrows and his long thin lance hung crosswise at his back; his rifle lay athwart his saddle-bow; the fringes of his hunting-shirt and the stained feathers of his head-dress stirred and fluttered in the night-air; while he, motionless as a bronze centaur, gazed steadily in the direction of the camp. Meanwhile the sentinel in the grass above, with his rifle at full-cock and the index finger of his right hand laid against the hair-trigger, was anxiously debating the question to kill or not to kill. Prudence suggested the former alternative; but it was too like murder in cold blood; he could not bring himself to shoot, and the dusky spy was allowed to ride off in safety; but no sooner was he gone, than the camp was roused, the wagons packed, and a hasty backward march made to Fort Riley, where their safe arrival created no little sensation. They were declared 'to have crowded their luck;' and were assured that three tribes of Indians were out upon the war-path, so that the usual frontier military toast, 'The hair on the top of your head, and long may it wave there,' had a deeper significance than usual in their case.

Camping out in summer or autumn, when the wide grassy plains and clumps of forest are one mass of green luxuriance, when a thousand sweet perfumes load the air, and the verdure is brilliantly flecked and dappled with masses of gorgeously lined flowers, is a very pleasant thing. But Major Campion had experience also of a long winter-camp—out in the Rocky Mountains. He had with him his comrade of Camp Gibraltar, and two men who had long been in their employment—Joe, a big ruddy complexioned Missourian; and Lafayette or Laughfy, a tall thin sallow Yankee from Maine. They had two light strong wagons built for mountain-travel, a variety of stores, two powerful dogs Nip and Tug, and twenty beaver-traps, as they meant to trap beaver as well as hunt. They chose for the site of their winter-camp a large secluded valley called Wet Mountain Valley. It covered a tract of country forty miles long by twenty broad, and was inclosed by high rocky peaks. It was entered by a defile known as the Gate of the Plains, and was in itself a little lonely

world, composed of glades, glens, and small valleys opening into each other, with abundant willow-fringed streams well peopled with beaver. In the central valley a rude hut was built with oak and cedar branches; a great fire was laid; a hole was dug in the ground, and lined with stones for an oven; and a high platform was made where meat could be beyond the reach of wolves and pumas. The valley was then explored and was found to contain a large quantity and variety of game—white-tailed, black-tailed, and spruce deer, ashata or big-horns, elks, bears, wolves, foxes, lynx, and pumas, wild-turkeys, wood-grouse, and mountain partridges.

In this hunter's Elysium the weather continued charming and the fare of the best till close upon Christmas Day, when a foot of snow fell, and the game all disappeared, leaving them with a larder well nigh empty, and the cheering prospect of making their Christmas dinner off fat bacon and the traditional plum-pudding, the materials for which they had brought with them. This dismal look-out was a little brightened by one of the hands, who brought in word on the evening of December 23d, that he had seen wild-turkeys feeding five or six miles from the camp. Now wild-turkeys are the most wary and cautious of birds; they are as difficult to stalk as the shyest of deer; and our Major, who started in pursuit of them at daybreak next morning, had a charming day of it. Early in the forenoon he came upon the track of eight turkeys, and followed them up hill and down dale, through thickets, and across half-frozen streams for many a weary mile and hour, until at last he lost all trace of them. This looked gloomy; but there was a silver lining to the cloud, and he was cheered by finding the tracks of a large deer in the snow. Fat venison may serve at a pinch for a Christmas dinner as well as fat turkey, so he started at once in pursuit of the fresh game; but in crossing a wide stream the ice broke, and down he went waist deep in intensely cold water with a crash loud enough to startle all the deer in the valley. With difficulty he scrambled out benumbed with cold and feeling his clothes beginning to freeze upon him, but amid all his discomforts still intent upon a turkey. He was still watching and longing under the cotton-wood trees, when his comrade came up with two turkeys slung over his shoulder; and these, with two others which were afterwards secured, and a fat buck shot down by the backwoodsmen, made a very respectable Christmas dinner.

The fur of the beaver attaining its highest perfection about Christmas, exclusive attention was now given to beaver-trapping. Beavers have been often written about; but our author considers that a want of practical experience about the habits of the animals has prevented this information from being very precise. He himself has often dug up beaver-houses, and his uniform experience of them is, that the entrance is invariably a round hole, nine or ten inches across in the bank of the pool which their dams make in the stream. This hole runs back from four to ten feet into the bank, and ends in a circular basin four feet across, and four feet deep, with a vaulted roof about a foot above the water with which it is filled. The ingenious creature thus secures for itself a winter bath, in which there is no danger of the water freezing. From this bath passages lead off to the dwelling,

breeding, and store rooms of the beaver family, of which there is only one pair to each house, the old ones helping the young ones when they leave the family mansion to build one precisely similar for themselves. In autumn, they lay in a supply of winter-food, consisting of the small twigs of osiers and the inner bark of cotton-wood trees, alders, willows, and marsh-maples. Their dams have been often described; but to shew what wonderful undertakings they are, it may be mentioned that the building of them often involves the felling of a tree forty or fifty feet high, and that the beaver never fells a tree too short for his purpose, and seldom one too long. They are always built upwards from the bed of the stream, and in mountain streams are generally eight feet high. The object of these dams is to keep the water in their pools at a uniform level; and during a flood the beavers break up a portion of the dam, to allow the surplus water to escape. When the water is sufficiently extensive and unfluctuating for their purpose, the beavers build no dam. This little creature is one of the most sagacious and cautious of animals. If a beaver escape alive from a trap in one of the most frequented trapping-grounds, no more traps need be set there that season. 'Beaver-trapping,' says Major Campion, 'is a contest of acquired skill and knowledge, of patient unremitting care and attention, of energy and of endurance, versus the natural instinct, if we may not call it reason, of the most sagacious, acute, and wary of all the brute creation.'

Owing to a late and unexpected snow-storm which had driven away all the game, the camp in Wet Mountain Valley was almost reduced to the point of starvation. The hunters had little else to live upon except a handful of Indian corn served out to each man per diem, and boiled in a little melted snow-water.

In a few days, however, the two men who had been sent for succour returned with supplies, and the camp in Wet Mountain Valley was broken up, all the sooner that a party of Ute Indians appeared on the scene and soon drove away all the game.

On their way to Fort Mojave on the Colorado River they passed through a tract of sterile country, the salt desert, where the grass and sand were covered with a salt efflorescence which had the appearance of white frost. In this desolate land is Soda Lake, which at a distance looks like a clear beautiful sheet of water with patches of verdure along its banks; but which near at hand is found to be a dreary expanse of baked mud thickly covered with shining efflorescent salts, and fringed with beds of marsh-grass. After toiling at a slow pace through two hundred and fifty tedious miles, the beautiful Colorado Valley came in view. This valley, or rather succession of valleys, is fertile and well wooded, and in its upper reaches is sparsely peopled by Indian races, the Mojaves and the Apache Yumayas. With Pah Squal, the war-chief of this latter tribe, the Major and his friend partook of a very appetising meal. One dish was wood-rats, roasted in their skins, skinned, and served each on a large leaf, plump, white, and piping hot. The smell was most savoury; and the Major wisely concluded that he was safe in throwing European prejudice to the winds. 'I took one,' he says, 'seasoned it

well with pepper and salt, ate it; and hereby testify by these presents that wood-rat properly cooked is most excellent eating.' These Apaches are cool, cautious, daring savages, and determined cattle-stealers. If they once get away with a herd, it is almost impossible to recapture the lost animals. An application is usually made, it is true, to the nearest fort for a detachment of cavalry to pursue the marauders; but before the cavalry can be put in motion, one-half of the cattle are slaughtered or have fallen a prey to wild beasts; and in Major Campion's words, 'they return, men and horses done up with rapid travelling, short commons, exposure, and disappointment; so has ended many a hard scout I have been on in that desperately difficult country to campaign in—the home of the Apache.'

For those who delight in tales of wild adventure, we recommend the graphic descriptions contained in Major Campion's stirring volume.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

'GOOD-BYE!'

'Good-bye! You will not fail to come to us next week?'

'O no! Give my love to Bessie, and tell her how anxious I am to know her personally; I have heard so much of her from Joe.'

The last speaker was my wife's sister-in-law. Brother Joe, as we all call him (my wife's brother), had gone to Canada a very young man, and by steadiness and perseverance, having risen to a good position, he had in due course taken unto himself a wife. Kate Morton, our sister-in-law, was an orphan, having an only brother, who was now settled in the old country; for though he and his sister were born in the Dominion, their parents both belonged to old Essex families. Kate had already become a familiar friend to us, through the medium of the post office; and now in failing health she had visited England, *en route* for Nice, where her medical advisers had recommended her to winter.

Joe was to have accompanied her, but at the last moment, business called him away to New York; and as it was uncertain when he would be at liberty, it was deemed advisable that she should take the journey as far as England by herself, rather than risk an uncertain delay.

Her first visit, on arriving in England, was naturally to her own brother, who had settled down to the life of a gentleman-farmer at Sewardstower, and thither I had come to introduce myself to our sister-in-law.

Sewardstower—as everybody must know who knows anything about it at all—is, though very charming, by no means a popular resort. In fact, therein lies one of its charms; for though not more than an easy journey from the metropolis, no railway Company has as yet been venturesome enough to organise a series of cheap trips to it. Indeed the most modern enterprise has brought no station nearer than two miles to this earthly paradise. It is beyond the radius for pleasure-vans; and were it not, no accommodating hostelry is there to offer good entertainment for man and beast. It is not a town; you could hardly describe it as a village. It is rather an area occupied by landed gentry and gentlemen-farmers.

It is a bright moonlight night, and I have

preferred to walk to the neighbouring station, rather than allow any of Mr Morton's horses to turn out; besides, I enjoy a brisk walk at any time; and to-night the look-out from the high ground at Sewardstower, down over the wooded slopes, and away for miles across the marshy flats below, is really charming.

I have not gone very far from the house when something glittering on the roadway attracts my attention, and on picking it up, I find that it is a ring. I examine it as well as I can by the moonlight, and while I am thus engaged, a stranger overtaking me wishes me good-night. I am nothing loath to have a companion for my two-miles' walk, so I return his salutation cordially, and we are companions for the rest of the journey. My friend, from his style of dress, is evidently a dissenting clergyman. He is well informed, and inclined to be companionable; and I am delighted to find that he, like myself, is bound for the metropolis. I find that he has such a fund of general information, and we have so many sympathies in common, that before long we have exchanged cards and mutually promised ourselves the pleasure of improving each other's acquaintance.

On our way to town, in unconsciously groping in my pocket, I come upon the ring, which in the animation of conversation I had almost forgotten. I take it out, slip it on my finger, and examine it more closely. I am surprised to find that it is apparently a diamond ring, the stone of unusual size, and so far as I can judge, of great value. My friend and I have become so very confidential that I am half inclined to tell him all about it; but on second thoughts I consider this hardly prudent; so instead, I put the ring, hand and all, into my pocket again; and for the remainder of the journey am perhaps a trifle less companionable, for I am turning over in my mind what I had better do with my treasure-trove. The result of my cogitations is that the next day I send advertisements to all the leading journals, offering to restore the ring to the rightful owner on a correct description of the lost trinket being given. The external appearance of the ring is somewhat unusual—a large diamond set in a band of rubies and emeralds; but in the inside is engraved simply a date—December 12th, 1870. Here is a test that defies the attempts of any impostor.

It was not long before the first claimant appeared. A very respectable elderly gentleman called upon me that evening. He could not be sure where he had lost his ring. He had lost it he knew on the 7th of September. (Date correct.) He had been visiting friends at Walsfield and Entham that day, and had likewise made a call at Sewardstower. He could not say if he had lost it at any of these places, or in London after his return. It was a very valuable ring, but to him it was precious above all things as being a souvenir of his only son, who had been lost in a shipwreck on his voyage out to New Zealand.

The old man's half-suppressed emotion as he alluded to the sad fate of his son was so touching, that I felt it rather a delicate matter to cross-question him as to the peculiarities of the ring, seeing that the date and place of his losing and my finding it were coincidental. However, when he had quite recovered himself, he gave me a very

exact description of the outward appearance of the ring I had picked up.

'May I ask,' said I, 'if the ring you lost bore any inscription?'

'Not any.'

'It is rather odd,' I replied. 'You have given a wonderfully accurate description of the ring I found; and I am sorry it is not yours, since you have so good reason to set an additional value on it; but this ring bears an inscription.'

'Then it cannot be mine; but the ring I lost my son had made especially, and it is odd that there should be two so much alike.'

'Perhaps it might be a satisfaction for you to see this ring,' said I, producing it from my pocket.

The old gentleman stretched out his hand in eager haste, and as he did so, I observed tattooed on his wrist an anchor and the letters D. C. It seemed so out of place that I could not help noting it. He recovered himself, and apologised for his eagerness; the ring was so remarkably like the one he had lost, that for a moment he could not control himself.

After a careful examination, he returned it to me with a sigh. 'No,' he said; 'it is certainly not my ring; but it is an odd coincidence. I must apologise for having troubled you. Good-night.'

Next morning I had an early visitor. A smart business-like young man, who apologised for intruding on me at so inconvenient an hour, but he had called at my place on his way to the City. He had seen my advertisement, and had called as a forlorn-hope; not that he for a moment expected that the ring I had found was his. In fact, he had lost it in such an out-of-the-way place that it was far from likely I had been there to pick it up.

'Might I ask when and where you lost it?'

'At Sewardstower, on the 7th of September.'

Rather odd that this secluded paradise should have had so many visitors on that particular day.

'Will you describe the ring?'

'It is rather an extraordinary one—a large diamond surrounded by a band of rubies and emeralds, and inside engraved the date December 12, 1870.'

'Is this your ring?'

'No doubt of it, sir,' returned he, after a careful survey. 'This is most extraordinary! You will of course allow me to defray all expenses for advertising.'

'Of course; that is only fair.'

'I hardly know how to propose such a thing, but the ring is of considerable value. Could I not offer any reward?'

'Certainly not. But if you think fit, you may send a contribution to the Indian Famine Fund in the name of "A recovered relic."'

'I will send a cheque for twenty guineas as soon as I get to the City.'

I examined the list next morning; but found that my friend had not kept his promise. The second and third day the same. I began to suspect that he had broken faith with me.

On the fourth day, our sister-in-law arrived, and all sublunary things were forgotten for a while in the excitement of receiving her. After a long discussion on family matters with my wife, and a prolonged visit to the nursery, which is the treasure-room in our house, and an almost as pro-

longed and interesting visit to the wardrobe where Canadian and European styles and prices had to be compared and discussed—these subjects of paramount interest being exhausted, the conversation fell to the more ordinary level, and my wife gave Kate an outline of the adventure of the found ring.

'It is very strange,' said Kate; 'but my brother is in some trouble about a ring that he has lost.'

'What sort of a ring was this?'

'Oh, a very unusual one. It was an heirloom, and has been in our family for many generations. A large diamond set in a circle of rubies and emeralds.'

'Had it any inscription on it?'

'Yes. When it came into my brother's possession, he had the date of our father's death, December 12, 1870, engraved inside it.'

'Did he lose it at Sewardstower?'

'Yes; last Wednesday.'

'The seventh of this month.'

'Yes; I believe on the seventh.'

This was enough. I paid an early visit to the nearest police station; and in the course of the evening a detective was sent round to confer with me. Sergeant Rolls was a very silent man. If he entered into the case with any enthusiasm, he certainly gave no outward manifestation of it. He heard my story without comment, filling up the pauses with an occasional nod, the only variation being a shake of the head indicative of disapproval when I told him of my volunteering an exhibition of the ring to the old gentleman. He made a few memoranda in a well-worn pocket-book.

'Do you think there is any chance of our recovering the ring?'

'I can't say much about that, sir; but I think I know our man. If it is one of his jobs, he's wanted for a bigger one; but he's a rare slippery fellow.'

'I would willingly give twenty pounds to recover the ring I have so stupidly parted with.'

'If I hear anything, I will send for you at once.'

Two days later, I received an intimation that I was wanted; and on going round to the police station, I was received by Sergeant Rolls in the same quiet manner that had characterised our first interview.

'Well sergeant, have you heard anything of the ring?'

'You may set your mind at rest about that, sir. Be kind enough to step this way. Please take notice of every one you see in here; but do not make any remark until we are alone again.'

He led me into a room at the back of the court, evidently used as a recreation-room, for the men while waiting for their turn of duty. A long deal-table occupied the centre of the room, on which were scattered newspapers, publications, chess, draughts, and dominoes. The whitewashed walls were ornamented with maps, illuminated texts of Scripture, and a framed copy of police regulations for the private instruction of the force.

Around the table were seated five men in plain clothes, and on duty were two policemen. With one of these Sergeant Rolls entered into an inaudible conversation, while I made my survey of the other occupants of the room. I thought them on the whole rather a villainous company; but probably my mental vision was distorted by

the influence of the place. The first two I dismissed after a very brief survey; but I could hardly suppress a start as I recognised in the third the smart young man who had so adroitly gained possession of the ring. Very disreputable were his looks now; but a sojourn in a police cell is rarely advantageous to one's toilet and general appearance. The fourth called up no memories in me; but I had a haunting recollection of the face of the fifth. He was certainly the most respectable-looking of them all—an elderly, gentlemanlike man. Could it be possible that he was the plausible patriarch who had beguiled me into displaying the private marks on the lost ring?

A look of intelligence from Sergeant Rolls, and he passes out of the room, I following.

'Well?'

'The first, second, and fourth I have never seen before.'

'Very likely not; they are three of our own men.'

'The third is beyond a doubt the man who got the ring from me.'

'Very little doubt of that, sir. We have the ring; and it will be restored to you in due course.'

'The fifth I am not sure about; but I strongly suspect him of being the old gentleman who called upon me the evening before I parted with the ring.'

'Steady there, sir; steady! That's our district superintendent. Our books here will prove an alibi for him if necessary.'

'But I am sure I have seen the face before.'

'Very likely. He took down the information the first day you came to us; but he was in uniform then, which makes all the difference.'

'To be sure,' I exclaimed, my memory being recalled to the circumstance.

'Let me see,' said Sergeant Rolls, producing his pocket-book. 'I think you described some peculiar marks on the old gentleman's wrist.'

He walked over to a speaking-tube in a corner of the room; and almost immediately after he had taken it into his confidence, the occupants of the adjoining apartment began to file out. As number three left the room under careful escort, the sergeant brought him forward into the bright light.

'Turn up your right cuff.'

The order was sullenly obeyed; and what was my surprise to see the tattooed anchor and D. C., which had distinguished my first visitor. At a signal from the sergeant he was again removed.

'You are rather surprised.'

'I confess I am.'

'The man's career has been very extraordinary, perhaps one of the most remarkable biographies in our strange library. Educated at Eton, he believed that a naval career was the most suitable for him. His friends had different views; and as they would not purchase him a commission in the navy, he shipped in the merchant service on his own account. One voyage convinced him that his friends were right; but he was too much of a Bohemian to settle down in respectable society and go in for the Church, as his people wished. The first time he came under our notice was as a "drunk and disorderly," and very often afterwards we had him as a lodger. At that time he was an actor, and of unusual talent when he was

sober, but so unreliable, that he could get no employment except at second or third rate houses, where they were glad of something superior at a small salary, and where his audiences rather enjoyed the excitement of an occasional rumpus, when his potations left him in an obstinate or quarrelsome humour. He always had a contempt for his supporters, and having lost their favour, the temple of the drama speedily closed its doors on him. He had a hard life of it for a while; but suddenly he took a sober fit, and we lost sight of him altogether. By-and-by a number of impostures, robberies, and other matters of that sort puzzled us for a while. The individuals connected with them answered to different descriptions; but from a professional point of view, we soon detected one hand at work through them all. We got enough information to give us a strong suspicion that our old friend was using his acquired experience in making up and playing a part. He is a slippery customer, however; and I don't know if we should have landed him now had it not been for your ring.'

'How did you discover it?'

'Ridiculously simple. He had just completed a big job that had occupied him some time, and which had necessitated his being a strict teetotaler for a few weeks, and pretending an unusual amount of morality. I suppose this was so unpalatable to him, that he had given way to his old vice, and in an unguarded moment he was flashing about the ring. His old experience of the Brummagem gems which he wore in big theatrical parts, had given him a weakness for jewellery.'

'I suppose I will be bound over to prosecute?'

'I don't think so. The fact is he was wanted for the big job I spoke of just now, if we can bring it home to him. A very clever thing it was too. Would you like to hear of it?'

I am surprised to find that the taciturn sergeant can be so talkative, and encourage him to proceed.

'Well, sir, Mr — is a very earnest, pious gentleman, and does a power of good in his part of the country. He is very wealthy, and anybody who has a really benevolent scheme is sure of a hearty welcome at his house. Our friend, by means of a forged letter purporting to come from one of the great American revivalists, introduced himself to Mr —, and was received with open arms. He must have played his part to perfection, for his host keeps open house at all times to clergymen and missionaries of all denominations. When he had his plans thoroughly matured, he organised a meeting, to which all the neighbourhood was invited, and in which the servants of the household as usual took part.

'The singing was evidently to be the signal for his confederates.—You may have attended some of the services at the Agricultural Hall, and know with what hearty good-will the hymns were always rendered.—The coast was clear, the whole household being in the dining-room. The noise of the singing was ample enough to drown any that might be made by the burglars, and so many of the neighbours were present, that the chance of disturbance from without was reduced to a minimum. By the time the benediction was pronounced, the house had been stripped, and the robbers were fairly on their way to the purlieus of Whitechapel.'

'Where and when did this happen?'

'At Sewardstower, on the evening of the 7th September.'

'I must have come up to town that night with one of the ministers who had attended the meeting.'

'And you gave him your card?' said Sergeant Rolls with more eagerness than he was wont to display.

'Yes,' said I; 'we exchanged cards in the train.'

'Do you happen to have his?'

I find it in my pocket-book, and hand it to the sergeant.

'The Rev. Timotheus Bracebridge. The very man. One of the cards he must have had printed specially for this job. You did not mention this meeting to me when you stated your case.'

'I hardly thought of it, and did not see what bearing it could have on the subject.'

'How did you suppose that the old gentleman was able to give you so accurate a description of this remarkable ring?'

'I see it all now. I remember taking it out of my pocket in the train. How clearly it has all come out!'

'Yes; I think that the two cases dovetail beautifully. The fact is our friend has so thoroughly taken in Mr — that he thinks we are on the wrong scent. But the circumstantial evidence is pretty strong now.'

I have no intention to take the reader through all the lateral circumstances connected with the memorable trial which followed, the details of which are foreign to my story. Suffice it to say that in the able hands of Sergeant Rolls the clue afforded by the recovery of the ring was so vigorously followed up that in a week's time the whole gang were in the hands of justice. Mr —, much against his will, was convinced of the perfidy of his protégé, who has now resigned his many aliases for the permanent title of 'No. 9247,' and whose ingenious making-up will for the future be restricted to the monotonous one of a close-cropped wig and an unbecoming suit of gray.

Reader, the moral of this story is evident: beware of submitting your valuables to the scrutiny of a stranger.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF LAND TELEGRAPH LINES.

In a former number of *Chambers's Journal*, No. 708, we recorded the haps and mishaps which commonly befall a submarine cable buried in the depths of the sea. Our present purpose is to give an account of the contingencies which occur to an overland telegraph erected in the air. The haps and mishaps of submarine cables have proved themselves to be of a kind totally unexpected by even the highest authorities on the subject; and although, from the exposed nature of land-lines, many of the ills which they are heir to might have been anticipated, still we may be able to shew that there are some curious experiences in their lot, which even the wisest could not have foretold.

One of the worst enemies to the telegraph wire in various parts of the world is man himself. Even in civilised countries, the soot from chimneys and railway trains is ever settling on the little

cups which insulate the wire from the poles and the ground; shreds of twine or cloth, and kites' tails, are constantly getting entangled in the wires, and connecting them to each other or to the supporting poles, so as to make the current leak from one wire to another, or to the earth itself. Mischievous boys are occasionally guilty of throwing stones and breaking the insulating cups, or climbing the posts and cutting the wires. These, and the evils which sometimes arise from snow-storms, are among the chief mishaps to which our overland telegraphs are liable.

It is in wild countries however, and from savage man, that the telegraph encounters its most dangerous foes; though at the same time, less trouble has been met with amongst the barbarian races through whose territories the telegraph has passed, than was formerly expected. The two great causes of this comparative immunity from trouble are 'backsheesh' (money donations) and superstition. The most suspicious natives soon found that once the line was erected it was a very harmless affair, and they were none the worse for it; while the money paid to them to make them respect the line was very easily won, and very welcome. When the great Indo-European line from England, *via* Russia and Teheran, to the head of the Persian Gulf, was made, the wild Arab and Tartar hordes of the Euphrates Valley were soon quieted by an annual backsheesh to their sheiks. In Senegal the wooden posts are often burned by the natives firing the tall grass of the hills; but this is mere accident, as they have a superstitious dread of what they term the white man's talking-jumbo. It is a powerful and malignant 'fetich' to them, which they would not willingly meddle with. Similarly, a number of the North American prairie tribes, such as the Navajoes, regard the line with a reverence highly creditable to them as a race; and it is remarkable that during former troubles with the Kaffirs, the fierce Galeka and Gaika warriors left the frontier telegraph wires almost entirely unmolested.

The strongest opposition to a telegraph line from uncivilised races is always met with when it is first erected. Fear of the strange thing, and jealousy of territorial encroachment, naturally excite the savage mind to resent the innovation; and most construction parties in wild countries have to be protected by an escort of troops. The great trans-Australian overland line recently completed, was carried for hundreds of miles through desert solitudes, unharmed by the blacks; but on the Macdonald Range a band of hostile natives were encountered; and the electricians gained a bloodless victory over them by connecting the poles of a powerful battery to the wire, and administering shocks unawares to those of the natives who were prowling curiously around. The mysterious power, which seemed to them like a thunder-stroke, inspired them with a wholesome terror of the wire, and they gave it a wide berth ever after. Both in Australia and New Zealand, several erecting parties have been attacked by the aborigines and massacred. Of late however, in New Zealand the Maoris have shewn a different spirit, probably because of a better management on the part of the whites; and Maori squatters now help to build the line, which they look upon as a triumph of their scientific abilities.

The telegraph line has very often to suffer from

the thievish propensities of natives. The Arabs of the Nubian desert are continually stealing the wire of the line which runs from Cairo to Khartoum on the Blue Nile, for the purpose of pointing their spears. In India the sepoy cut the lead soldering from the insulators to make slugs of it; and the Chinese have long regarded the wire as a very convenient source of tea-box nails; while some of these childlike individuals caught in the act of cutting down the posts have been known to plead that they thought they grew there. The Celestials have hitherto shewn a peculiar spite against the telegraph, both cable and land-line; and it is satisfactory to learn that they are now much better disposed to it; the telephone having opened their eyes to its advantages. The fact is, they did not understand the former telegraphs, and they were unsuited to the Chinese language, which has no alphabet. But now the telephone enables them to converse, and transmits with peculiar fidelity the metallic twang of their monosyllabic language. They are vastly delighted with it, and have just discovered for the first time that it was originally Chinese, having been invented in the year 960 by Kung Foo Whing; an announcement which will satisfy their self-complacency, without disturbing the equanimity of Professor Bell.

On one occasion the wires of the Pagoda Company having been repeatedly cut and stolen, the Chinese Board of Foreign Trade issued a proclamation to the following effect: 'These fellows really shew an inveterate and detestable love of mischief. Although telegraphs are a foreign invention, still the line has been purchased by the government, is managed by the government, and is government property. The laws shew no leniency to those who steal goods belonging to the government. Telegraphs are war material also, since they are used in times of war for transmitting military messages; and people stealing war material are liable to severe punishment. The authorities might seize and punish these persons rigorously, but forbear because of their ignorance. All of you were originally good; how is it that you do not shew any self-respect? Fathers must warn their sons, and elder brothers their younger ones, to prevent violation of the laws. People found stealing wire will be seized, tried, and executed on the spot as a warning to others. For the apprehension of such persons two hundred dollars reward is offered. It will be impossible to shew mercy hereafter. Therefore let everybody ponder over this three times, that he may have no occasion for repentance afterwards. Tremble and obey!'

The American civil war first introduced the plan of 'tapping' the wires, and abstracting or eavesdropping a message, which now plays an important part in all military operations. One of the first acts of a hostile army in an enemy's territory is to cut the telegraph lines. Even the Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny knew the advantage to be gained from this, and native troopers had to be kept patrolling the lines in order to protect them where possible. A line can be 'tapped' without cutting the wires, by simply connecting another wire on to the line and joining the instrument between this branch wire and the earth. The 'circuit' necessary for the transmission of the fluid is thus made, and messages can be intercepted in their progress to places beyond.

Mademoiselle Dodu, the superintendent of a French telegraph station, was decorated with the Legion of Honour for the patriotic crime of having, at the risk of her life, intercepted a despatch between two German generals during the Franco-Prussian War. This tapping of the wires is sometimes practised in America for fraudulent purposes. A few years ago there was a notorious mining case being tried in Virginia City, Nevada, in which the title to a mine, valued at fifty million dollars, was in dispute. The future market-value of the stock in San Francisco depended entirely on the result of the suit. If the prosecutor won, the stock would fall; if the defendant won, the stock would rise. If one of the 'mining sharps' in San Francisco could obtain reliable information of the decision of the court a few hours in advance of the others, there would be 'millions in it,' as the Americans say. A telegraph operator accordingly agreed to furnish one of the leading stockbrokers in San Francisco with the desired information; so, dressing himself as a gold 'prospector,' and taking a portable apparatus with him, he set off to the hills, and took up his quarters in a deserted hut near the line. He attached his instrument to the line by a loop of wire, so that the messages were diverted through his instrument, but not necessarily checked, as they passed on their way. By this plan he followed the development of the trial from the nature of the messages passing over the line. And when the final result came along, he connected his instrument to earth, and completely intercepted it by playing for the time the part of the receiving-operator at San Francisco. When he had done this, he took on himself the rôle of the Virginia City sending-operator, and sent the message on to San Francisco to the broker with whom he had arranged. By this piece of clever rascality he gained a fortune of twenty thousand dollars.

The troubles caused by the animal creation in primeval countries, and especially in the tropics, are of a more varied and curious character than those due to man. The termites or white ants, the curse of these regions, ruin the wooden posts in a very short time, and either posts impregnated with creasote or poles of iron have to be adopted, although at greater primary expense. In Java the wires are carried on the living *kapas* trees pruned of all their branches. Such is the vitality of the tree that the trunk continues to grow, putting out horizontal sprouts at its top, and the living pole is proof both against dry rot and termites. In India, the crows have been known to collect the odd ends of wires cut off in erecting a line, and build their nests between the posts and wires with them, thus destroying the insulation of the line. Similarly, wasps' nests, often dropped by birds of prey on the wires, monkeys playing at gymnastics, frequently cause a serious leakage of the current; and freaky elephants, rejoicing in the strength of their trunks, occasionally feed their vanity by uprooting dozens of poles right off. On the plains of the Far West, the shaggy bisons find a welcome scratching-post in the poles of the overland lines; and as bisons scratch with extraordinary vigour, they soon loosen the poles, and level them with the ground. An ingenious Yankee hit upon the idea of driving sharp spikes into the poles to keep the buffaloes

off; but what was his surprise when he found that they ever after selected the spiked posts as a currycomb, and left the plain ones alone. The large number of prairie hens killed by flying blindly against the wires has often been remarked by travellers. Even in England a similar fate occurs to sparrows, partridges, woodcocks, and other birds, numbers being annually killed by flying against the wires. Such haps as these should, however, be entered in the other side of the ledger, since it is the wires which inflict them on the animals.

Though the foregoing foes are at times exceedingly trying to the working power of the telegraph, they are simple compared with the ravages committed by the action of the elements. Their influence is ever at work, slowly and imperceptibly, or sudden and violent. The posts rot away in five or six years even in dry countries, unless preserved by impregnated creasote oil or other preservative. The wires rust in the open air, especially along railways and in cities, where steam and acid vapours corrode them rapidly. In some situations a wire will rust through in a few years; in others it will last for forty years. Lines along the sea-coast preserve well; but lines in the warm, humid tropics decay very quickly. Gales of wind often level dozens of poles at one swoop; and the tangle of wires falling across railways has been known to throw a train off the rails. During some of the severe sleet-storms of the northern United States and Canada, the wires and poles, burdened by the frozen sleet and strained by the blast, have given way over the whole track of the storm, and rendered it necessary to re-erect nearly two hundred miles of line. A mishap which is often brought about by high winds, in the forest tracts of America, but which also results from forest fires and natural decay, is the falling of trees across the wire, which either breaks it or levels the poles to the ground. Generally however, there is a track fifty feet wide cleared of trees and brush, for the line to run through, and the wire is loosely hung in the insulator so that it will yield to a falling tree and not break. In Brazil this track requires to be eighty feet wide and constantly lopped clear. When we consider the enormous amount of labour involved in this clearing on each side of tropical lines, together with the proposal recently made, to carry a land-line through Central Africa from Khartoum to the Cape Colonies, we may well shrink from the danger and expense of the undertaking.

We come now to the last and the least understood source of trouble to land telegraph lines, 'lightning' and 'earth currents,' those rushes of electricity in the air above or the earth beneath us. Until recent times a single lightning flash would destroy hundreds of telegraph-poles in this country; but now every pole is protected by a lightning-rod, which conveys the dangerous fluid to the ground. In America, however, where they do not uniformly protect their poles in this way, great numbers are still shivered in pieces by the discharge. In India, lately, on a line near Calcutta on which lightning-rods are not fixed to every post, some twenty posts were destroyed, and the solid porcelain insulators were shattered by the flash in passing from the wires to the posts, thus overcoming a resistance

equivalent to several million miles of telegraph-wire. 'Earth-currents,' as they are technically termed, are always traversing telegraph-wires in greater or lesser strength, but they are usually so feeble as not to interfere with the working of the telegraph instruments. They are sometimes caused by thunder-clouds in the atmosphere, and sometimes by some unknown cosmical influence. They frequently precede or accompany earthquakes, the aurora borealis, or disturbances of the earth's magnetism. On the evening prior to the Indian earthquake of December 14, 1872, the earth-currents were so powerful on some European lines as to stop all telegraphing for several hours. The Egyptian earthquake of January 12, 1873, was preceded for some days by strong earth-currents on the Valentia to London line. This earthquake was accompanied by an eruption of the Skaptar Jökul volcano in Iceland.

As the barometer foretells the approach of the storm, so does the galvanometer herald the aurora borealis. This telegraph instrument, which we have described in former articles, predicts magnetic storms and auroras by the earth-currents traversing the wires. Sometimes these currents are as strong as the current from a battery of two thousand Daniell-cells; and when we take into account the fact that only some twenty or thirty cells are necessary to work the instrument on an ordinary line, we can form an idea of the power of these usurping interlopers. They are rarely steady during an auroral display, but are perpetually changing in strength and sign every minute or two, in accordance it is believed with the fluctuations of the auroral streamers. During the great aurora of 4th February 1872, which was visible all over the northern hemisphere, the telegraph lines in every part of the world, cables and land-lines, were possessed by currents so powerful as to overcome all instrument work and interrupt the message traffic for hours. On the French Atlantic cable, sunk as it was at the bottom of the ocean, earth-currents were flowing all night equivalent to the current from ninety Daniell-cells. At Toronto the telegraph instruments for a long time were enveloped in a blaze of light, and sparks could be drawn from any part of the circuit. Most of the English lines stopped working from 4 P.M. 4th February, to 2 A.M. next morning.

These earth-currents, even when they are comparatively weak, play strange freaks with the telegraph instrument. Signals made by no human hands, are motioned; bells are rung; and inflammable material is ignited by their mysterious agency. When very powerful, as for instance during thunder-storms and auroras, they destroy the magnetism of the instruments, or fuse the metal-work, and sometimes set fire to the office. It is not uncommon for the spark caused by an earth-current to set fire to the cotton tape of the connecting wires within the office, and from this beginning the fire spreads.

The saddest mishaps of all which attend these intense earth-currents are the injuries to life and limb which sometimes take place, especially in America. Thunder-storms are often very violent there, and it is the custom to cut the instrument out of the line circuit on the approach of a storm, at the same time keeping the lightning-protectors on the line. These precautions are not always

taken in time however, and sometimes an operator gets a thumb or finger burned off by a great spark from his signalling-key, or is blinded and deafened by the shock. Every now and again one hears of operators being killed outright by the induced lightning-stroke proceeding from their apparatus; and perhaps the most melancholy of these was the case of Miss Lizzie Clapper, a young lady operator of Readville, United States, who, during a thunder-storm, was sitting at the window too near her apparatus, when the lightning leaped from the instrument to her neck, a distance of about a foot, and killed her instantaneously—a painless yet a dreadful death. Thus we see that the subtle fluid, to which we give the name of electricity, is an agent which, while it has been rendered subservient to man's convenience and even to his safety, is, when uncontrolled, fraught with terribly disastrous consequences.

CURIOUS HABITS OF AMERICAN ANTS.

THE Rev. H. C. M'Cook, an American entomologist, has made a series of observations on the social and domestic economy of various species of American ants. His enthusiasm in behalf of his industrious friends is so great that he actually pitched his tent in the midst of the huge mounds of certain species in one of the western states, and had to engage a small army of three men to drive off the attacks of the indignant insects while he was studying the interior arrangements of their elaborately constructed houses.

The agricultural ant—and the remark applies to all other ants of which Mr M'Cook has knowledge—is one of the neatest of creatures in its personal habits. He thinks he never saw one of his imprisoned harvesters in an untidy condition. They issue from their burrows after the most active digging, even when the earth is damp, without being perceptibly soiled. Such minute particles of dirt as cling to the body are carefully removed. Indeed the whole body is frequently and thoroughly cleansed, a duty which is habitually attended to after eating and after sleep. In this process the ants assist one another, which makes the general 'washing-up' an exceedingly curious sight to witness. In order to observe their habits closely and at his leisure, Mr M'Cook took home with him a collection of what are termed agricultural ants; and the observations he made with regard to their 'toilet habits,' as he calls them, are exceedingly curious and interesting.

In the evening, when the lamp on Mr M'Cook's table was lit, he had leisure to watch his insect friends in the act of cleansing each other, the operation being conducted as follows: The ant to whom the friendly office is being administered—the cleansed, she may be called—is leaning over upon one side as the observation begins. The cleanser—as we may name the other party—is in the act of lifting the foreleg, which is licked, then the prothorax, then the head, after which the cleanser leaves the cleansed to operate upon herself. This process may be seen throughout the entire group of assembled ants. Take another couple; the cleanser has begun at the face, which is licked thoroughly, even the mandibles or jaws being cared for, they being held

apart, for convenient manipulation. From the face the cleanser passes to the thorax or middle part of the body, thence to the haunch, and so in the same manner along the first, second, and third legs, next around to the abdomen, and thence up the other side of the ant to the head. A third ant may approach and join in the friendly task, but soon abandons the field to the original cleanser. The attitude of the cleansed all the time is one of intense satisfaction, quite resembling that of puss when one is scratching the back of her head. The insect stretches out her limbs, and as her friend takes them successively in hand, yields them limp and supple to her manipulation; she rolls gently over upon her side, even quite over upon her back, and with all her limbs relaxed, presents a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease. The pleasure which the creatures take in being thus 'combed' and 'sponged' is, we can readily believe, really enjoyable to the observer. Mr M'Cook had seen an ant kneel down before another, thrust forward the head, drooping, quite under the face, and remain there motionless; thus expressing as plainly as sign-language could, her desire to be cleansed. The supplicated ant quite understood the gesture, for she at once went to work. If analogies in nature-studies were not so apt to be misleading, one might venture to suggest that our insect friends are thus in possession of a modified sort of emmetonian Turkish bath.

The acrobatic skill of the ants, which had often furnished Mr M'Cook amusement, was fully shewn one morning in these offices of ablution. The box containing an ant's nest was taken from his study, where the air had become chilled, and placed in an adjoining room upon the hearth, before an open grate fire. The genial warmth was soon diffused throughout the nest, and aroused the occupants to unusual activity. A tuft of grass in the centre of the box was presently covered with them. They climbed to the very top of the blades, turned around and around, hanging by their paws, not unlike gymnasts performing upon a turning-bar. They hung or clung in various positions, grasping the grass blade with the second and third pairs of legs, which were spread out at length, cleaning their heads with their fore-legs, or bending underneath to comb and lick the abdomen. Among these ants were several pairs, in one case a triplet, engaged in the cleansing operation above described. The cleanser clung to the grass, while the cleansed hung in a like position below, and reached over and up, submitting herself to the pleasant process. As the progress of the act required a change of posture on the part of both insects, it was made with the utmost agility.

The ants engaged in cleaning their own bodies have various modes of operating, all very curious, but which space prevents us from detailing.

Mr M'Cook made a series of experiments upon two species of ants, as to the mode of recognising each other, and distinguishing fellow formicarians from congeners of alien nests. It seems there is a kind of ant very common in many American towns popularly known as 'Pavement ants.' Early in the spring, he tells us, as soon as the season has gathered a comfortable degree of warmth, the insects are seen issuing from the gravel or soil of garden-walks, or from the earthen

seam that binds together the bricks of the pavement. The chief characteristic of these ants, not unlike their fellow-creatures of the genus *homo*, is their martial instinct. Hundreds, even thousands of them may often be seen waging battle with great ferocity and persistence. One battle, Mr M'Cook tells us, which was waged close by the wall, within the inclosure of a church in Philadelphia, was prolonged for a period of two weeks and several days. At least the same spot, during that period, whenever observed shewed always the same phenomenon of a battle-field, the combatants of which were apparently the same. Two points have arisen concerning these Amazonian emmets—for they are veritable Amazons, the warriors being composed wholly of workers or neuters, which are undeveloped females.

First, why do they fight at all? They are of one species, apparently of one formicary or nest. Their very first act, according to Mr M'Cook, upon issuing from winter-quarters, is to engage in this war, which is often well-nigh a war of extermination on both sides. Frequently throughout the season, these hostilities are renewed. If the individuals be of one formicary, Mr M'Cook suggests that this is Nature's mode of either distributing the species from the home-centre, by causing the worsted party to emigrate; or, if the combatants be of separate, adjoining communities, a process by which the surplus population is reduced and kept within bounds, much to the future comfort of the survivors, and more to the satisfaction of man. This, of course, is only conjecture.

A second question, even more interesting and more perplexing, Mr M'Cook asks, and tries to answer—namely: How do the combatants recognise friend from foe? They are all alike, indeed even more alike 'than peas in a pod,' as the proverb goes. Take a group of combatants into the hand, put them under a magnifier, and the most careful observer will not note the slightest difference between the individuals of the two factions. Yet do they infallibly distinguish between the parties, recognising at once members of their own formicary, and with equal certainty those of the enemy. While watching an ant-battle, according to Mr M'Cook, individuals will frequently be observed running to and fro, challenging, by certain movements of their antennæ, all whom they meet. As one ant meets another, these organs touch and embrace the face; if the parties be friends, they pass on; if foes, they straightway interlock mandibles and 'fall to.' Here we will see many scores of ants struggling together in a heap that is chaos to mortal eyes, but which seems to the tiny combatants to present no difficulties in the way of recognition. Smaller groups are scattered over the battle-field, often aggregated as follows: two individuals in combat are joined by a third, who applies her antennæ, distinguishes the enemy, and falls upon her. A fourth, fifth, many other ants, will sometimes be found massed upon one poor warrior, who is literally being torn limb from limb. Other groups are composed of several members of one faction and many of another.

It occurred to Mr M'Cook that this recognition was based upon a certain odour which in different degrees of intensity is emitted by the respective factions; or, which seems less likely, upon the presence in the individuals of two

distinct odours. This degree of odour, or difference in odours, he supposed might be dependent upon some temporary difference in the physical condition, age, or environment of the antagonists. Supposing that there were any basis of truth in this theory, it further occurred to him that the presence of an artificial and alien perfume of sufficient strength to neutralise the distinctive animal odours, or degrees of odour, and surround the combatants with a foreign and common odour, would have the tendency to confuse the ants and disturb or destroy their power of recognition. In which case he conjectured that the result might be their pacification and reconciliation. He therefore made the following experiments.

First, he collected a number of combatants from a battle which was being fought upon a flower-border, close to a fence, at his residence, and placed them together in a glass jar upon some soil. He shook the jar vigorously several times, so that, if possible, the mechanical agitation might separate the combatants. The ants emerged from the soil and continued the fight. When the surface of the earth was well covered with them, and the battle was again at its height, Mr M'Cook introduced into the jar a pellet of paper saturated with eau de Cologne. The effect was instantaneous. The ants shewed no signs of pain, displeasure, or intoxication; indeed, some ran freely over the paper. In a very few seconds the warriors had unclasped mandibles, released their hold of enemies' legs, antennæ, and bodies, and after a momentary confusion, began to burrow galleries in the earth with the utmost harmony. On the part of some there was the appearance of their escaping from the artificial odour; but there was no renewal of battle. The quondam foes dwelt together for several days in absolute unity and fraternity, amicably feeding, burrowing, and building. Thus the perfume of Cologne proved an eminent pacificator of the contending emmets, and so far verified Mr M'Cook's theory.

A second experiment was tried in another glass jar, with a like result. There was one exception; two ants continuing to fight after the perfume was introduced. After closer examination, Mr M'Cook found that one of them was nearly dead, and was holding fast an antenna of her enemy with a death-grip, from which escape was impossible. Three days after this he decanted the contents of this jar, ants and soil, into jar No. 1, and the two parties fraternised completely.

A third experiment was made. A large number of the warring ants had been lifted into a box, partly filled with soil, which communicated by a glass tube with a smaller box. The larger box was about ten inches long, and eight inches in depth and width; both boxes had sliding glass covers. The original purpose was to observe the battle at leisure, determine how long the creatures would fight, and also if eventually the parties might not separate, and the defeated retreat to the smaller box. However, Mr M'Cook concluded to follow up the above observations, and abandoning his original purpose, introduced Cologne as before into that end of the box in which the combatants were principally engaged. The same effect followed. In less than two minutes every sign of hostility had ceased, except in the case of two pairs in that end of the box, and of one small group and two single combatants in the opposite end. The two

pairs proved to be in conditions similar to the exception above noted, and a small pellet of perfumed paper dropped in the opposite end of the box dispersed the warriors there. Previous to this, occasional stragglers had passed along the connecting tube into the smaller box. Most of them seemed to be of one faction, only one of the opposition having entered, upon whom six or eight ants were expending their wrath. This was the only remaining centre of strife when Mr M'Cook replaced ants and earth upon their native territory. The battle was continuing there, between greatly diminished numbers of course, after the removal of the large battalions into the box; but the application of a feather dipped in eau de Cologne to the neighbourhood of the warriors caused the instant cessation of strife.

Mr M'Cook next directed attention to the large Pennsylvania Carpenter ant, and made a series of experiments of the same nature as the above. In his study he had an artificial formicary of these insects, which had been sent to him from the Alleghany Mountains. The ants had been taken from a branch of an oak-tree in mid-winter, and were sent frozen up within a section of the formicary. This section was about one foot in length and seven inches in diameter. The most of the ants were removed from the nest and placed in a glass bottle, to all appearance quite dead. On entering his study the following morning, Mr M'Cook was surprised to find that the ants had revived in the heat of the room, had cut a clean tubular hole through the cork, and were crawling over the lips and sides of the bottle, just ready for an emigration. They were deposited in a large glass jar, and were the subject of various experiments, until the death of the queen, eight months thereafter. Among these were the following, by way of testing the theory above stated concerning the recognition of alien ants. First, Mr M'Cook placed in the formicary, which at the time consisted of a piece of the original branch-nest planted upon several inches of soil, some individuals of the same species taken from trees in Philadelphia. These were instantly attacked, and were beheaded, that being the favourite mode of dealing with aliens among these Pennsylvania carpenter ants. Individuals—still alien, but of the same species—were then thoroughly covered with the perfume of eau de Cologne and put into the formicary. They too suffered decapitation. Individuals were then taken from members of the formicary, subjected to the Cologne fumigation, and restored to the nest. They were welcomed home unharmed. The whole formicary was then strongly perfumed by means of cotton pellets soaked in the perfume, and alien ants of the same species, which had been treated in the same way, were put into the midst of their mountain congeners. The result which had followed in the previous experiments appeared once more. The intruders were not attacked with quite the same promptness; but in the end they were brought to the mandibular guillotine, and their carcasses deposited in, or rather on, the cemetery which these insects are nearly always sure to establish when there are numerous deaths among them or on their premises.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 811.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE TWO CROSSES OF HONOUR.

AMONGST the Orders and Crosses bestowed as symbols of merit, the Legion of Honour and the Victoria Cross hold the foremost place, and their true nature is worthy of being popularly known. The Legion is not quite so exclusive an Order as the Victoria Cross; for it is not confined to deeds of valour, but is bestowed upon all, soldiers, sailors, and civilians alike, for all kinds of service to the state—military, naval, political, or scientific. It is much respected by the French people, who eagerly and persistently seek for the honours which the wearing of the 'red ribbon' confers on its possessor. The Legion of Honour was founded in 1802 by Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul, for the express purpose of rewarding all civil and military merit; and it superseded all the monarchical orders, which had been abolished by the Revolution. Napoleon intended at first that the Legion should have a white ribbon as the emblem of purity; but this being the colour of the Bourbons, red was chosen instead, although this was already worn by the Knights of St Louis.

The Order acquired great lustre during the reign of Napoleon I.; for at the period of his captivity and final exile, six thousand Frenchmen had acquired it, and out of this large number five thousand had received the distinction for bravery on the field of battle, the honour being enhanced in many cases by the fact that the great Emperor often conferred the insignia with his own hand on the spot, immediately after the deed was done which had earned the honour; at times even taking the golden cross from his own breast to place it on that of a common soldier. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the old monarchical Orders were revived; but the Legion of Honour had so entirely supplanted them in the affection of the people at large, that it was deemed prudent to continue it as the chief national reward for services rendered to the state. In such esteem was it held at this period that sentries were obliged to present arms to all bearers of the celebrated red ribbon; and

this compliment was paid to the members of the Legion up to the year 1824, when the number of 'legionaries' having increased to twenty-eight thousand, it was found that the work of saluting was growing very onerous for the sentries—that in fact there was too much 'saluting' going on—and the somewhat absurd system was suddenly discontinued.

Louis-Philippe, the 'Citizen' king, abolished the old Orders, and retained only the Legion, and this he distributed so indiscriminately as to raise the number of members in a very short time to more than fifty thousand. After his flight from Paris, the Order was suppressed by the Republican government; but was revived by Napoleon III., under whose régime it became the vehicle for bribery and corruption of the most flagrant kind. Though endowed with a new set of rules, ostensibly to purify it, the Legion was used to decorate men of the most questionable character; and any political service rendered to the Emperor or his ministers was, apart from its nature, almost certain to be rewarded by the bestowal of the famous red ribbon. It was never more fairly bestowed however, than when it graced the breasts of the bronzed heroes of the Crimean War; and so long as the Order was kept for purely military purposes, its value and character were beyond question. The French greatly esteem it, as shewn by the fact that the late President of the Republic, M. Thiers, who during his term of office never wore any uniform whatever, always bore in the button-hole of his plain frock-coat the red ribbon of the Legion—the only Order which he chose to wear from among many others in his possession. It is now the highest honour which it is in the power of the President and his ministers to bestow; and its value is enhanced by the fact that every member of the Order is entitled to appear at court ceremonies, and at his death to have military honours paid to his remains. It is eagerly sought after by all Frenchmen, and when obtained, is proudly and ostentatiously worn.

The majority of the members are Chevaliers or Knights; and next above them in rank come the

Officers, the Commanders, then the Grand Officers, and highest of all, the Grand Crosses. Civilians on whom the Order is conferred have to pay certain fees for the privilege; but in the case of soldiers or sailors it carries with it a pension, varying between ten pounds for Knights, and two hundred pounds for Grand Crosses. The Knight's insignia of the famous Order are a red ribbon at the button-hole when in plain clothes, and a silver-mounted enamelled cross when in uniform. The Officer has a red rosette when out of, and a gold-mounted enamelled cross when in, uniform; the rosette being worn also by all the members of the superior grades when in morning-dress. In evening-dress or uniform, the Commanders wear a red collar with a cross pendent; the Officers a star on the left breast in addition to the collar; and the Grand Crosses a larger star, and a broad red ribbon or sash across the breast.

Officers of the army or navy receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour by right after twenty years' good service; but the private soldier or sailor is compelled to win it by distinguished conduct in the field, and often deserves it over and over again before he succeeds in obtaining the much-coveted honour. Civil servants, prefects, procurators, &c. also get the Order after a certain term of service as such; but authors, artists, poets, inventors, engineers, and others have to knock long and loudly at the official door before their claim to the decoration is allowed. None but persons of irreproachable character—that is, those who have never stood as criminals at the bar of a court of justice—are admitted to the companionship of the Legion; and it is therefore looked upon everywhere and by everybody in France as a certificate of or testimonial to honesty and merit.

It is stated that the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition having been intrusted by the government with the bestowal, upon persons who had rendered services in connection with the great International Show, of three hundred Crosses of the Legion of Honour, no less than twenty-two thousand applications for the honour were received! Certainly, the Order could not be better bestowed than in rewarding those who have fought in the great battle of the Arts and Sciences, and thus done their utmost to promote peace and good-fellowship among the nations. But it is somewhat strange that the great Cross which was the guiding star that led Napoleon's famous troops to so many victories, should have developed into a prize-medal for successful traders or a guerdon for political adventurers. There, certainly, is a decline, which if not stopped, will work its own cure, by rendering the decoration valueless.

At Austerlitz, Napoleon bestowed the Cross from his own breast on a grenadier of the Imperial Guard who had saved the Emperor's life when he was fired at by a Russian sergeant of the line. The veteran dashed out of the ranks—in itself an offence against discipline which on ordinary occasions neither Napoleon nor Wellington would forgive—and with his musket struck up that of the Russian, whose shot was thus diverted from its object, only however, to find another victim in the shape of one of the Emperor's snite. The old grenadier then despatched his enemy, and gallantly and successfully defended himself against a horseman and two other infantrymen who sought

to avenge their comrade. Napoleon was a witness of the faithful Guardsman's act; and riding up to him as the latter rejoined his company, he detached from his own breast the golden Cross which glittered there, and pinned it upon that of the veteran. Shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' rang through the air from the ranks of the Old Guard, every member of which accepted the decoration of their comrade as a compliment paid to the regiment itself.

So much for the great French Cross. And now we will briefly recount the story of one which is as dear to the hearts of Englishmen—though in a quieter way—as the Legion of Honour is to our neighbours across the Channel—namely the Victoria Cross. This is a purely military and naval distinction, and is only conferred for gallant conduct in the field or in action at sea. Englishmen as a rule do not care much for Orders and Crosses, and the few which are in the gift of the sovereign as the fountain of all honour—namely the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, the St Michael and St George, and the Star of India—are generally reserved for persons of high rank in the social or official scale who have rendered great services to the state in various capacities. Perhaps the nearest approach to the Legion of Honour on this side of the Channel is the Order of the Bath, which is conferred upon all classes as a general distinction, and for long and zealous service in the cause of the state or in any particular profession.

The Victoria Cross was founded in the year 1855, the period of the Crimean War, and was instituted as a special military and naval distinction for distinguished conduct in the field. It consists of a plain unpretentious piece of bronze-metal in the shape of a Maltese Cross, and is manufactured from guns which have been taken from the enemy. On the front of it is the figure of a lion above a scroll, which bears the simple and appropriate motto—'For Valour;' and on the reverse are inscribed the name of the recipient and the date of the deed of bravery for which it has been conferred. On the top of the cross is a crown and the initial letter V, through which passes the ribbon by which it is suspended. The Cross is conferred on all ranks alike in the army and navy, and when worn, is distinguished by a red ribbon for the army, and a blue one for the navy. It also carries with it a pension, varying from ten pounds for a private to one hundred pounds for an officer. Apart from this, there is no distinction whatever; and its bestowal on a drummer or private as well as on an officer is duly announced in the Gazette, accompanied by a full recital of the brave deed which has won it, and giving its possessor the right, if he chooses to exercise it, of placing the letters V. C. after his name. In the case of officers, this last-named privilege is taken full advantage of; but the privates or drummers have never, as far as we are aware, attached these honourable initials to their names. Perhaps this is because their superior officers have never encouraged them to do so, and the modest fellows—for the truly brave are ever modest—have never had the moral courage to assert their right in this respect.

The Victoria Cross is very sparingly bestowed, and its value is enhanced by the fact that it can only be obtained by a genuine act of bravery

performed in the presence of others and certified by the hero's commanding officer. The recommendation is then forwarded through the general commandin_g to the Secretary-at-War, who in his turn submits it to the Queen. Though conferred on officers as well as the rank and file, it is essentially a soldier's distinction; and the majority of the members of this most honourable of all military Orders consists of non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates. It reflects great honour on the drummers of the British army that so many of their comrades have gained the Victoria Cross; the records of the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, and other later wars containing splendid deeds of bravery and devotion performed by the holders of this once despised rank. This is the more to be admired, as the bugler or drummer has very few chances of distinguishing himself; but when an opportunity does occur he is never remiss. It was a drummer who helped to fasten the powder-bags on the gates of Delhi, the destruction of which resulted in the capture of the mutinous city of the Great Moguls in 1857. The act was performed amid a perfect shower of shot and shell, and was rewarded—some months afterwards—with the Victoria Cross. It was also a drummer who, while acting as field-bugler to Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian War, left the general's side, and dashed first into the stronghold of the tyrant Theodore.

Perhaps the most daring deed that ever won old England's Legion of Honour was that which was successfully performed by Kavanagh during the Indian Mutiny. Lucknow was besieged, and its garrison was starving. Besides the little band of devoted men, there were also women and children croped up in the Residency, at the mercy of some fifty or sixty thousand savage and relentless foes. Daily, nay hourly, the little garrison was growing weaker and weaker, and nearer and nearer were pressing the dusky sepoy, until it became a matter of life and death to the heroic few that Sir Colin Campbell, who was known to be advancing to their relief, should be at once informed of their real state and their utter inability to hold out much longer. A volunteer was called for, a man who would consent to be disguised as a sepoy, and who would risk his life among the mutineers, in order to make the best of his way to the advancing army. The call was immediately responded to—as it generally is by Britons in the moment of supreme danger—and two or three men expressed their willingness to undertake the task.

From these brave volunteers, an Irishman named Kavanagh was chosen, who, to his other various qualifications, added a knowledge of the enemy's customs and a thorough acquaintance with their language. The Commandant shook the brave man by the hand, and frankly informed him of the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken; how it was more than probable that he might meet his death in the attempt. But the gallant fellow persisted; and his skin was at once coloured by means of burnt cork and other materials to the necessary hue. He was then dressed in the regular outfit of a sepoy soldier. When night set in, he started on his lonely and perilous mission, amid the hearty 'God-speeds' of the famishing garrison. In his breast he carried despatches for Sir Colin Campbell, with the con-

tents of which he had been made acquainted, in case of their loss.

We have not the space at our command to give all the particulars of his remarkable journey. He succeeded however, after many narrow escapes and great hardships—during which he often had to pass night after night in the detested enemy's camp, and to march shoulder to shoulder with them in the daytime; and when he left them, to swim across rivers, or to crawl through the tangled thickets where the deadly tiger asserts his sway—in reaching Sir Colin Campbell's camp; where, to finish his stirring adventures, he was fired at and nearly shot by the British outposts. Kavanagh's narrative was listened to with rapt attention by Sir Colin, who immediately gave orders for the army to advance as quickly as possible to the aid of the gallant defenders of the Residency. How the latter were rescued is a matter of history. Kavanagh lived long enough to wear his Cross, though he lost his life shortly afterwards in battle with the same enemy; but the noble example he left behind him was not lost on the brave hearts who eventually saved India for England.

In concluding our article, we wish to give expression to the feeling of satisfaction with which we, in common we believe with all Englishmen, have heard that the Queen has bestowed upon certain officers and men England's Cross of Honour; amongst other deserving officers and men, to Lieutenants—now Majors—Chard and Bromhead, of South African fame. Their noble deed—how, with about a hundred men, they covered the retreat of an army, and saved a whole colony from ruin and devastation—is fresh in the public mind, and needs no recapitulation. It will ever live in history as an exploit *unique* in military annals, and will shed a bright light over a period of dread and unparalleled disaster.

Such then is the story of these two famous Crosses; but whole volumes could be filled with the glorious deeds of those whose breasts have borne or are now bearing the honourable insignia. Though somewhat dissimilar in the manner in which they are now conferred, yet both carry out the intentions of their founders by keeping alive within the hearts of the people that spirit of chivalry and honour which is the real strength of a nation.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—COME TO HAUNT ME.

'Push, men, with a will! All together, now. And you, Barker, lock the wheels of that van, to stop its slipping down as fast as we get it up. One more try at it, and the thing is done.' It was Hugh who spoke, and he was just then busily engaged in superintending the removal—technically called shunting—into a siding of a number of empty cattle-vans and horse-boxes with which, in anticipation of Bullbury horse-fair, the wisdom of the goods-manager had encumbered the small station of Hollow Oak. There was very little accommodation there in the shape of sidings unoccupied; and since it was necessary to clear the rails on the 'down' side, this superfluous rolling-

stock was, by Hugh's orders, forced up the steep incline of the only available siding, and the brakes put hard on.

'That's very dangerous, Edmunds,' remarked Hugh, as the empty vans were at length disposed of.

'It is, sir,' replied the shrewd head-porter. 'No siding ought to be so steep; and a trifle would bring the whole lot of wagons down again, just, mayhap, as a train was passing. But we haven't time to think of that now. My lord's going up to London by the 12.17 to-day. Word's been brought from the Hall.'

Hugh reddened, and then looked very stern and cold. 'What will Lord Penrith require?' he said, not in his usual pleasant voice. 'There is sure to be room in the train. I suppose he has only one carriage, so you can get a truck in readiness to convey that one.' And then he walked away, leaving Edmunds, who had been used to see the lord of Alfringham received with almost royal honours, sorely puzzled.

In due course Lord Penrith's carriage came down the road that led to Alfringham, and drew up at the station door amidst much lifting of caps and touching of hats. Within it were the old lord, propped up with cushions; his sister Mrs Stanhope, and his niece.

'Train not in?' said Lord Penrith querulously. 'Then I'll go into the waiting-room. I won't stay here, to be chilled to the marrow. I will go into the waiting-room, while you attend to the carriage.'

The train, technically known as the 12.17 on the 'up' line, was not very punctual that day. The hands of the clock crawled on around the dial-plate. It was 12.30, then 12.40, and still no train. The subordinates at the station looked out impatiently for a distant puff of white smoke, listened eagerly for the sound of a steam-whistle. The train 12.17 was provokingly behind time, and with 'my lord' waiting for it.

'Most shameful misconduct! Where is the station-master?' demanded Lord Penrith. Edmunds replied diplomatically, that the station-master was at that moment busy. He did not comprehend Hugh's conduct in keeping aloof, any more than did the noble master of Alfringham, who, like many another magnate, was accustomed to be treated with deference by all with whom he came in contact. How could Edmunds guess that, as the party from the Hall alighted, Hugh had got one glimpse of Maud's unforgotten beauty, and had then withdrawn beyond reach of recognition? He had his own reasons for not desiring to be presented to Mrs Stanhope and Lord Penrith as the fisherman who had saved Maud's life, at the risk of his own, when the pleasure-boat was lost on Bala Lake.

Presently—it was a good while first—the train that should have been there at 12.17 hove in sight. 'Yes; we're a goodish bit overtime—rails were slippery, and clogged in places with the snow,' said the guard, leaping from his van. 'But now we'll catch up lost time. Won't we, Jem?' Part of which confident speech was addressed to Hugh as station-master, and part to the engine-driver.

'We'll try, anyhow,' said that grimy and resolute person, as he stamped his feet on the footboard to warm them.

'You had better be quick then about that carriage. Surely the express is not far behind you?' said Hugh.

'Never you fear, Commodore,' returned the guard with a grin, as he bustled towards where Lord Penrith's carriage was being wheeled upon a truck; 'I'm too old a railway bird to be caught napping. Express hadn't been telegraphed when we passed Stedham,' he added jubilantly. 'Expect it's the state of the rails.'

Hugh, less confident, glanced towards the signal-box; but no warning sign from the semaphore told of the approach of the express, which passed Hollow Oak without stopping. Meanwhile Lord Penrith, by the exertions of his valet and footman, had been placed securely in a corner of a first-class carriage, amidst pillows, cushions, and all the paraphernalia with which a wealthy invalid sets off on a journey. Maud and her mother had also taken their seats. The doors were closed.

'Go ahead, Jem!' called out the cheery guard, when at that moment Hugh, looking over his shoulder, saw the danger-signal, all too late, hoisted at the entrance of the deep cutting, and saw the swift express, unannounced, come thundering along the rails at a speed that nothing could resist.

There had been negligence somewhere—that was certain; there always is when a railway accident occurs; and it is invariably a task from which Minos would have shrunk to apportion the blame so as to make censure and punishment fall on those who really deserve it. Station-masters and signalmen, telegraph clerks, guards, and drivers, had very likely each and all contributed their quota of blundering or indolence to the misconduct that threatened to end tragically enough. But the danger was so near and so dreadful that the thought of it swallowed up all other thoughts. Others besides Hugh Ashton saw the swift express come rushing through the gorge between the deep banks of the cutting, a torrent of wood and iron on its headlong way. There was a cry of horror, another, and then a loud shout, and an uplifting of arms; and Edmunds, with more presence of mind than the rest, snatched up a red flag, and waved it, to attract the attention of the driver of the coming train.

Alas! it was all too late. This was no case for puny remedies, such as shouts and gesticulation and the waving of flags. A train going at such furious speed as the express cannot be stopped like a horse flung back upon his haunches by the pressure of a powerful bit, in a moment. Those in charge of the express train had taken the alarm; but it was little that they could do. The driver had tried to reverse his engine. The guards were not idle. The spectators on the platform could hear the harsh rasping sound of the brakes, as, with a sort of stony-eyed horror akin to the dread fascination with which some fluttering bird gazes on the cold, gleaming eyes of the rattlesnake, they watched the onward rush of the rapid train.

There was no hope that the tardy train of 12.17, hardly in motion, and gliding with a scarcely perceptible movement along the platform, should avoid a fatal collision with the swift pursuer now so near. No hope save in the courage and the readiness of one man—and that man Hugh

Ashton. The presence of mind which he had shewn many a time in the face of danger, stood him in good stead now. Hardly had he seen the coming peril before the only means of averting it flashed, like a heaven-sent thought, upon his mind. Those wagons and vans in the steep siding—mere lumber an hour ago—now afforded the only available means of averting the catastrophe that was so imminent. Without an instant's hesitation he dashed across the line, undid the brakes of the foremost waggons, and with desperate strength set the whole array of horse-boxes and cattle-vans in motion. Down they came with a rattle and clang that was heard even above the thunder of the advancing express, and with the impetus of the descent added to their own weight, rushed clear across the lines, blocking the railway from bank to bank. It was all that Hugh could do to escape from being crushed beneath their weight as they brushed him by; but the deed was done, and a score of empty wagons and horse-boxes were interposed between the two passenger trains.

Then came the crash! No earthly power could have prevented the express from running into the empty rolling-stock in its path, with a rending and a splintering of iron and wood, and a cloud of dust and fragments, and from tearing its way through the impediment with a force that brought the wreck of the cattle-vans into sharp collision with the ordinary train ahead. But the violence of the first blow had been spent, happily, on horse-boxes and wagons, and the accident was not the terrible one that it had threatened to be. A carriage or two of the 12.17 train were wrecked utterly; all had panels and windows the worse; but of the passengers and railway servants there not a life, thanks to Hugh's boldness and forethought, was lost. There were bruises and contusions in plenty; some bones may have been broken; but such injuries passed almost unheeded in the general joy and thankfulness. Not a life lost! Thank God for that! And forget not the brave man who risked his own to save others!

What a cheer it was that greeted Hugh Ashton when, breathless and bareheaded, he made his way back to the opposite side of the line, where already a crowd, such a crowd as the village could supply, was gathering to lend help to the passengers in the broken train. There were men who asked it as a favour to be allowed to shake his hand. There were mothers who as they clasped their children to their hearts addressed him as the preserver of their own lives and the lives of their dear ones, and prayed God to bless him! But the passengers of the express were not fortunate enough to escape more serious accident, since the force of the collision, checked as it had been by the strenuous efforts of engineer and brakesmen, had still been sufficient to convert the two leading carriages into a shapeless mass of wreck, and two of their occupants were killed, and thrice as many maimed and wounded.

In the midst of this excitement, Edmunds came suddenly up and laid his hand on Hugh's sleeve. 'My lord's hurt, I'm afraid—Lord Penrith, you know, sir,' said the head-porter; and Hugh turned to see the old lord, supported by his servants, who were removing him from the carriage in which he had been seated. Beside him were Mrs Stanhope, who had fainted, but seemed uninjured;

and Maud, who, unhurt, was bending over her mother.

'Is Lord Penrith wounded?' asked Hugh, and at the sound of his voice Miss Stanhope started and looked up. Her eyes and those of the young man met. Maud was very pale; she grew paler still, and it seemed as though she would have fallen, had not Hugh Ashton passed his strong arm around her and held her up. 'My darling!' he exclaimed, reckless, in that moment, of all studied reticence, all worldly barriers that rank and fortune interpose between loving hearts. 'My darling Maud!'

And Maud looked up, a timid wonder in her beautiful eyes mingling with a truthful admiration that enhanced her loveliness. 'I was frightened,' she said, in a low voice. 'I did not know you were here. I always feel so safe when you are near me.'

Simple words these, and such as the terror and agony of the moment might excuse; but Maud for the moment neither resented Hugh's daring speech nor attempted to free herself from the clasp of the arm that supported her.

'Mr Ashton, our station-master, saved your lives, yes, of all of you, Miss, begging pardon for speaking so free,' said Edmunds, still under the influence of the exciting scene.

'Is it *your* praise that I hear on all sides? Must I thank you again for my life, that you saved before? It is so like you!' murmured Maud; and never had music been so sweet in Hugh's ears as the sound of that low voice; but in the next moment Miss Stanhope, blushing, extricated herself from his hold, and said to her mother, now recovered from her faintness, and who was kneeling at the old lord's side: 'I fear he is very ill, my poor uncle—he has not spoken since the shock. A doctor!'

At this instant Lord Penrith, who had seemed insensible, opened his eyes, and moaned feebly, looking first at his sister, and then at Maud, with evident recognition.

'What is it? Ah! I remember. Yes, I am hurt,' muttered the old man; and then his restless eyes met those of Hugh, who was bending over him. Instantly Lord Penrith's pallid face assumed a look of horror and dismay. 'Go, go!' he said, shuddering. 'Why has he come here, to haunt me at the last!' And then his eyes closed, and Mrs Stanhope shrieked, for she thought him dead.

'He is not dead, but severely hurt, I fear,' was Dr Bland's verdict, when, five minutes later, he arrived at the station. 'It will be better to send his lordship up to Alfringham at once, whilst I look after some of the other wounded passengers who are sadly in need of aid. And I should advise that medical assistance—the most eminent—be summoned by telegraph from London. Say, Mr Blades, my old principal, and of course Sir Joseph Double-fee, and my other leading man. No time, in such a case, should be lost.'

As Lord Penrith was placed in his carriage, which fortunately was not much the worse for the shock of the collision, for removal to his stately home, he spoke again, and twice, after he had reached Alfringham and been laid in his bed, surrounded by every care and luxury available to the ailing rich, he repeated, monotonously, the same words: 'Come to haunt me!'

'He must be wandering in his thoughts, from the effects of the blow. Poor Marmaduke!' said Miss Stanhope. And before night, the great London doctors, called down by telegraph, arrived at the bedside of their noble patient. But the medical town mice could but confirm the dictum of their colleague the country mouse.

'Severe internal injury,' said Sir Joseph and Mr Blades, M.R.C.S., but they said it very gravely; and they added that his lordship could not be in more careful hands than those of Dr Bland.

It was long that night ere Maud could compose herself to sleep, so vividly did she recall, with strangely mingled sensations of shame, and what was almost pleasure, Hugh's words and looks, and the pressure of his encircling arm, at Hollow Oak Station. Something had suddenly awakened in her feelings towards Hugh Ashton as yet unsuspected; and she felt, with a sort of half-terror, that all unconsciously to herself, her heart, from the very first must have been drawn, as by a resistless force, towards Hugh.

AMERICAN FOOD-SUPPLIES.

ONE of the conspicuous phenomena of the age is the inability of the British Islands to supply sufficient food for the teeming population, and the corresponding necessity for procuring supplies from abroad. The principles of free-trade have beneficently permitted all the needful importations. The world at large pours its superfluity into the United Kingdom. Food of every kind is cheap and abundant. There seems no end to the good that is done to buyers as well as to sellers. In the great competition for securing the trade of supply, a first place has been gained by the United States, which is only what might be expected from the boundless expanse of that country and the enterprise of its inhabitants.

At one period in its history our chief importation of food-material from the United States to this country was flour; at all events, flour was one of our earliest importations, as we read of large quantities of it being brought to England at the close of last century for the relief of people suffering from famine; and generally, throughout the 'dear years,' American bread-stuffs came into notice. It was not, however, till after the Atlantic had become a highway for the powerful steam-boats which now traverse it, that our grain-trade with America assumed its present dimensions; and now the Americans, while making flour for themselves and for all the world besides, have set up upwards of twenty-five thousand flour-mills, capable of turning out at present over fifty million barrels per annum.

In Ohio the annual wheat-crop averages twenty-two million bushels per annum. Last year the crop reached thirty million bushels, while in Texas four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land are devoted to the growth of wheat. Farming in America, and especially in California, has of late assumed proportions, and is carried on in a way totally different from anything known in Great Britain. Our old-world

farmers still do in most things as their fathers did before them; growing in particular a variety of crops on their farms, and doing by the aid of hired servants all the necessary work; ploughing, seeding, and reaping; stacking and thrashing their wheat; milking their cows and making their butter; sending what they prepare, as soon as it is prepared, to market. But in our farm across the Atlantic, business is managed in a different way. A speculative American farmer of the modern school considers it unnecessary to divide his allotment into fields on which to grow different kinds of grain. He puts all his eggs, so to speak, in one basket, and makes a big venture for the favours of Fortune by growing only one article, such as cattle, wheat, or Indian corn. In saying this, we are not of course including thousands of struggling agriculturists of the old school whose farms are dotted over the vast American continent; we are alluding to the new order of things promoted by the new men who have arisen; to the 'Corn Kings of California' and the 'Cattle Kings of Indiana,' men whose oxen are numbered by tens of thousands, and whose fields of wheat are measured in miles; likewise to the great dairy-farmers who turn out their makes of butter and cheese by tons.

An English or Scottish farmer would be astonished could he see a stretch of wheat extending for miles in length: a field in which a good day's work is for a team of oxen to make one furrow, and where ploughing on a gigantic system must be had recourse to. Such extensive fields are only to be found on our 'Farm across the Atlantic.' Stay-at-home farmers will be still more astonished perhaps to know, that in most instances the person speculating takes no trouble whatever about the preparation of his ground or about the sowing or reaping of the crop; nor does he interfere in any way whatever. He simply puts himself forward as a speculator in the matter, and is prepared to stand the 'hazard of the die.' His crop may be blighted, or it may bring him a fortune; but whatever may happen, the farming of the land gives him no personal trouble. He keeps no army of ploughmen, no stud of work-horses. He simply contracts with people who make it their business to provide the requisite labour for cultivation, and devote to it their own personal supervision; such persons are amply provided with the appropriate machinery, and the necessary army of labourers; they find the seed and sow it; they reap the harvest and thrash out the grain; they winnow the corn, pack it in sacks, and transport it to the place whence it is to be transported to the market at home or abroad.

Hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat or other grain are thus dealt with every year. A field of one thousand acres we shall say, will yield twenty thousand bushels; twenty bushels an acre being no uncommon yield in the wheat-fields of America. Thirty, forty, and even fifty bushels have been obtained with deep ploughing and a little

care in the manipulation of the seed. At a profit of one shilling per bushel, the wheat-field specified should yield a return of one thousand pounds sterling. In the state of Oregon splendid crops of fine wheat are annually obtained. Scratch the ground, drop in the seed, and lo! a crop will arise of from twelve to eighteen bushels per acre! Moreover, crop after crop may be taken from the same field, and yet after the expiry of four or five years, with a little rest and careful weeding, the land will still be responsive.

On the great speculative tracts of wheat grown in California and Oregon, the grain is not made up into sheaves, and as with us carted to the barn-yard and laboriously built into stacks, just to be again taken down; but is thrashed out on the field almost as it is reaped, placed in sacks, and then shipped for Liverpool and other English or Scottish ports, whence it is distributed over the length and breadth of Great Britain; and so our farm across the Atlantic is made to yield a large proportion of our daily bread. As an instance of what can be done in the United States, it may be mentioned that in the course of a recent harvest, while a wheat-field was being cut down, a portion of the grain was cut, thrashed, made into flour, baked into bread, and fired, in the course of a very few minutes; biscuits out of the same crop being distributed to the harvesters as they were at work!

The largest grain-farm in the United States is in all probability that of the Brothers Grandin, on the Red River of the North in Minnesota. It embraces over thirty-eight thousand acres, most of which is good wheat-land. One hundred horses and mules are already in use for cultivation, as well as seventy-five ploughs, fifty-five harrows, twenty-four self-reapers, and seven steam-thrashers. Elevators for loading the grain have been erected by the side of the river; and up to the present time fully seven thousand acres of land have been broken upon for cultivation. The same firm have a stock-farm of twenty-seven hundred acres. The wheat that is grown and the beef that is fed on this great farm all come to Europe. In the United States during the year 1878, it may be mentioned, that for the use of the American people and for the population of other countries, there were grown and harvested three hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat, and four hundred and five million bushels of oats, whilst of Indian corn there were grown in all one thousand three hundred and forty million bushels. Of the latter grain, countless acres are also sown for the feed of cattle and swine. In those seasons in which it is impossible for this cereal to be grown and reaped at a profit, it is sometimes converted into fuel, which burns excellently!

The way the American farmers look at the question of Indian corn is an eminently practical way; they say: 'We are far from a market; and to plant, reap, and thrash out corn, then carry it a long distance to market, would scarcely pay us, as the grain would not bring more than about twenty-eight cents per bushel. But by converting the corn into beef, in other words by feeding cattle with it, it brings us from forty to fifty cents; and the cattle are bought and taken away as they stand.' And

that is a thoroughly sensible way of putting the case.

It was in the United States that the production of cheese in factories was begun; and some of the dairies, or rather butter and cheese manufactories, are on a large scale. Enormous quantities of these excellent comestibles are made on our farm across the Atlantic and sent to us for consumption. The extent of the trade will be apparent when it is known that for freight alone, the butter and cheese exported cost as much as two hundred thousand pounds. American cheese is yearly becoming of greater importance to the British commissariat; and several English landlords have warned their tenants that, unless they speedily develop a new style of manufacture and produce a better article, they will be beaten by American enterprise and ingenuity. Indeed they are already beaten; the cheese of last season in many a farm of the dairy districts of Scotland is so unsaleable that arrangements are seriously contemplated for sending the milk to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large towns, instead of making it into cheese as formerly. Throughout the United States cow-keeping is carried on both on a small and a large scale. In Californian dairies, butter is the chief product; but in districts where there is no market at hand, cheese only is made. In Californian dairies, great attention is paid to the feeding and general keep of the cattle; and by the most unremitting care large milkings are obtained; while the butter supplies are in keeping with the produce. Some dairymen, many of whom are Swiss, keep from three to four hundred cows; but plenty of dairies exist with a smaller herd. Many of the dairies in America belong to Scotchmen; there is for instance George Campbell's Dairy. George, we are told, keeps one hundred and ten head of grade short-horn cows, which average during the season two hundred pounds of butter per cow; some of the animals yielding as much as fifty-five pounds of milk per day. In 1876, Mr Campbell milked seventy-four cows on pasture, raised twenty-one calves, and turned out six thousand four hundred and forty pounds of cheese, and eleven thousand four hundred and forty-eight pounds of butter.

Californian dairies, however, are on a small scale compared with the cheese manufactories in other states of the Union; they yield, so to speak, but a drop in the bucket compared to the 'oceans of milk' which are operated upon in the eastern portion of the state of New York, where the milkings of many farms are put together on the co-operative system, or where the owners of a cheese factory contract to buy the milk of many farmers at a fixed sum per gallon all the year round, for conversion into cheese, to be sent chiefly to the markets of Great Britain. Utica is the heart of the great cheese district of New York state. There is at that place a cheese exchange, where a large amount of business is transacted; from ten to sixteen thousand boxes will be sold at a meeting, ninety per cent. of the whole being destined for the English markets; and special trains are necessary at certain seasons for its transport to the place of shipment. At the sales there is very little sampling, thousands of boxes changing hands on the reputation of a factory. A few samples are sometimes shewn; but it may be safely asserted that two-thirds of the cheese business is accomplished on the reputation acquired

by makers. A cheese factory of moderate dimensions will take in the milk of two thousand cows per diem; the milk of each patron of the establishment is weighed and credited to him as it is received, the weighing vessel being of a capacity to hold five hundred pounds of milk. The cows which are most valued are Holsteins and Ayrshires; the former will yield from eight to ten thousand pounds of milk in a season. There are over thirteen million cows in the United States, which is six times more than there are in Great Britain, and which is calculated at the rate of a cow to every five persons!

It is known that there are over three thousand factories for the making of cheese throughout America, and that one thousand five hundred million pounds are made annually, as also three hundred and fifty million pounds of butter; the combined value of the two products being three hundred and fifty million dollars. The cheese is manufactured on a uniform plan, each factory having its own formula and its own particular 'wrinkles.' Much machinery is used in the manufacture; indeed the uses of machinery of all kinds, as well as the benefits which result from a division of labour, are largely recognised throughout the United States.

The growth of the trade in 'dead-meat' between America and Great Britain has been rapid. It is yet barely three years old; but there is every probability of over a hundred million pounds-weight of excellent beef and mutton reaching us during the current twelve months from the United States, in addition to an increased importation of live sheep and oxen. There are few who are able to realise how enormous is the stock of beef-cattle in America. The territories of the wild-horse and the bison are now chiefly occupied by oxen, whose destination is the Mersey or the Clyde; and in the end their destiny will be to afford wholesome food to the people who inhabit the British Islands. It has been computed that there are now being fed in the United States more than twenty millions of cattle, thirty-four millions of sheep, thirty-two millions of swine, together with thirteen millions of milch-cows; while for use in the cultivation of the land and for the purpose of carting and carrying, there are twelve millions of horses and mules.

Another contribution made by American producers to the British commissariat is in the form of enormous quantities of corned or preserved beef packed in tins, without any bone. Other preserved meats than corned beef also reach this country in quantity; in the space of two months as many as eighteen thousand cases of such food have been known to enter the Clyde, in addition to the enormous quantities arriving in the Thames and the Mersey. As each case may on the average be taken to weigh seventy pounds, the reader will be able to form his own idea of the important part which is played in strengthening our commissariat by these wholesale importations of cooked food of a palatable and wholesome kind. Some of the American 'packeries,' as they are called, kill and dress in the season over a thousand cattle per day for the purpose of cooking, canning, and exporting to Europe the meat alluded to. For a period of four months the preparation of these tinned meats goes on at Chicago with great industry, hundreds of persons

being employed in the business at remunerative wages.—Many other food-products reach us from America to which we need not at present refer, enough having, we think, been said to shew how valuable to all parties is this important traffic.

TWICE BETROTHED.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

'You had better forget me, dear—better learn to forget—and I, too, must school myself to do the same. Indeed, indeed, Leonard, it must be so.' And the girl's lip trembled as she faltered out the words; and she bent her eyes upon the ground, that her face might not be seen as she spoke them.

'It is a lesson I shall be very slow to learn,' answered the young man bitterly. 'Women, it seems, are apter pupils, and can throw over those they love, or who at anyrate love them, as lightly as they discard a soiled ribbon or a faded flower. I know well enough that I have little beyond an honest man's affection to offer. The luxuries which wealth can buy'—

'That is not kind,' interrupted Annie, looking up and confronting him with eyes that flashed through their tears, while the colour rose quickly to her pale cheek; 'and what is worse, Leonard, it is unjust. Have you known so little of me that you judge me as one to prefer a life of ease, of splendour if you will, to—to— Ah, Mr Merton—Cousin Leonard, as I called you in happier days, when we were content to pick hazel-nuts and gather violets side by side as boy and girl, without realising how cold and hard might be the future that awaited us—cannot you be merciful to Annie Irwine when she has to choose one out of two paths that lie before her, as before most of us, and chooses that of duty!'—

'Then you mean to give me up?—I am but a briefless barrister, and no great loss,' replied the young man, in a voice that was a little softened by the appeal which the girl had made—'to give me up, and to marry Sir Albert Atwood?'—

'As to giving you up, cousin,' said Annie quietly, 'you know well that I break no troth, am false to no vows in telling you, as I do, that I cannot be your wife. You like me, I am sure, and'—

'For like, say love, Annie!' interrupted Leonard in his turn. 'But do not let us quarrel. I shall leave this place, and go back to London, and my chambers and my law-books, and try to be resigned to my great loss. Never mind me! When are you to be married to this man?'—

'If you mean Sir Albert, Leonard,' returned Annie simply, 'I do not know that I am going to be married to him at all. But, if he were to ask me, I could not, for my parents' sake, for poor papa's sake above all, say "No."'

Leonard Merton frowned and kept silence for a moment. His love for Annie was sincere; and she was worth loving, as pretty and good a girl as any in the broad marches of Wales; and he had known her since, as a schoolboy in a jacket, he had come down to spend the holidays with his old bachelor uncle at Tremadoc. But even in his pain and disappointment, he could not but own to himself that Annie was justified in her rejection of his suit. The old vicar, Miss Irwine's father, a gentle, scholarly recluse, had been com-

pelled by feeble health and failing eyesight to resign his preferment, and he and his were now very poor.

There were those who said that Mr Irwine ought to have held to his living, which was a good one, at least for a Welsh border parish, and to have got influence brought to bear upon the bishop to make things comfortable. But the meek scholar had strict and straightforward ideas of duty that forbade this; and accordingly the family had left the pretty parsonage, with its spreading mulberries and mellow peach-walls, and were living in lodgings in the village, on some meagre little private income scarcely enough to keep the wolf from the door. And people said that the rich young baronet's evident admiration for Annie would prove a godsend to the late occupants of Tremadoc Vicarage.

Sir Albert was a rich man; had been born—so the gossips averred—with a gold spoon, not a silver one, in his mouth; but, if he had, his father had been at the pains of fashioning it from the crude ore. The first baronet and founder of the fortune, Sir George, had been a bluff, hard-headed north-countryman, prone to boast over his sumptuous dinner-table how he had forged iron and puddled iron, and been foreman, overseer, ganger, and sub-contractor, before he rose to opulence; a result which his shrewd and persevering boldness well deserved.

George Atwood had married late in life. His two daughters were well dowered; but the bulk of his property, shares and stock, land and mines, went with the title to his only son, who dwelt at Tremadoc Place, a Tudor mansion purchased by his father, and of which, as report declared, it would be Annie's fault if she were not the mistress.

'I never envied Atwood till now,' said Leonard Merton at the conclusion of the interview—'never envied him; I mean his wealth and his grandeur, and the fact that he was born to find the world at his feet. But I do envy him now. I shall go, but not until after Thursday. The tunnel is to be opened—or inaugurated, as penny-a-liners phrase it—and it would never do for the standing counsel of the Company to be absent from the ceremony.'

The tunnel of which Leonard spoke was one which had been recently constructed, at great expense, beneath the wide estuary of the river, half-English, half-Welsh, which ran past Tremadoc to the sea. A new Company, of which Sir Albert was chairman, had laid out the short railway line and dug the docks that were to facilitate the transport of pig-iron, blooms, and bars from the Atwood iron-works to markets best reached by sea; and the opening of the tunnel for traffic was to be the occasion for festivities, addresses, and rejoicing. The directors, the secretary, the engineers, and legal advisers of the Company would all be there. Leonard, as one of the latter, could not well be a defaulter without giving rise to ill-natured remarks.

Leonard Merton was not quite accurate in describing himself as a briefless barrister; but it is certain that the most profitable portion of the little forensic work he had to do was that which fell to his lot as one of the standing counsel for the Tremadoc and Gwyllt Bay Company. It was Sir Albert's careless good-nature which had put that

annual hundred in the way of the struggling neophyte, and now, for that very reason, Leonard felt that he must resign it. He could not be under obligation to Annie's husband that was to be, to the rich man who had robbed him—so in the soreness of his heart he declared—of his one ewe-lamb.

The tunnel that was, as the leader-writer of the *County Gazette* affirmed, practically to abolish the impediment presented by the river Arva, with its shifting channel and treacherous sands, was opened with due solemnity and much cheering. There were present officials and magnates of finance, local dignitaries, and a host of guests. The cavernous depths of the excavation were brilliantly lighted; a train was brought in, and duly puffed and snorted its defiance of conquered Arva rolling impotently overhead, and there were speeches from the Lord-lieutenant of the shire, and from the mayors of the towns adjacent, and from the glib Secretary of the Company, and the design and the execution of the new work were glorified exceedingly.

And then came lunch—for nothing in Britain can be done without the national adjuncts of eating and drinking—and long tables were laid, as if by the deft hands of obedient gnomes, and there were clattering of knives and forks, rattling of plates, and popping of champagne corks, in that naturally gaunt and gloomy place, above which ran the river. The latter circumstance—adding, as it did, a spice of novelty and of excitement to the subterranean merry-making—served to heighten the spirits of the company to a pitch of buoyant hilarity, and there were toasts and speeches, of the usual frothy type of festive oratory, as the wine flowed freely.

Probably the saddest heart of any present was that of Leonard Merton; but the young barrister knew too well what our imperious code of good-breeding exacts, to play ostensibly the part of a kill-joy at the feast. But the effort to take his share in the conversation was a painful one, and still more painful was it to watch Annie from afar, seated beside her mother, and to mark the assiduity of Sir Albert Atwood's attentions. Sir Albert, whose praises each speaker had enunciated with the emphasis due to the general entertainer, was indeed in some sort the hero of the hour. The coal and iron of those great mines and foundries which the new railway was to connect with the sea, were his. He was chairman of the Company, presumed originator of the daring project of the sub-riverain tunnel, and founder of the feast.

In personal appearance young Sir Albert was well enough, a plump, florid young man, with blond whiskers, rattling watch-chain, and a voice that was perhaps a little too loud and self-confident. He had neither the inches nor the handsome face of Leonard Merton; but he was a favourite with most ladies, and with many men. Slightly boastful in discourse and sanguine in disposition he was; but then his road through life had been made so easy for him, that some faults of manner might be pardoned in one who had inherited so many annual thousands and so much power.

Liberal and free-handed, on a gala occasion like the present, Sir Albert certainly was. It was from his private purse, not from the corporate

purse of the Tremadoc and Gwylt Bay Company, that the cost of the sumptuous luncheon would be defrayed, not had he forgotten the many workmen directly and indirectly employed in the lately completed undertaking, whose shouts, over their beef and strong ale, might be heard at intervals from a distant part of the tunnel. And in seeking to change Miss Irwine into Lady Atwood, Sir Albert gave proof that he could be disinterested in his matrimonial views.

Annie, sitting beside Mrs Irwine, looked very pretty, but somewhat grave and sad; so other girls, who marvelled at her good luck in drawing so handsome a prize from the marriage lottery, averred. She never once looked at Leonard; nor did Sir Albert succeed in evoking more than a very faint smile from her in response to all his attempts to amuse. But when the luncheon came to an end, and the waiters began to huddle away the paraphernalia of the banquet, and gay groups walked to and fro chatting and laughing, Miss Irwine allowed her wealthy admirer to give her his arm and lead her a little apart from the crowd.

'It is not the first time,' said Sir Albert, in a voice which, for him, was less steady than its owner could have desired, 'that I have said to you, Miss Irwine, how much I love you, and how I should be happy indeed if you would let me teach you to care a little for me. Let me speak again and ask you Annie, to be my wife.'

Annie trembled and grew pale. She knew that Sir Albert would put the question, and knew too what must be her reply to it, but made a hesitating answer: 'This seems so strange a place—and time—to speak on such a subject.'

'I don't see that at all,' cheerily rejoined the baronet. 'A tale of true love has been told, I daresay, in odder places than a tunnel; and besides, I feel a little vain of having hit out the first idea of this same underground line, which Bounce and Braggett, the contractors, have carried out so well. People call me a lucky fellow, and certainly the world has smiled on me hitherto; but money and success and station are not so much to me, dearest, as would be the pleasure of calling you my wife. Say "Yes" to my suit, and make me the happiest of the happy!'

'Your proposal, Sir Albert, does me very great honour, and I—have—no choice but to accept it, if, after hearing what I have to say to you, you think fit to renew it.—Nay,' she said more earnestly, as the baronet attempted to interrupt her, 'I must be heard. It is but honourable, but fair to myself as well as to you, that there should be no concealment at the outset.' And then gravely, but with an innocent frankness that would not be checked, Anne Irwine told her wealthy suitor all.

For her parents' sake, and most of all for that of the gentle blind father whose income had stopped with the stoppage of his clerical duty, it behoved Miss Irwine, if she married, to marry one who had the means and the will to soothe the declining years of those who were dear to her. Sir Albert, she knew, would promise her that the old clergyman and his wife should have the wind of adversity tempered to them, and that she, the daughter, should never be wholly separated from mother and father. But then she could not give Sir Albert, much as she liked and esteemed him,

her whole heart. She meant to do her duty by him. She would strive to be a good wife. But—but—she avowed, sobbing, there was—there had been, another.

Sir Albert bore the annoyance of this tolerably well for a man somewhat spoiled by Fortune. He knew that though she did not name him whom she preferred, Leonard Merton was the lover whom Annie was forced to discard; but he did not mention Leonard's name, or owe Leonard a grudge, as baser natures might have done. And Annie could not but appreciate his kindness as he assured her, in words that were at once tender and respectful, how well he wished towards Mr and Mrs Irwine, and how gladly he would concur in their daughter's plans for their happiness. For him, it should be his task to make his wife love him. It should not be his fault if he failed. Would Annie marry him?

'Yes!'—the little word, that from a woman's lips means so much, was uttered; but almost at the same instant there came a strange confused noise and a crash as of falling masonry, and a loud cry of alarm from many voices.

'Don't be frightened, Annie,' exclaimed the baronet, changing colour; 'though something seems to have happened yonder!'

PART II.

Something had indeed happened. The baronet's words, even as he uttered them, were being fulfilled to the letter. Those eminent engineers, Bounce and Braggett, were prevented by the multiplicity of their professional engagements from being personally present at the auspicious opening of the tunnel which they had designed and built. But their healths had been drunk, with eloquent encomiums, and one speaker, in a burst of champagne inspired rhetoric, had gone so far as to liken them to the geni who reared the fairy palace at Aladdin's bidding. And now brickwork was toppling down, with ominous rattle, upon the floor, damp already with the water that began to drip and trickle from a hundred crevices.

'The river is breaking through! We shall be drowned!' cried many voices at once; and there were shrill feminine shrieks and angry exclamations, and a rush towards one end of the tunnel, followed by a halt and a rush in the opposite direction. Human beings, in a condition of undisciplined panic, are very like so many sheep, and equally prone to congregate in gregarious helplessness. Several of the gas jets had by this time been extinguished, and the partial darkness added to the horrors of the situation.

The position was no pleasant one. Bricks, some singly, some in masses, were crashing down fast from the roof and sides of the tunnel; and if no one had as yet been hurt, there seemed no reason for anticipating a continuance of this impunity. A deep, sullen sound, like the wash and gurgle of water, grew threateningly loud, and the floor, lately dry, was covered with water already deep enough to wet the dainty little boots of the lady guests, and rapidly gaining on those immured in the tunnel, and reluctant to make a decided move towards either extremity, for fear of running into the very danger they sought to avoid.

'It's full-tide, over our heads, in the Arva. An iron-clad could find water deep enough to float her now,' said some one disconsolately. That very fact that the estuary would be filled from shore to shore with the strong flood-tide setting in from the sea, had lent a zest to the meal so pleasantly enjoyed in those gas-lit recesses. But it was less agreeable to be reminded now of the circumstance that Neptune, in all the pomp and power of his marine array, was close at hand.

'The workmen are drunk! They hardly understood me; and those who caught a glimmer of my meaning, stared at me stupidly, like a mob of frightened cattle,' groaned out the surveyor in charge, a subordinate of Messrs Bounce and Braggett, as he rushed back from an attempt to summon aid. 'That Mr Merton, who knows them, and can speak their language, is trying what he can do with the Welshmen, who are the soberest of the lot; but our regular navvies' brains are drowned in ale.'

Sure enough, Leonard Merton came hurrying along the gallery at the head of some score of hardy mountaineers, whose superior temperance or tougher endurance had kept them sober. 'Quick, quick!' cried Leonard in Welsh, and pointing first to a pile of ladders, boards, and scaffold props which the fortunate carelessness of Messrs Bounce and Braggett's underlings had left piled up in a recess, and then to a ghastly fissure through which the water was gushing—'quick, lads, or Arva will be upon us!'

Those have an imperfect idea of what labour means who have never seen how fiercely men can work when life and death hang on the issue. So it was in this case. In a time incredibly short, but which yet seemed long to those who watched the process, ladders were reared, an apology for a scaffold was put up, and with boards and struts and scraps of miscellaneous timber the damage was repaired. Then there was a cry that the water was breaking in elsewhere like a millstream, and off darted the breathless band of rescuers to fight in a new place the common foe.

Leonard, as he urged on the rest, found time to say that he had sent a messenger to summon the train which had, for show purposes, been brought into the tunnel, and which might, if at such short notice steam could be got up, do yeoman's service in extricating the company from the awkward predicament in which they found themselves. To endeavour to reach either end of the tunnel on foot would be, for the ladies, rash, so much brickwork was falling, and so much water pouring through. He said this, and ran on.

Already the ripple and gurgle of the water, now ankle-deep as it washed the flooded floor, sounded anything but invitingly to the ear, while the crash of the tumbling bricks awoke the sullen echoes of the tunnel far and near. Yet Leonard and his gallant band were not left to toil alone, for several of the more able-bodied of the male guests volunteered their hearty aid; and one by one, and two by two, the sturdy men of pick and shovel came staggering and blinking to 'bear a hand,' as they phrased it, as their beer-benumbed faculties were gradually aroused by the imminence of the peril. The ladies, in their terror, clung to the arms of their protectors; and Sir Albert, who had both Annie and Mrs Irwine under his charge, was unable to render any help in the good work on hand.

The water deepened but slowly, escaping, as it doubtless did, at one of the extremities of the tunnel, and it was not for several minutes after the first breaking in of the intrusive flood that it rose to the knees of those imprisoned there. The brackish stream ran so swiftly as to render it difficult for the weaker to keep their feet, and was evidently gaining depth, as new threads of water came trickling through the roof and fell splashing on the flooded floor.

'We shall be drowned—drowned like rats in a hole! Let us make a push at anyrate for daylight and safety!' cried a voice.

'No, no!' was the answer of those on the outskirts of the throng. 'Here comes the train!'

It was true; the lamps of the engine, like the red eyes of a friendly dragon, gleamed through the depths of the tunnel, and the shrill scream of the steam-whistle, more welcome at such a moment than sweetest music could have been, made itself heard.

'Look alive, gentlemen all!' bawled out, in warning accents, the rough engine-driver, as the iron wheels splashed and churned amidst the water. 'I'll not be able, soon, to keep the fire alight.'

There was a rush for safety. This was no time for standing on order or precedence. Delicate ladies were thankful to find themselves huddled into cattle-vans or ballast-trucks. Boozey navvies, with bloodshot eyes and stammering tongues, found themselves lolling on the cushions of first-class carriages. But, with some cramming and squeezing, there was room for all; and now a shout arose: 'Come back, there! Merton, all of you, come back! We only wait for you!'

'Make haste and clear the tunnel!' called out Leonard, panting, from his perch on a ladder reared against the dripping wall. 'We must keep back the water here, or you'd have it up to the very boiler. Sound the whistle when you see daylight beyond, and leave us to shift for ourselves!'

The train was in motion before the words were finished, and again the weighty wheels revolving lashed the turbid water into yellow foam. Slowly and painfully the engine dragged its load, while fast the water deepened.

'Now, men!' cried Merton; 'to it again, and with a will!'

There was no need to indicate the point where the peril presented itself. Every eye was fixed upon a ghastly chasm through which the brine poured in a rill that ever gained in volume. Furiously, desperately, the handful of gallant fellows—now reinforced by volunteers until they were seven-and-thirty strong—toiled to keep back the spouting water. Should it rise high enough to reach the boiler and cylinder of the engine, all would be lost, and the tunnel a mere charnel-house. At any cost, the danger must be staved off.

Men's wits, as well as their hands, are apt to be quickened under the stimulus of peril, and many a feat of rough and ready engineering was on that day performed, as with brick and timber, with cordage, tarpaulins, and all materials that could be pressed into the service, the workmen fought to keep out the foe. At last—welcome signal!—there came to their ears the shrill, piercing note of the steam-whistle, and they knew that the train, with

its living freight, had reached daylight and free air, and that the gallant forlorn-hope might at last consult its own hitherto suppressed instinct of self-preservation.

'Steady, now, lads; see that none are left behind!' called out Leonard, and he was the last to swing himself down from the improvised scaffold, and to join the retreating party. Fast as they ran, the roar of the cascade within pursued them faster still, like the voice of some monster loath to be balked of its prey; and though the water, before they cleared the tunnel, was more than waist deep, they cleared it, and, without the loss of a life, emerged into the fresh free air, and scrambling on, reached at length the place where, at an angle of the line, the train had come to a halt.

'Safe? All safe? Tell us, for God's sake!' cried out fifty voices, male and female, of those who were stretching their heads out of the windows of the carriages to greet the brave men who now came panting up.

'All safe! It was a near thing, though,' cheerily answered the representative of Messrs Bounce and Braggett, who had laboured among the best, to avert the ruin which the 'scamped' work of his employers had brought about. But he who had the best right to be spokesman—Leonard Merton—had already separated himself from the rest, and avoiding the thanks and praises of those whom he had saved, had struck into a field-path that led towards his solitary home. Annie Irwine went back to her home as the affianced bride of Sir Albert Atwood. Very grave, thoughtful, and sad, was the face of Sir Albert himself. He had lost money doubtless by the late disaster, but that he could bear with philosophy. Yet, for an engaged and accepted suitor, his mien, as he returned to Plas Madoc, was strangely moody and depressed.

THE BONINS ISLANDS.

ABOUT five hundred miles south of Yokohama, the capital of Japan, there lie three groups of islands, known as the Bonins, and which as regards soil, climate, and general beauty can scarcely be matched anywhere. Let us see what Mr Consul Robertson of Yokohama, who visited the Bonins in 1875, has to say about these charming islands and their history.

The northern group are known as Parry, and the southernmost as Bailey or Coffin. The central group, nine and a quarter miles in length, consists of Stapleton, Buckland, and Peel Islands, the last of these being nearly five miles long. Hillsborough Island, the largest of the Bailey group, is seven and a half miles long by one and a quarter broad. There would appear to be little reason to doubt that the Japanese were the earliest discoverers of these islands; but it is to Captain Beechey, who visited them in H.M.S. *Blossom* in the year 1827, that we are indebted for the first trustworthy reports. The *Blossom*, despatched from England for the purpose of co-operating with Franklin's and Parry's Arctic expeditions, having failed to meet the explorers at the rendezvous in Behring's Straits, proceeded with her commander Captain Beechey to the Pacific,

and in the course of her cruise visited the Bonins in June 1827. Here the captain remained, in the harbour of Port Lloyd, for several days, taking possession of the group on behalf of Great Britain—a fact established by nailing to a tree a sheet of copper punctured with a declaration to this effect—and giving the various islands their present nomenclature. The copper, in a fair state of preservation, is now in Mr Robertson's possession.

Although at the period of the *Blossom's* visit the population was limited to two shipwrecked sailors, it was soon destined to receive reinforcements. In 1830, a party of mixed nationality, and comprising some Sandwich islanders, arrived at Port Lloyd from Honolulu and hoisted the British flag. They were provided with live-stock and seeds, and would seem to have thriven in their settlement, so much so that, in 1842, hogs and goats abounded, and a fair amount of land was found under cultivation. The colonists gained a few accessions during the eleven following years, until, on the arrival of Commodore Perry's expedition, which visited the islands in June 1853, they numbered thirty-one members, nine being of European or American nationality, the remainder natives of the Pacific islands, and children. Commodore Perry devotes some space in his published work to an account of the group, and even submitted to his government a scheme for their more perfect colonisation, deeming the islands useful from their position as a coasting station for the contemplated mail-line from San Francisco to China. Urging upon the settlers the desirability of living under some organised government, he drew up a simple code for their guidance. Its rules, however, were never enforced, and are already forgotten. Some live-stock were left on the islands by Perry, who also subsequently forwarded from America a present of useful seeds and implements of husbandry for the use of the colonists. Some visits of men-of-war and whalers occurred during the following years; and in 1861 an effort was made by Japan to colonise Peel Island, when a special Commissioner and about one hundred colonists arrived from Yedo. The Japanese soon wearied of their colonisation scheme, and withdrew in batches; and in 1863 the Commissioner himself followed, leaving, however, a stone inscribed with a declaration that the islands were discovered by Japan, that they were revisited in 1861, and that they still continue the property of that empire.

Mr Robertson's visit was made in H.M.S. *Curlew* in November 1875, when also the Japanese government lighthouse tender *Meiji Maru* called at the islands. He describes the character of the land as hilly, marked here and there with bold crags. The hills are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, comprising cabbage-palms and tree-ferns; and the valleys, which are girt round with fringes of trees, appear to be rich and prolific. That the islands are of volcanic origin is more than probable—Commodore Perry indeed expresses an opinion

that Port Lloyd was at one time the centre of an active volcano—and hence no doubt the richness and fertility of the soil. A solitary hut at the head of the harbour, from which the American flag was displayed, and a few canoes drawn up on the beach or sailing along the shore, furnished the only evidence of colonisation visible by the new arrivals as their vessel anchored. They shortly learned, however, that the community then numbered sixty-nine souls—thirty-seven males and thirty-two females—twenty of the whole number being children. Five only of its present inhabitants may be described as white. They hail respectively from England, France, Germany, Holland, and the Azores, and appear to have arrived at the islands for the most part in whaling-vessels during the last thirty years. The dark-skinned population is composed of natives of the Sandwich Islands, Agrigan, the Caroline and Kingsmill groups, and comprise a Bermudian, a Malay, and two Japanese women. Thirty-five of the number were born on the islands, and exhibit the usual curious effects of mixed alliance.

The holdings of the settlers are dotted over the shores of the Harbour, or lie in some of the sheltered nooks which indent the coast of the island. Here, in the cultivated patches which surround their cottages, may be seen the sweet-potato, *taro*, pumpkins and other garden vegetables growing luxuriantly. On the sloping hill-sides, plantations of sugar-cane, maize, and coconut appear to succeed, and but for the occasional hurricanes, would thrive abundantly. Plantain and lemon groves are numerous, and there is no lack of running streams. The visitors found the settlers provided with an abundance of tame pigs, geese, ducks, and fowls; and in the season—the months of April, May, and June—enormous numbers of turtle are secured without much labour, one man capturing as many as fifty during the day.

The dwelling-houses are rudely constructed. The side-posts and rafters are of hardwood, and being covered with the leaves of the cabbage-palm, afford weather-tight shelter. The floors are boarded, and the house divided into a dwelling and a sleeping room, the kitchen being in a building apart. The furniture of the cottages is sparse and simple; a rough deal table, chairs, a bed, a shelf bearing the family earthenware, a clock, and some cheap gaily coloured prints, which line the walls, being its leading features. Everything being kept scrupulously clean and neat, the good order of the households impressed the visitors favourably. It may be added that there are few books to be met with, and that only one man in the islands—Webb, an Englishman—can read and write.

It may easily be imagined that the wants of the settlers are neither numerous nor hard to satisfy. Clothing and calico of a light texture, salt, soap, tobacco, hardware, nails, knives, tools of useful description, and ammunition, comprise their chief wants; and for these they have been hitherto indebted, in exchange for their island-produce, to passing whalers putting into the islands for refreshment. On the occasion of Mr Robertson's visit, a goodly supply of presents, consisting of blankets, cottons, grocery, and other useful articles, was forwarded for the use of the settlers by the Japanese government; nor were their needs overlooked by Captain Church, who provided them

with shirts, shoes, flannel, and other necessary gear from the stores of H.M.S. *Curlan*.

Mr Robertson mentions some thirty varieties of wood growing on the islands. Wild-cactus, curry-plant, wild-sage, and celery are also found; and mosses, lichens, and ferns are said to abound. Of metallic minerals, excepting some traces of iron pyrites found in Peel Island, there would appear to be no indications. Earthquakes and tidal waves are frequent. The peculiarity of the latter is that no bore rushes up the harbour; the water rises suddenly—precisely as it rises in a bowl in which an inverted tumbler is plunged—and as suddenly recedes. The earthquakes are probably slight, as the inhabitants do not seem to dread them. Hurricanes, which prevail it is to be presumed at the change of monsoon, are more serious in their consequences, especially to the crops.

Of the inhabitants as he found them Mr Robertson speaks by no means unfavourably. Rumour, he says, ascribed to the settlers of the group a character for lawless life and irregular conduct, of which, however, he saw no evidence. He found a small colony of a simple mixed race, living to all appearance in decency and order, clean in their persons, neat in dress, and dwelling in comfortable homes, to which they hospitably invited the stranger. But to this bright side of the picture there is a dark reverse. Of religion they know nothing; they are utterly uneducated, and are as apathetic as the savage to all but the pressing needs of every-day existence. Owing to the want of government amongst themselves, human life has at times been somewhat insecure, one of the settlers having informed Mr Robertson that within an experience of twenty-five years eleven men had to his knowledge met with violent ends; this however, is to be accounted for by the fact that the islands were the refuge of the runaway scum of whalers and trading-ships, among whom quarrels must have been of common occurrence. Notwithstanding this, the islanders appear to feel some repugnance towards settled government, and ask that they 'may be permitted to live as Bonin Islanders.'

Let us hope that some good may result from Mr Robertson's visit, and from the ample and exhaustive report of the little group which he has given to us; and that the attention of the governments which claim its possession may at least be drawn to the responsibilities which they have undertaken. We have seen that England, through Captain Beechey, and Japan on more than one occasion, have claimed the ownership of the islands; and on one or other of these powers would seem to devolve the natural duty of guiding the young settlement through the perils of a peculiarly dangerous infancy, and of laying the foundation of a happy and prosperous community in the distant Pacific. Japan is manifestly unfitted for this. She has proved herself unable to colonise the magnificent island of Yesso, which lies at her very doors, and which, permanently settled, would have afforded her a powerful bulwark against the Russian aggression she so constantly dreads. There is little probability of her proving a wise administratrix of the Anglo-Melanesian settlement which she has repeatedly tried to colonise, and as often abandoned. It is left to England, therefore, to take this group beneath her protecting wings, and

to initiate some simple and inexpensive system of self-government there; or, failing this, to renounce definitively the sovereignty of the islands, claimed on her behalf by Captain Beechey in 1827.

A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

MANY years have elapsed since the circumstance about to be recorded took place. Most if not all of the actors concerned in it are dead, and the sensation it caused in the neighbourhood where it occurred is long since forgotten. In what follows—a plain statement of facts—all allusion to time, names, or locality is for obvious reasons omitted.

Mr S—, as for convenience we shall call him, was a country gentleman of fortune and rank. He had married young, and very happily; but his home was childless; and the disappointment—keenly felt—was aggravated by the fact of there being a title in the family, to which his son, if he had one, would succeed. Great, therefore, was the joy and exultation when, after years of hope deferred, it was announced that the nursery at Blank House was likely to have at last a baby tenant. Much preparation was made for the event, which it was arranged was to take place in London. A confidential servant, who had formerly as head-nurse had the care of Mrs S— in her childhood, and was devoted to her, was installed in the house, to watch over her health in the present circumstances. This woman on quitting service had elected to become a ladies' monthly nurse, and for this purpose had, as it is called, 'taken out her practice' in a maternity hospital; and had passed the examinations needful before obtaining the certificate of a duly qualified nurse.

Mrs S— professed implicit confidence in the skill of her quondam servant. It was her wish to be attended in her confinement by her alone. She represented to her husband that she preferred a female attendant to a doctor, and so worked upon him that he at length gave a reluctant consent; stipulating, however, that when the event was imminent the doctor was to be sent for, so as to be at hand in case of any danger or difficulty supervening.

Nothing untoward did happen. The lady, under the nurse's care, gave birth to a little daughter, which before the doctor left the house he saw, and pronounced to be a fine healthy infant. The sex of the small stranger was of course a disappointment; but anything in the shape of a baby was welcome in the long childless house. And when in process of time there came the expectation of another olive-branch, hope revived of better luck on the next occasion. Nor was hope deceived. With great triumph, the faithful nurse, again in attendance, announced to Mr S— that his wife was safe, and congratulated him on being the father of 'the finest boy that ever was seen.'

The young heir throve apace. But the parents were ere long doomed to prove what so often happens—namely, that blessings ardently coveted, fail when granted to give the happiness expected from them. With the arrival of his children Mr S—'s domestic felicity departed. His idolised wife became a confirmed invalid. After the birth of the first infant her health and spirits began gradually to fail, and now the whole nervous

system seemed hopelessly disorganised. In vain every means that wealth could procure or affection devise was resorted to. In vain she was taken from one place to another for change of scene and the best medical advice. Nothing could rouse her from the state of gloomy depression into which she had sunk. Instead of its former smiles and brightness, her face, if we may use the expression, wore a kind of 'hunted' look, painful to see. She took no interest in anything; even her children gave her no pleasure; nor did she ever rally from this melancholy condition; so that it was almost a matter of thankfulness when death came to end her unhappy existence.

The bereaved husband, however, continued long to mourn the wife to whom he was so tenderly attached. He lived in seclusion, forming no new ties, and devoting himself to the care of the children, now growing up to be objects of interest. From this state of things he was roused by a letter purporting to be from a person on her death-bed, who urgently entreated him to come to her without delay. She had, she said, a communication of the utmost importance to make, which could be revealed to no one but himself.

Mr S— lost no time in obeying the mysterious summons. Having seated himself beside the dying woman's bed, she addressed him with: 'I see sir, you do not know me. I am Nurse B—. I have sent for you to tell what has lain like lead upon me for years—what killed my poor mistress, and what will be a blow to yourself you will scarce be able to bear. But it must be done. She made me promise that before I left the world I would confess my crime and hers. My crime it was sir, for I planned it all, and over-persuaded her, poor dear!

'Mr S—, the children you are bringing up are not yours! For the fraud that has been practised on you respecting them, I alone am to blame, working as I did without ceasing upon your dear lady's anxiety to give you the heir she was pining for, and that your heart was set on—she that loved you so well, she could not bear to see you disappointed in anything. My calling as a midwife gave me, I mingled upon her, plenty of opportunities to carry out the scheme; and I knew I could manage it so that there wouldn't be the least danger of ever being found out. But it was a long time before I could get her to consent, and of course when she once did, there was no drawing back.

'The daughter reared as yours, is the child of a poor servant-maid whose husband had deserted and left her to her fate. I heard of the distress she was in at the prospect of becoming a mother, and disguising myself so that I could never be known again, went to her, and said I knew of a lady who wanted to adopt an infant, and would pay handsomely for heirs when born, provided no questions were asked. She was only too glad to close with my offer. I gave her a note addressed to A. B., with directions to have it left at a certain shop the minute she took ill; and when I knew it was near her time, I went daily to inquire after it. The people in the shop thought the veiled and muffled-up woman who called so often for her note in the dusk of the evening was some needy servant out of place. Oh, I took my measures well!

'At last the note was there. I hurried home,

got my mistress to bed, and spread the tidings in the house that she was indisposed, and a baby might soon be expected. I told you sir, the same thing, if you remember, on your return home from your club, and said you might now send for the doctor, whom you wished to be on the spot in case of accident. When he came, I had an interview with him, said I thought all would be right, and that I would call him if he was wanted. When the house was quiet, and every one safe out of the way or in bed, I slipped out with my latch-key. The porter in the hall had been ordered to watch. He roused up as I passed his great chair, and I said I was going for something I required for my lady, and would not be long away. A monthly nurse, you know sir, can do pretty much as she likes in a house, and need not give explanations of her goings and comings. Before I reached the woman's lodgings the infant had been born. I brought it home, terribly disappointed at its proving a girl, and with the prospect before me of having to contrive and do all over again.'

Brokenly, and with many stops from emotion and weakness, the dying nurse gave these particulars. She went on to describe the remorse that took possession of Mrs S——, and the difficulty she had in persuading her to allow of another attempt to accomplish the desired object. The boy, she said, was the son of a poor couple overburdened with children, and the more readily parted with, as his father had died from the effects of an accident shortly before his birth. The same precautions for secrecy had been adopted in his case. There was not the slightest clue, and the fraud could never have been suspected or found out.

But the conscience-stricken lady could not rest. In despair at witnessing her sinking under the misery of which Nurse B—— accused herself of being the cause, the latter implored her to make a clean breast and confess all to her husband. He would forgive her, the woman urged, sooner than let her die. But the hapless sufferer could not bear to criminate herself in his eyes, and risk the loss of this love. So she carried to the grave the burden of the guilty secret that was crushing her, having exacted from the nurse a solemn promise that before her death she would reveal all to Mr S——.

When, after long absence in foreign lands, the latter came to reside again at Blank House, he was accompanied by the young girl, his adopted daughter. What became of the supposed heir, who doubtless had been well provided for, did not transpire.

NEW USES OF PAPER.

THE world has lately heard of some extraordinary uses of paper. In devising new modes of utilising this article, Americans take the lead. Barrels composed of straw-paper are said to be manufactured by a New York firm. The pulp is subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure; and when reduced to the required thickness, the halves are cut off at the end, and the pieces are then placed in a steam-drier, the sides trimmed evenly, and the substance thoroughly dried. The advantages of the barrels over wooden ones, we are told, are

lightness, cheapness, durability, and the prevention of flour from sifting out while in transit. They are constructed entirely by machinery, and the halves are cut so true that any pieces of the same size will readily fit together. Even as a protector of the bottoms of iron ships from rust and animal and vegetable growth, paper has been found effective. Various anti-fouling compositions have been applied to the purpose; but while all are expensive, none can be regarded as completely satisfactory. It has been proposed then simply to cover the bottoms of vessels with paper; but the difficulty has been to procure a marine cement which would serve to attach this material. After various trials, a cement has been invented which promises to be successful since it has been practically tested by a long voyage. As the paper was found in a good state of preservation, its trial as an anti-fouling agent was considered very satisfactory. This new use for paper has thus far been proved in sea-voyages; and with regard to land-travelling, it is well known how railway carriage-wheels have been manufactured from the same material. For this purpose the paper is cut into disks the diameter of the wheel, less the thickness of the tire, and subjected to a very great pressure, and then secured by iron flanges held by bolts passing through them and the paper. The wheel then receives a steel or iron flagged tire. Many advantages are claimed for the use of paper for this purpose; no other material of the same weight of which a wheel may be made, being considered to possess such strength. Mention of railways reminds us of the telegraph, and even with this indispensable accessory of railway traffic we find the subject of our article has something to do. Telegraph wires can be covered and insulated with paper-pulp, which may be applied either to a naked wire or to a wire which is already covered. The purpose of the paper covering is that of protection from injuries of the inclosed wire, or of the inclosed wire and material surrounding it; the injuries to be guarded against being of a mechanical or chemical nature; or the purpose may be for the electrical insulation of the wire, or for the strengthening of it, to resist strains.

In more general ways, there are various uses to which paper may be applied, as, for instance, the protection of plants in uncertain weather by old newspapers, which are recommended for this purpose. They are said to exclude a considerable amount of frost, and are useful inside frames with or without mats. The uses for which *papier-mâché* has been adapted seem to be almost endless. The possibility of its successful application to building purposes has been demonstrated; and now we hear that a Breslau firm have succeeded in making chimney-pots of paper. They are said to be far more durable than metal ones, as they are not liable to any form of corrosion, while being also lighter and far cheaper. Before the paper-pulp is moulded and compressed into

the required shape, it is treated with chemicals, which render it non-inflammable. Pulp made from wood has been taken in hand by cabinet-makers as well as paper-manufacturers. Mouldings are made of this substance for frames and decorative purposes, which have all the sharpness of outline possessed by the best carvings. Some of the French furniture-makers are said to have expressed great satisfaction at the new style of ornamentation, which will enable them to turn out their 'old oak-carvings' at a minimum cost as far as labour is concerned.

If paper may have something to do with the furnishing of our houses, it can take part none the less in respect to the manufacture of clothing and articles of dress. Some years ago, the most common if not the sole material for handkerchiefs in Japan was an almost diaphanous square of paper, the gossamer texture of which did not prevent a considerable degree of tenacity. Paper collars are common articles of wear; and cloth has been made from the Californian cactus, a plant which has been successfully used in the manufacture of paper. Brown paper may be recommended as a good lining for the garments of ill-clad persons, as likely to prove a protector by no means contemptible in severe weather.

The quantity of paper now issued from numerous newspaper offices in a single week amounts to many tons in weight, and supposing sheet were added to sheet would reach thousands of miles in length. There are said to be many more paper-mills in the United States than in the British Isles; and the exports of paper from that country have we are assured greatly increased. In the international paper Exhibition of Paris, five hundred and thirty-five firms, including most of the leading houses in Germany, Austria, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States, contributed. Besides every variety of writing and printing paper, there were special departments for paper-hangings, paper-blinds, and paper for building purposes, the general applicability of the article being also demonstrated by a paper-house erected in the court-yard with tables, chairs, chandeliers, and stoves of the same material. No part of the gallery of machines in the late Paris Exhibition was more patronised than that in the French section, where old rags were converted into pulp, dried, pressed in plates, and then wound round a bobbin as paper. The English and French display of white and coloured paper was excellent in point of solidity, equality of pulp, tenacity, and gram; and the English cream-laid was thought to be unrivalled. The French show of fantastic letter-paper was very fine; and the American paper was remarkable for its suppleness, resistance, and brilliancy. The silky paper of Japan too, so much in repute as exhibited in envelopes, was considered to be worthy of any paper-factory. Those curious people the Japanese do wonders with paper in the way of toys, lacquer-ware, and such articles, for example, as the imitation of stamped and embossed leather. The originality, colouring, and design exhibited in their wall-papers are

also worthy of all praise. In short, to touch on the numberless purposes to which paper has already been applied would greatly exceed the limits of the present article; but a very important future may be augured for this useful material from the examples here referred to.

A SUMMER-DAY RÉVERIE.

JUNE's blooming flower and fragrance sweet,
Forth to the woods beguile our feet,
With unresisted spell;
Fond memories lure us to the spot
Where grows the blue Forget-me-not,
The flower we love so well.

Bright flower! to love and friendship dear;
Thy name falls softly on our ear,
With sweetness ever new;
Wafts back our thoughts on Fancy's wing
To sunny memories that cling
Around thy petals blue.

Unmarked the moments as they flow;
Which seen in light of long ago,
How precious in our eyes!
Our yesterdays, too late to list,
To-day, when numbered with the past,
Sung a song bright shall rise.

Why should we thus regretful sigh
For sunny pleasures long gone by,
And present joys forget?
To-day let us the unknown tell,
And blooming flowers our hearts enthrall,
In dewy fragrance set.

And lo! sweeter joys are ours
Than sunlit skies or dewy flowers
Could e'er to us impart,
For us the wondrous world of Thought
Rings us from every clime his lion's roar,
Lurking mind and heart.

For us to-day, in God's own love,
Nature and Art then treasures pour,
And love sweet offerings bring,
Ah! whisper not of Time's decay,
Though all of earth must pass away,
Earth lifts her drooping wing.

Not in the sunny Past our rest,
Nor present joys shall end our quest
For full and perfect bliss;
Revealed alone to Faith's glad sight
Where time nor change our hopes can blight,
A fairer world than this!

EFFIE.

GALASHIELS, June 6, 1879.

[The preceding lines are the production of a Scottish 'mill girl,' and we have much pleasure in giving them the publicity which they merit — Ed.]

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 812.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

A RAMBLE IN THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

To the many Englishmen who delight in strapping on a knapsack, exploring wild mountain-paths, and in one word roughing it, the Basque Provinces offer a great attraction. After crossing the Pyrenees, the scenery on the south side will be found of a grander type than on the north. The people will interest him by the great difference of language, manners, dwellings, and food from those of France. Descendants of an ancient race, they proudly boast that they were never conquered. Their men fought with the victorious Hannibal against the Romans, and assisted in the defeat of the Emperor Charlemagne and Roland in the pass of Roncesvaux. By their aid the Duke of Wellington carried a division of his army across three fords over the Bidassoa, and thus turned the strong position of Marshal Soult, gaining his first footing on French territory.

In travelling through these attractive regions, the pedestrian need have no fear as to quarters. Every evening a lodging may be found, though not of the best; some man or boy taken up on the road acts as guide, and they boast of being the best walkers in the world. How picturesque too, in their costume! A red *beret*, not unlike the cap of the Lowland shepherds in Scotland, a red sash round the waist, sandals made of hemp on the feet, and a stout stick or *espadrille* in their hands.

Rising early, the pedestrian is free to wander at will through the woods, or breathe the pure brisk air of the mountain. Nature still sleeps, but soon the sun piercing the clouds, spreads his golden light over the charming landscape; then comes a concert of humming insects and carolling birds, and the labourer appears in the fields. A poor cottage in the valley will give a resting-place; on a wooden bench, before a rough table made of two chestnut beams, the family offer you a share of their homely repast. Bread made of maize-flour, hot from the oven and yellow as gold, beans or cabbage, a sardine, and a handful of nuts; such is the *menu*. The traveller brings

the appetite to season all. The Basque carts come rolling slowly over the road with massive wheels without spokes, cut out of the trunk of a tree in one single piece, and drawn by little red oxen. The sounds produced by the ungreased wheels of these primitive wagons are somewhat grating to the unaccustomed ear, but nevertheless serve the purpose of a warning in the narrow mountain-paths; a good 'singing' cart being their boast!

The loveliest sea-coast lies to the north of the Iberian peninsula, in the province of Vizcaya; and when the town of Plencia comes into sight, another Bay of Naples seems to greet the traveller. Built on a narrow tongue of land which stretches into the ocean, Plencia is literally bathed by the waves. All along the road the vines are grown on trellises, supported by stone pillars, the slope from the foot of the mountains to the shore being covered by porticoes of verdure. Once its ships were known in every sea; not less than a hundred and fifty merchant-vessels having sailed to distant lands during the last century. Now there is not a single fishing-boat; for the banks of sand which have formed at the entrance of the river render the passage of the bar most dangerous.

If the fine fishing population of Spain is to be seen to advantage, the mountain heights must be crossed to Bermeo. But climb the high peak of Machichaco, and the fatigue will be forgotten when the Bays of Baquio and Bermeo are descried extending calm and tranquil at the foot, with the white sails of the fishing flotilla dotting the blue ocean. Bermeo is a child of the sea with a past and present history confined within the space of a few hundred yards on the narrow peninsula of the port. On the one side is the ancient church of Santa Eufemia, one of those entitled *juraderos*, because a new governor of Vizcaya is obliged to enter and to swear solemnly that he will obey the *fucros* or laws. Opposite, is an old square fort, whose stones, from the effect of centuries and the warm kisses of the sun, are of a bright vermillion. Between these are the fishermen's houses, with their wooden balconies and overhanging roofs.

The fishermen are formed into a fraternity, having an administrator and a *junto* to manage their affairs. They make the rules; and in case the sea is too rough, the captain of the *Senora* raises his oar into the air, and no one dare go off. Each evening they manage the sale by auction of the day's produce, retaining a certain portion as a reserve fund, and dividing the remainder according to the success of each boat. Sometimes the stormy weather prevents their going out for many days together, and great would be the distress were it not for the help of this fund, which also provides for aged fishermen and the widows and children of those lost at sea.

In the morning the scene is quiet along the quay, when the nets are hanging and the children preparing the bait for their fathers, or dipping the fresh sardines in the boiling oil and laying them carefully in the boxes. But in the evening the scene is much more animated. Then, the boats that started with the tide return, from the large ones, manned by sixteen men, to the small canoes, which a father and two sons can handle. About seven o'clock, certain important persons come down, dressed in coats and hats; they are the curers and merchants. Women and children crowd round *en masse* to see the fish being sold.

The auction is held in the hall belonging to the fraternity. Enormous scales are hung under the portico, and there the fish are laid in heaps to be weighed. By the light of a large lantern a clerk rapidly takes down the figures, and the fish are immediately packed in round baskets, which the oxen draw into the town. It is a remarkable scene: the noise of disembarkation, the shouts of the seamen, the chatter of the women, the lowing of the cattle, and the immense hideous heaps of tunny and stock-fish gaping for life, as they are viewed under the yellow light of the lantern. This lively affair lasts into the early morning hours, until the last boat arrives, when all retire to their well-merited repose.

Sometimes on fortunate days the men will bring twelve or fifteen thousand *arrobes* (of twenty-five pounds each) of these large fish; and the rule is, that all shall be sent away within twenty-four hours. A portion is immediately consigned to Madrid and other large cities; the rest goes to the curing establishments. There each fish is cut into thick slices, and plunged into large caldrons of boiling oil. When it has received a fine red tint, it is withdrawn and taken to the drying-rooms. When scarcely cold the slices are packed in small barrels, a mixture of water and vinegar is poured over, after which they are forwarded to the interior, where the working-classes buy them largely. The sardine and anchovy abound also in the season; these are preserved in boxes, and each boat sells its 'take' at a price the crew agree upon. The fish of this sea is considered immeasurably superior to that of the Mediterranean; when eaten on the spot it is really exquisite, and has a flavour that would scarcely be believed by those who taste it in Madrid.

There are about a thousand men in Bermeo engaged in this trade. The women help in unloading or at the curing-houses. They marry very early; at eighteen every fisherman has his lover. He makes one or two long voyages, to gain sufficient money for his marriage outfit—not a very sumptuous one, consisting of little beside some white linen, two or three poor bits of furniture, and a few gewgaws; and thus the pair begin life. Should he wait ten years longer, he knows he will never be rich; there being bad days in which his whole fortune may be lost. This continual uncertainty and constant struggle against danger influences the character, and leads to improvidence. After a good season, Bermeo fishermen will rather squander their earnings than put them aside for a worse day. Their families are large; both boys and girls are early put to work; but as there is no class of people more laborious or more honest, the judge has often but one culprit brought before him in a year. They are of the pure Basque blood, and very handsome. The slender muscular frame of the men, with oval face, aquiline nose, and clear eye, mark a serenity combined with singular energy of character. As for the women, before work has tried them, they represent the ideal of beauty—tall, well made, with splendid chestnut hair, which the married women roll round their head, and the young ones wear in two long plaits over their shoulders. A dozen of these walking from the port, each with a large basket of fish on her head, and singing some refrain of the country, in the silence of the night, forms a very striking picture.

Not far from Bermeo there is a little place which has the importance of a holy city in the eyes of the Basques. This is Guernica, which contains the palace of the *juntos*; the archives of the country—the palladium of their liberties; and the oak, under which from time immemorial the Senor of Vizcaya swears to maintain the laws. A son of the country has written a patriotic hymn upon it, which touches every heart, like *Auld Lang Syne* or the *Marseillaise*. He was a poor shepherd, but full of courage, who joined the ranks of Don Carlos V. at sixteen, and being terribly wounded, he withdrew into exile, and remained twenty years in France. He had a fine voice, long curls, and loved peril and excitement. Returning to his native land he became a wandering poet, and sang his own compositions to the crowds who flocked to the mountains from every farm and village. None was so great a favourite as *The Tree of Guernica*, that holy symbol of their liberties; and so great was the enthusiasm created when he sang it, that the men fell on their knees and swore to die for their laws. The authorities were alarmed, and for fear of trouble ordered the poor troubadour to leave the country and remain in exile for life.

As soon as a traveller enters Guernica, he is at once conducted to this tree. The present one is about a century old, and is a direct descendant of the first. Two or three young scions are always growing beside the more ancient one. The last, which fell from age in 1811, existed, according to tradition, from the middle of the fourteenth century. Under its shadow, Ferdinand and Isabella, seated on the bench which surrounded the trunk, took the oath to respect the *fueros*. The deliberations of the congress always took place

in the open air, until the number of delegates so much increased, that the plan was abandoned, and the ancient church of Santa Maria was adopted as the meeting-place.

Amidst the greatest loveliness all around, there rises the battlemented donjon of Arteaga, situated in a grand demesne. It belongs to the ex-Empress of the French, one of the Montijos. In the year 1856 the Assembly declared the late Prince Imperial a Viscayan, and sent deputies to the court with the decree. Napoleon III. received them with much kindness, and the Empress decided to restore the castle. The primitive structure has been retained as much as possible, but accommodated to the requirements of modern comfort. Red jasper surrounds the arched windows, and contrasts well with the gray marble of the edifice. In the interior, a splendid staircase, floors of marquetry, and sculptured ceilings, correspond with the exterior magnificence. Unfortunately, it has never been furnished, but waits the promised visit of the Empress; whilst a French lady who lives in a pavilion near has the charge of it. But though absent, the generous hand of the owner is felt everywhere; there is no better kept village than Arteaga, and the houses have an air of the greatest comfort.

The flourishing commerce of Bilbao has to some extent injured the smaller ports on the coast. After visiting the old towns covered with the dust of ages, Bilbao forms a complete contrast by its modern aspect and bright animation. Yet it has suffered terribly from war. One of its most intelligent and distinguished citizens, Don Juan Delmas, suffered losses that can never be replaced. He was a passionate lover of art and antiquity, and having collected a library of six thousand precious volumes, many old Flemish and Spanish pictures, with jewellery and medals, he built a château, and arranged them in the different rooms. But during a siege, the heart-broken Delmas watched the burning of his home, and his *chefs-d'œuvre* stolen and dispersed. His town-house was riddled by bomb-shells; his wife and one of his daughters died, exhausted by fatigue and terror; his two brothers-in-law were shot; and in the course of a couple of years he had known the utmost limits of what a man could suffer.

When we last visited Bilbao a festival was at its height. From the neighbouring villages had assembled young men gay in their scarlet caps, and handsome girls in short petticoats and braided tresses. Near the church, the favourite game of the Basques, that of tennis, was going on. There is no hamlet however small without its tennis-court, where the young men play in the presence of the elders, as judges. Many can maintain the ball in the air for several minutes. The women also display wonderful skill in this exercise. The favourite dance is a very complicated one, called the *zortzico*; it lasts about twenty minutes, and fourteen persons join in it. The alcalde sits at the head, and the dancers form a circle before him. The young men from each village have a right to dance successively, and their names are inscribed on a list given to the alcalde, that there may be no dispute. At the beginning, the simplicity of the measure, the solemnity that regulates the steps, recall the old French minuet; but as it proceeds,

all join in couples, *vis-à-vis*, with arms extended, using their fingers like castanets; quicker and quicker goes the music, until it finishes with the most rapid of *galops*.

During the festival, refreshments of a simple character are sold at small tables under the shadow of the trees; they consist of dry cakes, cider, and an inoffensive beverage made of red wine, sugar, and water. At the first sound of the evening bell for the Angelus, whatever may be the excitement, the dancing stops; the magistrates take off their hats, as well as the crowd, and all repeat the prayer. Then the *tamborilero* precedes the magistrates, who march round the square; whilst the men withdraw with loud sharp cries, to shew their joy; and the mountains repeat the echo. Great bonfires are lighted, and the popular dances of the *jota* and *fundango* succeed each other until eleven o'clock. When the fire dies out, the couples separate with an adieu, and slowly retire through the streets to their homes, with the respect for law and authority which distinguishes this much to be admired people.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XL.—SIR LUCIUS.

SIR LUCIUS LARPENT, in no enviable frame of mind, sat before the fire in the billiard-room of Llosthuel Court, gazing at the glowing coals, as though, like the reputed wizards of a bygone age, he sought to read the future of his own and others' fortunes in their cavernous depths. He had a cigar between his lips; but its fiery tip had grown cold and gray through sheer forgetfulness on the smoker's part, and presently he snatched it away and tossed it peevishly into the fire. Then he turned to a little table beside him, on which stood a silver tray, bearing glasses and decanters, and filling a large wine-glass to the brim, not with sherry, but with strong Maraschino, tossed off the contents as if the potent liquor had been harmless cold water. Then he refilled the glass, sipped slowly and relishingly the cordial within it, and setting it down, drew a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and began to read it.

The letter in question had been brought up-stairs to Sir Lucius that morning along with the cup of chocolate and slice of toast which formed the baronet's apology for a breakfast. Sir Lucius had perused and reperused it several times since then, and each time with an anxious eye and frowning brow, which shewed the tidings it imparted to be the reverse of agreeable. It was not a long letter, nor was it one of those stiff epistles on blue office paper wherewith gentlemen learned in the law vex the souls of the laity, unskilled in legal jargon. Indeed it was obviously the letter of no gentleman, whether by Act of Parliament or otherwise, but of a person to whom penmanship was a pain, and orthography a distress, the curt product of severe toil at the scribe's distasteful task.

The reading of this letter, whatever it was, had stirred the ignoble nature of Sir Lucius to its lowest depths, and he was savagely intent upon

the means of counteracting, without mercy or scruple, the course of events which thwarted his most cherished projects. Without mercy or scruple—yes, the words were true as to the baronet's compassion for a foe or as to his readiness to remove a stumbling-block from his path—but there was a scruple, notwithstanding. The exemplary young dandy did not wish to put his precious neck in jeopardy of ever being subjected to the clammy touch of the hangman's fumbling fingers. And for this reason he desired to find a bolder villain than himself, some one—to quote that old Earl Angus who hanged King James's favourites over the Brig of Lauder—who would 'bell the cat.' And he thought he knew of such a one at Tregunnow.

Sir Lucius rang the bell. 'Bring me something—a sandwich,' he said, when the servant came; 'nothing else; and be quick! There is sherry here. And tell Phillips to put the brown horse, Lightfoot, into the dog-cart instantly.'

'Groom with you, Sir Lucius!' asked the under-butler, as he brought in the desired refreshment.

'No groom; but let them look sharp!' answered the baronet gruffly. 'No need, either, to come worrying round to the door. I'll get in yonder, in the yard.'

Sir Lucius had been gruff and irritable all day long, short-tempered even with his imperial mother, rough with young Willie his brother, and snappish to Edgar, who had come in with a stripling's frankness, to challenge his senior to a game at billiards.

'Billiards! Knocking the balls about, you mean. No; thank you!' had been the baronet's cross-grained reply; and he had been left thenceforth to the hermit-like possession of the billiard-room.

Slowly and painfully, according to such lights as his keen but shallow intelligence could work by, Sir Lucius had shaped out and solved the problem that perplexed him. He must go to Pen Mawth. He must see the Black Miller—a tool useful for his purpose. What such men as Sir Lucius can never be made to see is, that such tools are two-edged; and that the ruffian or rascal they hire to do any dirty work with tongue or pen or bludgeon, is the most dangerous enemy, of their own making, that can be like a lion in the path.

It was easy for Lady Larpent's titled son to leave Llosthuel without having to answer inconvenient questions. He had refused, on slight grounds, or none at all, to be present at luncheon. Few young men, in country-houses, are to be seen at luncheon. It is not easy to get back from the stubble-fields, and from hunting impossible, when the ladies of the family are ready for the blameless enjoyment of their cutlets. But Sir Lucius, who ate no breakfast, could not well wait till eight o'clock for the prandial meal, and he was usually hungry by two. Hungry or not, he had his sandwich and his sherry, took up his overcoat, and went round to the yard, where his dog-cart, with the brown horse harnessed, stood ready.

'Like me to wait—anywheres, Sir Lucius?' said a pert dwarf in gaiters and striped waistcoat, a young London lad, mews-made, and who regarded the son and heir of the potential Dowager as only governor No. 2.

The ferocious reply which was made by the baronet as he drove rapidly away, was long remembered in the stable-yard of Llosthuel.

A dog-cart is a vehicle capable of rapid locomotion, especially with only a single sitter behind the shafts; and Lightfoot was a good horse. The Cornish carters stared at the speed with which the gentleman, flogging hard—for Sir Lucius was a hard taskmaster to the noble beast which some of us love so well—shot past them. The brown horse was all lather and foam when he came at a hand-gallop up to the station, twenty minutes too soon, and was left at a public-house which miners and market-folks frequented, while Sir Lucius took his ticket for Tregunnow. He took a ticket—not a return one—for Tregunnow, because he thought that thus, in case of need, he should best escape inquiry and recognition. And when the slow train, fraught with little but fish-baskets, tin, and a few packages marked 'London—Immediate,' and full of precocious vegetables from Scilly, came jumbling in, Sir Lucius took his seat in a mouldy first-class carriage that had the smell of a coffin, and was borne to Tregunnow, where he alighted in a fog and a drizzle of rain.

This time there were no boys at Tregunnow, outside the white gate, and on the gravel-path that was the property of the Company, and the only dry spot in sight. But the baronet, who now knew his way, preferred to dispense with a guide, and walked on, through the waning daylight and gentle rain, to Pen Mawth. He had the dubious good fortune to find the Black Miller—often abroad at fair and market—at home when he knocked. It was Ralph Swart's grim face that appeared in the half-opened doorway.

The Black Miller started a very little when he saw Sir Lucius Larpent at his door, and looked suspiciously out through the waning light and drizzling rain, as though to assure himself that the baronet was unaccompanied. No one save Sir Lucius himself was in sight, so that Ralph Swart relaxed somewhat his mien of scowling defiance, and slowly, and as it were unwillingly, opened his door to the full width, growling, in the deep voice that sounded like the low roar of a lion: 'Come in, if you wish it, young sir. You are free of the place.' Something—it might have been the warning whisper, according to oriental belief, of his good angel—seemed to suggest to Sir Lucius to decline the invitation to enter, to give up the wicked purpose that had brought him out to Pen Mawth, and to make his way back to Tregunnow while the walk could yet be taken by daylight. But he disregarded the impulse, and he went in. The Black Miller closed the door, locking and barring it as usual.

'And now, Sir Lucius Larpent, to business,' he said, roughly thrusting a chair towards the visitor, and seating himself beside the battered kitchen table, on which stood a petroleum lamp, already lighted, for within the house it was dark, and which threw its gleam full on Ralph Swart's strong harsh features and grizzled hair.

'To business, with all my heart,' answered the baronet, assuming a gaiety he by no means felt. 'You see, Mr Swart, that our previous transaction did not turn out, after all, quite so successfully as we thought.'

'I must ask you to explain, Sir Lucius,' said the Black Miller with so stern an accent and

so dark a frown, that the visitor hastened to assume a more conciliatory tone.

'I meant to imply no species of blame to you, I can assure you,' he said; 'you did your work well, and the adventurer, the fisher-fellow, was got rid of, as regards Treport. But here he must needs, as if the Fiend himself were bent on placing him always in my path, find employment in Dorsetshire, close to my uncle's place—Lord Penrith's place, and what is worse, attract my uncle's notice. I am speaking of Alfringham, near the New Forest, which you may have heard of.'

'I have heard of it,' returned the Black Miller shortly.

'I thought as much!' retorted the baronet, and for his very life he could not help giving a malicious intonation to his words. 'Well, there's a station called Hollow Oak on the railway there, and that confounded fisherman has somehow got made station-master.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the Black Miller; and then after a moment's thought: 'Well, Sir Lucius?'

'Anything but well, I think,' replied the baronet irritably. 'This fellow Ashton is a meddling hound, and I shall know no rest until there is an end of his impertinent interference with my family. Some trumpery service he affects to have rendered Lord Penrith.' And as he spoke he drew forth the letter which had preoccupied his mind throughout the day. 'But this, which I received this morning from my good uncle's valet, a certain Luke Jackson, whom I have found it convenient to enlist in my interest, tells the story better than I can. I will just read it aloud, if you please.'

'I will listen,' answered Ralph Swart, fixing his dark eyes, which gleamed like those of a vulture, on his visitor.

Sir Lucius drew a little nearer to the flaring lamp, so that the light might fall upon the writing of the Own Correspondent whose services as spy or chronicler at Alfringham he had deemed it politic to purchase. Then he began—

'HONOURED SIR LUCIUS—In obedience to your wish for news from Alfringham, I beg to say, my lord now is very bad, and no mistake, unable to leave his bed; and Sir Joseph and other London doctors had down to give opinions, with Dr Bland in constant attendance. It came off a railway accident that happened at Hollow Oak, where we all were within an ace of coming to smash, going up to London. We were saved by the presence of mind of the new station-master, one Mr Hugh Ashton, the same, oddly enough, that pulled Miss Maud out of the Welsh lake, and was captain of the steamer at Treport, and got my brother Salem discharged for mutiny; which that he is a fine young fellow cannot be denied. All the country is ringing with his praises for the brave action he did when we had such a narrow shave for our lives; and Mrs Stanhope and Miss Maud were very grateful, and also my lord, that has invited the young man to come up to Alfringham and receive his thanks in person, as I know. But they do say—though what business it is of his I cannot tell—this young Mr Hugh goes about ferreting and raking for proofs about the old murder of my lord's eldest son by his brother, ever so many years ago. I mention this'—

'Ah, indeed!'

Very commonplace words were in themselves these, by which the Black Miller interrupted the reading of the letter, but, from so formidable a personage, and uttered in a tone so grimly significant, they somewhat startled Sir Lucius, who, however, soon went on: 'Because such conduct is singular. Also, in accordance with your honour's wishes, and in part through my brother's assistance, I think it pretty clear that this Mr Swart of the Pen Mawth Mill is no other than my lord's former steward, name of James Grewler, who made off with a heap of my lord's money four-and-twenty years ago, and has never been heard of since. The picture of him on the wall in the steward's house is exactly what you describe, allowing for his being younger then, and I don't wonder the likeness struck you at first meeting. So no more at present, from your faithful servant to command,

LUKE JACKSON.'

'Now,' said the baronet, as he refolded and pocketed the letter, looking the Black Miller full between the eyes as he did so, 'it is pleasant, is it not—Mr Swart, *alias* Grewler—to see our way?'

'Yes,' answered the Black Miller, with a scowl and a flash of his savage eyes, but in a voice that was calm, and almost soft; 'I like to see my way. You wish this young Hugh Ashton to be got out of yours, I suspect. And you come to me to help you, and prove to me very sensibly that you have recognised me, and so have a hold upon me, so that I can refuse you nothing. Have I read your meaning rightly, young sir? Ho, ho!'

And the Black Miller laughed. It was not a laugh good to hear, but deep and hollow, as we might imagine a ghoul's laugh to be. There was an irony, too, in his tone, which to a warier ear than that of Sir Lucius might have impressed the necessity for caution. But he was so pleased with his own cleverness in getting a hold on his dangerous confederate, that it was in a voice of ill-concealed triumph that he resumed: 'We can afford, now, to play with our cards on the table. I am ready to hand you a hundred pounds when I hear that the fisherman fellow can give me no further trouble. Personally, I prefer not to be mixed up in the affair. In Salem Jackson, the blackguard sailor at Treport, I should think you would find a convenient instrument, the rather that he has a grudge against young Ashton. And, as regards the old history of my uncle's cash, I assure you that, if you deal but fairly with me, no one will care to ask for an account of your stewardship, or to identify James Grewler of the past with Ralph Swart of the present. Now we understand each other.'

'Thoroughly,' answered the Black Miller, in the same soft voice as before. 'You may count on me. Especially as I am, after a fashion, in your power, as you will be in mine, ho, ho! when the job is done. Either of us could hang the other. But no need of that.'

'Good-by, then, Mr Swart,' said Sir Lucius, who was in haste to be gone, and with a nod of leave-taking, he turned to the door. Scowlingly, but promptly, Ralph Swart undid the fastenings, and opened the door.

'Good-evening, sir,' he said as the baronet stepped forth into the rain, and then reclosed the door.

'That was the way to deal with the fellow!'

muttered Sir Lucius to himself as he left the Pen Mawth Mill behind.

Meanwhile the Black Miller, after standing for some two minutes in deep thought beside the table on which stood the lamp, snatched up his hat, took down from the peg on which it hung his loaded riding-whip, and went softly out, carefully but silently locking the door behind him.

KASPAR HAUSER.

ON the evening of Whitmonday some fifty years ago, a citizen of Nuremberg happened to be loitering near his door in an unfrequented part of the town, when he observed a short distance off an ungainly looking young man standing in a singular posture, having the appearance of one intoxicated, and apparently making attempts to move forward without having the power either to stand upright or to control the movement of his limbs.

The citizen approached the stranger, who immediately thrust into his hands a letter—a letter addressed to the captain of one of the regiments then quartered in Nuremberg. The citizen attempted to question the strange youth; but in reply to his queries could only elicit a repetition of some unintelligible jargon, and therefore conducted him to the guard-room of the regiment. Here the captain's orderly took charge of the unknown, and led him to his master's house. The captain happened to be from home at the time; and as the stranger could give no account of himself in answer to the numerous questions with which he was assailed, and as he did not appear to understand anything that was said to him, he was taken for a kind of savage; and after much consultation on the part of the servants as to his disposal, he was shut up in a stable, to await the return of the captain. The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of coloured rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and a few religious tracts.

The poor fellow was so much fatigued that his attempts to walk resulted in an unsteady stagger; his feet were bruised and bleeding; and he appeared to be suffering intensely from the effects of hunger and thirst. Some meat was offered to him; but on tasting it he immediately spat it out in disgust. Beer too was given him; but on tasting a few drops of it he rejected it as he had done the meat. Some bread and a glass of water, however, afforded him much satisfaction, and he swallowed them eagerly. After refreshing himself in this manner, he threw himself on some straw in the stable, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep. He was still asleep when the captain returned home, although several hours had elapsed. Attempts were made to awaken him, but for some time without success. They lifted him from the ground and tried to place him upon his feet; but in spite of all their exertions, the youth slept on, and seemed more like one dead or in a trance, than a living being merely asleep. At last, however, his eyes slowly opened, and as if struck with the

glittering colour of the captain's uniform, he immediately commenced to utter the same jargon he had used to the bewilderment of the good citizen who had discovered him.

The captain knew nothing of the stranger, and no particulars could be ascertained from the letter of which he was the bearer. This letter did not give any clue to the name or previous home of the youth. It was not even addressed to any person by name, and from its style and orthography, seemed to have been intended to pass for the production of some illiterate peasant. The writer merely stated that he was a poor workman with a large family, which he could ill support; that the mother of the stranger had placed him under his care when quite young; that the boy wished to be a soldier, as his father had been. No name was signed at the end of the letter, which closed with this inhuman sentence: 'If you do not keep him, you may kill him or hang him up in the chimney.'

The captain was in a great dilemma with regard to the disposal of the charge that had been imposed upon him in so sudden and unexpected a manner; but at last, when every attempt at questioning had failed, the unknown was taken to the police station. Here they could make nothing of him. The usual interrogations as to who he was, whence he came, what was his business, &c., elicited no intelligible answer, and the authorities were much perplexed to know what to do with him. His tears, the state of his feet, and his childish and apparently harmless demeanour, excited the pity of those who saw him. Opinions as to his real nature were divided. Some considered him an idiot, others thought him a savage. Not a few affected to believe that under this appearance of simplicity some cunning deceit might be concealed.

At the suggestion of one of the officials, pen, ink, and paper were put before him, and signs were made that he should use them. At this the stranger manifested considerable pleasure; and taking up the pen, to the infinite astonishment it must be confessed of all present, he wrote in bold legible characters the words 'Kaspar Hauser.' Here, however, he stopped. All attempts to make him understand that they wanted him to write down the name of the place whence he came, failed; and as a last resource, he was committed to the prison where rogues and vagabonds were usually confined. On being conducted to his cell, he immediately sank on his straw-bed in a deep sleep. Such was Kaspar Hauser's first introduction to the world.

At this time, Kaspar was about sixteen or seventeen years old, and four feet nine inches in height. His chin and lips were thinly covered with down; his wisdom-teeth, as they are called, had not yet come, nor did they make their appearance until about three years later. His hair, which was of a light-brown colour, was very fine, and curled in ringlets. The structure of his body, which was stout and broad-shouldered, shewed perfect symmetry without any visible defect. His hands were small and beautifully shaped. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands, and from their appearance, had never before either been used for walking or confined in a shoe. His

face, particularly when in a state of tranquillity, was almost without any expression whatever. He appeared to have little or no idea of the use of his limbs. His attempts at walking were most ludicrous, for they resembled the first toddlings of an infant. He was wholly destitute of words and ideas, and shewed a complete ignorance of the most common objects of nature and the ordinary usages of daily life. In fact, the whole of the circumstances connected with the unfortunate youth were for some considerable time a dark mystery, that baffled even the wisest in their attempts to fathom. He appeared to resemble an inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously and suddenly transferred to the earth, rather than one belonging to the same race of men who now exist.

The only food he could be prevailed upon to take was bread and water. For all other kinds of meat and drink he shewed the greatest aversion. Even the smell of them was sufficient to make him shudder; and the least drop of wine, or tea, or coffee occasioned him cold sweats, or caused him to be seized with vomiting or violent headache. Among the few intelligible words, to most of which he appeared to attach no meaning whatever, that now and then escaped his lips, the one most frequently used was 'Ross' (horse); from this circumstance the idea of bringing him a wooden toy-horse occurred to some of the police officials. At the sight of this plaything Kaspar, who hitherto had treated everything and every one with stolid indifference, suddenly roused up. He seated himself on the ground by the side of his toy, stroked it, patted it, kept his eyes continually fixed on it, and finally endeavoured to decorate it with all the various trifling presents which benevolent visitors from time to time had given him. For hours he would sit by the side of his horse playing with it, taking no notice of anything that was going on around him. Several toy-horses were now given to him, and for each of them he manifested the same affection he had shewn for the first one he received. Even at meal-time he would not be separated from his favourites; and before eating his bread or drinking his water, he tried hard to induce his horses to partake. His plan was to hold his bread to the mouth of each horse in turn, and after that to dip the mouth of each horse in the water. One of the horses happened to be made of plaster of Paris, and the constant wetting had the effect of softening the lips, and by degrees part of the mouth crumbled off. This circumstance caused Kaspar the most intense sorrow, nor would he be comforted until one of the officials had mended his toy for him.

In a very short time after his arrival at the prison, Kaspar was no longer considered as an ordinary prisoner, but rather as a forsaken and neglected child, who needed only care and education to render him like other human beings. The governor of the prison admitted him to his family table, where, although he would not yet eat the same food as the others had, he still learned to sit properly, and in some measure to conform to the ordinary rules of decent society. Kaspar was pleased to have the governor's children as playmates, while they on their part were delighted at the idea of having a playfellow bigger than themselves, and yet with the gentleness and simplicity of a child.

About a fortnight after Kaspar's arrival in Nuremberg, he was providentially favoured with a visit from a certain Professor Daumer, an intelligent young scholar, who forthwith devoted himself to the peculiar and most interesting task of training the virgin mind of the unfortunate youth. The Burgomaster, Herr Binder, also took a very deep interest in Kaspar, and frequently had him brought to his house, where he was encouraged and assisted in his attempts to learn to converse; and where, by carefully avoiding all the puzzling restrictions of legal forms and questionings, the young man was by degrees, as he advanced in his knowledge of words, induced to try and recall some of the incidents in his early life. At the same time the police were still busy with their investigations; but the clue they had to work upon being so slight, they made but slow progress in unravelling the tangled thread of the mystery which surrounded this strange specimen of humanity.

Little by little, however, Kaspar's mind became enlightened, and as his power of expression and his vocabulary increased, he began putting together, bit by bit as it were, those of the incidents of his past life which struck him most forcibly. The account he gave of himself was as follows: 'He neither knows who he is nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world. Here he learned for the first time that besides himself and one man who had always had the care of him, there existed other men or other creatures. As long as he could recollect, he had lived in a hole (or small low room, which he sometimes calls a cage), where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only in a shirt and a pair of trousers. In his apartment he had never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by anything else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. Whenever he awoke from sleep he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Sometimes this water had a bad taste; and whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep. When he awoke he found that he had a clean shirt on and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his bread and water. In his room he had two wooden horses and some ribbons. With these he always amused himself as long as he was awake. How long he lived in this state he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. The man who acted as his keeper had, while he was in his little room, taught him to write, standing behind him during each lesson, in order that the face of the teacher might not be seen, and guiding his hand. In this manner he learned to write his name, and also some of the usual words and copies that are used in elementary instruction. After a time his keeper taught him to stand upright. The method employed for this purpose was very singular. The keeper caught him firmly round the breast from behind, placed his own feet behind his (Kaspar's) feet and lifted them as in stepping forward. Finally the man appeared once again, placed his (Kaspar's) hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and carried him on his back out of the room. The journey must have lasted several days at least, for he remembered having eaten and slept several times. He never

saw the face of his keeper even now, for as he either led or carried him along, the man directed him (Kaspar) to keep his face directed towards the ground. During this time the keeper attempted to teach him to walk, and also instructed him to say the same jargon he had used when he was first observed by the citizen of Nuremberg. Not long before he was discovered the keeper put on him the clothes in which he was found. Then suddenly thrusting the letter into his hands, the keeper vanished. After this the citizen found him almost immediately, and conducted him to the guard-room.

This account, given almost in Kaspar's own words, will go far towards explaining how it happened that the youth's mind was in such a dark state; but it helps very little to shew who Kaspar Hauser really was, or whence he came, or in fact any real particulars of his actual history. That a great crime had been committed by some one, was very evident. Many conjectures were hazarded, and it was only after very considerable and protracted search that it was possible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions. Link by link the chain of evidence—circumstantial only, it must be admitted—was put together; and finally it was on all sides generally believed that Kaspar Hauser was the product of an illicit alliance. A priest, who was said to be his father, took charge of the child from the moment of his birth, and in time shut him up in some out-of-the-way subterranean vault in the convent where he resided. Here it was that Kaspar, totally secluded from all human observation and knowledge save that of the priest, passed seventeen long years; and here probably he would have remained, had not circumstances compelled the priest to leave the convent; when, having no other convenient place of concealment available, he released the poor fellow and left him to his fate.

The incident mentioned by Kaspar in his account of himself relating to the bad taste in his water, which caused him to fall into a deep sleep, was explained a short time after he had given the narrative to his friends. It occurred to one of them that the priest might have mixed a drop or two of laudanum with the water, with the view of inducing a stupor while the boy's clothes were being changed. One day a small dose of laudanum was put in his glass of water without Kaspar's knowledge. On tasting the water, he recognised the flavour at once, and unhesitatingly affirmed that the glass contained some of the stuff he used to have given him during his imprisonment when a change of clothes became necessary. This circumstance clearly proved the truth of the conjecture.

The accounts that are recorded of the growth of Kaspar's mind are most interesting. Incidents that to an ordinary person would appear of no moment, had a strange and inexplicable effect on him. For instance, as an experiment he was brought into contact with a female somnambulist. Her presence affected him in the most extraordinary manner. He was seized with violent pain and sudden disgust. He describes the interview in his own words as follows: 'As I came into the room and the door of the diseased person was opened, I felt a sudden dragging on both sides of my breast, as if some one wished to pull me into the room. As I went in and proceeded towards

the sick person, a very strong breath blew upon me, and when I had her at my back it blew upon me from behind, and the pulling I felt before in my breast I now felt in my shoulders. The sick person seated herself and said that she was ill. I also said that I was unwell, and that I must sit down. Now a violent beating of my heart came on me, and there was a heat in all my body. This condition lasted until the next morning, then I had a headache again and a twittering in all my limbs, still not so violent.' The somnambulist, curiously enough, was affected almost in the same manner.

On another occasion a spider let itself down from the ceiling on Kaspar's head. Directly it touched him he felt a chill and an excessive degree of cold on his forehead, without knowing the cause. Suddenly putting up his hand to his face, he crushed the spider on his under-lip. Hereupon he felt, for more than a quarter of an hour, a burning pain, which passed away with a tremor. When he retired to bed the burning sensation returned. During the night the lip swelled, and there rose on it several small bladders, out of which there was a discharge of white matter in the morning. The chill occasioned by the spider was of long continuance.

But it was not only by the sight of and contact with living creatures that Kaspar was visibly affected; for we are told that one day he happened to see a particularly fine flower, and on his attempting to pluck it, the same feeling as that caused by the spider came upon him. On another occasion, after eating a ripe grape he immediately became strangely affected, and was compelled to sleep off the effects of the, to him, potent juice.

Although for a long time Kaspar's body was considerably in advance of his mind, yet by degrees he began to overcome many of his peculiarities. Still he could never forget the hardships he had suffered, and the fact of his being inclined to brood over them tended to retard his mental progress.

About four years after his first appearance in Nuremberg, Kaspar was fortunate enough to come under the notice of Lord Stanhope. This nobleman conceived the idea of adopting the strange youth, and having prevailed upon the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who looked upon Kaspar as their adopted son, to give him up, he placed him under a tutor at Anspach previous to removing him to England. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 14th of December 1833, Kaspar Hauser, while returning from his official duties at mid-day, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him the secret of his origin, if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post; he took Kaspar aside, and, without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had sufficient strength left to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words, when he immediately fainted, and, after relating the circumstances of his assassination, died on the 17th of the same month. Every expedient which the

police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has never been divulged.

TWICE BETROTHED.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

'A MAN who has land to sell within the four seas of Britain, seldom needs to look long for a purchaser;' such was Leonard Merton's soliloquy as he eyed, somewhat sorrowfully, the pretty Swiss-looking cottage, the slate-roofed farm-house, and the few fields that constituted his only possessions. Although no Welshman born, the young barrister had come to be very fond of this picturesque little property, which he had inherited from a good-natured Cambrian uncle, and which nestled, as it were, in a cleft of the big black mountain range that overlooked the river Arva and the village of Tremadoc. Leonard had been used to spend his holidays at Pen Madrin as a boy, had caught his first trout and shot his first bird on that land, and had scores of humble friends, brute and human, about the place.

Much as he loved the rustic retreat of which he was the master, Leonard felt that he must part from it, and for ever. It would be more than he could endure to be the neighbour of Annie, when settled in the grand house of Plas Madoc as the wife of Sir Albert Atwood. No! Old Jones, the Wrexham attorney, would see that he got a fair price for the tiny chalet and its two hundred acres of barren land; and for its late owner there would remain nothing but London, his Temple chambers, and hard professional work, could he but get enough of such work given to him.

It was with a heavy heart that the young man began to make his preparations for a departure that he intended to be final. Then he received a letter from an old friend and former school-fellow, volunteering a visit of a couple of days; and Leonard felt that even at that juncture he could not but delay his journey that he might receive the self-invited guest. He had known James Haworth long and intimately, although of late the paths of the struggling barrister and of the rising engineer had been somewhat wide apart, and he resolved to put as good a face on matters as he could, during his friend's brief stay.

'Going to leave this, for good and all!' said Haworth, on the evening of his arrival. 'Why, were it mine, I would strain a point to retain the ownership of such a pretty scrap of Welsh Arcadia. The waterfall and the wooded glen are, each in its way, a perfect picture, and— Ah, well! perhaps London is the best, after all, for an active young fellow who wants to make his mark on the world,' added the civil engineer, as his quick eye noted the signs of 'something wrong.' That Leonard, perhaps through some rash speculation, was in debt, and that such was the motive which prompted the sacrifice of Pen Madrin, seemed only too probable.

'You have gained, it seems, such fleeting immortality as the newspapers can confer,' observed Haworth, on the following day, as he and his entertainer rambled about the crofts and meadows, the leafy hedgerows and rugged sheep-walk, to which their proprietor was soon to bid farewell; 'and, without joking, Leonard, I felt proud of my school-fellow when I read the details of that Arva tunnel affair. How, by-the-by, Sir Albert, or whatever they call him, could give the contract to such charlatans as Bounce and Braggett, it puzzles me to say; but of course the fellows are plausible and well puffed—such men always are. It must have been a close thing, the other day, to cheat the coroner.'

'A miss, you know, Haworth, is as good as a mile,' answered the young barrister, smiling. 'A wet jacket, I think, was the extent of the— Why, what are you grubbing at yonder, old man, with that inquisitive stick of yours, among the nettles and dock-leaves. Not a gold mine, is it?'

'Not a gold mine, certainly,' answered Haworth, who by this time was on his knees, and groping with outstretched hands among the weeds and stones. 'A gold mine is a luxury for a rich man; but this, unless I am much mistaken— I wish I had a spade, now, and a hammer.'

'The former, at anyrate, I can supply,' returned Leonard, beckoning to a labouring man engaged in digging potatoes on the other side of the low stone wall; 'and as for the latter, if you really want it, Owen Owen here will fetch one from his own farm, or from the cottage.'

'I shall be obliged to him if he will,' said the engineer, as he struck the spade into the mossy turf; and, at a word or two in Welsh from Leonard, the digger of potatoes set off at a shuffling run, and speedily returned with the required implement. Haworth took the hammer, and dealt several smart taps upon a ringing hard substance that had lain concealed below the rank grass.

'So far, so good!' he said, picking up some splinters of a dark-blue colour. 'And now to see if the bed trends, as it should do, according to what our rough excavators call the "lay" of the land.'

A second and a third exploration, some hundred yards away, seemed to confirm the first opinion of the searcher, who now turned towards his wondering host, and dryly said: 'What rent, now, Merton, do you get for this bit of ground?'

'It's very poor pasture, you see,' answered Leonard, glancing at the dwarf cow and lean mountain sheep that cropped the scanty herbage. 'Owen, yonder, pays but twelve shillings an acre for the grass—eighteen at most, for the arable land.'

'May I ask if Mr Owen has a long lease of his farm?'

'No; he is a yearly tenant,' replied Leonard, in surprise; 'though of what earthly interest the conditions of his holding may be'—

'Turn him out, then!' cried the engineer, scrambling to his feet; 'and compensate him, if you like, by making him foreman of what, I pledge my professional reputation, will turn out to be the finest slate-quarry in the county! Why, the slate of the famous Pennant quarries, or those on the Dinorben estate, which were worth a peerage to their lucky owner, is not equal in quality to that

of these chips that I hold in my hand. These acres of potato-garden and bare pasture will easily bring you in a handsome income—twenty, ay forty fold the pittance they have hitherto yielded. I give you joy, old fellow!’

But Leonard Merton manifested none of the elation which under the circumstances would have seemed natural. A shadow seemed to flit across his handsome face, and he muttered: ‘Too late! too late!’ though in a tone so low that it did not reach his friend’s ears. He was none of those severe Spartans who profess a contempt for riches; and a month or two ago he would have welcomed Haworth’s announcement with frank delight. But of what value was a large revenue to him now, when Annie—with whom it would have been happiness indeed to have shared it—was the betrothed bride of another man! The civil engineer felt more than half-provoked at the passive equanimity with which his former school-fellow treated his new discovery.

‘Upon my word, Leonard,’ he said, ‘you are the very iciest philosopher who ever hearkened, without stirring a finger, to Fortune’s knock at his door! Perhaps you think my talk mere moonshine, and the slate-quarry a chimera? If so, do take the opinion of some practical man. There’s Roberts of Wrexham, or Harrison who has set up at Chester—and see whether experts consider that I have in any way exaggerated the worth of a “find” which raises the value of your property so very greatly.’

‘You are kind, old friend, very kind,’ said Leonard, forcing himself to smile; ‘and I don’t in the least doubt the accuracy of your professional judgment. Only the discovery has come too late, for I have made up my mind not to stay here.’

The bustling, pushing man of business had never in his life been so sorely puzzled. It was with the most genuine pleasure that he had lit upon the unsuspected source of wealth over which so many previous possessors of Pen Madrin had walked in serene unconsciousness, and now it really did seem as though the young barrister were about to reject the good luck that had befallen him.

‘Leonard must be crossed in love’—such was his guest’s shrewd soliloquy—‘or he would never be so strange a Stoic as to sell these acres of beggarly sheep-walk for their market price; or perhaps to leave my acquaintance Owen Owen’s potatoes to ripen over a quarry that ought to ring with the clangour of a hundred pickaxes, and to bring in as snug an income as a moderate man could wish for!’

Two days later the visitor left Pen Madrin in Leonard’s dog-cart, the latter undertaking to drive him to the railway station, which was about a mile on the farther side of the pretty village of Tremadoc, and about three times that distance from Merton’s cottage.

The mare in the shafts of the dog-cart was a young and skittish animal, a bright chestnut, and with the mettle that is common to horses of her colour. Leonard, a skilful whip on most occasions, seemed absent and preoccupied, and handled the reins exceedingly ill, so that more than once some sudden swerve on the part of the mare brought the near wheel dangerously close to the verge of the precipice. It was a steeply

winding mountain road, and an upset might easily imply a sheer descent of ninety feet or so; and Haworth, as he marked the careless driving of his friend, inwardly congratulated himself that the journey was a short one.

The good-natured engineer had been unable to extract from his former school-fellow any definite statement as to his intentions with regard to the property, now so enormously enhanced in value, nor had he ventured to put a question as to the cause of his host’s melancholy. That to sell Pen Madrin for an old song would be a sin and a shame, was the lesson he had earnestly striven to impress; but Leonard had scarcely seemed awake to the importance of the discovery that might swell his meagre rent-roll to one that would not discredit a county magnate.

‘Fine carriage that!’ exclaimed Haworth, as a well-appointed barouche appeared, rounding an angle of the mountain road. ‘A splendid pair of bays certainly; and everything, from the silver-mounted harness to the trim liveries, a pattern of its kind. By Jove, what a pretty girl that is!’ added the appreciative engineer. ‘Neighbours of yours, Merton, I suppose, and— Have a care, dear boy, or you’ll upset us!’ For the hot-tempered chestnut, irritated by a sharp jerk of the bit, had swerved and plunged ominously.

The occupants of the carriage were a gentleman, Sir Albert Atwood, and two ladies, one of whom was young and beautiful. These were Miss Irwine and her mother. As the dog-cart and the barouche neared one another, Annie raised the parasol which had hitherto in part shaded her face, and her eyes and Leonard’s met. As if by an involuntary impulse, Leonard tightened the rein, and at the same moment struck the chestnut a smart blow with his whip. The fiery brute reared, arrow-straight, and then, boring her head, dashed off at a gallop down the hill-road.

‘Why, Merton, are you mad?’ cried his companion, making an attempt to grasp the reins. ‘Pull up, or you’ll go smash into that carriage, and’—

Too late! With a sickening sound of crashing woodwork and rent iron, the light dog-cart came into furious collision with the barouche, and with the customary result of such encounters. The chestnut mare, wild with fear and wrath, kicked herself free of the shafts, and galloped off, with her sides flecked with foam and her harness clattering about her. An axle was snapped and the body shattered of the lighter vehicle, without any corresponding damage being inflicted on the heavier one. Both the occupants of the dog-cart were violently flung out, but with varying fortune. Haworth fell, as the phrase is, ‘soft,’ and was able to struggle to his feet in a moment after the accident. But Leonard, a long thread of blood streaming from his forehead, and leaving its crimson trail upon the dust of the road, lay as if dead, and did not move or moan, almost beneath the very feet of the startled horses attached to Sir Albert Atwood’s superb barouche.

PART IV.

An accident, and especially a carriage accident, happens so quickly, that a few seconds suffice for the work of mischief. It seemed to Haworth, as dizzy with the shock, he stood beside the prostrate

form of his friend, as if but an instant had elapsed since he had first caught sight of the grand carriage and its tenants; and now Leonard lay to all appearance dead, while the shrieks of the ladies in the barouche which had been the innocent cause of the disaster were still ringing in his ears.

'Not killed—good heavens, it cannot be!—he who saved all our lives too!' exclaimed Sir Albert Atwood with honest emotion, as he leaped from his carriage and approached the fallen man. His old school-fellow stooped to lift Leonard's head. It fell back, nerveless and heavy, in the dust. With a cry of passionate sorrow, Annie Irwine sprang across the road, and knelt beside Leonard Merton.

'Killed! Yes, dead—dead! My darling! my own one! my all! Here lies the only man I ever loved, the only one whom I'—

'Annie, Annie! hush, hush! These are wild words, my dear, and you must not, shall not talk thus,' nervously interrupted Mrs Irwine, as she threw her arm around her daughter's waist and tried to draw her away. 'I do not wonder that you are shocked; but this must not be.'

Sir Albert's comely face grew first red and then very pale. What he had just heard was what it would have been exquisitely painful to any man to hear from the lips of the girl whom he was about to marry, and it is no discredit to his manhood if he winced under the ordeal. But he contrived to say, in a voice of tolerable steadiness: 'Not so bad as that—no; the poor fellow is not in such bad case as that.—One of you men,' he added, turning to the servants, 'had better hurry down to Dr Morgan's house. The doctor may be in his surgery now. Or stay—we had better lift poor Merton into the carriage, and drive to Tremadoc. He will get medical care sooner so.'

'The gentleman's not dead, Sir Albert. The blood's trickling yet from that cut on the temple,' said the coachman; while Haworth, with Miss Irwine's aid, gently raised Leonard's passive head. A brook was flowing close by, tinkling amid stones and tall broom, and thence a little water was procured, and sprinkled on Leonard's ashen pale face, while Miss Irwine with her handkerchief stanchied the wound. Feebly and slowly he opened his eyes, and gazed, as with a dulled wonder, on Annie bending over him, and then, groaning, sank back; while Miss Irwine, reckless of her mother's well-meant remonstrances, mingled tender words of love with bitter self-reproaches.

'I cannot bear this!' said Sir Albert, putting his hand to his forehead. 'Annie! Miss Irwine—your words, my dear, cut me to the heart.'

Leonard re-opened his eyes, and seemed, as he looked around, to rally his senses and comprehend the situation.

'I hope,' he said, 'that nobody else has suffered by my awkward carelessness. I—I was stunned, I think.'

'I should never have forgiven myself, Merton,' said Sir Albert, trying to assume a genial cordiality that was out of tune with his thoughts, 'if you had been as badly injured as we at the first feared you were.'

By this time Merton had been aided to regain his feet. He was still weak and very pale, and leaned heavily on Haworth's strong arm; but deprecated the idea that he could be the worse for the tumble; while Annie, blushing deeply as

she remembered what in her first agony of alarm she had said and done, shrank back, and hid her face, weeping.

'It is for me to dry those tears,' said Sir Albert, coming forward and taking the girl's hand in his. 'I am too sincerely attached to you, Miss Irwine—Annie—let me call you, for the last time, by that name—to prefer my own selfish happiness to yours. Fully and freely I release you from your promise. Fully and freely I give you back your troth-plight, and renounce the hopes which'—

He broke down here in his speech, which had been hurriedly, almost stammeringly spoken; but the purport was intelligible enough. Never, perhaps, before had Sir Albert acted or felt so nobly as now, and the evident pain which it cost him to utter the words deepened their impression upon the audience. True, it was Annie's exceeding prettiness that had in the first instance fascinated him, nor was his nature such as to appreciate thoroughly the gentle grace of hers; but he did love her after his fashion, and to give her up was to endure a pang new to this spoiled child of fortune, who had hardly ever in his life known what it was to be thwarted.

Annie threw a quick glance at her mother. Mrs Irwine was trembling and tearful; but she stood silent, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and left her daughter, unbiassed, to reply according to the dictates of her heart. The poor mother had, for her infirm husband's sake, been very much bent upon this match, which promised competence and comfort for the old clergyman's declining years; but not even with such a motive could she bring herself at this moment to attempt to influence Annie's choice.

'You are most kind—more than kind indeed, Sir Albert,' said the girl, endeavouring to speak firmly; 'but I cannot take back my word, thus hastily, even though your nobleness prompts you to offer me release from my engagement. I have been foolish, I know; but indeed, indeed I will do my duty, should you'— Here, however, a burst of sobs interrupted the unfinished sentence, and Annie turned away and nestled by her mother's side, murmuring: 'O forgive me! What have I done?'

'No harm, my darling!' exclaimed Mrs Irwine, as she passed her arm around the weeping girl; 'but you, and I too, should do a grievous wrong did we persist in what would be no better than a sacrifice of your best affections. It would be absolute wickedness, loving your cousin as I now for the first time learn that you do, were you, for our sake, to become Lady Atwood.'

'And so say I,' rejoined Sir Albert himself, as he stepped forward and placed Miss Irwine's hand in that of Leonard Merton; and there was a confused scene of broken words and hurried explanations, and then a general sense of alarm and annoyance lest all this should have taken place in the presence of the servants. But the footman was by this time far on his way to the surgery of that Dr Morgan whose services would luckily not be required, and the discreet coachman appeared to have no eyes save for his horses.

In honest, manly terms Leonard Merton thanked the baronet for setting Annie free. 'I should not, could not have dared,' he said, 'to ask Miss Irwine to be my wife, had I been as poor as, three days

since, I believed myself to be. But now, according to the opinion of my good friend Mr Haworth here, I am prospectively a rich man.'

'You, Leonard!' exclaimed Mrs Irwine, clasping her thin hands together. She was quite ready, now that Annie's heart had been laid bare, and the sin of a mercenary marriage brought home to her, to give up her matronly hopes of a qualified prosperity, and to face penury side by side with her uncomplaining old husband; but this sudden announcement of Merton's seemed too good to be true.

'I can corroborate my old friend's words,' said James Haworth, smiling. 'Of slate in especial, as having for six months managed Lord Treverney's quarries in Glamorganshire, I do know something. We have just found slate of very fine quality on Leonard's land at Pen Madrin. If the foxes the place takes its name from are not scared before long by the din of mattock and shovel, I am not worth my salt as a civil engineer. My firm—Sterling, Bowlderby, and Co., at your service—would lease the place to-morrow at a clear two thousand, and make a good thing of the bargain too.'

('I knew,' said Haworth afterwards, confidentially to Mrs Irwine, 'that there was a lady in the case; for I assure you that my old school-fellow was as indifferent to the discovery that has turned him from a briefless barrister into a well-to-do land-owner, as if he had been like some savages, unaware of the value of money. I can understand him better now.')

Annie, with mingled feelings of gratitude and admiration, extended her hand to Sir Albert: 'I hope, I do hope that you will always be my friend. I can never, to my dying day, forget how good and generous you have been.'

Sir Albert had never liked the girl better, nor she him one half so well, as now that he had given her up. But the plunge had been taken, the renunciation made and accepted, and all that remained for the baronet was to make the best of the situation. He had acted well, and felt more contented with himself than he had done of late. Ever since the avowal which Annie had made in the tunnel, her affianced suitor had been graver and more pensive than was usual with him. The spoiled child of fortune, who knew little of self-denial, and with whom the wish for a fine horse, a good picture, or a bit of coveted land had generally been gratified without serious opposition, had for the first time begun to doubt as to whether he were not selfish in holding Annie Irwine to her word. But, save for Leonard's accident, he might have married her, with the doubt still unsolved.

Arrived at Tremadoc, medical attendance was found for Leonard, and satisfactory intelligence was received concerning the capture of the runaway mare. The civil engineer had missed his train; but another was to start three hours later; and he willingly agreed to be introduced to old Mr Irwine—who was overjoyed at hearing that Leonard, always his favourite, was now in a position to become his son-in-law—and to spend the time in that sorry lodging which had been Annie's abode since leaving the vicarage.

This was by no means the last time that Mr Haworth was seen in Tremadoc; for, at Sir Albert's instance, the task of rebuilding the tunnel was intrusted to the well-famed firm of which he

was a junior partner; and under his inspection the work has since turned out a brilliant commercial success, adding largely to the value of the baronet's mines and works, and developing as much as the most sanguine could desire the resources of the district. The slate-quarry too has turned out so well that, save in his duties as a county magistrate, should his name presently figure in the Commission of the Peace, Leonard Merton can afford to leave his law-books undisturbed.

Pen Madrin, hitherto a pretty cottage, is being enlarged into a substantial family residence, since Leonard has insisted that when Annie and he are married in the picturesque church of Tremadoc, Mr and Mrs Irwine are to share his home. And there is talk of Sir Albert's wedding being celebrated at the same place and time, since the baronet, who proved fortunately consolable, has during his sojourn in London persuaded a young lady of rank and beauty to sign herself in future as Lady Flora Atwood.

THE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

THE popularity of Helen's Babies, Budge and Toddie, has proved to a demonstration the great interest taken in children; and when we consider that they form so large a proportion of our population and are to be found in most households, this is scarcely to be wondered at. A collection of the *Sayings and Doings of Children* has been recently made by the Rev. J. Byington Smith, and from that work and two or three other sources we derive the following examples.

As Mr Smith remarks: 'Children are embryo philosophers. As the tiny plant foreshadows the flower of the garden or the tree of the forest, so the child foreshadows the man, and the early developments of the mind indicate the latent philosophical capabilities.' A little boy once stood gazing thoughtfully into the sky, and upon his father inquiring what he was looking for, was found philosophising on 'how God got him down here when he was made up in the sky.'—A little girl was also puzzling herself about her transference from heaven to this mundane sphere, and questioned her mother: 'Did God and the angels have a funeral when I came away?'

'I presume there was no funeral,' said the mother.

'Well,' said the child, 'I presume they all felt bad.'

A little girl who had fallen out of bed, said at first: 'It was because I slept too near the place where I got in.' Then correcting herself, she said: 'No; it was because I slept too near the place where I fell out!'

A little boy was asked if he had a good memory. 'No,' said he; 'but I have a good forgetency.'

A shrewd little fellow lived with an uncle who barely afforded him the necessaries of life. One day the two were out together, and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor.

'I expect,' replied the boy, 'he lives with his uncle.'

A little boy running along, caught his toe in something, and fell on the pavement.

'Never mind, my little fellow; it won't hurt to-morrow,' said a by-stander.

To which the boy replied: 'Then I won't cry to-morrow.'

A mother was telling her 'little hopeful' among other things of the leopard that cannot 'change its spots;' he, however, insisted to the contrary, declaring that 'when it is tired of one spot it can change to another.'

A little girl found a shellless egg under the currant bushes in the garden, and in a high state of excitement brought it and shewed it to her aunt. 'See, auntie,' said she, 'what I found under the currant bushes! And I know the old hen that laid it. I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it!'

A friend of the writer who resides in a hilly district, was one day not long ago walking out with her little nephew, a child of seven. They observed a strong little pony drawing its load vigorously and quickly up an incline. At length Harry asked: 'How is it, amtie, that ponies can go faster than horses?' Then he paused a moment, and answered himself: 'I think I know—they haven't so much of themselves to carry.'

Another friend very recently overheard the following dialogue, the speakers being her little daughter Maggie, about four years old, and her little son Wilfred, two and a half. Master Wilfred had nervously requested his sister to go with him into another room for some purpose; the room in question being at the time unoccupied. This proposition not meeting with Miss Maggie's approval, as she was just then otherwise engaged, she promptly said: 'There are no lions there, and there are no tigers there; go yourself, Wilfred. And besides,' she added, 'you will not be by yourself; Jesus Christ will be there.'

'Will he?' queried little Wilfred; and apparently satisfied, he went alone on his expedition.

A talkative girl often annoyed her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion, a gentleman was expected whose nose had been by some accident flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child beforehand to say nothing about this peculiarity. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed in the gentleman's presence: 'Ma! you told me not to say anything about Mr Smith's nose; why, he hasn't got any!'

The confidence a child has in what is said by its parents is well illustrated in the following. A little boy disputing with his sister, argued his point in this way: 'It is true, for ma says so. And if ma says so, it is so, even if it ain't so!'

The following is an instance of a kind of drollery one would scarcely expect in a very little child. The writer has a brother who stands not far from six feet 'in his stockings;' and as he is a well-built man, the said hose, knitted of good thick wool, for winter wear, are rather immense articles. This 'big brother' has two little girls, one named Ethel, the other Nellie—still called Baby—two years old. One day a short time ago, mamma

having occasion to visit the kitchen, Miss Ethel, who was with her, must needs go too; and what should she spy but her papa's stockings hanging up to dry. Turning her eyes upon her mamma with a most comical expression in them, she said: 'Are those Baby's little socks, mamma?'

To Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences* we are indebted for the following: 'A wretched woman who used to traverse the country as a beggar or tramp, left a poor half-starved little girl by the roadside near the house of one of my friends. Always ready to assist the unfortunate, they took charge of the child; and as she grew a little older, they began to give her some education, and taught her to read. She soon made some progress in reading the Bible, and her native odd humour began soon to shew itself. On reading the passage which began, "Then David arose," &c., the child stopped and looked up knowingly to say: "I ken wha that was;" and on being asked what she could mean, she confidently said: "That's David Rowse the ploughman."

'And again reading the passage where the words occur, "He took Paul's girdle," the child said with much confidence: "I ken what he took that for;" and on being asked to explain, replied at once: "To bake his bannocks on"—girdle being in the north the name for the iron plate hung over the fire for making oat-cakes or bannocks.'

The Dean also relates another excellent story of 'quaint child-humour.' A girl of eight years of age was taken by her grandmother to church. The parish minister was not only a long preacher, but as the custom was, delivered two sermons, without any interval, on the Sabbath-day, and thus saved the parishioners a second journey to church. Elizabeth was sufficiently wearied before the close of the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the young girl being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, to the no small amusement of those who were so near as to hear her: 'Come awa, granny, and gang hame; this is lang grace and nae meat!'

A most amusing account of child-humour is told of a little boy who was much spoiled by indulgence. In fact the parents were scarcely able to refuse him anything he demanded. On one occasion when some dinner-guests were assembled, he was permitted to come into the drawing-room—provided he promised to behave himself. He was dressed out in a new snit of clothes—which included a pair of yellow nankin pantaloons. Dinner was in due time announced; and on being ordered up to the nursery, he insisted on going down to dinner with the company. His mother was for refusal, but the child persevered, and kept saying: 'If I don't go, I'll tell *yon*;' which being interpreted means: 'I will tell something you might not like to hear.' His father then for peace-sake let him accompany the guests to the dining-room, where he sat at table by his mother. When he found every one getting soup and himself omitted, he demanded some, and repeated: 'If I don't get it, I'll tell *yon*.' Well, soup was given, and various other things yielded to his importunities, to which he always added the usual threat of 'telling *yon*.' At last, when it came to wine, his mother stood firm,

and positively refused, as 'a bad thing for little boys,' and so on. He then became more vociferous than ever about 'telling you;' and as still he was refused, he declared: 'Now, I will tell you;' and to the inexpressible confusion of his much-enduring parents, and the irrepressible amusement of the assembled guests, roared out: 'My new trousers were made out o' mother's old window-blinds!'

Dean Ramsay mentions a little boy who must have had a very unlovable father, for when he was told of heaven, he put the question: 'An' will faather be there?' And on his instructress answering that 'Of course she hoped he would be there,' the child at once sturdily replied: 'Then I'll no gang.'

But though generally candid and open, children, like those 'of larger growth,' will often put the best face upon facts concerning themselves. A little Scotch boy who attended a day-school was always asked, when he came home in the evening, how he stood in his own class. His invariable answer was: 'I'm second dux;' which means in Scottish academical language, next to the top of the class. As his habits of application at home seemed scarcely to warrant such a position at school, one of the family at length ventured to ask of what number of pupils the class consisted. After some hesitation, the little fellow replied: 'Ou, there's jist me and anither lass.'

Little children have often very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been 'naughty.'

A little girl one day said to her mother: 'Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good.'

'I am very sorry,' said the mother.

'And so am I,' said the child; 'but I have got a very naughty *think*.'

'A naughty what?'

'My *think* is naughty inside of me.'

And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said: 'Why, when I could not ridle yesterday, I did not cry nor anything; but when you was gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good *inside* of me?'

A little fellow four years old prayed thus for himself: 'O Lord, bless George, and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, never no never! Because you know when he is naughty, he *sticks* to it so.'

Children will sometimes add to their usual prayers petitions for something they particularly desire. A very little boy, who lived with his aunt, had been often told by her of the fine time coming, when he should be big enough to go to school and carry his dinner in a little basket on his arm. One night, when he had finished 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' &c., Eddie asked his aunt to teach him the 'big prayer.' She accordingly said 'Our Father' for him, stopping very often, that he might repeat it. When she said: 'Give us, this day, our daily bread;' Eddie drawled out, half asleep: 'Give us, 'is day, our daily bread, and a b-a-s-t-e-t too!'

Finally, another little fellow, who like many children, found his boots a very troublesome part

of his toilet, prayed: 'O God, bless father and mother, and sister Nanny, and please make my boots go on easy.'

GENEROSITY AMONGST CONVICTS.

We have all heard of honour among thieves; but the present writer has just witnessed an exhibition of generosity on the part of a convict which acted on his moral nature as a refreshing tonic. The assizes are going on at the town where I write, and to-day, having nothing better to do, I sauntered into court to hear the learned summing up of judges, and routine of court-practice generally. The charge that was being tried was one of insubordination at Spike Island Convict Prison against two convicts, called respectively James Kirk and Daniel Bartley. They were charged with wounding a warder, by name John Condon. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, and conducted their own case. And very well they did it for the most part, though a few questions were asked by them when cross-examining, which made their cause appear worse rather than better. Several convicts had been brought up on the previous evening from their prison to give evidence. It was certainly a rather unusual sight to see over a dozen men dressed in ugly frieze jackets, on the arms of which were marked their prison number, length of sentence, and other mysterious signs—to see these one after another ascending the stand as witnesses to be examined, not by barristers, but by two of their brother-convicts standing in the dock. There they sat, looking round the court with eager cunning eyes, as though they could never see enough in the short time during which they were allowed to leave their prison. What a chance it was for men sentenced to five, seven, and eight years' penal servitude to lay up food for thought that would relieve the torture of dark cells and the silent system!

The witnesses one could easily see were genuine specimens of the criminal class. People become very expert phrenologists when looking at the 'dangerous classes.' It is easy to read in the faces of those who wear a prison garb and have their hair cropped, all sorts of devilry. 'What a murderous eye!' we think. 'Here surely goes a cunning forger.' 'How terribly developed is the bump of destruction in the case of Pa. 15962!' Another reflection was forcibly suggested by this rather unique trial. It was this—that Englishmen ought indeed to be proud of the majesty of their equal laws, which give even to convicted men not merely justice, but the greatest amount of consideration. These two convicts were being prosecuted for an assault committed when they were in prison; but had they been sons of the Queen herself, dressed in broad-cloth instead of in prison frieze, they could not have had a more patient trial. The judge in a courteous manner gave them all the assistance he could, and they were allowed to examine and cross-examine as many warders and fellow-prisoners as they chose.

The prisoner Bartley then addressed the jury with considerable ability, complaining of having been ill-treated, and appealing for justice. Kirk also addressed the jury, but confined himself to the evidence. The jury, without leaving the box, found Kirk guilty of common assault, and Bartley

guilty of assault, occasioning actual bodily harm. His lordship then sentenced Kirk to be imprisoned for six calendar months, and kept to hard labour, to commence at the expiration of his present sentence; and Bartley, who appeared to have been far the worse of the two, to be imprisoned for eighteen calendar months. And now the circumstance occurred, to describe which is the object of this paper. No sooner had the judge pronounced his sentence than the voice of the prisoner Kirk was heard making a most generous proposal in reference to his companion in crime.

Kirk. Give me the same, my lord.

The Judge. No; I will not.

Kirk. I have been the cause of bringing him into it; only for me, he would not have done anything at all. Give him the six months, and I will take the eighteen.

Judge. That I cannot do; but as you desire it, I will take, for you, six months off Bartley's sentence, and only give him twelve.

There was considerable applause in court at this settlement of affairs between his lordship on the bench and one of the prisoners at the bar. And no wonder, for it is seldom that a judge is called upon to refuse to a prisoner a longer term of punishment than justice demands, at the self-sacrificing suggestion of the prisoner himself. It would indeed have been difficult to refuse our note of admiration to poor Kirk as we heard him saying in an impulsive manner: 'I have been the cause of bringing him into it; only for me, he would not have done anything at all. Give him the six months, and I will take the eighteen.' 'There is,' according to Shakspeare, 'some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out;' and here, I thought, as I heard Kirk plead for his friend against himself, is a manifest example of the principle. Prisoner Kirk was in the eyes of ordinary people a villain of the blackest hue, and yet he proved himself capable of an act of generosity concerning which most of us unconvicted persons in court would have thought twice before doing. Pharisaic self-righteousness can with difficulty believe anything good of those who have had the misfortune of being caught and imprisoned. On the other hand, a person who is guilty of even hateful vices need never despair of being considered 'respectable,' if only he be cunning enough to escape detection, or rich enough to purchase impunity.

The incident, that has been related as it was lately heard by the present writer, proves that a convict is not of necessity wholly bad. It illustrates the fact, that in the case of even the worst and most dangerous characters there are latent sparks of goodness which only require the breath of sympathy and confidence to fan into a generous glow.

I'll no say men are villains a';

The real, hardened wicked,

Wha hae nae check but human law,

Are to a few restricted.

Those who have allowed themselves to be influenced by the spirit of Him who was called the 'Sinner's Friend'—these 'magnets for discovering virtue' find such a large mixture of goodness in things evil that they cannot be cynical. And in cases where the dark cloud of sin and crime seems to have no silver lining, 'what's done,' they

say, 'we partly may compute, but know not what's rewarded.'

An old and beautiful Eastern apologue occurred to my mind as I left the court where I had learned to believe more in imprisoned human nature. 'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city; and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market, some people gathered together looking at some object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose; "it pollutes the air!" "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanged for thieving."

'And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."

'Then the people turned to him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog." And being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.'

Prisoner Kirk had undoubtedly been 'dragged through the dirt' during his life of crime; but I could not help repeating to myself, as he stood pleading for his friend Bartley, and asking to be allowed to bear his punishment: 'Underneath a prison jacket a heart has throbbed at least one generous impulse, compared to which pearls are valueless.'

LONDON DOG-STEALERS.

AMONG the depraved lower classes in the metropolis there are men, and women too, who carry on a regular trade of stealing dogs; and in this they are very proficient. They are ever on the watch to pick up dogs that happen to be strolling out with their masters or mistresses. They note the dwellings where dogs are kept, and lay all sorts of plans to capture and carry them off. Small spaniels or terriers, usually known as toy-dogs, and which in a sense are the happiness of households, are specially watched for. We have known the case of a pretty little dog of this class that was stolen again and again, although carefully looked after, as it was thought; and was recovered by its disconsolate master and mistress only at considerable expense. How it was taken away appeared to be incomprehensible. At length it was ascertained that it was caught up, put into a milk-pan, and carried off by the person who supplied the house with milk—one of the servants of the establishment probably facilitating the larceny. Some years ago, the law against dog-stealing was increased in severity; nevertheless, dogs continue to be stolen in considerable numbers, and much heavier penalties for the offence would

need to be enforced. To our apprehension, the stealing of an attached pet-dog is a crime only short of child-stealing, and we should be glad to see it visited at least with penal servitude, as a terror to the scoundrels who habitually perpetrate this atrocious outrage.

Meanwhile, we are delighted to see that at the Middlesex May Sessions, before Mr P. H. Edlin, Q. C., the Assistant-Judge, and a number of Justices, a proper spirit was shewn in the matter of repressing dog-stealing. As the case is curious, instructive, and in its issue peculiarly gratifying, we copy the report of it entire from *The Times*.

Charles Burdett, forty, was indicted for having stolen a dog the property of Henry Layton, and a dog the property of Thomas Phillips; and also for having unlawfully and corruptly taken money of Edward Freeman upon account of aiding him to recover a dog which was in the possession of a person not being the owner. Mr Kelly appeared for the prosecution; Mr Ribton for the defence. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty." Mr Kelly said that, as his Lordship was aware, the prisoner had already been convicted of dog-stealing; but a short statement of the circumstances in which Burdett was now before the court might not prove uninteresting. At about two o'clock on the morning of the 26th of April, Mr Abberline, an inspector of the metropolitan police, observed the prisoner walking in Shoreditch with a bulldog, which Burdett said was his own. The inspector, not believing this story, arrested the prisoner, and found on him a piece of prepared liver, such as is used by dog-stealers to entice the animals. The bulldog turned out to be the property of Mr Layton. It was a very valuable prize animal, and was safe in Mr Layton's yard at Finsbury on the night of the 25th April. On a search of the house in which the prisoner lived, several dogs were found there, and among them a little toy-terrier, the property of Mr Phillips, of Wilton Place, which Burdett became possessed of by an ingenious subterfuge. Emma Bowles, a servant in the employment of Mr Phillips, was with her master's dog in Hyde Park on the 25th of April. The little dog was disporting itself by rolling over in the grass, when the prisoner informed Bowles that it was in a fit, and it was necessary to give it water. He administered the water, and then suggested that it would bite her if he handed it back, and that the best course for him to adopt would be to take it to her master's house. She gave him the name and address of Mr Phillips; but the prisoner, instead of going there, carried off the dog to his own place at Shoreditch. In the case of the third dog, which was a collie, belonging to Mr G. Seymour Fitzgerald, of Queen's Gate, Kensington, Freeman, a groom, was exercising one of Mr Fitzgerald's horses on the 6th of November last. He was followed by the dog, which he suddenly missed. On the 12th of the same month an advertisement was inserted in *The Times* offering a reward of two pounds for the recovery of the collie. On the 15th the prisoner went to Mr Fitzgerald's stables and told Freeman that he knew a person who had bought the collie at the cattle-market, but who, although he had a customer for the animal at Brighton, was willing to give it up to the owner for the sum he had paid for it. At Burdett's request, Freeman accompanied him to a

public-house in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch. Here a woman appeared on the scene, and said that her father had paid three pounds for the dog; but on the representation of the prisoner that Freeman was only a servant, the woman ultimately restored the dog for two pounds. Other stolen dogs, which had since been recognised by their owners, were found at the prisoner's house; and there could be no doubt that he was a persistent and systematic dog-stealer. Mr Ribton, addressing the court in mitigation, suggested that motives of humanity might have prompted the action of the prisoner in respect of the toy-terrier. The Assistant-Judge said that the law did not allow the Bench to give the prisoner penal servitude, though he had been previously convicted of dog-stealing. The sentence was that he be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for eight months on each of the three charges in the present indictment, which would for all three be two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

Two years with hard labour is not bad as a visitation of justice. We trust that this very just punishment will have a salutary effect in repressing the system of dog-stealing in London. All honour to Mr Edlin and other members of the Bench for their fortitude in applying the law in a matter which so intimately concerns the feelings of the community.

W. C.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

I LOVE the woods arrayed in Summer's green,
Or tinged with russet Autumn's golden sheen;
In pensive mood I gladly seek their shade,
And ramble through each leafy glen and glade.
But yet, how'er the forest may delight,
The opening plain brings still a welcome sight.
No denser spot the landscape holds for me
Than that white-gowan'd, spacious grassy lea
Where stands in solitude, the old oak-tree!

In bygone days, how often here I've staid,
And lovingly thy giant form survey'd;
Returning now from lands I long have ranged,
I come in age and find thee all unchanged.
'Tis truly writ that life is but a span,
At least that portion which belongs to man;
For but as yesterday it seems to be
When, still a boy, I cut my name with glee
Deep in thy rugged bark, d an old oak tree!

In young manhood three staunch friends were wont
From time to time to seek this cherished haunt;
Each took his chosen path the world to roam,
With hopes to meet in after-days at home.
Alas! ere many years had fled o'er,
One sunk to rest on far Arabia's shore;
The next found sailor-grave in tropic sea;
While I am left alone of all the three
To keep the tryst beside the old oak-tree!

How still the air around this regal oak
The yet my voice the charmed silence broke;
Till now unheard, the drowsy feathered throng
Awake to pipe with joy their evening song;
The daisy closes with a glance of love;
The dark'ning shades surround the mystic grove.
Oh! when the Fates send forth their dread decree,
That bids the day no longer break for me,
May sunset find me 'neath the old oak-tree!

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 813.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE FRENCH-CANADIANS OF TO-DAY.

SAILING up the great St Lawrence from the mighty Gulf which bears its name, as the rolling plane of water narrows and the banks appear on each side, the traveller is struck by the appearance of dreary lifelessness which characterises the groups of houses or sparsely settled villages which at intervals gleam whitely through the sombre shadow of dense pine-woods. Remote from towns or any centres of civilisation, simple and peaceful as the inhabitants of Acadia, but alas! minus their practical prosperity where there is nothing to be bought, even if they possessed the money necessary for purchasing, which they do not—these people may be said to live almost entirely within themselves. The houses of the peasantry are as a rule built of wood; sometimes of logs laid upon each other, having their interstices filled with mortar, which renders them almost impervious to the cold of winter; though more frequently they are composed of a shell of boards, upon which is nailed in sheets the inner bark of the birch-tree. This again is covered with clapboards or planks lapping one over the other from the ground to the eaves. The main idea in building is warmth, on account of the severity of winter; and this double wall as it were, lined with the closely fibred birch-bark, renders the houses much more comfortable than might at first be supposed.

As a rule, the French-Canadian village is more picturesque, as are also the inhabitants, than those of the English-speaking populations of Western Canada and the United States. The houses, though low-roofed, have an air of comfort and a long-settled appearance which is conspicuous from its absence in the hamlets of the west. The curved roofs project several feet beyond the walls, and this of itself is to the eye a great improvement on the square, box-like structure which usually satisfies the methodical mind of the rustic of English or Scottish descent. Instead of innumerable black tree-stumps which by their ugliness deform more newly settled districts, trees and

shrubs lend a beauty to the landscape; which, moreover, has the advantage over Western scenery of being diversified by hill and valley. The houses are generally whitewashed or painted; and thus a French-Canadian village, or even farm-steading with out-buildings, has a charming air of cleanliness and neatness.

Nor do the interiors belie the exteriors. There everything is characterised by an exquisite purity. Floor, tables, wooden benches and chairs, in the kitchen or common living-room—all have arrived at a state of brilliant whiteness which hearty scouring alone can command. The great cooking-stove, supported on legs nearly a foot high, is half through the partition into the next room, for a square opening to admit it has been made. This has been polished, until it has likewise arrived at a condition of brightness very nearly resembling perfection. Upon the floor, at intervals, thus lending an air of comfort to the room, are placed oval mats and strips of rag-carpet. This carpet is quite an institution among the *habitants*, and is made by the women of the household after their other work is finished. It is composed of narrow strips of all colours, which are sewn together, and then woven in a rude sort of loom. Against the walls hang gaudy pictures of the Madonna and Child, the favourite or patron saints of the family, and generally a representation of the reigning Pope, for whom, as in duty bound, they entertain feelings of profound veneration. About the frames of these pictures is twined the graceful ground-pine; while in the corners of the room branches of pine and spruce are fastened against the wall. These, to the uninitiated, might appear to be solely for ornament; but such is not the case—they have a much deeper significance. The common house-fly, though harmless enough in itself, becomes to the householder throughout the summer, when augmented by millions of its kind, a source of great nuisance. This troublesome insect entertains, it would seem, a strong repugnance to the odour of these trees, and hence the custom, which at first appears singular to the

traveller. The culture of home-plants enters largely into the economy of the French-Canadians. In the windows of almost every house, no matter how mean, are to be seen throughout the long and bitter winter, such flowers as monthly roses, fuchsias, carnations, begonias, in full bloom.

The bedrooms of the houses exhibit as a rule no less careful attention than those into which visitors are ushered. Here is to be found more rag-carpet, more highly coloured saints, and generally a little common crucifix and holy-water font hanging against the wall. Upon the bed is spread a patched counterpane, formed of wonderful combinations of calico in every shade and pattern. These are replaced on extraordinary occasions, in the houses of well-to-do *habitants*, by counterpanes of white cotton, upon which are sewn in crimson, green, and orange the most impossible figures, selected apparently from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is a curious feature with many of the poorer French, even in the cities, that the gaudily caparisoned beds are kept only for ornament, and that the members of the family leave these much and gorgeously adorned articles of furniture entirely unoccupied, invariably sleeping on the hard floor, and covered only by a blanket or buffalo robe. In winter-time the stove oven, in the absence of fire-places, affords a comfortable retreat for the feet. Small as the houses are—and among their various economies that of room is not the least—these householders manage to stow away a considerable number of people. Marrying as they do often when little more than children, it is not surprising that they have very numerous families, eighteen and even twenty not being considered anything very unusual.

In all parts of the country where Indians are to be found they are on the most amicable terms with the French-Canadians, and many intermarriages occur between them. Almost all the tribes which have become Christianised have embraced the Roman Catholic faith, but this is of course rather an effect than cause of their intimacy. At the present time the guides, trappers, and buffalo-hunters of forest and prairie, half Indian, half French-Canadian, are the true descendants of those hardy men who were the pioneers of the fur-trade in that wide stretch of country which is washed by northern seas and hemmed in by a vast mountain-range. They possess extraordinary powers of endurance, and are able to undergo any amount of fatigue. But as civilisation advances towards the great North-west, this class, like the game they hunt, must gradually disappear, for they are of too volatile a nature ever to settle down in farm or workshop. As a picturesque figure—as a gay rover of forest and river and prairie, the half-breed or *métis* of the Red River, of the Assiniboine, and of the Saskatchewan must soon fade away into history and romance, like his old prototype the *coursier du bois*.

Since the occupation of hunting fur-bearing animals has in a great measure gone from them, the French-Canadians have turned their attention to that of timber-felling, or 'lumbering' as it is called in America. In the autumn the lumberers are collected in the great centres for this work—the Gatineau, the Désert, the St Maurice, and the Ottawa; and there for six or seven months during the long and bitter winter, they labour, felling the mighty pines with dexterous arm. Working

together in such numbers and for such a length of time, with no women or other softening influences, the men have rough times. Their houses are built of great unsquared logs, often with the bark left upon them, and have holes cut in the roofs for chimneys. Their rations, provided by the employers, are cooked by different individuals in turn, and consist of salt pork, bread, and molasses, with diluted high wines and tea by way of beverage. During the evenings they amuse themselves with reading, singing, or playing cards; but the life is monotonous, and has not even the spice of danger as formerly, for the work is now conducted with care. In the spring, the 'shanties' (from *chantier*, a log-house) are deserted, and as the streams and rivers thaw, the great 'drive' of logs commences. As long as the lakes and rivers are smooth, this is not difficult to manage; but there are many impetuous falls and foaming rapids to pass ere the great rafts reach their destination, and men of keen eye, skilful arm, and daring heart are needed to guide them aright. It is a fine sight to see one of these great rafts sweeping down the Ottawa on its course to the St Lawrence, with the men grasping their long oars, ready for any emergency. Log-houses are built upon the rafts for the accommodation of the drivers, and the smoke issuing from their chimneys, and the clothes-lines on which red flannel shirts and other articles are capering in the wind, look very picturesque—from the shore. Of course all nationalities of the people of Canada are employed in the lumber-trade, but the majority is made up of French-Canadians.

The greatest possible contrast exists between those who cannot be induced to stay at home and those who remain from choice on the farms, and cultivate the land to the best of their ability. They possess few modern agricultural implements, and cling tenaciously to the old-fashioned methods of farming. Men, women, and children throughout the summer months are busily employed sowing, reaping, and garnering their scanty crops and stock of vegetables. Tobacco also is cultivated by almost all the *habitants* for home consumption, and the plant may be seen rearing its broad leaves and delicate pink flowers beside almost every cottage; for the male portion of the community are from childhood inveterate smokers. During the long winter days, when the dark river is fast bound in ice, when bitter winds howl about their dwellings, and roads are rendered impassable by immense drifts of snow, the women employ themselves in spinning, dyeing, and weaving the wool from which their garments are made.

Farmers who live in the vicinity of towns and cities devote their time to the cultivation of vegetables and fruits necessary for market supplies. These on market-days are frequently intrusted to the women, who sit enthroned among their farm-produce, and guide the rickety wagons to the nearest town. Arrived there, they either quickly dispose of their goods to the stall-keepers, or, which is more profitable, hobble their horses, and themselves await customers, who find it more economical to purchase direct from the country-people. These market-days without exception comprise the happiest moments of a French-Canadian woman's life, for at no time is she more in her element. Everywhere are evidences

of bounteous harvest—vegetables of every kind in abundance, huge golden pumpkins, and melons with delicate gray tracery over a pale green rind. Great baskets of ruddy tomatoes, and piles of Indian corn with its shaded brown and green silk tassels. Apples of many kinds, pears, peaches, regal plums, rosy and pale golden crab-apples, and huge baskets of small purple wild-grapes. Besides the foregoing produce, and surrounded by great blocks of clear blue ice, there are bottles of thick rich cream for sale; and yellow butter, which is well and carefully made, in dainty pats. Nor are these by any means all the articles which French-Canadian farmers and their wives send to market. All sorts of home-made clothing, woollen comforters and socks, sausages and wooden shoes, maple-sugar, wild-fruit in its season, hats with queer conical or broad crowns and immense spreading brims, made of coarse straw plaited by the women and children—all these and many more things have their part in the conglomeration. Chattering, laughing, scolding, haggling, so passes the day, until stock is sold out, or the westerling sun begins to cast lengthening shadows. Then nosebags are removed from horses' mouths, unsold vegetables gathered up and replaced in the wagons, and the busy scene becomes deserted.

Both men and women of the French-Canadians are as a rule short of stature, and have swarthy complexions, and black eyes and hair; though in some parts of the country the traveller finds families and even whole villages of persons with fair skin, blue eyes, and light brown or red hair. The women are seldom pretty, though almost always bright and animated-looking. They age rapidly, and though slight in youth, become in middle age stout and shapeless. As young people, both sexes are fond of wearing gay clothing; the young men confining their attention to bright neckties, silver finger-rings and other jewellery, and being greatly addicted to high taper-heeled boots; while the women endeavour to follow the goddess Fashion as closely as possible, in cheap and gaudy materials.

It is difficult to say in what manner they amuse themselves, unless it be simply in dancing, singing, and talking. Strange to say, the French-Canadians have lost much of the wit and *espièglerie* of their ancestors; though that, in their opinion, does not constitute a sufficient reason for preserving silence. On the contrary, they are always chattering, and do not, apparently, have any false delicacy about private concerns; for their opinions are delivered in the street, in the market, wherever they may be, with great loudness and volubility, accompanied with unlimited shrugs and other gesticulations. The *habitants* delight in singing ballads or *chansons*, which have long been in vogue among them. These ballads are essentially characteristic of people conservative of old customs and traditions, and are the same in spirit, and often in words, as those their ancestors brought from Bretagne and Normandy, and which were sung in the days of the first settlers. Some have been adapted to Canadian life and scenery; but the majority are European in sentiment and expression. The French-Canadian lumberer, as he swings his axe in the depths of the pine-woods, still sings snatches of songs, which even now can be heard at Norman, Breton, and Provençal festivals. Among many others which are sung by all classes

of people, one of the most popular from Gaspé to the Red River is *En roulant ma Boule*. It is particularly adapted to be sung during rapid motion, as that of the sleigh with its chime of bells, or the light birch-bark canoe shooting over rapid rivers. There are many versions of this gay and lively melody, shewing clearly that there is no doubt as to its popularity in all parts of the country. There is however, in all the French-Canadian songs, much repetition, which cannot be properly translated into English.

Frugal, industrious, hospitable, light of heart, these people are also imbued with deep religious feeling. Nor is this confined to the women alone, as is often the case in France; on the contrary, the men are assiduous in rendering obedience to the many rules of their Church. So much so indeed, that those spiritual fathers who in the course of missionary tours have made Canada a field of labour, express much satisfaction at the condition of religious affairs.

Thus in an imperfect and unfinished manner has the writer endeavoured to give his observations of the manners and customs, in public and in private life, of the French-Canadian people. Immigrants originally from *La belle France*, and spreading as they are throughout the great Dominion of Canada, it is a pity that in spite of many excellent qualities, they, with certain brilliant exceptions, do not possess more independent habits. Much could be written upon this subject which would doubtless interest the reader, and yet comparatively little can be accomplished in the way of improvement so long as they calmly submit to being thought for instead of thinking, and being led, in place of valiantly striking out in a new path for themselves. Without doubt, the French-Canadian peasantry might be much worse, as they might also be better, citizens than they now are; but to what nation might not such words be truthfully applied! It is more than probable that as educational institutions spring up in a country whose magnificent resources are yearly becoming more developed, this class of people cannot fail to improve, and may ultimately achieve great success in all branches of mercantile labour.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XII.—THE OLD SHAFT.

It is dreary enough, on a winter's evening, to be overtaken by the darkness, far from home, even when the road is one that we know well, and the district perfectly familiar. But Sir Lucius, stumbling on through the chilly rain and thick mist, in a rugged and stony ravine, down which the mill-stream, swollen by recent wet weather, made its way with sullen roar, bitterly lamented the inadvertence which had caused him to be alone after dark in such a spot. Had he but brought with him the boy who had on a previous occasion guided him to the Mawth Mill, or some similar boy, there would have been little risk of missing the track. As it was, however, he found it hard indeed to keep to the narrow and ill-defined path, and looked around more than once for some light, from cottage door or farm-house window, by

which he might shape his course. But he saw, from the time of his leaving the Mill of Death, no signs of human habitation. The hamlet of Mawth itself, where once the serfs of the Montmorts had dwelt, and where Ralph Swart's hired men resided, was in a wooded hollow nearer to the ruined castle. There were few dwellings between Pen Mawth and Tregunnow. Sir Lucius had to pick his steps as best he could among the rubbish-heaps and rotting lumber and cinders, which told where men had toiled, and ore been raised, and money spent, in the prosperous past that was, long since, a mere tradition.

Once or twice, as he threaded his difficult way among the stones and scorise and deep ruts made long ago, the baronet fancied that he heard footsteps behind him. But, when he stopped and listened, the sounds invariably ceased, and there was nothing but the moan of the low wind and the distant gurgling of the swollen mill-stream that he was leaving behind. The cold rain fell fast and faster, and he was shivering, and was glad to button his overcoat more closely around him; glad, too, to summon up such pleasant thoughts as he could muster, to counteract the depressing influences of the bad weather and the desolate landscape. How well he had come out of that business with the Black Miller! How skilfully he had played his cards, and how boldly withal. Yes, boldness was, with a ruffian of that stamp, the best policy, the best and the safest. He had a hold on Swart, or Grewler, and could count on his active aid in the removal of a hated obstacle, without compromising himself in the event of failure.

That odious fisherman fellow—that insufferable upstart who won praise and good-will, somehow—and on whose behalf Maud Stanhope was provokingly ready to speak her mind—his run of luck, surely, must be almost over. It was unendurable that the future Lord Penrith should be thwarted and—Again those stealthy footsteps! Sir Lucius turned briskly round, but he saw nothing and heard nothing. He called aloud, but there was no reply. He seemed to be alone with the gathering night and ceaseless rain.

He stumbled on, then, after a short pause, but suddenly came to a stop. Straight in front, at his very feet, yawned a blackness that was blacker than the night, and the blood ran cold in his veins as he reflected that he must have strayed from the path, and that a single step in advance would have hurled him, many a fathom deep, down the silent shaft of some deserted mine.

'Lucky I stopped when I did, precious lucky!' said the baronet, as he picked up a pebble, and tossed it down the yawning pit so near him. It was long—or to his heated imagination it seemed long—before a faint sound, as of a stone splashing into water, came feebly to his ear. Sir Lucius could not repress a shudder, but he was angry with himself because of the fear that chilled his veins. Half mechanically he thrust his hand into a side-pocket of his coat, but found no hunting-flask replete with spirituous comfort. As he did so, he thought that again he heard footsteps creep-

ing up behind him; but as he turned his face and shaded his eyes with his open hand, the better to pry into the darkness, a loose stone near him was violently displaced by the spurn of a heavy foot, and a smothered, savage imprecation made him recoil. Then the treacherous earth trembled, crumbled, and gave way beneath his shrinking feet, and with one cry for succour or for mercy, the Baronet stumbled and fell headlong into the black gulf of the abandoned mine!

The Black Miller—for he it was, as may well be guessed, who had dogged his late visitor so closely—came crouchingly to the very edge of the pit. His powerful right arm had been uplifted, and in the strong hand was the loaded riding-whip ready to strike; but Ralph Swart's murderous purpose had been balked by the sudden catastrophe that had removed his victim beyond his reach. With a sort of reluctance, the ruffian allowed the upraised arm to drop weightily by his side, and stooped over the brink of the shaft, listening greedily for the anticipated sound. Yes, it came at last, deep down, and muffled, the sullen splash of something heavy falling into water, and then there was silence, unbroken by moan or cry, a silence so profound and so terrible that even the hardened wretch kneeling there was in a manner constrained to break it.

Stooping perilously low, so as to throw the sound of his resonant voice down the shaft, he uttered a short exclamation, to which the gloomy pit gave back, as if in mockery, but a hollow echo. Ralph Swart did not a second time disturb the sullen profound. He rose, and taking a box of matches from his pocket, struck a light, not once, but repeatedly, and by the short-lived glimmer of each successive match, took a hasty but heedful survey of the spot.

'Nothing left about' muttered the Black Miller in grumbling accents. 'Nothing—not a glove, not a stick, not so much as a half-burnt cigar to tell tales, when the hunt begins. Ho, ho! Dead men—according to the old saw—tell no tales. But I am afraid they'll wait dinner long for Sir Lucius at Llosthuel Court this evening.' He laughed again, and chuckled, and laughed more ogreishly than before, as he stealthily picked his way among the stone-heaps; but a good judge of laughter would have set down Ralph Swart's rude mirth that night as an outburst of mere ribald bravado.

We can never, try as we may, divorce ourselves from the common ties of humanity, from the common rules of right and wrong; and even the most hardened ruffian will shew an occasional gleam of remorse when a more than usually brutal crime has been perpetrated. But the Black Miller had physically a stout heart, and he felt less, as he groped his way back to the road, than many a meaner ruffian would have done.

'The cur!' muttered Ralph Swart, as he slowly and painfully threaded a path, through fog and thickening rain, amidst the rubbish-heaps, and the unfenced mouths of abandoned mines, and the mouldering lumber—the cowardly cur, without even the courage necessary to back his selfish scheming—it served him right that he should finish thus! He must have been a dolt to come here, an idiot to threaten me! But as for Hugh—young Hugh!—and here the Black Miller changed his tone to one of involuntary respect—

'there is a man, plague him! It would be worth while, now'—As he spoke, Ralph Swart halted and drew himself up to his full height, throwing out his brawny arms like a wrestler who challenges an opponent. 'He is the younger man,' cried the Black Miller boastfully; 'but I—I never met my match!'

And very terrible this fierce, shrewd, pitiless man would have looked, had any eye pierced through the curtain of mist and darkness to see him as he stood, alone in the waste, frowning grim defiance on an imaginary foe. His vast strength, resolute countenance, and threatening attitude caused him to resemble some rough-hewn statue of a gladiator, ready to commence the struggle in a Roman arena, where blood and bone and muscle were pitted in deadly strife, amidst the clapping of soft hands, and offering of wagers, as on a modern race-course.

Then Ralph Swart's mood seemed to change, for his arms fell to his sides, and his head was bowed, and it was slouchingly, and with a clownish gait, that he regained the well-known track, and plodded upwards, along the path that bordered the roaring mill-stream, towards the Mawth Mill. It rained hard and harder; but, as often happens, the fog thinned and waned, and through a rift in the clouds the sickly moon peeped out, and threw a pale lustre on the dark keep of the ruined castle where once the Barons of Montmort dwelt, clutching what was theirs, and more, by the strong hand and the hard heart. It was a lesson lost on the unlettered peasant who passed by; but to the Black Miller it did seem to suggest ideas, for he stopped, and looked cynically at the old robber-hold of the Norman noble. 'What does Aristotle say,' he growled out, 'about the tyrant's life, in his time?' The Greek slips his memory; but there could have been no great difference between a lord in Hellis and a vavasour of feudal times, save that the one had no suzerain, and the other had. Either lot would have suited me, ho, ho! either would have suited me well enough.'

As he spoke, he came in sight of the dark mass of his own mill-tower, overshadowed by crags, and was soon at his own door. He unlocked the door with the key that he carried in his pocket, went in and reclosed it, barring, bolting, and locking it, as if to stand a siege. Half an hour afterwards the flaring petroleum lamp that had stood so long on the kitchen table was extinguished, and every window of the Miller's house was dark.

(To be continued.)

PRECOCIOUS CLEVERNESS.

PRECOCIOUS cleverness is not unfrequently believed to foreshadow a career the reverse of brilliant, and is believed by many to presage an early death. The vanity and greed on the part of parents sometimes inducing them to make the most of gifts unusually developed in their children, to the overtaking of such infantile genius, may account for a belief of this nature. But many instances may nevertheless be brought forward to prove the fallibility of an assumption so unfavourable.

Such youthful prodigies as Pope, Cowley, Campbell, Montgomery, Master Betty the young Roscius, Bunton, Bidder, and the 'Learned Child of Lübeck' for instance, are doubtless familiar to our readers; but there are other examples of early

development of talent that may not be so well known. Take the case of James Ferguson the astronomer and mechanist. He was a native of Banffshire in Scotland, and though only the son of a labourer, his extraordinary genius quickly displayed itself. He learned to read in infancy by hearing his father teach one of his brothers; and when only eight years of age he is said to have constructed a wooden clock. Employed when old enough as a farm-servant, he was sent out to keep sheep, in which humble situation he acquired, we are told, a surprising knowledge of the stars. His abilities being discovered by some neighbouring gentlemen, one of them took him to his house and taught him the rudiments of mathematics. He afterwards published some astronomical works and gave lectures in experimental philosophy, which met with great success.

Seldom are the indications of genius in youth so apparent as they were in the case of Theodore Hook. At seventeen he produced his first drama, *The Soldier's Return*, which was speedily followed by other operatic pieces, nearly all of which were successful. These with a host of piquant articles in the *Satirist* magazine and other periodicals, were hit off before his twenty-fifth year. His reputation as a man of rare accomplishments and pre-eminently convivial talents is well known.

The extraordinary precocity sometimes displayed by great musicians like Mozart may here be alluded to. Before he was eight years of age, Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by the accuracy of his ear, the strength of his memory, and above all by his incredible facility in playing music at sight. Meyerbeer at the tender age of six played at a concert, and three years later was one of the best pianists at Berlin; while the genius of Beethoven shewed itself so early that his musical education was commenced by his father, at the age of five. When two years younger than this, Samuel Wesley the musician could play extempore music on the organ; and the distinguished German musical composer, Robert Schumann, also shewed at a very early age a strong passion for music, and remarkable talents both for playing and composing. Though he lost the use of his right hand at the very outset of his studies, he worked on with a giant's strength, struggling against all obstacles 'with uncompromising devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interests of art.'

Something of the same early development of musical abilities displayed itself in the case of Cipriani Potter, distinguished as a composer and pianist; and Henrietta Sontag, a famous singer of her time, trod the boards when a child, and was prima-donna of the Berlin stage and the idol of the capital before she was eighteen. The great vocalist who has passed from our midst, Madame Tietjens, is also said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera *Fra Diavolo*. When a toddling child, she used to create great amusement by her efforts to sing and play, and was quite content to be allowed to wander amongst the instruments of a neighbouring pianoforte manufacturer's warehouse and make music after her own fashion—music which was recognised by one at least of those who heard it as more than the strumming of a child.

A rarity even in these go-ahead days was a concert given not very long since by a pianist of five and a half years old; and therefore Mademoiselle Jeanne Douste's *matinée* at the Langham Hall had powerful attractions for those interested in musical affairs. Little Jeanne Douste, a marvel of precocity, plays with all the steadiness and confidence of a practised professional, and is free from the drawbacks which generally mark the performances of juvenile prodigies. The child-pianist's rendering of the works of composers like Haydn and Mozart is said to have been truly remarkable alike for unwavering accuracy and apparent ease of manipulation. Whether the extraordinary promise evinced by this child will be substantiated in the future, time alone can shew; at present however, her powers are wonderful, her practical skill and artistic taste being far in advance of her years.

Instances of early exhibition of great mental powers amongst British poets and authors are well known; but 'earth's sweet singers' and writers have, in other lands, not seldom given similar evidences of precocious cleverness. Metastasio, an eminent Italian poet, when only ten years of age displayed such a talent for extemporising in verse as to attract the notice of the celebrated Gravina, who took him under his protection. The young poet being thus placed in easy circumstances, devoted himself to his favourite study, and under the guidance of the celebrated singer Maria Romanina (afterwards Bulgarelli), created the modern Italian opera. The most celebrated dramatic poet of Scandinavia, Adam Oehlenschlaeger, when quite a child evinced great skill in writing verses. Even in his ninth year he wrote short comedies for private theatricals in which the child-performers were himself, his sister, and a friend. Throughout his life he displayed strong feelings and great earnestness of purpose, which gained him universal respect while he lived, and more than regal honours at his death.

John O'Keefe, a well-known dramatist, at the age of fifteen wrote a comedy in five acts. Among his early productions was a kind of histrionic monologue called *Tony Lumpkin's Rambles through Dublin*, which afforded him abundant scope for the exhibition of broad humour, and was received with applause not only in Dublin, his native city, but at the Haymarket Theatre, London. He subsequently produced nearly fifty comedies, comic operas, and farces, many of which acquired a flattering popularity.

John Payne, an American actor and dramatist, was another prodigy from childhood. He was a writer for the press, and editor of the *Thespian Mirror* when only in his thirteenth year. Three years later he appeared as Norval in *Douglas* at the Park Theatre, New York. Coming to England, he made his *début* at Drury Lane in his twenty-first year; and afterwards prepared dramas for the London stage, in most of which Charles Kemble appeared.

Painters and sculptors, as well as musicians and authors, can shew many cases of precocious cleverness in their annals. Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of Louis-Philippe, evinced from childhood a remarkable love of the fine arts, especially of sculpture. This branch of art she cultivated with a zeal and assiduity that soon gave her a prominent place among the most distinguished

artists of her time. Her marvellous statue of Joan of Arc in the Museum of Versailles was finished before she reached her twentieth year. She also produced numerous bas-reliefs, busts, and statuettes of rare beauty and excellence.

The genius of Stevens, one of the greatest decorative artists of modern times, shewed itself at a very early age. Those who have seen the Wellington Monument in St Paul's Cathedral, after being so many years in erection, can judge what that artist's powers were in their maturity. Turner may be quoted as another example of precocity; and how the great animal painter Sir Edwin Landseer, gave early indications of his genius, may be judged when we are told that he drew animals well before he was five years old.

There are many persons who, if we are to place full credence in their biographers, must have been extraordinary marvels of precocity and cleverness. Anne Maria Schurman, for example, who was the boast of Germany, was one of this description. At the age of six, and without instruction, she cut in paper the most delicate figures; at eight, she learned in a few days to paint flowers, which, it should be added, were highly esteemed; and two years later it cost her only five hours' application to learn the art of embroidering with elegance. Her talents for higher attainments, we are told, did not develop themselves till she was twelve years of age, when they were discovered in the following manner. Her brothers were studying in the apartment where she sat, and it was noticed that whenever their memories failed in the recital of their lessons, the little girl prompted them without any previous knowledge of their tasks except what she had gained from hearing the boys con them over. In her education she made extraordinary progress, and is said to have perfectly understood the German, Low-Dutch, French, English, Latin, Greek, Italian, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Arabic, and Ethiopian languages. Her knowledge of science and her skill in music, painting, and sculpture were also extraordinary; and her talent for modelling was shewn by the wax portrait she contrived to make of herself with the aid of a mirror. When it is added that her letters were not only valuable for the elegance of their style but for the beauty of the written characters, which caused the said epistles to be preserved as cabinet curiosities, we may judge what a prodigy of cleverness was foreshadowed by the talents she displayed as a child.

In *A Father's Memoirs of his Child*, by Dr Malkin, it is just possible that the 'trivial fond records' of a precocious child may be dwelt upon with a minuteness betraying the partiality of a parent. Whether it is thought so or not in the present case, the biographer has furnished plenty of evidence to prove the extraordinary talents of his son. He tells us that Thomas Malkin learned to read, spell, and write with a rapidity that can scarcely be credited, and that on attaining the age of three years he wrote a letter to his mother with a pencil, and others to some of his relatives a few months afterwards. A year later he had learned the Greek alphabet, and had so far advanced in Latin as to write an exercise every day with a considerable degree of accuracy. He drew maps and heads with correctness, wrote fables in his seventh year and, made some respectable attempts at

poetical composition. His fertile imagination was displayed in his idea of an imaginary country called 'Allestone,' of which he gave vivid and intelligent descriptions. He wrote part of its history in a number of letters and tales, and drew a map of this fanciful kingdom, giving names of his own invention to the principal mountains, rivers, sea-port towns, and villages. This was however, one of the last efforts of his genius, for this youthful prodigy died before he was seven years of age.

John Barretier is declared to have been master of five languages when he was only nine years of age. In his eleventh year he published a learned letter in Latin, and translated the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into the French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the king of Prussia, who sent for him to court. When passing through Halle on his journey, he so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university that they offered him the degree of Doctor in Philosophy. The whole university was delighted and amazed with his wit and knowledge; and on his arrival at Berlin the king honoured him with peculiar marks of distinction, declaring that such abilities properly cultivated might exalt Barretier in ten years to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. But the young philosopher was not dazzled with such prospects, and returned to Halle to pursue his studies. His health unfortunately gave way in his nineteenth year, and after lingering for eighteen months he died; another illustration of the expression 'too clever to live long.'

Another prodigy was Dorothy Schlozer, a Hanoverian lady, who was thought worthy of the highest academical honours of the university of Gottingen, and had the degree of Doctor in Philosophy conferred upon her when she was only seventeen years of age. Before she was three years old she was taught Low-German; and three years later learned French and German; and after receiving ten lessons in geometry, was able to answer abstruse questions. Other languages were next acquired with singular rapidity; and before she was fourteen she knew Latin and Greek, and had become a good classical scholar. She also made herself acquainted with almost every branch of polite literature, as well as many of the sciences. As an instance of this lady's indefatigable industry, it may be mentioned that she visited the deepest mines in the Harz Forest in the common garb of a labourer, to gain proficiency in mineralogy.

It is said that Blaise Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of France, exhibited precocious proofs of genius, especially in mathematics, from his earliest childhood. Having been purposely kept in ignorance of geometry, lest his propensity in that direction should interfere with the prosecution of other studies, his self-prompted genius discovered for itself the elementary truths of the forbidden science. When quite a boy, he was discovered by his father in the act of demonstrating on the pavement of an old hall where he used to play, and by means of a rude diagram he traced with a piece of coal a proposition which corresponded to the thirty-second of the First Book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen he composed a tractate on conic sections, which excited great

admiration. Three years later he invented his celebrated arithmetical machine; and at the age of twenty-six he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works, and made those brilliant experiments in hydrostatics and pneumatics which ranked him amongst the first natural philosophers of his time.

From such examples then, it will be seen that precocious cleverness has not in by any means every case betokened for the possessors either an unsuccessful life or an early death.

On the other hand however, we are inclined to think that the early development of unusual talent is but too frequently fraught with evil results to its possessor. At an age when he ought to be mingling with his fellows at school and joining in their pastimes, the 'prodigy' is pouring over books of abstruse science, or perhaps racking his young brain in thinking out some new mathematical problem, or perfecting some intricate machine. His self-imposed studies engross a great section of the time that might be more fitly employed in needful recreation or in sleep. The triumphs he may be presently achieving, or which he is yet to gain, are too frequently purchased at the expense of the joys which Nature gives to her more soberly endowed children.

THAT YANKEE WHALER.

ONE of the most striking headlands on the South African coast is the Bluff of Natal. Its majestic position, standing boldly out from the mainland, and rising straight up from the deep blue ocean to a height of several hundred feet; the brilliant hues of the thousand and one varieties of tropical foliage which cover its steep sides from top to bottom; the clear sky above, and the bright plumage of the birds flashing in the sun—all contribute to make the spot picturesque in the extreme. In the maze of the gigantic underwood on the Bluff, at the time of which I am writing, leopards, tigers, cats, monkeys, serpents, and other beasts and reptiles, roamed at will; the precipitous sides and wild entanglement insuring protection from the attacks of the hunter. Within the last few years a road has been made up the Bluff, and a lighthouse now crowns the summit. The inner or northern side of the Bluff forms one side of the Bay of Natal, while low sandhills inclose it on the north. The northern coast is irregular, and a sandhill projecting far into the bay almost cuts it into two parts; so forming a double harbour. From this point the harbour-bar stretches across; and the water being there very shallow, vessels of large size are prevented from passing into the inner harbour. Fortunately, however, the Bluff protects them on the south; and except when north or east winds are blowing, a tolerably good anchorage is obtainable. On account of the impossibility of emigrant ships sailing over the bar, the early emigrants were transported from the ships to the beach in the inner harbour in large surf-boats, and frequently had to be carried through the surf to the shore by Kaffirs. On the sandhill that divides the bay there stand a look-out and the Port-captain, or Harbour-master's house; and about two miles up the south shore is situated the town of Durban, the only road to which, at the date of this story, was through the bush-path.

Early in the afternoon of one of the hottest days of the summer of 1854, the thermometer registering something like one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, the bay as calm as glass, and the beach quite deserted, the men in the look-out were surprised to see a long rakish schooner sail round the Bluff and drop anchor in the outer bay. No sooner had she brought-to than a whale-boat was lowered and put off from her side. The Harbour-master hurried down, followed by half-a-dozen men, to the beach; and before the boat had reached the shore, a small crowd of white men and Kaffirs had gathered round. As the boat ran on to the shingle, a tall sallow man, whose bony frame, sharp eyes, and features proclaimed him an American before he spoke, jumped ashore and asked in a sharp nasal tone: 'Who's Boss [chief personage] here?'

'I am the Port-captain,' said that functionary, stepping forward. 'Do you want me?'

'Wal, yes, I do—some. I'm Cap'n of the *Southern Cross* schooner—thar she is. She's sprung a bad leak, and I want to beach her here and examine her timbers. My lads is a'most done up with pumpin'. She's fillin' most awful quick; and I want some men to come off and take a hand at the pumps. My crew can't keep on much longer, I guess.'

'Where are you from, and where bound, Captain?' asked the Harbour-master.

'I've bin cruisin' after whales, and thar's a pile of ile aboard. But sir, if we stop palav'ring here I shan't git my ship beached. What men can you git me, now, quick?'

'There's plenty of Kaffirs about,' said the Harbour-master; 'but you must get permission before you can take any of 'em off to your ship.'

'Permission!' echoed the stranger. 'Wal, I never! Who's got charge of this lot? Who do they belong to?'

'They don't belong to anybody. This is a British colony, Captain. But you must get leave to take 'em aboard, or else you can't have 'em,' replied the Harbour-master emphatically.

'Who'll give me permission—you?' asked the Captain.

'No; I can't; you must go and get a magistrate's order.'

'Whar's he to be found? Jest shew me the way. Look sharp, Boss, 'cos I'm in a mortal hurry, you know.'

The Harbour-master turned away, saying: 'Up in Durban, and'—

'How fur's that?' broke in the Yankee.

'A good two miles through the bush-path. You'll have to get a horse.'

'Whar'll I git one?' asked the Captain.

At this moment, Mr M'Kay, the government Land Agent, who, full of officious curiosity, had come down from the Custom-house, pushed through the crowd and said: 'I'll lend you a horse, Captain. Just come this way.'

'You're very obligin' sir,' said the Captain, turning and following the Agent. 'I'll accept your offer, and feel honoured.'

In a few minutes the horse was produced, and a nigger engaged to run ahead and shew the way. As the Captain mounted the horse, he turned to the Harbour-master and said: 'You'll be able to find boats enough to take fifty niggers off at once, eh?'

'O yes; we can do that.'

'Wal now,' said the stranger as a parting observation, 'ain't it a plaguy shame that a man can't save his ship without all this palaver? Here's the *Southern Cross*—as smart a schooner as ever sailed under Stars and Stripes—a-makin' water like mad, and I've to go through all this here performance before I ken git a few darned niggers to pump.' And away he rode towards Durban.

The magistrate not only gave the American Captain the necessary order, but opened a bottle of wine and, drinking to his success, promised any further assistance that might lie in his power; and in two hours after leaving the harbour the stranger was half-way back again.

During his absence, all had been bustle at the harbour. More Kaffirs had come down in the hope of being hired, and great was the amount of speculation as to the terms likely to be offered. These Natal Kaffirs are runaway Zulus, who, having once deserted, are barred from returning to Zululand under penalty of death. They are both brave and intelligent, and are a much finer set of men than the negroes of the west coast. From the look-out, the crew of the schooner could be seen pumping incessantly, a continuous stream pouring from her side; and Mr M'Kay, whose proffer of the horse was instigated more by the hope of profit than by disinterested kindness, for he was the owner of the surf-boats, was waiting with great impatience for the stranger's return, and calculating the amount he would realise by the business.

Sooner than could have been expected, the Captain came riding up at a rattling pace; and jumping from the horse, said: 'Here's the permission, Boss, all correct and complete. And now, how many niggers ken I hev?'

'Just as many as you like,' said the Harbour-master; 'there they are waiting to be hired.'

'Now, sir, tell me—what tune in the mornin' ken I git over the bar? I draw ten feet of water.'

'Tide flows at six o'clock, and you could come over by eight, I should say,' responded the Harbour-master.

'Good. Wal, now, you boys, I'll give you seven and sixpence apiece to come and take turns all night. There's a powerful lot o' water in the hold by this time, and you'll hev to work, I tell you.'

The pay was high, and a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd; those among the Kaffirs who did not understand English having it explained to them by those who did. The terms were good enough for many a white man standing round to jump at; but to work side by side with niggers was too degrading, and they were obliged to let the chance pass.

'Wal, boys, what say?' asked the Yankee.

Several voices eagerly accepted the terms, and the Harbour-master asked how many he would engage.

'Jest you stand in a row, boys, and I'll pick out the likely ones. Be smart; the sun'll be down before we git aboard, if you don't be slick.'

The Kaffirs were soon in line. The Captain walked up and down, surveying them, and carefully picking out the biggest and strongest, until he had selected about sixty. This was a large number for the work; but it was put down by Mr M'Kay and the Harbour-master to Yankee

enterprise; and in a few minutes the surf-boats with all the niggers on board were afloat.

'I will come off to you in the morning, Captain, and bring you a pilot,' said the Harbour-master.

'Wal, now, that's friendly of you, Boss. Really, if you would, I should take it kind,' responded the Yankee.

'I will,' said the Harbour-master; 'I'll come off when the tide makes.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the Captain, as he stepped into the whale-boat. 'You won't forget to come?'

'Certainly not,' replied the Harbour-master. 'Good-night.'

'Good-night,' said the stranger, with a grim smile, waving his hand as the boat pulled away.

When the surf-boats returned, the men with them reported the *Southern Cross* to be just as smart and trim a craft as the Captain had said she was. They also reported the safe transference of the dingy volunteers. The sun went down, and in ten minutes the scorching hot day had given place to a beautiful tropical night.

Before the sun had risen on the following morning, the Port-captain, Mr M'Kay, and the look-out men were already assembled on the sand-point; and as the first flush of daylight came rapidly spreading over land and sea, they strained their eyes across the bay, eager to catch an early glimpse of the schooner, whose arrival and condition had caused such unusual excitement the day before. Well might they start and stare in speechless astonishment. There was the bay all right, and there was the Bluff beyond it, but nothing else! No *Southern Cross*! No ship at all! Nothing to mark where she had lain at anchor on the previous night. What could it mean? Could she have foundered with all hands? No; for there was not depth of water sufficient to cover her masts if she had. Could she have broken away and gone ashore? Impossible, for the wind, a mere capful, was off the land.

'She's gone!' was the first exclamation which broke the silence—'clean gone!'

'What can it mean?' asked Mr M'Kay.

'Mean?' said the Harbour-master—'mean! That we're all born fools—that's what it means.'

'Whv, how?' gasped the bewildered Agent.

'How?' responded the Harbour-master. 'Why was he so particular about the sort of Kaffirs he engaged? Wouldn't any kind of Kaffirs do for working pumps? Of course they would. I can see it all now. She was no whaler. She had sprung no leak. She was a Yankee slaver, that's what she was; and we ought all to be shot for not seeing it before.'

A thrill of horror passed through the group. It was as clear as daylight now.

'But we saw them pumping the water out of her,' said the Agent, after a pause.

'Of course you did. But you didn't see the other side of her, did you, Mr M'Kay?'

'Well, no,' responded the Agent.

'No; but if you had, you'd have seen 'em pumping the water in! That's what it was, Mr M'Kay—the rascals were pumping it in on the starboard side, and out again on the port; don't you see?'

'Yes, I see now,' sighed the Agent.

'Sixty niggers kidnapped before our very eyes!' continued the Harbour-master. 'A pretty thing, upon my word!'

'Beg pardon sir,' said one of the men; 'p'raps she's in sight now sir—if we was to pull off in the boat round the Bluff head sir.'

'What's the good of that?' growled the Harbour-master.

'O'ny p'raps we might see what course she was a-takin'; and in case the Admiral was to come round, we could say which way she was a-goin' sir.'

'Oh, she's out o' sight by this time, never fear,' said the Harbour-master. 'But man the boat, and we'll see.'

Away went the men to get the boat out; and away went the Harbour-master and Mr M'Kay after them down to the beach.

'No wonder he was so particular, the rascal! Why, every one of those Kaffirs will fetch five hundred dollars in America. He's done a very fair day's work, and no mistake, Mr M'Kay.'

'Yes; and never paid me for the hire of my boats,' dolefully responded the Agent; 'and I lent the scoundrel my horse too!'

'Well, it's no use now. But where our senses were, Mr M'Kay, to be outwitted like that, I can't think. I shall hear of this again. If only the Admiral would cruise round here, we might catch 'em now; but we shan't see him for months, maybe. It's about the deepest move that ever I heard of.'

By this time the boat was out and manned, and a hearty pull took them to the Bluff head in half an hour; but no sign of the slaver was to be seen.

The next day a southern-bound brig dropped anchor in the outer bay, and sent ashore for some fresh meat. The Harbour-master went off to her, and gave the captain a letter to deliver to the Admiral if he fell in with him, or to leave at the Cape if he did not. Although the letter reached the Admiral within a week, and he put off to sea on the chance of falling in with some news of the *Southern Cross*, no more was ever heard of that Yankee Whaler.

EXPERIENCES OF A STROLLING ACTRESS.

IMPROMPTU DROLLERIES.

My first experience of a theatre was a particularly unpleasant one. My mother—leading lady in a south of England *corps dramatique*—when I was a tiny urchin, after many entreaties on my part took me with her one evening, and placed me in an out-of-the-way nook behind the scenes, to see the first act of the piece, which she told me was called *The Vampire, or the Bride of the Isles*. I had not the least notion of what either a vampire or a bride might be like, but was on the tiptoe of expectation; when my mother suddenly recollected that she had omitted to put on the tartan silk scarf which, as the Lady Margaret, it behoved her to wear, and told me to fetch it from her dressing-room. Intent on obeying her, I ran half-way across the stage, when the floor suddenly

opened beneath my feet. I fell a long, long way down, and alighted in the arms of a hideous Monster, with a yellowish-green cadaverous face and long dishevelled hair. The ground closed at once over our heads. Escape was impossible; and a feeble distant light just served to shew me that this frightful wretch and I were alone in a capacious dungeon, surrounded by beams, cranks, screws, blocks, and pulleys. At that time I knew not their names; but from my remembrance of some pictures that had been shewn me in a story of the Inquisition, I at once recognised in them instruments of torture and of death!

The Monster, who seemed quite at home in this terrible abode, tried to comfort me when I cried; but the closer he hugged me to his breast, the more terrified I was. At last he saw a man in a white jacket coming towards us, and called out: 'Here, Watty, come and take this child to her mother.'

'Hollo!' said the man, 'has little missy fallen through the vampire trap?'

Dimly I began to comprehend that the ugly Monster was an actor waiting in that dark and dismal cave until he should be wanted on the stage; for I had seen a pantomime in which a beautiful lady had disappeared through the ground; but *she* came up again presently, without seeming any the worse; whereas it took *me* all the evening, even when quite safe on *terra firma*, to recover from the effects of my transit to the shades below.

To the uninitiated, many expressions heard within the walls of a theatre sound strangely enough; for example, the property-man says to his subordinate: 'Joe, just iron those waves out, will you? I'd like 'em nice and straight for the *Colleen Bawn*.' Joe's reply being: 'I'll do 'em by-and-by; they're too damp at present.' Or, 'Has any one seen the crash?' Or, 'Who made that hole in the leap?' 'Go and ask the wardrobe-keeper for the red cloaks for them supers as has to sit as mucky-coves [magnificoes] in the Senate Scene.' 'This thunder's worn out; it's cracked from top to bottom.' And so on.

One actress says to another: 'Please lend me a "scream" for *Fiordelisa*' (*Fool's Revenge*). To 'draw first blood' is to get the first round of applause in a piece. 'A pill' is a long disagreeable part to study. A character easy to personate and acceptable to the public is described as 'all sack and sugar.'

Calls and Encores.—Surely these compliments have now arrived at the height of absurdity. By degrees we have become reconciled to seeing Othello and Desdemona, Richard and Richmond, Lady Isabel Carlyle and her child, Leah, &c. whom we have just beheld die—as per the author's decree—resuscitated at a moment's notice, solely for the purpose of bowing their acknowledgments to an admiring auditory. This may gratify the artistes' vanity; but it certainly helps to destroy the interest in the drama's illusion; and I entirely

agree with an old Yorkshirewoman, who observed, on seeing Lear and Cordelia come before the curtain in response to a 'call' just as she was shedding tears of pity for their hapless fate, that it was 'nowt but babby-wark' (that is, child's-play). Recently, the ghost of a murdered Countess, in the old tragedy of *The Castle Spectre*, was encored at the conclusion of the fourth act, after having appeared with lamp and dagger, and a wound in the breast, kissed and blessed her daughter—who affrighted, fainted away—and then gliding back, vanished gracefully through the folding-doors of the Castle Oratory in a flood of blue-fire, to the music of an impalpable harp, and a chorus of (supposed) angels' voices lustily singing 'Jubilate!' Nothing therefore, could be more absurd than for the young Lady Angela to have to recover suddenly, to be again overcome with terror, and again to fall into a swoon, while the shade of her respected parent went through the same 'business' as before, and made a second exit, under precisely the same circumstances as on her previous appearance, and with all the accompaniments of blue-fire, harp, and chorus.

Performing dogs, camels, donkeys, goats, pigs, and even a magpie—of silver-spoon notoriety—have had to respond to 'calls.' The very latest eccentric demonstration that I know of was in the drama of *Under the Gaslight*, when the locomotive had again to steam on, and fizz its thanks to an irresistible encore!

'*Stage waits.*'—Nothing throws such a damper over a performance as a 'stage wait.' One night at a theatre in Yorkshire a piece was to be represented in which four of the ladies and gentlemen of the company should have begun the second scene. They were not forthcoming at the appointed time. The fact is they were two pairs of lovers in real as well as in stage life, and had run away to get married in opposition to their friends' wishes. Presently, the audience grew clamorous, and began to hiss. The manager went on to crave their indulgence—being obliged to change the play—and the only apology that occurred to him was that 'the Misses Blank and Dash, and the Messrs Brown and Jones, had all been suddenly taken ill;' an announcement that caused roars of laughter, and restored good-humour to the much enduring audience.—One night Prince Ludgar went off to address a disloyal multitude, and should have been seen almost immediately at the back of the stage haranguing them from the battlements; but oblivious of this duty, the Prince had retired to change his costume, and after a tedious 'wait,' the act-drop was lowered amidst yells of disapprobation; and the unlucky actor expiated his fault on the following 'treasury day' by a fine of half a sovereign.—At Liverpool a star came to play in a brand-new comedy. The theatre is large, and the dressing-rooms are numerous; the one appointed for Mr B—to occupy was so distant from the orchestra that the overture was unheard by him; the call-boy, of course, was sent to summon him; but full ten minutes elapsed before the gentleman was found. Meantime, the curtain rose. The lady who began the piece spoke a long speech, and then quietly awaited the arrival of her supposed son, who, however, did not make his appearance until after a tedious 'wait.' Here, there were no hisses, the theatre being attended chiefly by the upper classes;

but the delay spoiled the star's reception, and acted as a wet-blanket on the evening's amusement.

Realism.—A lady playing Louise the blind orphan girl, who had just been rescued from drowning, stands at the wing with a couple of pounds of pulverised ice hanging round her neck, in order that when the cue for her entrance is given, she may go on the stage shivering violently; and she frequently stands ill-clad and bareheaded at an open door on a wintry night, as her maid phrases it, 'practising her shivers.' Such devotion to 'realism' is only exceeded by that of a certain actress, who, if report be correct, used to medicate herself every evening in her famous dying scene. Owing to the potion that she swallowed being actually poisonous, the convulsions and spasms that followed were strictly genuine, and highly appreciated by the spectators. An antidote used to bring the artiste to in about an hour.

Managers.—One of our best English managers is famous for writing a gigantic hand, spreading a very few words over several pages of note-paper. The response to Mr York's application for an engagement as juvenile gentleman was brevity itself, consisting merely of one line from *The Slave*, in which Fogrum continually appeals to his Yorkshire Mentor, Sam Sharpset, for advice and assistance—namely, 'York, you're wanted!' Here too is a copy of one of the foregoing manager's most lengthy epistles: 'DEAR SIR—I cannot engage you this season'—that filled page number one; and on turning the leaf, the recipient would read as follows—'unless you accept of ten shillings a week more than before; you are worth it.' An excellent manager this.

I subjoin a few more anecdotes which may perhaps amuse my readers.

A juvenile gentleman whose voice was not by any means powerful, was representing Macduff. On his observing: 'My voice is in my sword,' one of his auditors called out: 'I'm glad you told us, Harry; we were just wondering where it was.'—Another actor in the same character—well known to be an excellent combatant—was one night seized with a sudden and uncontrollable presentiment that he should be mortally wounded in the fight that terminates the tragedy, so threw his sword down, and made a hasty and ignominious retreat. Poor Macbeth thus left in the lurch, imagined that some alarming illness had caused his enemy to back out. What was to be done? His death alone could satisfy poetic justice, and bring the piece to the orthodox conclusion; so in desperation he rushed off and dragged in the first person he met with; this happened to be the physician. Handing Macduff's sword to him, he spoke this remarkable extempore speech: 'As killing is thy trade, now try thy hand upon thy master, as proxy for his coward foe.' The combat was fought, and terminated of course with the tyrant king's being defeated and stabbed through and through several times—to make quite sure of him. The audience cheered and called uproariously for the combatants. But the manager was not so well pleased, and fined the trio of actors—Macduff for not attending to his business; Macbeth for daring to 'gag' (take liberties with the text) in Shakespeare; and the unlucky physician for doing what he was actually forced to do.

A very weak tenor in Dublin singing feebly, caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery: 'Corney, what noise is that?' 'Bedad,' said Corney, 'I believe it's the gas whistlin' in the pipe.'—In the same lively city, a late mayor gave his patronage, and was hailed with 'a cheer for the ex-mayor!' When quiet was restored, a voice called out: 'Now, boys, a cheer for the Double X mayor!' (Mr Guinness the great brewer was the gentleman then filling the civic chair.) A Sir William Fondlove, in *The Love Chase*, summing up his personal advantages, says, conceitedly enough: 'I'm every atom what a man should be.' A man slightly lame was playing the part, when at this point a voice from the pit cried: 'Barring the gamey leg, Freddy.'—On an Iago, who was disfigured by a frightful obliquity of vision, saying to Othello, 'Wear your eye thus;' one of the spectators unkindly remarked: 'He can't, you fool! he hasn't learnt to squint.'

A very tedious old actor, whose Hamlet occupies four hours, was once playing the part in a town in the Potteries, and with plenty of emphasis, but no discretion, was 'ladling out' the celebrated soliloquy, 'To—be—or—not—to—be,' when an irreverent gallery-boy called out to him: 'Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don't preach.'

I was waiting at the wing one night to go on in the Grave Scene in *Hamlet*, when suddenly Mr Seek, who was the grave-digger on that occasion, asked me what tune he ought to sing his verses to; so I whispered to him to sing them to the same tune as he had been singing something to the previous evening. He had never before gone on for the grave-digger, and had forgotten the text, so actually sang both words and tune as before:

Three children slid upon the ice,
All on a summer's day;
It so fell out they all fell in;
The rest they ran away.

This occurred at Workington, and strange to say, the highly respectable audience made no sign of being surprised at this strange version!

In a seaport town, Black-eyed Susan's husband, the far-famed William, was thus addressed by the admiral, after his trial for striking his captain: 'The sentence of this court is, that you be hanged at the yard-arm of every ship in His Majesty's service; and heaven have mercy on your soul!'

THE IRISH WAYFARER.

A SUMMER or two ago I was spending a happy holiday at a Highland sheep-farm nestled in the wild hills of Lochaber, whose mountain streams, like silver threadlets, fall murmuringly to sleep in the blue lake below. No sound but the drowsy hum of heather-bees, unless at intervals the bleating of the sheep, or the wailing notes of the curlew, broke the silence of the hills.

The farm itself was picturesque to a degree, with even a well-trimmed garden, where, in this rocky fastness, the pale blush-rose was not afraid to grow. But to my hero. One warm summer afternoon, as we were all engaged in the hayfield, some giving good assistance, and others, like myself, amusing ourselves, a

worn, weary-looking man was seen to approach. He carried a bundle on his back, and leant upon a large stick. The stranger raised his hat as he approached, but looked shy more than anything else, and did not speak. At a nearer view, I saw that the man was young comparatively, though fatigue and exposure had aged him, and turned his hair to iron gray. The farmer asked him, with the quick native instinct of hospitality, if he wanted a night's lodging; to which he replied, that it would be a great kindness if he were allowed to sleep in the barn or any other place; and directly I said to myself: 'You are an Irishman, but you are not an Irishman of the lower orders.' The rich accents of his mother-tongue fell mellifluous, and as I looked at him I saw the open countenance and honest blue eye of his race. His dress was threadbare and tattered, though he strove to conceal it as much as possible; and his whole appearance indicated a forlorn woe-begone stranger—a wanderer, in fact, houseless and homeless. The night shadows began to fall and day steal away as we returned to the house; and after supper, according to custom, as a family we proceeded to the big kitchen, where shepherds, servants, and dogs had all gathered for family worship.

Next morning, in wandering about the yard I met in with our stray visitor, whose name was Charles Macarthy, and something about him attracted me strangely; I felt fascinated by him; but that feeling was general among the other members of the family, for he had been already invited to stay and rest here another week. He was shy, as I said before, with nothing of the manner of a beggar about him; neither forward nor intrusive, and never trying to appeal for pity.

I drew from him at intervals many interesting details. He told me that he led this wandering life on account of a great Unrest that possessed him; that he was troubled with depression of spirits; but that he should recover himself. This last remark he always kept repeating. He said: 'My friends are in Ireland; but I cannot possibly go to see them till I recover myself; for they would be ashamed to recognise such a poor wretch as I am.' I inferred from his account of his early life and education, that he must have been a member of a distinguished Irish family. He read and spoke the Latin, French, and German languages with fluency, and seemed to be familiar with every detail of British, and I may say European history. He told me he had at one time made a special study of the history of the popes; and he spoke of monastic life and rigours in Spain and Italy with such seeming knowledge, that it slowly dawned on us that this wanderer had at one time been a devoted servant of Rome. Indeed one day, as he was sitting at a table painting a crucifix and shrine, which he said was to be a present for me, an old servant observed to me in Gaelic (of which we imagined he knew nothing): 'I'm thinking he's an old priest.' He flung down

the brushes, turned on her with a face black as thunder, and demanded angrily: 'How did *she* know he was an old priest? and what was her business with what he had been?' For the rest of the day he went about gloomy, and remained in that state till next day. That afternoon the lady of the house (who was poor Charles Macarthy's best friend), her cousin and I, were in the drawing-room having some music. After some time a timid tap was heard at the door; and on opening it, here was our strange guest quite subdued by the 'concord of sweet sound.' He begged that if he were allowed into the room, he might leave his old shoes outside; and this faint request was graciously acceded to. My friend asked him if he could play, and he replied that he would like to touch the instrument. He sat down; and verily the instrument seemed to live under his touch, and such a rare flood of melody followed as I have seldom listened to. His music was entirely classical, and much of it appeared to be voluntaries, or selections from masses. We more and more suspected his connection with some Roman Catholic order, from discussions which took place in the house during his stay; but in these he never became heated or overbearing, speaking with knowledge and firmness on the general question, but repelling personal investigation.

He told me he had travelled the length and breadth of Scotland on foot, and had at this time crossed the hills from Glentinnan, where the priest, a fine gentlemanly man, had had a long conversation with him, and given him his supper and a half-crown.

On the following Sabbath we went to church as usual, and left Macarthy, apparently in good spirits, with the shepherds.

On our return, I observed that he wore his moody expression, and did not meet us with his usual open smile. He could not be got to tell what was wrong with him. I pressed him, and at last he volleyed out: 'What is *not* wrong? None of you have spoken to me to-day. Why did you all go away and leave me here alone? I have been associating to-day with creatures not one step removed beyond the brute creation.' And this was the cause of great offence; the simple uneducated shepherds were not society congenial to the soul of this wayfarer. Poor fellow! he was immediately angry with himself for this outburst, and begged next day to get the Family Bible, in which he inscribed the names of the children in the most exquisite illuminated styles. In these painted devices he excelled any I have ever seen, and I cherish in my manuscript album some choice specimens, the handiwork of Charles Macarthy. I am happy to possess also some English and French verses from his pen, and these are the most admired in my book.

The subject of my tale left us in the beginning of the following week, and I felt a keen pang of regret as I saw the last of the poor wayfarer. He left behind him a pleasant remembrance not soon to be eradicated. It was touching to contemplate a mind so gifted, so stored with rare intelligence; a person so distinguished-looking even in poverty and rags; a taste so fine, a courtesy so natural—all unhinged, 'like sweet bells jangled,' by the overwhelming load of an ever-recurring melancholy.

[Should the foregoing narrative meet the eye

of the Wayfarer or of any one acquainted with his subsequent wanderings, we should esteem it a favour to be made acquainted with any further particulars of interest.—Ed.]

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Electric Lighting has been published, and may be regarded as favourable to the new process of illumination; but not favourable to the conferring on gas companies the privilege of laying on the electric light, which, committed to their care, might have a slow development. And the Committee are of opinion that the time has not yet arrived for giving general powers to private electric companies to break up the streets; but the proprietors of large buildings, lecture-halls, theatres, factories, are free to generate electricity for their own use without further delay or legislative sanction. As regards the light itself, attention is drawn to the peculiarity that it produces a transformation of energy in a singularly complete manner. The energy of one-horse power, for example, may be converted into gas-light, yielding a luminosity equal to twelve-candle power; but the same amount of energy transformed into electric light produces sixteen-hundred-candle power. 'It is therefore not surprising,' as stated in the Report, 'that while many practical witnesses see serious difficulties in the speedy adaptation of the electric light to useful purposes of illumination, the scientific witnesses see in this economy of force the means of great industrial development, and believe that in the future it is destined to take a leading part in public and private illumination. On one point all are agreed—namely, that the electric light will produce little of that vitiated air which is largely formed by the products of combustion of ordinary illuminants.' And further, the scientific witnesses are of opinion that 'in the future the electric current may be extensively used to transmit power as well as light to considerable distances, so that the power applied to mechanical purposes during the day may be made available for light during the night.' On the question of cost as compared with gas, the Committee are not of opinion that the economy for equal illumination has been conclusively established.

The theory that there is some relation between terrestrial magnetism and manifestation of sunspots is strengthened by researches made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Mr Ellis, one of the assistants in that establishment, after careful examination of the observations made from 1841 to 1877—a period of thirty-six years—including the diurnal range of magnetic declination and horizontal force, finds that 'in addition to the ordinary diurnal and annual changes, there appears to exist, in the magnetic diurnal ranges, an inequality of marked character, and of longer period, resembling in its features the well-established eleven-year sunspot period.' And that which is true of the regular movements is true also of the irregular, as very remarkable correspondences are shewn between the rapid sunspot and the sudden magnetic variations; but generally the magnetic epochs are somewhat later than the corresponding sunspot epochs. And lastly, Mr

Ellis states that 'it seems probable that the annual inequalities of magnetic diurnal range are subject also to periodical variation, being increased at the time of a sunspot maximum, when the mean diurnal range is increased, and diminished at the time of a sunspot minimum, when the mean diurnal range is diminished.' This confirmation, under the authority of Sir George Airy, Astronomer-Royal, of an important theory, will be very interesting to physicists.

It has been proved in Paris that vicious horses may be effectually cured by electro-magnetism. With bits, bridles, nose-bands, and curbs specially constructed so as to apply a gentle current to the required place, the current being supplied by an electro-magnet easily portable, seven of the most violent horses among twelve thousand were reduced to obedience, and allowed themselves to be shod. Some horses required two applications, some three; but all were completely cured of their vicious propensities, and without any weakening or stupefying effect. Particulars of the method of treatment, and the results, are published in the *Procès-verbaux* of the *Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*.

Dr Cunningham, of the government sanitary staff in Calcutta, has made a careful investigation 'on certain effects of starvation on vegetable and animal tissues.' One effect in the human subject is the destruction of the intestinal mucous membrane. Hence the digestion and assimilation of nutritive materials supplied in the food must necessarily be impaired or destroyed, according to the degree of morbid change. Under such circumstances, the food elements not being submitted to their normal transformations, become mere foreign bodies liable to undergo decomposition, and well adapted to cause irritation. The conclusion to be drawn is one that should be kept in mind by the functionaries appointed to administer relief in time of famine. The starvation must not be allowed to go on too long; for, as Dr Cunningham observes, 'the fatal diarrhoea and dysentery first manifested itself in people after their admission into the relief camps. The investigations shew the absolute necessity of great caution in regard to dietetic experiments and dietetic systems of punishment. They shew that it is not safe to push such procedures in the belief that so long as no evident active evil results present themselves, we can at any time pull up and restore things to their normal state.'

Dr Roberts, F.R.S., of the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, has found that the property of milk-curdling is not exclusively confined to the gastric ferment, as has long been supposed, but that the pancreas of the pig, the ox, and sheep yields a ferment of similar property. 'The brine extract of pancreas,' he remarks, 'or pancreatic rennet as it may be called, seems to act on milk exactly in the same way as rennet made from the calf's stomach. It coagulates casein actively, both in neutral and alkaline milk, and it may be assumed as probable—at least until further inquiry—that the curdling agent of the stomach and the curdling agent of the pancreas are one and the same ferment.'

Mr Gunning, in order to test Pasteur's assertion that micro-organisms (germs) can exist without free oxygen, constructed apparatus entirely of glass and therein inclosed quantities of putrefy-

ing matters with which putrefaction-bacteria had been mixed, and excluded oxygen as far as possible, in some instances substances being used to absorb the oxygen, in others the vessels being filled with hydrogen or nitrogen. The experiment was carried on at different temperatures during eighteen months, and the conclusion drawn is, 'that exclusion of oxygen produces the death of the bacteria, and stops the putrefaction;' and that putrefaction does not begin again unless fresh bacteria are introduced when air is admitted.

As part of the works for the supply of water to the town of Lausanne, a tunnel was hewn through a sandstone bluff. During the excavation the workmen found exuding from the crevices in the rock a milky white gelatinous substance somewhat resembling starch, to which they gave the name 'mineral bacon.' This novel substance was talked about. Specimens were obtained by Professor Renevier, who has given an account of his examination thereof to the *Société Vaudoise des Sciences Naturelles*, and from this we learn that the so-called mineral bacon is a gelatinous silicate of a kind hitherto undescribed, but having some similarity to a substance known to mineralogists as Chabasie. The difference between them, as Professor Renevier suggests, may be merely a difference of crystallisation; and we may, he remarks, 'consider our gelatinous silicate as a Chabasie in course of formation. Soft and amorphous substances, are they not, in fact, minerals in an embryonic state, while crystals are minerals in a perfect state?'

As supplementary to this curious fact in Switzerland, we mention the discovery of mineral wax, ozokerit, in the Wahsatch Mountains near Lake Utah. A district sixty miles in length by twenty in breadth is occupied by beds of shale, and in this shale the wax occurs in layers varying from a streak to twenty feet in thickness, and the quantity is described as 'enormous.'

In 1865 a boring for petroleum was begun near Goderich, Upper Canada, on the border of Lake Huron. The adventurers found not what they were in search of, oil, but a bed of rock-salt thirty feet thick, at a depth of nine hundred and sixty-four feet. Since then, within a distance of fifty miles, other borings have made known the existence of beds of pure salt from ten to sixty feet in thickness. In some places, deposits of brine have been met with, which already are turned to profit in the manufacture of salt on a large scale; and as mining operations to 'get' the rock-salt are planned, there will be a further development of the industrial resources of the region round Goderich.

A writer in the *American Journal* makes known that 'terrible destruction' is going on in the forests of Nevada by the mining population, who are utterly reckless in the use of timber. The forests of that state, he remarks, consist of a few species adapted to struggle with adverse conditions of soil and climate, and are of immense age, most of the trees having reached maturity only after centuries of exceedingly slow growth. On this account, and on their importance in so dry a climate, as reservoirs of moisture, he recommends that the forest-ranges belonging to the general government should be carefully protected. Among the trees, a species known as Nut Pine (*Pinus monophylla*) is pointed out as suitable for the bare and dry hill-sides of

the south of Europe, which have so long resisted the endeavours made to plant them with any European tree. While young, the Nut Pine grows strictly pyramidal; the pleasing glaucous tints of its foliage commend it to the lovers of ornamental conifers; and its delicately flavoured seeds, produced in enormous quantities, would be no unimportant article among the food resources of a hill-country.

A statistical Report drawn up by the Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington contains particulars of the agricultural produce of the United States, which seem amazing. Last year, thirty million acres, an area nearly equal to the whole of England, were under wheat, and the produce was more than four hundred and twenty-two million bushels. The estimate for the present year is sixty million bushels more. The yield of oats from twelve million eight hundred thousand acres was more than four hundred and six million bushels; of barley from one million six hundred thousand acres, more than forty-two million bushels; and of buckwheat about twelve million bushels were harvested. But maize heads the list with thirteen hundred and forty-two million five hundred and fifty-eight thousand bushels, from fifty million three hundred and sixty-nine thousand one hundred and thirteen acres, in 1877. Add to these magnificent totals the potato and other root crops, and as we hinted in a recent article, the claim of America to feed the world will be acknowledged.

The Cooper Union is a New York institution for the advancement of science and art. The trustees, in their twentieth annual Report, just published, state that their chief aim is to teach all conditions and ranks of men and women to work with their hands: they consider it as important for a man with pecuniary resources to be possessed of manual skill, as for one who must earn his daily bread. They believe that schools of industry are a better safeguard against anarchy than 'schools' of knowledge, and that the general misery and pauperism, ever ready for vice and disorder, are more threatening to the maintenance of good government than what is called 'ignorance.' The results so far are encouraging: the number of pupils in the day and evening schools has been at times three thousand a day. In the Art School for women, drawing, painting, photography, and wood-engraving are taught; a department of telegraphy offers a resource to those devoid of artistic faculty; and for men there are schools of practical mechanics and engineering. In addition to all this, there is a library of more than fourteen thousand volumes, which is much resorted to; and prizes are given to the most proficient of the pupils.

Perhaps it is not so well known as it ought to be that there are many places in London where mechanical instruction is given, and that more will shortly be available. The City Guilds are about to establish Technical Schools; and a society—the Amateur Mechanics' Workshop Association—are taking measures for the opening of workshops 'wherein students, clerks, and others not at school may be taught practical science and mechanics during their leisure hours.' They already possess lathes, cabinet-makers' benches, glass-blowing apparatus, and a variety of tools; and, as is stated, several gentlemen well known in the scientific world are prepared to instruct. The number of members is already about six hundred, and a class

for the study and construction of electrical apparatus is making good progress. We heartily wish success to this praiseworthy undertaking.

The *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal contains an account of a very remarkable snow-fall that took place in Kashmir, to the astonishment alike of the inhabitants and of meteorologists. Early in October 1877, snow began to fall, and continued almost without intermission up to May 1878, when the general depth was estimated at from thirty to forty feet. The effects were disastrous. Houses and villages were crushed under the enormous weight; long ranges of hill-slope, with all their trees and vegetation, were swept away by avalanches, which left huge gaps in the primeval forests; and wild animals, chiefly the ibex and bears, perished in large numbers. Much of the snow remained unmelted even in September 1878.

The President of the Society, Mr W. T. Blanford, F.R.S., in his last anniversary address, expresses his hope that something will be done to remove the reproach that we have less knowledge of the rivers of India than of Africa, and that the sources of the Nile and Congo have been explored before those of the Brahmaputra and Irawadi. To penetrate Tibet, and thence explore the upper waters of the great streams that irrigate our Indian territory, would be difficult; but able and willing explorers are ready to offer their services. If these are not accepted, the task will be accomplished by some adventurous Russian or German.

Since the establishment of a central meteorological office for the whole of India, telegraphic weather reports are received every day from forty-nine stations, ranging from Assam to Ceylon, and from Bombay to Burmah, giving the readings of barometers and thermometers, direction of wind and rainfall. On receipt of the reports at the government headquarters—Simla or Calcutta, according to season—they are printed with remarks, and promptly circulated. This practice is to be continued, with the addition of lithographed weather-charts for India, similar to those published in Europe and the United States. 'The time may come,' says Mr Blanford, 'when a meteorological report will have to be posted at every thannah (police station) in the empire, in order to warn farmers when to expect rain or fine weather for their crops; and there can be no reasonable doubt that either a continuance of dry weather or heavy rainfalls could, in India, as a general rule, be foretold several days beforehand even now.'

Cyclones are carefully investigated, and some knowledge of the laws by which their movements are regulated has been obtained, and it is hoped that warning of their approach may ere long be given by telegraph. Destructive as those whirling storms are on the water, they are far more destructive on the land by their huge invading sea-wave. In the Backergunge cyclone of 1876, one hundred thousand human lives perished; and at Masulipatam, thirty thousand persons were swept away in a single night.

With reference to Overseeing in Demerara—an account of which we recently gave—the Colonial Company, 16 Leadenhall Street, London, will supply all needful information. In reply to many inquiries on the subject, we have to state

that it is hazardous to go out to Demerara without having a situation previously secured, or letter of introduction to some person of influence in the colony.

BIRD-NOTES.

THREE SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

We are indebted to a lady contributor for the following bird-notes.

Birds are not usually credited with half the intelligence or good qualities that are freely attributed to a few favoured animals; but many well-authenticated instances prove them to possess a very large share. The following cases came under my own eyes. The first I will relate occurred when I resided in a detached country-house far from any town, and where I had many feathered friends, with whom I became on the most confidential terms. The winter had been exceptionally severe and long, the snow lying deep on the ground for a considerable time. The birds had suffered terribly. I had a large number of daily pensioners; but as numbers were still frozen to death, I had an unused room turned into a refuge for the destitute, a temporary home for my out-patients; and soon had a perfect aviary in it by merely leaving the window open from early in the morning till dusk. There were representatives of many families, and amongst them some not usually on sociable terms with mankind. One robin was soon the tamest of all my welcome visitors, and he remained long after the rest had left. He was so perfectly fearless that he not only made himself quite at home in his own quarters, but he would fly into an adjoining sitting-room, alight on the breakfast-table, pick up crumbs, and to the surprise and amusement of all, even perch on a loaf of bread and help himself, calmly looking round with his large expressive eyes in a most entertaining manner, and eventually returning to his adopted home, where there was food and water; therefore neither hunger nor thirst could have led him to pay these visits.

As the warmer days came on, he would sit near the open window and sing in the sunshine. He at length flew out; and I feared that I should not see my pretty friend again; but towards evening he returned to roost, and I closed the window as before. He continued to fly away and return thus for some time. Then he came in no longer, but would sit in a laurel bush close to the window and sing most sweetly. By degrees he came less frequently, and when birds began to build, I lost sight of him. I left the neighbourhood shortly after, and with sincere regret bade farewell to the hope of seeing my grateful little favourite again. I only trust that if he returned and sought for shelter in other winters, he may have found a welcome from later occupants of the house. I shall never forget his gratitude and trustfulness; and all robins will for his sake be specially endeared to me. He was a beautiful specimen of his class; and I often thought, in listening to his sweet wild notes, and in admiring his bright brown plumage and his vividly red breast, that if he had been a native of some tropical land, a far higher value would have been by most people

set upon him. But 'no man is a prophet in his own country and amongst his own kindred.'

The second of my recollections in illustration of bird-life will be a very brief story to tell; but it caused perhaps more actual amusement than either of the others. The servants had been for some time in the habit, during some very hard weather, of feeding a house-sparrow at the kitchen-door, and by degrees had lured him into coming inside. He grew so tame, that when they were sitting at the table he would hop about close to their chairs and go in and out underneath the table, and in this manner was a constant visitor for some weeks. He also subsequently visited my portion of the premises, and we became even greater friends. When the frost disappeared, I thought the sparrow had left us; for on inquiry I found that he had not been seen for some days. One warm sunny morning I had opened the French-windows, but did not notice him outside, when suddenly I heard an extraordinary sound, something like the squeaking noise made in using india-rubber, or that of love-birds when going to roost. There on the carpet close to my feet was our old friend the sparrow, making an insane attempt at singing; and the house-sparrow not being exactly a song-bird, the nearest approach that he could make to music was the indescribable serenade that I had heard. He looked most ludicrous, warbling his love-song in his new rôle of tenor. I have no doubt that he was doing his utmost to express his thanks for our hospitality. It was the best acknowledgment that he could make, the sweetest song that he could sing. Sims Reeves could have done no more. After exhausting all his powers of vocalisation, he flew away, and we never, to our knowledge, saw him again.

The third of my *souvenirs* probably the inhabitants of towns will consider a purely imaginary story, but it is nevertheless strictly true; and country residents, in their constant observation of the habits of wild-birds, I have no doubt often hear of and witness instances quite as curious. Returning home from a long mountain ramble, I saw a poor little newly fledged bird on the roadside, evidently but lately out of the nest; though there was neither hedge nor bush near to account for its being where it was. I took it home with me; but doubting whether I could rear one so young, I looked about to see if I could discover the parent-birds; and soon gladly descried two hedge-sparrows following me, and evidently in a state of great excitement over the collapse of their domestic arrangements. Having heard that if a young bird be placed in a cage where it can be easily seen and heard by the old birds, they will continue to feed it, I placed the little foundling in a cage and hung it on the porch. The heads of the family continued near, but never approached the cage; and as the sun was going down, I was at a loss what to do for the best. After a short consideration, I took the little 'waif and stray,' and holding it so that the father and mother could clearly see it, I walked slowly towards a corn-field—only divided by some hurdles from the garden—and saw that they still followed me, and continued to do so, till I reached my destination. There I held up my protégé for a few minutes well in view, and then quietly placéd

it on the ground, and stood a few paces off awaiting the result. After a short pause, I saw both the old birds fly down to the spot where I had left their newly-recovered treasure; and so the happy family were now reunited.

About a week afterwards I was sitting near a window that opened down to the ground, and hearing an unusually loud twittering of birds in the garden, I feared that something had alarmed them. Close to the veranda I discovered the two hedge-sparrows and their loved one—now strong and able to fly—assembled before me, trying their utmost to attract attention. The old birds were evidently immensely proud of their son and heir. I am perfectly convinced that they were the same trio. It was late in the building season; there had been no nests, to my certain knowledge, immediately round the house; no young birds had been seen near; and in any other case there would in all probability have been more than one hedge-sparrow hatched. Beyond a doubt this was the pleasant termination of the wreck ashore in which I had so willingly come to the rescue. The visit was a thanks-offering for assistance at a time of need. They remained for some minutes triumphantly exhibiting themselves, singing and chirping to the best of their ability; and then all three flew away 'to fresh fields and pastures new.' Thus ended three scenes in the romance of real life.

IN THE WOODS.

The following lines were suggested by the backwardness of the past season. Flowers which in ordinary seasons ought to have bloomed early in May, only made their appearance in June; while in the latter month even primroses might be culled in 'sheltered nooks.'

FEATHERY larches here and there
Tremble in the fragrant air;
Slowly opening, ash-trees green
With half-folded leaves are seen;
May-bloom lingering scarce full-blown,
By its fragrant breath is known.

Spring yet lingers—light leaves fall
From the sweet wild-cherry boughs;
And the poplars slim and tall
Fan with rustling leaves our brows;
In some sheltered nooks that lie
Far from sunlight, you may still
Pluck a primrose, if you will;
And on yonder hedge-bank high,
Golden gorses, late and fair,
Perfume all the sunny air;
While pale hyacinths, out of date,
Sweet and faint their odour spread;
And tall oxlips brown and dead,
For another spring-time wait!

And we hail the Summer gladly,
Though its footsteps seem so slow;
And the flowers of Spring that blow
Thus in June, smile somewhat sadly.
Yet the seasons come and go,
Still obedient to the call
Of the Hand which ruleth all!

J. C. H.

EAST LOTHIAN, June 24, 1879.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 806.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

LITERARY WORK.

WITHIN the memory of middle-aged persons, literature has become more significantly an independent profession than it ever was before. In the early part of last century, as is well known from many facetious traditions, an author was ordinarily a poor creature who required a titled patron to countenance his production, and bespeak for it public favour. Hence the grovelling adulatory dedications to noblemen which we see in old books. That sycophantic period had its day. Then came the time when writers looked only to publishers possessing sufficient enterprise and judgment to purchase and bring their works into notice. There is no end of anecdotes about the alleged overbearing arrogance of these tradesmen, and their cruel dealings towards authors. A sad time it was, no doubt, when men such as Goldsmith went about asking publishers to give them a few pounds for a poem, a prose fiction, or some other product of their genius which they timidly offered for inspection.

Sad as such a picture of humiliation was, we in justice ought not to hurry to the conclusion that long ago publishers were a set of heartless scoundrels, who made a point of plundering authors of their wares. It is to be recollected that in these past times there was a comparatively limited reading or book-buying public. Few of the operative classes could read or write. Female domestics, sempstresses, and farmers' wives were quite as ignorant. Hardly any among what we call the middle classes bought books. Many country-towns had no bookseller at all. Only at fairs and markets was anything in the shape of paper and print offered for sale, and generally of a very humble kind. A taste for literature of a superior order, honoured with the imprints of London booksellers, was confined mainly to the wealthy in large cities, and to members of the learned professions. In some country mansions of the landed gentry there was not a single volume in general literature, and newspapers were almost as rare. With so poor a prospect of customers, the

publishers required to be cautious in their dealings with writers, however estimable might be their productions. Although placed in the front rank of authors by his poem of 'The Traveller,' Goldsmith was fain to sell the copyright of his 'Vicar of Wakefield' for five-and-twenty pounds. By no words could we more emphatically refer to the mean reward still given for literary exertion a hundred years ago, than that so insignificant a sum should have been paid for this matchless fiction.

Matters were not greatly mended in the early years of the present century. A crowd of novelists had grown up to supply materials for circulating libraries, and the price they got for their productions was usually thirty pounds for three volumes; which, considering the quality, were dear at the money. Miss Edgeworth gained higher rewards, still nothing to speak of. The 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews were now beginning to stimulate the public taste for literature. Though the war with France, which was felt to be a kind of death-struggle with Bonaparte, was obstructive of social advancement, it did some good, by creating a thirst for intelligence through the newspapers. Reading was greatly on the increase when Scott and Byron burst on the world like unforeseen meteors. The earlier poems of Scott created quite a furor. When it was known that two thousand guineas had been paid for the 'Lady of the Lake,' it was received as a fact in authorcraft which at that time had never been paralleled. Notwithstanding this success, Constable was doubtful if Scott would shine as a novelist, and offered him only seven hundred pounds for 'Waverley,' which was refused. It was a mistake keenly regretted, for 'Waverley' very shortly ran through eight editions, and was rapidly followed by other works, which were received with an equal amount of favour. 'There were giants in those days!' We have seen nothing like them since.

The most remarkable feature in modern literary work is the rise of periodicals appealing to large numbers of readers. The old five-shilling reviews—great in their day—are almost left in the condi-

tion of a vessel stranded for want of tide. There are now weekly and monthly periodicals of a cheap class which give employment to thousands of skilled writers, and which, in point of circulation, leave the old respectabilities immeasurably behind. In the Victorian era, we may be said to have got into a new literary world. The dull solemnities and political partisanship of the Georgian era will no longer do. There has grown up a hatred of shams, and of views perverted by political prejudice. Along with the sparkle of humour, readers desire to have something like impartiality and common-sense, no matter what may be the subject under treatment.

The revolution has been brought about by a demand for light reading consequent on social development. It may be admitted that this demand is not in all respects wholesome. Many writers of fiction seem to draw on the wildest fancies, and their productions are pretty much on a par with the old Minerva class of novels, the remuneration for which was rated at ten pounds a volume. But besides these, there are writers of a higher stamp who devote themselves to the composition of fiction on quite a comprehensive scale. They sell the product of their brain three or four times over. Their novel first appears in a weekly or monthly periodical, and according to reputation, will be paid by an honorarium varying from a hundred to a thousand pounds. While so running its course from month to month over half a year, advance proofs are transmitted by the writer to a publisher in the United States or Australia, perhaps both, and there, in these distant lands, the novel is appearing in a periodical at the same time it is going on in England. Having done its work in the periodicals all over the globe, it is issued in London as a three-volume novel, at a guinea and a half, in which shape it flourishes in all the circulating libraries. The next form it assumes is probably that of a volume bound in cloth at five shillings, which suits a certain class of customers. The life is not out of it yet. It is reprinted in a volume in small type, with a blazing yellow paper cover, at the modest price of a shilling. This is the form in which it appears on the railway book-stalls; after which usually no more can be made of it.

For these manifold successes the novelist has to thank the prodigious number and variety of readers. In every form in which the fiction appears it suits a particular class, and to every class in turn it seems new and attractive. In our days therefore authorcraft has a scope far beyond what was known or imagined in former times. The rewards of literature are increasing in proportion as people are taught to read, and as in the progress of affairs the taste for literary recreation is extended. Walter Scott used to say that literature was a good cane to walk with, but not a staff to lean upon. Since his time, literature has become a staff of a very effectual kind. It has risen from amateurship to a recognised and honoured profession.

London is of course the centre of literary work in England, because the metropolis offers every appliance—the library of the British Museum ready at all times to aid the literary man in his researches, publishers who have business relations with all parts of the world, printers with every appliance in typography, wholesale sta-

tioners who have ever on hand huge stocks of paper, artists to promptly furnish every kind of illustration, newspapers and critical journals to record novelties, and added to all a literary society in which the author and authoress find an agreeable fellowship. For some kinds of literary work, Oxford and Cambridge possess peculiar advantages. Edinburgh is less favourably situated; yet with the aids generously offered by the Advocates' Library, it maintains a brave struggle, while as respects certain departments in printing and forwarding it has an advantage over London in the article of cheaper labour. Where large impressions have to be produced, this is a matter of first concern. With this in its favour, the cost of transmitting masses of paper and print to branch houses in London is comparatively insignificant. Edinburgh, however, labours under the drawback of having for the most part to procure supplies of the lighter kinds of writing from the metropolis. In these days of cheap and rapid postage, this is got over to some extent; but there still remains the discouraging local and national deficiency, arising not only from the superior attractions of London, but from the constant misexpenditure of excellent brain in Scotland on the dreary muddle of sectarianism.

Wherever produced, English literature is now a large matter of export to every English-speaking country except the United States, in which there are heavy import duties, and no protection from invasion of copyright. A few novelists and other writers are able to secure a definite payment for advance-sheets; but the great bulk of English literature is exposed to unlicensed appropriation in the States. In other words, there is no law in that country to prevent a publisher from reprinting any new book from England he can lay his hands on. This is an exceedingly convenient process of rearing a business on the brains of British writers. While a London publisher is paying probably a thousand pounds for the copyright of a book, the American publisher has the pleasure of getting the book for nothing. Carried on from year to year on a wholesale plan, this species of appropriation has led to the natural result of discouraging the growth of American authorship, which for a great nation is not a creditable state of things.

The truth appears to be that, as regards literature, the United States are under the thralldom of a few large publishing concerns in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. They contrive to get so heavy an import duty imposed on English books as to keep them out of the country. They then proceed to execute reprints from copies procured by mail, and so keep the market to themselves. It is a beautiful instance of trade protection, which inflicts a wrong on a whole nation to serve the purposes of a few selfish individuals. Hitherto there has been an understanding among these monopolists, that any one of them who was the first to issue an English book should not be competed against by others. By priority, he acquired a special privilege known as the 'courtesy of the trade.' When some unscrupulous individual attempted to issue a rival edition, he was immediately run down by the publication of a cheaper edition, and thus the monopoly was sustained.

The proper cure for all this is, of course,

an international law, by which English writers would secure copyright in America, and American writers secure copyright in England. But to every proposal of this kind the Americans, under the influence of the confederated publishers of New York and other places, have steadily objected. According to recent accounts, leading members of this unscrupulous body have been brought to a consciousness that some kind of international copyright is desirable. The cause of their conversion to a sense of propriety is amusing. In late years, publishers have sprung up in Chicago, who look with contempt on the 'courtesy of the trade,' and possess the tact as well as the means to baffle it. When a New York publisher brings out an edition of an English novel at a dollar, the Chicago tradesman issues an edition of the same work at ten cents or fivepence, which at once reduces the monopolist to despair. As regards that particular book he may as well shut up shop. It is a case of diamond cut diamond, out of which possibly good may come.

Circumvented, humiliated, the confederated monopolists have taken up new ground. They will be content to give British authors copyright for their works in America, provided the works are issued by American publishers. The meaning of this is, that a limited number of firms may still have the privilege of keeping everything to themselves; for that would be the result under any such arrangement. If not devoid of decency and honesty, they will frankly unite in promoting a system of international copyright, by which all on both sides of the Atlantic would start fair, and allow freedom of trade in literature to take its course. Surely there are large numbers of people in the United States who must be not a little ashamed of the shabby shifts of a few publishers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to live by the systematic reprinting of English copyrights, and who on reflection would endeavour to put an end to a state of things so exceedingly disreputable. Meanwhile, we are rather glad that Chicago interlopers have had the audacity to break up the monopoly of the few firms which have so long domineered over the general interests of literature. The result can scarcely fail to be beneficial.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXX.—UNDER A CLOUD.

LADY LARPENT, after the visit of the Black Miller of Pen Mawth, was in anything but an enviable frame of mind. The Dowager was, as women go, a thoroughly good woman. There might be a little worldly rust about her heart, but the heart itself was of sterling gold. In truth, her weak point, as often happens with us, was precisely what she deemed her strongest coin of vantage, her shrewd, cool, prudent head. She had the pride of intellect far more than the coarser pride of rank or money. If she detected a knavish servant, or struck out a wrongful item in a tradesman's bill, she was vainer of her victory than of the fact that her wealth and rank and strength of will made her a personage and a power in the land. Now she was wounded, galled, stung, and that precisely where the smart was sharpest, in that her knowledge of the world had to all appearance been grossly at fault.

She had thought so well of Hugh Ashton!

Other protégés she had, in common parlance, taken up, merely to find them fall short of her estimate, or break in her hands. But this noble young fellow had borne himself hitherto with a gallantry and a discretion that did credit to her choice. Secretly, she had sighed more than once as she contrasted her own coxcomb of a son, callous, flippant, dead to generous impulse, and this brave young Hugh. Had she but had such a son as Hugh Ashton— But that being impossible, she had cherished vague projects of future promotion for the fisherman of Bala Lake; and all the bitterer was the disenchantment that followed. Nobody likes to have wasted kindness on an unworthy object, and Lady Larpent the least of all. And that Hugh was unworthy, the Dowager very much feared. She had taken him on trust. Of his past life she knew, save from his own lips, nothing at all. And how if his own account of his past life had been untrue; how, if he had left out something, the mention of which would have condemned him!

That the Black Miller was an enemy of Hugh's she never for an instant doubted. But then, enmity is not necessarily co-existent with calumny. But for private hate, for private resentment, the law would most rarely be invoked to redress wrongs or to punish the wrong-doer. Justice awaits, in passive attitude and with bandaged eyes, the moment when the cry of human suffering shall cause her to make use of sword or scales. And Ralph Swart had done his work well. Lady Larpent hardly knew how much her crafty visitor had contrived to suggest, and how little he had managed to affirm. He had said, roundly, that he intended Hugh to be his own accuser. He had laid down, as if unconsciously, the lines on which the Dowager might act. There was to be no formal charge, but merely a query or two; and the Black Miller had shewn a grim confidence as to the result, which, although unwelcome, was contagious. Under the influence of these newly formed suspicions, the lady of Llosthuel had written to Hugh requesting his prompt attendance at Llosthuel Court.

The missive sealed and despatched, Lady Larpent awaited, with a nervous impatience that surprised herself, the coming of him whom she had summoned to receive, it well might be, his sentence of dismissal and disgrace. For a time she remained in her study, making an elaborate pretence of being extremely busy; but the figures in her columns of accounts swam and danced before her eyes, and the letters she perused joined in one monotonous chorus of 'Hugh Ashton—guilty—guilty—guilty!' Then she locked up her letters, and went back to the drawing-room, and was absent, moody, and snappish in her talk with her niece, until Mand marvelled what had befallen her kind, shrewd aunt, to change her thus.

'Captain Ashton—in the study, please, my Lady,' murmured obsequious Parker; and to the study Lady Larpent once more repaired. Hugh wondered that his patroness answered his salutation by so cold a bow.

'Please to sit down, Captain Ashton,' said the Dowager stiffly, as she took, with a more judicial air than usual, her own seat in her high-backed chair. 'I have sent for you—on a painful errand this time, Captain Ashton.'

'Indeed, Lady Larpent?' returned Hugh, turn-

ing his frank eyes towards his kind old friend, whose changed manner puzzled him.

'Yes; I have heard—no matter what—suffice it,' continued the Dowager, 'that it seems as though you had not told me, Mr Ashton, all that I had a right to know.'

Hugh started and reddened. Start and flush were very slight, but quite sufficient to be marked by a keen observer on the look-out for such signs, and ready to draw deductions from them.

'I do not quite, Lady Larpent, apprehend your meaning,' he said.

'I will put the case more clearly,' resumed the Dowager, with a look of annoyance. 'I do not think you have been as explicit with me as—as—perhaps you might have been. Are you sure, for instance, that your right name is Ashton?'

Again Hugh winced perceptibly. 'I bear the name as my father bore it,' he replied with some awkwardness.

'Of that I am aware,' rejoined the Dowager coldly. 'You have led a wandering life, Mr Ashton, and it signifies little, no doubt, as to a mere name. There is a more important topic on which I must speak. Of my own regard for you, and—the high opinion we have all had of you, and the debt of gratitude due to the preserver of my niece's life, I need not speak. I have done my best to be your friend, have I not?'

'Indeed, Lady Larpent, you have,' answered Hugh; and his handsome young face looked so honest and true as he spoke the words, that it was almost with a sob, which she turned into a cough, that Lady Larpent resumed: 'The more shame for you, Hugh Ashton, then, if, as I fear is the case, you have deceived me!'

'Deceived you, Lady Larpent!' cried Hugh, starting to his feet.

'Deceived us all, I may say,' continued the Dowager, who, the ice once broken, went on with all of a woman's outspoken vehemence of complaint, 'since we have all had an opinion of you which—which I hope may have been deserved. I believed what you told me, the very little that you told me, of your past years, as sailor and colonist, and was content to take you and your father for plain, honest boatmen, with education and manners, I admit, superior to your station. Since then, it has come to my ears—'

The Dowager hesitated here; and Hugh Ashton asked, half sternly: 'I have not yet learned what it is which has reached your Ladyship's ears concerning me.'

'That you have not been open with us, and candid, and sincere, Captain Ashton,' answered Lady Larpent, eyeing Hugh as though she hoped to search his heart with the intensity of her gaze; 'that you have exercised a reticence—perhaps a prudent one—as to secrets which—'

'Secrets!' Hugh could not help repeating the word, although he did it with a quivering lip and a troubled mien, which added fuel to the fire of the Dowager's very natural suspicions.

'Secrets,' said the Dowager, knitting her imperious brows, 'are never desirable, of course; but they need not imply sin or shame. You best know, young man, if that which you have hitherto kept is innocent or not.'

'Spare me this!' muttered Hugh huskily, as he shaded his eyes with his open hand and turned his face away.

'I have been most friendly towards you, Mr Ashton, in thought, and word, and deed,' pursued the Dowager. 'It is, then, as a friend that I ask of you, has nothing, nothing of serious import been kept back? Are you, in fact, what you seem to be?'

'You have been well informed, I fear, Lady Larpent; by what means I cannot guess—too well informed,' answered Hugh in a broken voice.

In the Dowager's ears this was tantamount to a confession of guilt. And yet it was pity of him too, she felt, this hidden sin, done years ago, it might be, coming home, like a halting Nemesis, to this gallant youth, who had seemed the very soul of unselfish courage and stainless faith. What had he done? It was difficult to connect the idea of Hugh Ashton with any mean crime, such as peoples our jails, with forgery or theft for instance. But a bushranger's career of desperate adventure might have had temptations for so daring a spirit, or there might be blood on that hand—the hand that had saved Maud's life!

'If you could explain'—began Lady Larpent, with weighty patience; but Hugh interrupted her.

'I cannot!' he said, with a groan. 'I would give the best years of my life, if— But that is useless now. I had hoped, in an obscure situation and lonely place, that the past might be buried. It seems,' he added bitterly, 'that I was wrong, and that the finger of shame may be pointed at me even here.'

'Then, Captain Ashton,' said the Dowager, with a touch of magisterial severity, 'is it not for yourself to decide whether you will risk exposure to—to unpleasantness, by remaining any longer in Treport? I cannot—that is to say, the Board cannot, deprive you of your post as Captain of our steamer on mere suspicion, certainly. But if you stay, and challenge proof of what you scarcely affect to deny, the whole story will become public, and you could scarcely avoid resigning your appointment, even if—'

'You are right, Lady Larpent. Yes; I feel I ought to go,' returned the young man, hiding his face and letting his head droop sadly upon his breast. 'What I regret the most is the loss—so it seems—of your good opinion.' The dejection of his attitude, the muffled sound of his low voice, moved the Dowager to pity while confirming her suspicions.

'I would have given much, Hugh Ashton, to have heard you justify'—she said falteringly.

'The task, though I would lay down my life for it, is beyond me,' said the young man gloomily. 'I can but go, and that, Lady Larpent, I will do at once. May I hope that you will be silent as to what you have heard?'

'Certainly I will, if you consent to quit Treport without delay,' replied the Dowager. 'Nor do I forget your services to the family, or your good conduct here. Money may enable you to go abroad, and efface, by time and distance, the memory of the past. If a cheque for four hundred pounds, or five—'

'I thank you, Lady Larpent; but I need for nothing,' answered Hugh, drawing himself up to his full height, and speaking with a quiet dignity that became him well. 'The day may come, perhaps, when you may regret the severe judgment which you have formed of me.' He said no more,

but, with a slight inclination of the head, turned and left the room and the house. The last glance of the young sailor's sad, proud eyes haunted the Dowager's memory for many a day afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXI.—FAREWELL, MAUD.

It was a bright and beautiful morning which dawned upon the west of England, on the day following that on which Hugh Ashton had saved the bird-hunter's life, and had his own unsatisfactory interview with Lady Larpent. He was not one to loiter or to lose time when once his mind was made up, and already his few and simple preparations for departure had been effected. He had written to the Secretary of the Board, his employers, giving in the resignation of his command. The keys of the lockers in his cabin on board the steamer, with the telescope and some other objects belonging to the Tug and Salvage Company, he had intrusted to old Captain Trawl's care on behalf of their lawful owners. His own boxes were packed, and were to remain under the charge of his late kind host, until he should write to indicate the address to which they were to be forwarded.

A harder task than these merely mechanical duties Hugh Ashton found to be that of bidding farewell to his good friends beneath whose roof he dwelt, and without explaining the cause of his abrupt departure. That the young Captain of the *Western Maid* should suddenly throw up his appointment, quit the town in which he had come to be regarded with liking and respect, and renounce the occupation in which he had already won high credit with all, seemed utterly unaccountable. That Lady Larpent was somehow connected with Hugh's apparently capricious change of plans, was easily to be conjectured; but what could be the reasons that could have induced the imperious Lady Paramount of Llosthuel to desire the absence of one who had so lately been a prime favourite, and whose conduct since his promotion had surely been such as to content the most exacting patroness that ever lived! The thing was inexplicable.

Hugh, who alone possessed the key to the enigma, shook his head sadly when the old Captain and his grand-daughter questioned him on the subject of his abrupt change of plans. 'Do not ask me, dear friends, why I must leave you. Some day, perhaps—— But now I can merely tell you that go I must, and that the *Western Maid* will never know my tread upon her deck again.' He avoided all unnecessary leave-takings. 'Wish Long Michael, and the crew, and the good fisher-folk, good-bye for me; and give them my best wishes,' he said to Will and Rose and the aged Captain; 'I shall not go among them again for a last hand-shake, but would rather get quietly out of Treport.'

Hugh had decided wisely when he determined not to bid his outspoken acquaintances on Treport quay and its vicinity a personal adieu. It was of course impossible to take a crowd into his confidence, and there would have been remonstrance, and regret, and cheering; for no stranger in the little coast town had ever become in so short a space of time one-half so popular as Hugh Ashton had done. As it was, he said farewell, sorrowfully enough, to his friends at the cottage door, and set

off on foot, with stick and bundle, like any poor sailor going to seek employment in some distant port. At the garden gate he turned for a last look at the group that remained, sadly watching him beside the door. There was the gray-haired old Captain, leaning on a staff, and by no means the sturdy figure to look upon that he had been a few short months ago; there was pretty Rose, with her affianced husband by her side; and there was the dwarfish form of Nezer, holding back the dog, which struggled boisterously in its efforts to follow Hugh. The young man waved his hat to them in token of farewell, and then was lost to sight.

Hugh had come into Treport, when first nominated to the command of the steamer, cheerily enough, and with fair prospects opening out before him. He was leaving the place now, sorrowful and weary-hearted, but steadfast as a sleuth-hound to the purpose to the fulfilment of which he had devoted his young life. Many thoughts passed through his busy brain as he climbed the steep hill-side, choosing unfrequented paths and by-lanes, where he was not likely to meet any who knew him. It would have been painful to him to have to stop and converse now with one who had made his acquaintance during his brief season of prosperity, and could not now perhaps refrain from expressions of curiosity or condolence. Once, from a turn in the road, he looked down upon the sea-side portion of the town, where the gabled houses clustered thickly together, where the nets were hung to dry from masts protruding from the windows, and where, in the quay-pool itself, in the midst of sails of many colours—orange, tawny, and red—lay the *Western Maid*, taut and trim. He shook his head sadly, and walked resolutely on.

Threading his way by devious tracks and those sinuous lanes which in country places often appear to have sprung spontaneously into existence, so trifling appears to be their utility to the common-weal, Hugh at length drew near to Llosthuel. The Court, as has been said, stands nobly forward on a swell of rising ground, and commands a pretty prospect of Treport nestling below, and a grand one of cliff and headland, and the measureless Atlantic flashing far away. But the grounds are less notable than the house. Many a Kent or Sussex squire with only three or four poor annual thousands to form his rent-roll, has a far more spacious and stately demesne to girdle in his red-brick Hall than had my Lady Larpent of Llosthuel, who was so rich. The fact is that Cornish gentlemen of fair estate, like French viscounts or Belgian barons, were in bygone times less desirous of privacy than were those of the squirearchy who dwelt east of the Tamar, and thus there was a tract of uninclosed common land which came very near to Llosthuel Court.

Hugh Ashton knew the place well. It was a spot where the wild rocks, with golden gorse and yellow broom rooting themselves in every cleft and crevice, came close up to the tall paling that shut in the well-kept rose-garden of the Court. No contrast could have been greater than that of the barren tract outside that charmed barrier—with its scarce grass and brown heather, the bushes, the bare stones, and a few black pine-trees bent and distorted by years of hopeless contest with the mighty sea-wind—and the trim parterres and velvet

lawns and wealth of colour within. But, bare, bleak, and uninviting as the ragged patch of rocky common land might be, it afforded to Hugh Ashton the opportunity which he sought, to gaze from afar, unseen, at Maud's windows, and to bid her an unspoken farewell. With a lover's ingenuity, he had found out, in the course of his occasional visits to the Court, which were the apartments that the Dowager had assigned to her beautiful niece. Those curtains of white and pink belonged probably to Maud's own chamber; the blue silken ones beyond, to the morning-room attached to it. Might it not be possible that if he did but watch long enough, he might catch a glimpse of Maud herself at a window! He smiled sadly enough at the boyish dream. No; he should not see her then; should see her, perhaps, never more. Never more! To a lover, that means much; means the loss of life's choicest zest and savour, a dull grayness in the pellucid atmosphere and the sparkling sky, an uneasy sense that there is something out of tune in the grand harmonies of the universe. And it was probable enough that Hugh and Maud, the one so high in station, and beauty, and prospective wealth, the other destined to earn a livelihood by dint of sheer hard work, would never meet again. Would she quite forget him? he wondered. And did she care for him, even a little, even as a friend of humble degree? for, mindful of the difference of position, he had never breathed to her a word that could reveal his love.

And yet how he loved her! how warmly and how truly, and yet with a knightly devotion and tenderness such as we are apt to consider as having died out with the death of the best era of semi-mythic chivalry. Had Hugh but lived six centuries before, he would have worn Maud's colours, and broken lances in tournament and battle-field for the fame of her beauty, and perhaps touched her heart, at last, by the renown of gallant deeds of derring-do performed for her dear sake. As it was, he was leaving Treport—he knew it—under a cloud of most undeserved disgrace. He had innocently forfeited Lady Larpent's good opinion; and he shrunk from the thought that Miss Stanhope, like the rest of the world, might put some uncharitable construction upon his abrupt exit from Treport.

'Farewell, Maud—farewell!' he murmured, as his gaze lingered long upon the windows of the rooms she occupied at Llosthuel. 'I go, perforce in silence, burying in my breast the love I have not dared to tell. Shall I—can I—ever hope to win her—ever hope that Maud will be my wife? It seems the mere madness of presumption even to dream of such a future of bliss. What am I in her eyes? Merely, no doubt, a poor fisherman, who once had the luck to render her a service, and was rewarded for it by a promotion that turned out to be short-lived. And yet I have rights—could I but venture to claim them—and a word from me would— But the word must remain unspoken!'

Very sad, to judge by the almost despairing expression of his handsome young face, were the thoughts that now traversed the brain of Hugh Ashton. Twice he turned, as though to leave the place, and twice he checked himself, and again fixed his eyes upon the house that held the beautiful girl whom he felt to be so hopelessly out

of his reach. 'Never, never!' he muttered at length. 'The Dowager herself, so kind before, was quite changed when that accursed rumour, whence I know not, came to her ears. I could see that she looked on me as a sort of outlaw—outlawed for no fault of his own, it is true, but none the less to be hounded and hunted out of the place. So dreadful and so tenacious is the stain of imputed guilt! And he, so noble and pure and gentle, lived and died, without right being done, hidden from the face of day; and I alone, perhaps, of all the world, believe in the cruel wrong that he endured so meekly.'

Hugh was silent for a space, and then, with a last lingering look at the windows of the two pretty rooms, he murmured once more: 'Farewell, Maud, farewell!' and tore himself away. Ten minutes of hard walking brought him to a turnpike road, down which he turned almost mechanically, as if he cared not whither he went, now that Treport was left behind him. 'Farewell, sweet Maud—my love, my love—of that, at least, they cannot rob me,' he said bitterly, as he looked back and caught one more distant view of Llosthuel, and then in silence pursued his way.

HAPPY LAND.

ON the coast of Suffolk, and not far from Ipswich, there is a certain sea-side place called Felixstow, which as yet is little known to tourists. There we have spent such delightful days that we have christened it Happy Land; and in gratitude for the enjoyment, we are glad to let others know of a spot where they can escape from fashion, brass-bands, nigger minstrels, barrel-organs, and rapacious landladies.

Come therefore reader, and join us in Happy Land. Bundle up a few things, not fashionable: take your ticket for Ipswich, and drive thence to Felixstow; and when you arrive at the dear little spot, engage one of its pretty cottages, and prepare for a week or two of pure unsophisticated enjoyment. Our neighbours to the right and left in the row in which our cottage is situated, are old farm-servants who have got on, saved a bit of money, and can now afford to live in a seven-roomed cottage, with pretty gardens railed from the road and each other by a low wooden fence. In front of us is a barley-field, with houses, about four or five, dotted here and there at the further end. We are on the cliff, down which we shall ask you to come presently. The view beyond the barley-field from the window of our cottage parlour gives only a thin line of sea, on which a steamer, ships, or fishing-boats are passing.

How delighted are we when we find ourselves taking a cup of five o'clock tea in such surroundings! How luxurions the flowers! Was there ever such barley! And then the sea; and better still, the glorious energy-giving breeze! We are impatient now to be off and away on the beach. We have not far to go. A hundred yards takes us to the end of our road, which is struggling into life. It will be a street some day. Now there are blocks of small houses only at intervals, with gaps between; and opposite, the barley-field holds its own. But we feel the day is coming when half our happiness will be removed away, and the golden barley will have given place to bricks and

mortar for ever. Still we must not meet troubles in this way. At the corner, we come upon the one provision-shop in the place. What an *olla podrida* it is! Post-office, baker, grocer, shoemaker, buttermilk, toy-shop, druggist, all in one: It is here we run the butcher from the nearest village fails us, for something to make good his forgetfulness and to feed our ravenous appetites. We won't say anything about his prices. Naturally a man expects to be paid handsomely if he sets up a shop on a cliff, and finds himself without a competitor for the custom of a place whose inhabitants, judging from ourselves, are always hungry.

But now we are at the edge of the cliff. What air! We stop to inhale and admire. Along the top there is a pathway, and seats for those who are not inclined to descend, where the breezes can bless them all day long while they lounge with book and pencil. There is a wide spread of beach beneath their feet, but it is disfigured for a good way by breakwaters at regular distances. The sea has encroached so much of late years, that these have been found indispensable to prevent it damaging the shore, and even washing away the buildings. As an instance of this, a local informant tells of a 'famous castle that once stood on the edge of one of the cliffs as being wholly lost, and the ground on which it stood is now far out at sea.'

But these breakwaters do not extend all the length of the beach, and where they do, are much appreciated by the youngsters, who play gymnastics over them; to say nothing of the older children, who find them comfortable resting-posts when lounging on the shingle. Beyond them, on each side, there is a good stretch of shingly and sandy beach, where we can walk for miles, and find the way pleasantly beguiled. For are we not looking out for things we never met with before until we came to Happy Land, which is full of interest for the curiosity-hunter? Here we come upon a beautiful bit of carnelian; there, a shark's tooth (an antediluvian shark, be it remembered). Then again a wonderful impression left in stone of some dead-and-gone animal. All that loose shingle we see, now that we know these treasures are to be found for the seeking, how interesting it all becomes! Hour after hour we sit grovelling among the stones if perchance among them we can be lucky enough to find a fossil; and then what a shout of delight when one is discovered! We think of Hugh Miller, and wish we had his books at hand, that we might search in them, and find out all about the specimen, which we shew as a trophy of our perseverance and our ignorance! 'Antediluvian' we cry indefinitely, and are satisfied.

But we don't find carnelians only; amber and jet are to be picked up by the diligent searcher. We saw one splendid bit of amber measuring nine inches in length by four broad and three in depth, which had been picked up on this beach, and purchased by a resident friend of the lucky finder; for this was a very 'lucky find,' by no means common, the amber and jet found here being in small quantities, as a rule.

But what are these 'finds' to the treasures of antiquity that lie buried in the cliff, or erag as it is called here, filled full of prehistoric remains? If you take a knife and cut a piece of

the soft sandy rock, you find that it is composed of nothing but pulverised shells—shells that Shem, Ham, or Japheth might have picked up had they been wandering here as little boys before the Flood. Now and again we come upon perfect shells, preserved throughout the ages in their bed of sand, and carefully we handle them. They are yellowed by time, and venerable even to brittleness. Some are scallops, others whelks, whose spires turn the reverse way to their brethren of the present day! We also find some exquisite minute shells, that we manage to pick out whole from the debris.

But the things that are most novel to us are the coprolites. Imagine polished-looking black pebbles of all sizes and shapes, varying in form from a smooth round black bean to a large turkey's egg, some long, some short, some round; in fact they must be seen to be realised. A slight thing will break them, and the substance looks as if it could be reduced easily to powder. Our local informant declares 'that no one has satisfactorily accounted for their origin, but it is supposed to have something to do with antediluvian animals.' Science has discovered a means of reducing it to a manure which is used for agricultural purposes.

Anxious to discover some of these old-fashioned things, we started off one afternoon to some coprolite pits near; for pits have been dug inland to keep the scattered fragments together which the pickers are employed to collect. Here we found a mound of these pebbles, of all kinds and sizes. Among them we came upon a petrified erab; and we have seen, though we were not fortunate enough to find, a whale's ear, also in a state of petrification, that was found here. Some fossilised bone, one crab, five sharks' teeth, and some coprolites, consoled us instead, and we returned well satisfied with our plunder.

The sea-bathing here deserves especial mention. The machines are the best ever built, and the attendance excellent. The water is buoyant; but unless a swimmer, we do not recommend any one leaving hold of the long ropes attached to the machines, by which the most timid bather is given confidence and can defy the rudest waves. A boat is always on the beach in case of accidents, but no instance is on record of any one having been drowned.

Happy Land is one of the few places still left to us where ladies go ungloved, and forget that they ever looked into *Le Follet*; where sober men of banks and business do not scorn to be seen on the back of a donkey; where a gallant but choleric officer is not ashamed to be seen at his garden gate looking out impatiently for the milkman who is keeping him waiting for his breakfast. In fact, this 'waiting for the milkman,' jug in hand, is a morning rendezvous, and ends in a gossip about various matters of local interest with our neighbours to the right and left.

The drives about are as pleasant as indifferent roads can make them. Being in Suffolk, of course we drove to Ipswich to see the Museum (one of the best of its kind in all these counties), and to lunch at the *White Horse* of Pickwickian notoriety. We were shewn up into No. 27 bedroom, where Mr Pickwick was supposed to have strayed in, and to his confusion found when too late that it belonged to another, and

that other a lady. There are the identical curtains out of which he popped his venerable head to see a lady at her toilet. All hail, imagination that could so convert illusions into realities! After luncheon we sallied forth in search of Angel Lane, at the bottom of which was the celebrated passage in which 'Sam Weller' saw 'Job Trotter emerge from a green gate'—the same green gate by which Mr Pickwick was taken to answer for his conduct before the Ipswich magistrate. We had some trouble in finding it; and to facilitate matters asked an elderly female standing at her house-door if she knew which was Mr Pickwick's gate.

'Mr 'oo, did ye say? Peck'—

'Pickwick,' we reiterated.

'Na. I've lived 'ere naigh upon twanty year, and I niver hard of Mr Peekweek.'

'Not Dickens's Pickwick?' we asked.

'Ay; I knaws Dickens, and read about 'im when I had my sight; but I don't know no Mr Peekweek.'

So we left her, regretting she had missed one great pleasure in her life.

We made some valuable acquaintances among the humbler but well-to-do folk, and found them the best of company. We shall not soon forget one drive we took, when our Jehu—an old man of seventy-two—volunteered to act as cicerone. Of course we wanted to know who lived in every well-looking house we passed, and his descriptions were unique. The School-board is busy here, and their bright red buildings are plentifully scattered about in different villages.

'Well, Jehu,' we asked, 'and what is the effect of all this learning? Is it making the people better or worse?'

'Warse!' he grunted. 'I niver had no larnin', nor my old 'ooman, nor niver wanted it. I *warked* [worked]; and they be all lazy.'

'Ah! there is a pretty place. Whom does that belong to?' we cried.

'That there,' giving the horses a flick with his whip—'that there belong to a maid. She's fifty year old, and got a bit of money, and she's niver bought a 'usband. Yoo shuld hear har speak. She's got a meetin'-ouse. Oh, she'll talk to ye, and give ye a little book to read, and tell ye aboot no end o' things; but'—giving a knowing look round—'she'll niver give ye neither bite nor sup.'

On we went, passing farm after farm, until we reached a public-house, where Jehu without permission pulled up to refresh his thirsty palate with a glass of ale.

'Do you always pull up for beer?' we inquired.

'Yes, yes,' he replied patronisingly. 'I likes to help them to *pay the rent*.'

We got on theology at last, and here Jehu came out strong.

'Do ye know [pronounced like *cow*] the prayers I say ivery day? I prays in the mornin' that I may do as much good as I can all the day, and as little harm.'

But best of all was when he descanted upon Church versus Dissent, or Parson versus Minister. 'Wall, yoo see the parson he hev tithes ten-and-sixpence in the acre; yes, that's what oi pays' (for Jehu rents land as well as being a cab proprietor); 'and the minister he hev none. But for

all that, I likes the parson best, for in church he do pray "as well for the *body* as the *soul*." But the minister, he *all* for *soul*.'

Who wouldn't have stood Jehu a treat after that! Dickens would have loved him. A friend declared they must have known each other, for he has a face, our Jehu, that brings one back to Cruikshank, who has immortalised it, or one like it, in one or more of his characteristic illustrations. We only wish we could convey the tone and gesture with which each remark was made, and then perhaps our readers would enjoy our drive with Jehu as much as we did, and laugh as heartily. Perhaps, however, they may yet have the opportunity of doing so for themselves.

THE SCOTTISH BANKER'S DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MR DUFF, the worthy and respected agent of the Central Bank at Tollkirk, was startled by his teller, James Hamilton, coming to him to say, just as the banker had signed the last official letter before proceeding to lock up the safe: 'I am sorry to say, sir, the cash appears to be one hundred pounds short.' James was very pale as he spoke, and despite his efforts to prevent it, his voice trembled. A stranger could not have told whether the youth's agitation was the result of fright or guilt.

Mr Duff knew him too well to let the latter alternative dwell in his mind for even a moment; but the lad's excitement was somewhat infectious, and it was with just a little throb that he replied: 'You're joking, James.' Mr Duff leaned back in his chair and nibbled the feather-end of his quill as he looked in the lad's face.

'I was never more serious in my life,' reiterated Hamilton.

'It is some mare's-nest, depend upon it,' said Mr Duff in a tone that partly reassured the poor fellow. 'Have you been very busy at the desk to-day, James?'

'That is the mystery of it, sir; we have not been busy. Hardly three pages of our cash-book are filled.'

'A hundred pounds! Hm! I am going upstairs to dinner. In the meantime, check your summations and your cash, and by-and-by I'll come in to lock up the safe with ye.'

The teller went from the banker's room to the outer office with a very grave face. Mr Duff, who lived with his family, as is customary in Scotland, in the very commodious house attached to the bank, sent his letters to be copied by the junior clerk, and then went leisurely up-stairs to dinner.

Mr Duff's was, for a man who does not object to permanent residence in a provincial town, a very easy and pleasant mode of life. His work was not hard, nor were his responsibilities very heavy. He had a pretty and comfortable home in an old-fashioned country town, and although his wife lay in the churchyard on the brae by the river-side these ten years, still he had two of the prettiest girls in Tollkirk—Minna and Mary Duff (besides Jenny, the married daughter, who lived in Edinburgh), whose delight it was to make his life sunny and happy. He was naturally—being known to possess private means, and on account of his official capacity as the dispenser

of discounts and custodian of the wealth of the neighbourhood—a man of some importance in Tollkirk, and formed part of, as well as moved in, Tollkirk's best society. He was magistrate and farmer as well as banker; and on Sundays, for many a long year, he had stood beaming behind 'the plate' at the entrance to the 'auld kirk.' Everybody knew him, and he knew everybody; and perhaps nobody respected him the less because he pretty well knew to within a pound or two what every ratepayer on his side of the county was worth, financially.

He took life very easy, as I have said; making no undue fuss when an accommodation bill was presented to him, if he knew—as he was certain to know—the pedigree and progress through life of drawer and indorser. He was respected too by his Edinburgh employers as a man of prudence and sagacity, who never made bad debts, never troubled them with applications for rise of salary or transfer of agency—whose books always stood the minutest inspection, and who, speaking generally, wanted no favours from them. Rather, granted favours, by occasional invitations to visit him at Tollkirk, where there is unsurpassed trout and salmon fishing, besides magnificent 'links' for golf, and where the local distillery yields a liquid of more than local reputation. The city-birds were not slow to accept such invitations, Mr Duff being over a tumbler of toddy the best of company, and generous in the matter of horses and fishing-rods. The chief inspector of the bank came often enough to woo the fair Jennie, the eldest of the family, and took her away with him one summer day, to the general bereavement of Tollkirk.

The banker did not hurry over dinner on the particular afternoon of which I write. When he went up-stairs he did not give a second thought to James Hamilton's pale face, but quietly settled himself in his arm-chair, after doing justice to his simple repast, to read for the second time the report of his own recent great speech at the parochial board, given at length in the *Tollkirk Herald*, the fine roll of his own—somewhat improved—spoken sentences seen in black and white, communicating a pleasing sense of complacency and importance as influencing public opinion. It was nearly seven o'clock before Mr Duff remembered that he had not yet locked up his safe, and that his clerks were probably waiting below for him. He was surprised when he opened the office-door—leading to the hall of his house—to find Hamilton still bending over his cash-book with an expression of deep anxiety on his face, and bundles of bank-notes lying on the desk before him.

'What, James, still in a fog?' he asked cheerfully as he came in. 'Not found your difference, eh?'

'I am a hundred pounds short, sir, without doubt.'

Hamilton had toiled through every entry over and over again, had counted and recounted his bundles of notes, and now had a very sharply defined fear in his heart, and a vision in the background of his imagination of a dearly loved old mother waiting for him at home, and who was ill able to bear the responsibility of such a loss—if loss it should prove to be.

'A mare's-nest, I'll be bound,' Mr Duff said

good-naturedly, taking Hamilton's place before the cash-book. Very carefully and with a keen eye he went over each entry; very carefully too he counted the cash, and recounted it; but only to find that Hamilton's words were too true. The cash was undoubtedly one hundred pounds short.

'I think we had better sleep over it,' Mr Duff said at last, looking at his watch. 'The difference will turn up in the morning, you may depend upon it.' Then the cash and books were carried into the safe, and the office closed for the night.

Poor Hamilton lay awake nearly all night thinking over some probable clue to the whereabouts of the missing money. Never before had he left the bank with such a dread on his mind, for he felt certain he had gone over each item of the day, that he had not over-paid any one to such an extent; and he knew that on him devolved the responsibility to make good any such deficiency. He hardly spoke to his mother as he ate what she called his 'ruined dinner'—spoiled by three long hours' waiting in the oven; nor could she get from him all through the evening a hint of the cause of his trouble. She guessed, and hinted that perhaps Minna Duff, 'the little flirt,' had something to do with his gloom; for she knew how her boy's heart lay in regard to the banker's younger daughter; but her son's reply was equivalent to a snub.

He was in the office two hours before official bank-hours on the following morning; but no trace of the missing money could be found. During the day, all the banker's customers who had on the previous day been paid large sums, were asked to check their payments; but when four o'clock arrived and the cash had again to be counted, the balance still shewed one hundred pounds short. If the money had been paid away in error, no man had been honest enough to return it. Then for the first time in the history of the Tollkirk branch, a deficiency in the cash had to be reported to the head office. A hundred pounds to a rich man may seem a small matter to worry over; but to James Hamilton, whose yearly salary, after ten years' faithful and conscientious service, did not amount to one hundred pounds, and whose mother—save for the help of a trifling annuity left by her husband—was in great measure dependent upon him—the liability to refund this sum weighed heavy. He became anxious and nervous, not being altogether certain that the authorities of the bank might not suspect *him* of having appropriated the money; and from very nervousness was guilty during the next few days of making several small mistakes in his cash dealings, which confirmed him in the belief that he had paid the money to some unscrupulous rascal who did not mean to acknowledge it.

It seemed an age, although in reality barely a month had passed, before a note from Mr Tait, the chief inspector (Mr Duff's son-in-law) set the matter at rest. 'In consideration,' the note ran, 'of the admirable mode in which the business of the branch at Tollkirk has hitherto been conducted, the Directors have agreed to wipe off the deficiency in cash, which it may be hoped will yet turn up and be re-credited; but in doing so it must be firmly kept in view that the Directors by no means establish the present case as a precedent, and must remind the gentleman who has charge of the

bank's cash at Tollkirk that at no future time will the Directors be disposed to relieve him of the responsibility attaching to his office.'

'There, Jamie; take *that* to your mother,' said Mr Duff kindly, handing the official note to Hamilton. 'I thought Peter would manage it' (referring to his son-in-law, the inspector); 'but we maun ca' canny,' said the banker, relapsing into broad Scotch, to put the reproof, if such it might be called, in the gentlest form, to spare the lad's feelings.

There were tears of relief in Hamilton's eyes as he read the note. 'That is generous treatment, sir; I was afraid they would roup [sell by auction] me and my old mother out of Tollkirk.'

'Roup ye? I couldn't spare ye, lad.'

Then the youth went home to his mother jubilant, a burden lifted from him.

But on the next evening, after business hours, Hamilton's face was whiter than ever. His hands were trembling as he fumbled over his cash, and 'cast' and 're-cast' the long columns of figures in his cash-book. It was market-day, a busy day, and large sums had passed into and out of his hands. To his horror, he found his cash *three hundred pounds* short! He had not the courage on this occasion to go to Mr Duff's room with his plaint. But the banker saw at once as he passed through the office on his way up-stairs that something was wrong.

'You are late, Mr Hamilton.' (Mr Duff never in a general way called James 'Mr.' His doing so now implied misgivings.)

'Yes, sir; but I think I won't be long;' his lips felt parched from excitement.

'Are ye ready to lock up the safe with me?'

'Not quite. If you are in no hurry, sir, perhaps we can lock up when you come down.'

'Very well.'

Mr Duff went up-stairs; but on this occasion he did not linger over his meal. When he came down half an hour later, Hamilton was not ready to lock the safe. He was sitting looking into space, his head resting on his hands.

'Have you balanced your cash now?' Mr Duff asked with just a perceptible edge of annoyance in his tone.

'No, sir. I differ three hundred pounds.'

'Over or short?'

'Short, sir!'

'Mercy on us! This will not do. You must bestir yourself and—and find it. I have to go out to a meeting to-night.' The banker spoke sternly.

Hamilton once more, under Mr Duff's eye, nervously went over his figures and counted his cash. The deficiency could in no way be accounted for.

'This is terribly awkward, James.'

There were tears in the youth's voice as he uttered: 'Yes sir; and it will drive me mad.'

When Mr Duff returned from his meeting at eleven o'clock, Hamilton was as far from peace as ever. The younger clerks had gone away. Again the banker and Hamilton went over each item together—in vain.

'We can't report this to the head office, whatever happens,' quoth Mr Duff grimly.

'What is to be done, sir?'

'Find it!'

They looked blankly in each other's faces.

Both men went to bed with heavy hearts; nor did the search next day throw any light on the mysterious transaction. Mr Duff could not bring himself to report this second deficiency to his head office; and the only alternative left was to refund the amount from his own private means. This, as may be imagined, he did very reluctantly; and for the first time in his experience he watched the younger men, and perhaps his trusted teller too, with just a faint and irrepressible glimmering of suspicion. A mistake of this sort might happen once; but to happen a second time at so short an interval, made him uneasy on other matters than mere loss of money. He had a framework of mahogany and glass made for Hamilton's desk, so that no one could come near the cash in future but Hamilton himself. And so, with what grace he could summon, and with many grave warnings, Mr Duff paid the 'short' money, having, as he said, to 'grin and bear it.'

For a week or so things worked well under the new arrangement; but for the third time Mr Duff was destined to see Hamilton poring over his books long after bank hours, this time to hear on inquiry that the luckless lad was short by no less an amount than five hundred pounds! Had the shrewd, quick-witted James Hamilton, after ten years of faithful service, become suddenly dolt?

'This is beyond endurance,' the banker said sharply, as the fact was communicated to him.

'It is most strange,' replied the helpless teller, feeling that the Fates were against him.

'It is impossible you can have paid the money away.'

'It is gone, sir.'

'Then you *must* find it. I can no longer be responsible for your blunders. Here is no less a sum than nine hundred pounds in less than six weeks to be accounted for. Many a one has been sent across the sea for less.'

The youth put his hands over his face and fairly burst into tears. 'I must give it up, sir. I can't stand this. I must leave the place.'

Mr Duff was looking at him with very keen eyes as this was sobbed out. 'Leave Tollkirk? Understand, Mr Hamilton, that you *dare* not leave Tollkirk before this matter is cleared up.'

For the greater part of the night the men sat up searching; but when the morning came they were as far from the mark as ever.

Mr Duff, much to the surprise of customers of the bank, next day 'took over' the cash himself, and, rather awkwardly from want of practice, became his own cashier. Hamilton was degraded to subordinate duties. His spirit, poor fellow, was fairly broken. No trace of the missing money could be found. Of course Mr Duff could not long continue acting as teller. The work interfered with even more important duties.

A son of Mr Traill the parish minister, who was employed at the Aberdeen branch of the same bank, at this time visited Tollkirk, and being of the same craft, spent a good deal of time in Mr Duff's company. The subject of the missing money was broached and discussed between them. It so happened that George Traill was engaged to be married to Mary Duff; and the banker having lost confidence in Hamilton, and feeling sorely in need of capable help, proposed that George should apply to the Directors of the bank

for the appointment of joint-agent or partner with himself in the management of the Tollkirk branch. So it came about that in a short time George Traill, a shrewd, practical business man, relieved Mr Duff, at the telling-table, in order to familiarise himself with the faces of the bank's customers. For some days all went well. Then came market-day. At close of the day Mr Traill's cash was five hundred pounds short!

ODD AND WHIMSICAL FUNERALS.

THERE are some people whose love of singularity is not limited to the scenes and events which they themselves may witness or enjoy. They may be said in one sense to wish to live again on this earth after their death, and to participate in their own *post-mortem* celebrity. This eccentricity is not confined to the questions whether or not their dead bodies shall be inclosed in coffins for interment, nor whether they shall be buried standing up, sitting down, or prostrate on their backs. (See 'Burial Eccentricities,' *Chambers's Journal*, September 22, 1877.) It manifests itself also in the vestments to be worn by the deceased in the grave, the procession or cortège to the place of interment, the selection and treatment of the mourners, the position and materials of the grave, the nature and arrangement of the tomb or monument, and the provision for keeping it in repair. Individual whimsicalities these, not belonging collectively to any special nation, creed, age, or profession.

Feasting and drinking at funerals used to be carried to great lengths, and it is only in recent times that this form of unseemly extravagance has disappeared, except in remote situations. Pretentious display was also carried to extremes. At Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, some years ago, a coffin on being opened was found to contain the remains of a lady dressed up in a full old-fashioned costume; there were a multiplicity of pins in her dress, all blackened with age and tarnish. In 1763 a young lady, in fulfilment of her last request, was buried in her wedding garments—in this wise: Her white negligée and petticoat were quilted into a mattress, pillow, and lining for the coffin; her wedding shift was used as a winding-sheet, with a fine point-lace tucker, handkerchief, apron, and ruffles; a point-lace lappet was on her head; and she wore her earrings, finger-rings, necklace, white silk stockings, and silver-spangled shoes with steel buckles.

Many persons in medium circumstances formerly made a great effort to emulate the magnificent at the burial of their friends. A case in point was that of a cheesemonger in Thames Street, whose body 'lay in state' for a week, and was followed to the grave by a train of coaches each drawn by six horses, and flanked by mutes and flambeau-bearers. The Emperor Charles V. is said to have rehearsed his own funeral, to see and hear how it would 'go off.' Tomb, coffin, black trappings, monks, domestics, taper-bearers, all were duly provided; and the imperial recluse

(he had abandoned the splendours of sovereignty over Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, Naples, Sicily, and the Indies, and retired to a monastery in 1557) caused himself to be carried in his own coffin. Not only did he hear his own requiem sung, but joined in it himself! His funeral obsequies were observed in reality soon afterwards. A somewhat less important person in the eyes of the world was Mrs Margaret Crosins, of Cuxton in Kent, who was buried (in 1783) in a costly dress of scarlet satin. During her lifetime she caused a pyramid-shaped monument to be erected; under it was a vault with a glass door, a green-silk curtain in front of the glass, and a lock and key placed inside. Resting on tressels in the vault her mahogany coffin was placed, but not fastened down. Gossips would have it that she had provided the means of letting herself out, in the event of reviving after interment.

In a great number of instances, oddity has been more studied than magnificence, costliness, eating, or drinking, at the funerals of whimsical folks. A dust-contractor in the days of George IV. left instructions that the procession following him to the grave should comprise twelve boys carrying links, twelve men carrying dustmen's whips and shovels reversed, a favourite horse provided with cloth spatterdashes, a dust-cart covered with black baize, the coffin in the cart, surmounted by a very large plume of white feathers, twelve dustmen and brickmakers as pall-bearers, all clad in white flannel jackets and leather breeches; the whole wound up by a long string of carts filled with dustmen, cinder-sifters, and chimney-sweepers. A few years earlier, one Mr Woodford, of Fetter Lane, displayed oddity with a little more gentility than the dust-contractor. Being a member of the Lumber Troop (a Volunteer corps in the City of London), he left instructions that after his death his body should be carried to the troop-room and thence borne by troopers to the grave; that minute-guns should be fired during the funeral procession; that a military salute should be fired over the grave in St Bride's Churchyard; and that a crooked guinea (crooked, we presume, for luck) should finally be spent in punch and tobacco to regale the troopers. A crotchety old Yorkshireman about half a century ago left directions that the day of his burial should be ushered in with a great public breakfast in the town where he might die; that the coffin, slung upon towels knotted together, should be borne along by relays of men, and 'bumped' three times upon a particular heap of stones; that the *Lamentation of a Sinner* should then be sung; and that every man, woman, and child who entered the churchyard with or after the procession should receive a dole of sixpence. Never, we may fairly believe, was that particular churchyard before or since so plentifully filled with living beings: mourners only in this sense, that they longed for a succession of men who would order their funerals in similar fashion. One old lady, an inveterate snuff-taker, left a will in which the bequests were mainly dependent on the observance of certain rules connected with her favourite excitant. Snuff was to be thrown into the coffin before the snuff-taking testatrix was 'screwed down;' snuff to be strewn on the threshold before the funeral cortège passed out; the coffin to be borne by the six most

determined snuff-takers in the parish; six old maids as pall-bearers, with well-filled snuff-boxes in their hands; snuff to be strewn on the ground at every twenty yards in advance of the coffin; and the officiating clergyman's large retaining fee to be in some way proportionate to the quantity of snuff he took during the ceremonial.

An eccentric Nottingham man known as Ned Dawson was strong in his Toryism as in his eccentricity. He caused his coffin to be made during his lifetime, and painted true-blue (the Tory colours). He used it as a cupboard for twenty years; but once each year, on the anniversary of his birthday, he brought it into requisition in a still more singular manner. He dressed in his best clothes, and lay down in his coffin to see that it was all right in dimensions; then emerging, the coffin was filled with goodly viands, and carried on the shoulders of his associates, he himself following as chief-mourner with a large pitcher of ale in his hand; and so the procession made a tour of some of the rooms and passages of his house—ending, as may be readily guessed, in a repast partaking of the nature of a 'jollification.'

Early in the present century one Captain Backhouse, a military man who had been in the East India Company's service, was buried in a style singular enough though not outrageously extravagant. He built himself a house in eccentric fashion at Missenden in Buckinghamshire, and made anticipatory arrangements for his funeral, certainly marked by no great reverence for established usages. 'I will have nothing to do with the church or the churchyard; bury me in my own wood on the hill, and my sword with me; and I'll defy all the evil spirits in existence to injure me.' His remains were deposited according to his will. A kind of dwarf pyramid of flints and brickwork was constructed, about eleven feet square by fifteen feet high, with a small Gothic window on the north side and another on the south. Being partly overgrown with ivy, and in a thick plantation on the top of a hill, it is about as far removed from the eye of a passing stranger as a monument can well be. The coffin is placed upright in the tomb, and the captain's sword on the top of it. One of his descendants, some years afterwards, wishing to consult public sentiment a little more closely, had the coffin quietly removed from the pyramid and interred in the parish churchyard.

The Rev. Langton Freeman, who was rector of Bilton, in Warwickshire, about a century ago, did his best to obtain for his own funeral a very detailed attention to his own wishes, by certain clauses in his will. 'For four or five days after my decease and until my body grows offensive, I would not be removed out of the bed or place I may die in. And then I would be carried in the same bed, decently and privately, to the summer-house now erected in the garden belonging to the dwelling-house where I now inhabit, and to be laid in the same bed there with all the appurtenances thereto belonging; and to be wrapped up in a strong double winding-sheet, and to be in all other respects interred as near as may be to the description we read in Holy Scripture of our Saviour's burial. The doors and windows to be locked and bolted, and to be kept as near in the same manner and state as they shall be in at the

time of my decease. And I desire that the building or summer-house shall be planted around with evergreen plants, and fenced off with iron or oak palings, and painted of a dark-blue colour. And for the due performance of this in manner aforesaid, and for keeping the building ever the same, with the evergreen plants and the palings in proper and decent repair, I give to my nephew Thomas Freeman the manor of Whitton, &c. The wishes of the testator were duly carried into effect. When two or three generations however, had passed away, and the tomb was well nigh forgotten, an entry was effected by making a hole through the roof, and there the body of the old rector was found nearly dried up. Of course there is no entry of so very unclerical a burial in the parish register, for his successor in the parish could not have signed it if he would.

Some persons, as we have already said, seem determined to make merry after they are dead, or at least afford their survivors the means of doing so. One old man left a bequest to a City parish on condition that the church bells should ring a merry peal once a year; but there was a dark side to this picture, for the peal was to be rung on the anniversary of his wife's death, whereas a tolling was to mark the anniversary of his wedding-day. An advocate of Padua in the sixteenth century directed that none of his relatives should shed tears at his funeral; singers and musicians should be engaged to supply the place of mourners; fifty of them were to walk with the priest before the coffin, each receiving half a ducat as a fee; twelve maidens in green habits were to carry the coffin to the church, singing cheerful songs as they went; lastly, all the clergy of Padua, and all the monks except those who wore black hoods, were to be invited to follow. Every man to receive an honorarium. A Frenchman who died about half a century ago had some time before left instructions concerning the mode in which his obsequies were to be observed. All the musicians of the town were to be invited to attend, and play dancing and hunting tunes during the procession; his house and the church were to be decorated in the liveliest way possible; and (but this must have been a very difficult point to settle) his property was to go to the relative who laughed the most joyously on the occasion.

Some men (in the old days) directed that they should be buried in the very substance of church walls; some that their hearts should be interred separately, or kept in an urn, or bequeathed to a church or a monastery. In a particular lease of a small estate, one family had a right of interment in the garden of a house occupied by another family, leading to a strange mixture of scenes witnessed from a drawing-room window.

A bequest as curious in its provisions as any of the foregoing, comes to us from America: Mr John R. Reid had been gas-manager of Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for fifty-four years, during which long period he is said never to have missed a single performance. In his will was the following provision: 'My head shall be severed from my body, and my body shall be placed in a vault; but the head shall be brought to the Walnut Street Theatre, there to be used as the skull in *Hamlet*, and I do bequeath my

head to the said Walnut Street Theatre for that purpose.'

[In offering the foregoing examples of eccentricities connected with burials, we would take the opportunity of adding that in all civilised countries there prevails amongst surviving friends a more or less ardent desire to decently bury their dead. This is as it ought to be, and is a feeling which will doubtless continue to exist. Amongst certain classes, however, there prevails what we might term an exaggerated idea of what is due to departed friends. No expense is spared to turn out what is termed a 'respectable funeral,' which in too many cases tells sadly upon the means of the well-meaning but foolish persons involved. Pomp and show far beyond what is required, or indeed what is seemly, take the place of what ought to be a soberly ordered ceremony. A costly array of carriages, and a needlessly incurred cost for funereal trappings, involve the victims to an extent which, though ignored at the time, too frequently cripple the family resources. We also take occasion to remonstrate against the vain practice lately introduced of interring the bodies of relatives in strong and elegantly constructed oak coffins. The practice is not only costly, but positively mischievous in retarding dissolution into that dust which is the universal doom and privilege.—Ed.]

GOLD DREDGING ON THE CLUTHA.

GABRIEL, a shepherd, tending his flocks on the billowy downs and placid flats of Taapeka, in Southern New Zealand—deputy-lord of a solitude seldom broken by human footfall or other sound saving the occasional grunt of a wild pig or the impatient cry of a few paradise ducks in eager flight to inland waters—was the man who, on the fourth day of June 1861, broke the spell of pastoral simplicity under which the province of Otago had lain since its first settlement, by the discovery of gold. 'Gold in New Zealand!' The words rang through the Australian diggings like a call to arms. Veteran gold-diggers who had served their novitiate on the streams and plateaux of California, to whom the dimming returns of Victorian fields had become a weariness, jerked aside the implements of their industry, and declared that they were wanted 'thar.' Quartz-reefers and puddlers from Bendigo and Kangaroo Flat, ground and box slicers from Jim Crow and the Ovens, and miners from the deep gutters of Ballarat, hurried, as in desperate case, to take ship from Melbourne. The tent of the prospector glinting white in the depth of the forest, knew its place no longer. Away over the seas, in the gully opened by Gabriel, its place should be, where the yellow metal lay thick strewn and plentiful, and might be washed with ease from its earth-wrappings.

Thus it happened that before the flock-owners and other few settlers of Otago had fully recovered the composure disturbed by Gabriel's discovery, there came to the jetty at Dunedin shipload after shipload of high-booted, free-handed, *debonair* gold-hunters, equipped at all points for the self-reliant

prosecution of their search, and eager to contest their right to 'follow the gold' with any who might gainsay it. Spreading themselves over the face of the bald treeless country, they explored and tested its secret places, unearthing hoards hitherto concealed. Nor did it take long to gather the richest of the golden spoil; for where the precious grains lay thickest, they lay at little depth from the surface of the ground; and as these diggers gave themselves to the work under a sense of territorial right, the areas of country to which they devoted themselves soon shewed evidences of their activity. Soon the flowing lines of the low downs were broken by intersecting trenches and mounds of upturned alluvium, the level expanses of the valleys heaped with the detritus from innumerable excavations, and the whole landscape crowded with inartistic detail. But withal, the country was made glad with the play of human life; towns, to be towns in perpetuity, were founded; Commerce built her palaces; and patient Agriculture took such courage that soon, alongside the golden fleece, the golden sheaf was quartered on the provincial shield.

At an early period of the 'rush,' the probable secretions of the Clutha river afforded a theme on which miners loved to speculate, though for a while none save the most adventurous tempted discovery beside its waters. The Clutha, greatest of all the rivers of Southern New Zealand, has its sources in the Lakes Wakatipu and Wanaka, the former being by far the larger of the two lakes. The clear bright water of the Wakatipu, extending from the base of the dividing range in a south-easterly direction, mirrors the pinnacled mountain ridges by which it is bounded in a surface some fifty miles in length by five miles in breadth. Its depth is untold; at least so say mystery-impressed citizens of Queenstown, who dwelling on its shore, have made it their highway to south and west. Distant some thirty miles from the Wakatipu, the Wanaka sends its overflow to join the stream from the sister lake. The impetuously hurrying streams rush together at the township of Cromwell, and seem to dispute for a time the common passage to the sea; for the heavier volume of the Wakatipu branch, now subsidised by the contributions of the Shotover and Arrow rivers, pushes aside the less forceful sweep of Wanaka waters, till a union is compelled by impeding slips from the neighbouring mountain-range. Then the savage Clutha speeds on its way in power; through rock and ancient lake-bed it surges and roars, as it cuts still deeper the furrow already defined by high ramparts, and carries to the Pacific tribute of the pilfered land.

Hartley and Reilly are the names of the men who secured the bonus offered by the New Zealand government to whomsoever should open payable gold-workings on the Clutha; and they made their discovery some two years subsequent to the discovery by Gabriel. The season had been propi-

tious. Over the whole extent of country drained by the river and its tributaries, the snowfall and rain of the year had been light. The river, stinted in its supplies, ran at a very low level, leaving long strips of pebbly strand exposed to the scrutiny of the prospectors. In these strips of accidental beach the men found their coveted opportunity, and plying pick and shovel, discovered, underlying the loose gravel and boulders, a stratum of tightly compressed brown clay, the crevices of which were in places filled with the lustrous particles they sought for. Self-isolated in an almost naked country, these two men had thus quieted doubt as to the wealth of the river; and if through some invisible telephonic apparatus the certified fact had been sent vibrating through the length and breadth of the low country, the secret had scarcely been disclosed with more immediate effect. Over the jagged spurs and steepes of the Lammerlaw ranges—ranges beset by all the dangers of torrent and precipice, and as yet unmarked by any well-assured pathway—the roused diggers of the lower country, heavily burdened with their equipments of tents, bedding, and rations, urged their way to the river. Strings of pack-horses, laden with all sorts of stores and merchandise, picked their steps over the difficult country; and even woman herself lent her accompanying presence to the advance.

One hundred and ten miles from Dunedin by the mountain road, the Clutha careers through the Dunstan Flat. Here it is a river from eighty to one hundred yards in width, with a current varying to perhaps thirty feet in depth, moving at the rate of about six miles an hour. From its western bank, a semicircular plain recedes, hemmed in by winding spurs and offshoots of the Old Man Range, whose topmost peak, the Old Woman, is some eleven thousand feet above sea-level. At the foot of the Old Woman, the township of Clyde arose; a township reared of calico, biscuit-tins, and gin-cases. For a while Clyde flourished and disported itself in wanton riot. But as the busy thousands were yet delving in bank and beach, the rays of a summer's sun fell on the wide and deep-lying snows of a hard winter; the river resumed its wonted volume and velocity, and the beach-workings were flooded by the swift-flowing current. Then a general abandonment of the river ensued. To the gorges, creeks, and terraces of the adjacent country, a country scarcely tenable in its bareness, but over which gold in small quantities lay scattered, the unlucky dwellers in tents to whom the genius of the river had been unkind, were fain to remove their domestic gods. Reticent men on whom fortune had smiled, withdrew from the rock-bound region, and the river was left in possession of the 'shepherds,' who for months awaited its subsidence; and those rarer spirits, endowed with giant will and strength, who set themselves to resist its encroachments. These latter were the men who fenced the beaches in. They would wade out mid deep in the cold snow-water, building up bags of sand or slabs of rock, till the walls rose above the stream, and inclosed the space sufficient for working pur-

poses; then, by perilous toil of pumping and excavating, they laid the inclosure bare to the gold, and won their reward. Still the revived river maintained its ascendancy; the sounds of revelry waned daily fainter in Clyde; and the town shrank disconsolate within her borders.

It was high-holiday in Clyde the day on which the first dredge was launched—an apparatus that was to make its owners independent of low rivers and dry beaches. Nearer to the front of civilisation, the event would have attracted but little notice perhaps, for the dredge exhibited no novelty in floating architecture, and except for its deck-furnishings, was in fact not different from any ordinary flat-bottomed barge. But it had been built at considerable cost; its planks had been hauled from the Tapanui bush fifty miles away; its anchor, winch, purchase-chains, and shore-lines brought by wagon from Dunedin; and Clyde took pride in it, as giving tangible proof of its own irrepressible enterprise. All the town was at the launch. The mayor and town-councillors; for Clyde, with a population of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty, was now incorporated. The proprietor and editor of the *Dunstan Times* was there; for Clyde, elevated to civic dignity, supported a gazette of her own—a gazette, moreover, with a motto which gave rather exceptional moral status to the town. 'In the hands of men supremely just, the pen is mightier than the sword'—so the motto ran. Old Plodge, master-shipwright and builder of the craft, his face wrinkled and set to stern importance, stood by the bows; and Big Andy, who had received his appointment as skipper, held to the steer-oar. For who better than Andy knew the reaches and beaches of the river, the eddies and swirls; in what places the gold had been traced into water too deep for the paddockers to work in, and where the duffer ground lay! No more nautical man than he could be found on that river. A Shetlander by birth, he had as a boy played on rocky ledges where sea-fowl laid their eggs; and as a man had followed the sea round the headlands of every continent. He knew the work; and integrity looked out from his merry resolute blue eye. Of course the *Dunstan* pen of justice recorded for the world its tale of the proceedings. How the fair hostess of the *Clyde Hotel*, gallantly directed by Old Plodge, took fair aim at the bows of the vessel with the orthodox bottle of champagne, and named her after the town; and how the people raised cheer upon cheer, as Big Andy, steer-oar in hand, guided the craft down the current to her anchorage below Hospital Point.

At 10 P.M. of a certain night in the merry month of May 1870, the *Clyde* dredge lay over good gold. She had struck the metal heavy in about ten feet of water, and her 'spoon' was kept busy night and day. At the hour named, the night-crew, captained by Big Andy, were assembled on the beach to go off to their night's work. Tyke also was there. Tyke! the skipper's wonderful tailless dog. Not even Andy knew of what breed Tyke came; or how, unlike ordinary dogs in that as in other things, he should have but the merest apology for a tail. It was said that he was of the Smithfield breed of drover-dogs; but whatever his origin, the children of the Dunstan Flat would uphold him as the kindest and boldest dog in all the colony. They would dress him in cap and

vest, put a short pipe in his mouth, and at a sign, he would rise on his hind-legs and walk about, a wonder of canine pedestrians. But let the biggest dog in the district cast a supercilious eye on him as he engaged in this self-sacrificing amusement, and Tyke would instantly vindicate his own dignity by testing the courage of his critic.

This particular night being dark, Tyke appears in front of his master with a lighted lantern swinging from his mouth, which he puts down beside the boat, and now with deprecatory air awaits further orders. 'All hands here? Right!' says Andy. 'Let us get aboard.—And Tyke, you go home!' whereupon Tyke vanishes in the darkness, and the boat is shoved off. The oars are not wanted, as the force of the river is itself the motive-power used to propel the boat to the dredge. It is a common practice on the river to utilise the current in this way. All coaches, wagons, and bullock-teams that cross the stream are punted over by contrivances similar to this on which the dredge's crew depend for transit. A line is stretched taut from the shore to the dredge, which lies out in the stream; and on the line is placed a blocked sheave, so that it runs freely along it. To the eye of the sheave-block the boat's painter (bow-rope) is made fast; then by movement of the rudder the boat is laid across the current at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, in which position it receives on one side alone the impetus of the rushing water, from which it recedes, followed along the line by the running sheave to which the boat's painter is fastened. In this way the deck of the dredge has been gained; and after the boat has been secured, and the kerosene lamps lighted, all is declared in readiness for a start. 'Over!' cries Andy; and the dark sullen gleam of the river, as it hurries from the beaming light of the lamps, is fretted for a moment with white spray where the heavy spoon strikes it in its descent to the bottom. 'Heave away!' presently comes the voice of the skipper; and the three men at the winch bend to their work, as the purchase-chain is slowly coiled round the drum, and the spoon reappears above the surface of the water filled to the lip, from the top layer of loose non-auriferous gravel that must be cleared away before the golden dirt can be reached. The spoon is a bag about four feet deep, made of thick sole-leather riveted together with copper rivets. The open end of the bag is laced with thongs of green hide round a circular iron rim, of about thirty inches diameter. From the outside of this rim, at right angles to the pendent bag, a socket projects for the reception of the spoon handle, a Manukau pole about thirty feet long; and opposite the socket, the lip of the spoon, a well-tempered steel-plate, rises above, and is carried for a third of its circumference round the top surface of the rim. Sympathetic movement of spoon and winch is insured by the purchase-chain, which passing over a loose sheave in the craned neck of the davit, connects the two.

The work of the night proceeds. There on the deck, unwound from the barrel of the winch, lie several yards of slack-chain. Hughie the cradleman takes a grip of this chain some two feet back from where it passes over the davit-sheave to the spoon attachment; while Jack the paddockman seizes the spoon by the rim and lifts it as Hughie

pulls on the chain. The skipper has taken the spoon handle on his shoulder; and as Jack swings the leathern excavator over the side, Hughie lets go his hold of the chain; the spoon falls on the water; the slack-chain flies through the davit as the current sweeps into the leather-bag, which, humoured by Andy, is borne to the very spot on the river's bed into which he intends to dig. The skipper takes two turns of the stopper-rope round the spoon handle, that the spoon shall not recoil from its sub-aqueous work; then once again his cheery 'Heave away!' is heard; the winch goes round, and the spoon moves through the gravel down below. So long as the clearing away of the loose drift-gravel continues, the spoon appears and disappears at short intervals, as there is comparatively slight resistance to its progress along the bottom. The work goes on quietly and smoothly. Jack, whose business it is to keep the paddock clear, and who is, moreover, an adept in the use of the long Yankee shovel he flourishes, having to return all this barren stuff to the river over the stern of the dredge, is the most hotly engaged at present.

'Any amount of tailings coming up to-night, Hughie,' he remarks to the cradleman, who is assisting ubiquitously till his cradle is wanted.

'O ay; that's the way of it,' replies Hughie; 'a shipload of tailings to an ounce of gold, Johnnie.'

But presently there is a change. Hitherto the men at the winch have kept the drum revolving in even steady motion. Now they stand straining at the handles in the freezing atmosphere, perspiration pouring from them, and the pinion-wheel refuses to budge an inch. Hughie and Jack jump to the rescue, and the skipper unwillingly slackens his stopper, for the sharp lip of the spoon has cut into the hard cemented boulder-wash in which the precious metal lies. 'Try it again. Something must come, or something must go!' cries Andy; and as he speaks, the men heave with a will, and the spoon slowly comes. As it is swung on deck this time, it will be observed that its contents differ greatly from the stuff it has brought up previously. Here is no longer a bag packed with clean-washed vitreous-lustred quartz and schistose shingle; but a bag of smooth water-worn pebbles, nestling in black sand, flecked with golden spangles and nodules, and shewing boulder-stones of felspar white as the new-fallen snow, and deep-hued porphyritic greenstone veined in lighter shades.

'You had better go to the cradle, Hughie; the child's crying,' says merry Andrew the skipper.

'Ay, ay,' responds Hughie. 'We'll have to bring up the child in the way it should go, I suppose.'

'Was that the way they brought you up, Hughie?'

'Faith, I wasna brought up at all; I was draggit up,' says Hughie mournfully.

'Well, then, they didn't give over dragging till they got you up a good height, Hughie.'

'O ay,' answers Hughie, taking off his Scotch bonnet and exhibiting a bald pate as he goes to the cradle; 'they draggit a' the hair oot o' my head, the caterans.'

The cradle occupies a space at the opposite side of the dredge to that at which the spoon works. It oscillates on rockers, as other cradles do. It is shaped like a baker's trough, its length being

about five feet and its height two. One end of it is open, and projects over the side of the dredge, so that the sand and fine grit that pass through with the water may escape freely. Inside, the cradle is fitted with two plush-covered wooden slides, the one discharging on the other at a sharp angle to the plane of the cradle. When the machine is in motion, the gold and silt are sifted from the gravel on to these slides—the gold by virtue of its density remaining—through the holes in the hopper-plate, over which the coarser dredgings travel, and drop once more into the river. Water falls, shower-bath fashion on the hopper, from a cistern into which it is pumped by the up-and-down movement of the same handle that rocks the cradle. And now the cradle is in full swing, Hughie rocking away at high-pressure as Jack fills the mouth of the hopper with the rich provender lifted by the spoon.

Arduous, straining work to human muscle and sinew, and monotonous to the senses, is this same dredging by night in the black flowing Clutha. The surrounding darkness yields no surprise to the eye; and though you may gaze into the cold depths of that austere firmament where the stars tremble, till you fancy yourself attended into space by relays of visual force, the 'Heave away!' of the river-god who handles the spoon will recall you from the exploration of infinitude, and still your fancy in muscular effort. By-and-by the bottom of the boulder-wash is touched, and Andy springs to the bag to examine the slices of stiff brown clay, speckled with yellow, that appear on its surface as it is hauled on board.

The skipper is in great glee to-night; he pitches his yarns with gusto. In disengaged moments he indulges in a step or two of the sailor's horn-pipe; anon there is given to the darkness a rhythmic souvenir of far-away Shetland, as he sings some old-fashioned Scandinavian ditty. Or visions of sunny Victoria inspire him, and he calls on his mellowest accents as he looks into the night and sings:

Scrumptious young girls, you tog out so finely,
Adorning the diggings so charming and gay;
With your beautiful smiles you look so divinely,
That lovers come round you their homage to pay.

Again he cheers Hughie and tells him that when he is rocking the cradle for the wife, he won't forget the good training he's had.

And thus the toilsome night wears on, till suddenly a faint wan streak sharpens the outline of the eastern hill against the dim background:

The yellow Dawn
Wanders along Night's borders, like the fawn
First venturing from its dappled mother's side—
A timid bound on darkness, swift withdrawn,
Then bolder tried again, the starlight dies.

And presently the snow-frilled brow of the Old Woman is radiant in the smiles of the new-born day. The sullen river, kissed by the morning sunbeams, glides along more lightsofely, and King Frost mitigates his claims in presence of the King of Light.

'Three pound-weight; not so dusty!' the skipper remarks as he secures the product of the night's work. 'Let us get ashore.' And so ashore we go, and then to tent and blankets.

THE MAGPIE AND THE RAT.

A CORRESPONDENT in the north of England favours us with the following anecdotes relating to the above-mentioned well-known animals.

'About three months ago I brought a tame magpie with me out of Staffordshire to my residence here, and shortly after its arrival, it flew on to the window-sill of my sitting-room, seemingly frightened; and on looking out of the window for the cause of its sudden appearance, I found several wild magpies in some trees opposite the window chattering away very loudly to the tame one, which I found they must have previously assailed, as it was strutting about on the sill and chattering back to them in defiance. A short time after this occurrence, Mag flew to the window and knocked on it with its bill, which it invariably does when wanting food. The window was opened, and some pieces of bread put out, one of which Mag immediately picked up and flew with into the trees referred to, and gave it to one of several wild magpies which were there; and this performance Mag repeated several times until it had fed the whole lot of them. And many times during the heavy storm we had at the beginning of the year, Mag fed these wild magpies, who no doubt would have often been sorely pinched for food but for the charity of my bird. But Mag's benevolent deeds, I am sorry to say, are counterbalanced by very bad ones. One of the latter I will relate. On Saturday morning last, my aunt before leaving her bedroom put her watch into its case, fastened it up, and placed it on the mantel-piece. Now Mag must have been at the window and witnessed this; for as soon as the lady's back was turned, the wily creature flew into the room, unfastened the case, which was fastened with two hooks, opened it, abstracted the watch, and broke the glass; and was just on the point of flying off with it, when my aunt fortunately returned to the room just in time to rescue her watch from the feathered thief.

'Not many hundred yards from here, in the village of Sparrow Pit, which is distant from Chapel-en-le-Frith about three miles, there is a farm occupied by a Mr William Turner. This gentleman has on several occasions lately missed some eggs from the place where his hens lay; and one day last week he was accidentally let into the secret of their theft, when upon entering his yard, he was amazed at being the spectator of a wonderful amount of instinct displayed by two rats, one of which had a hen's egg across its shoulder, with its two fore-legs turned round over the egg as far as they would reach to hold it on; whilst the other rat had hold of its tail, by which it was pulling it across the yard, egg and all, to where their holes were. Such a feat as this for two rats to perform seems almost incredible; but nevertheless it is a fact, as the gentleman's word who witnessed it is to be relied on.' [This intelligent method of abstracting eggs has been witnessed before. Sometimes the first rat incloses the egg by clasping it firmly with all four legs, while the assistant rat drags it, egg and all, to a place of safety.—ED.]

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 807.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

PERVERTED INGENUITY.

It has often been remarked that the amount of ingenuity applied to unworthy purposes might, if directed to honest pursuits, be rewarded with prosperity and happiness, instead of so often reaping a harvest of detection and disgrace. It is not however, very flattering to our vanity to know that while sharpers and swindlers abound, there is never any lack of ignorance and credulity to keep up the supply of dupes, in whose simplicity, imposture and assurance find an easy prey. Continual disclosures of fraud seem to have little effect in acting as a warning to imprudence, or in bringing about further public safeguards against repetitions of this form of dishonesty, the victim being generally caught by the same much-used but apparently not yet worn-out baits of the unscrupulous. Even the cautious may, as we have repeatedly shewn, occasionally be victimised by bubble companies and other cunningly contrived pitfalls; but tradesmen are constantly being taken in by the same transparent tricks, exposed by police reports every week. A person goes for instance, into a shop and orders goods to be forwarded to a certain address—that of a respectable householder. The things are sent there, and left; and in due course somebody calls at the house, saying that he has come from the shop for the parcel, as it had been left in mistake. The parcel is delivered up to the supposed shopkeeper's messenger, who of course decamps with it and is never heard of again.

Numbers of Londoners lately fell victims to the feathered cheat of a certain bird-fancier before it was found out. In his window was exhibited a cage containing two birds, one an ordinary greenfinch with such plumage as Nature had been pleased to endow it; the other, also a member of the same family of birds, but as pretentious a humbug as its fellow was the reverse. On the head of the unconscious bird was a snowy top-knot, while plumes of brilliant colours branched out from among the ordinary feathers of its tail, glue having unquestionably

something to do with the appearance of its borrowed plumes. Yet this palpable burlesque of a tropical bird was palmed off on numerous unsuspecting persons by the vendor, who pretending ignorance of its name and value, trumped up some story about a nautical friend of his having brought it home from 'foreign parts.' Appearing indifferent to its supposed rarity, and not caring to be bothered with the unknown specimen, in a sudden fit of generosity he parts with it to the purchaser for the absurd consideration of a sum ten times its real value.

It is not often that what is known as 'shop-lifting' brings much ingenuity to the fore, yet there are sometimes rather remarkable exceptions. One of these may be instanced in the female shop-lifter not long since arrested for committing robberies from drapery establishments in a somewhat singular manner. When setting out for her predatory expeditions she wore large flat shoes, and had the toe-part of her stockings cut off to form a sort of mitten; and being very dexterous with her toes for prehensory uses, she was able to pick up articles from the floor and secrete them in her slipper. In looking over some pieces of lace in a shop, she had, while the assistant's attention was directed elsewhere, dropped one or two and adroitly secreted them as described.—As bright an example of perverted ingenuity was developed in Paris during the time of the Exhibition. Three persons it seems are necessary to carry out the trick, the *modus operandi* of which is as follows. A man accompanied apparently by his wife and daughter enters a shop in which the articles lie about a little carelessly, and the gentleman at once goes up to the head assistant behind the counter and makes a confidential communication. 'I must warn you,' he says, 'that my wife is afflicted with kleptomania. Be so good as to watch her, but not to say anything to her which might make her think you have any suspicions.' The elder lady is consequently watched with great care, all the shop being on the alert. Some article is pilfered in due course—the theft noticed; and the gentleman on going out quietly and promptly pays for what

has been taken. While the shopkeeper is congratulating himself on the honesty of the husband, the trio are making off with a valuable booty secured by the younger lady, whose movements had not been watched at all. But the best part of the stratagem remains to be told. In case the disappearance of the articles really stolen should be perceived a little too soon, and the party be followed by the indignant shopkeepers, nothing is easier than to express regret and surprise that there should have been other mistakes, and to return the articles with profuse apologies. By this ruse a considerable degree of safety is insured even if the swindlers are balked of their booty; the scheme provides for escape as well as for success.

A German in Paris lately adopted a plan which was successful in despoiling shopkeepers of their goods. Provided with a loaf of bread, which he carried unconcernedly under one arm, he would saunter up and down in front of the shop-windows, till watching his opportunity, he would seize some small article exposed outside or otherwise within his reach, and secrete it in his loaf. Suspected, and at last arrested, he was subjected to a strict search, and was on the point of being released, when some one thought of the loaf, which the accused had laid unnoticed on a form. On examining it, a watch, some rings, and other missing articles were disclosed to the surprised spectators, and another swindling dodge thus exposed. —Equally successful for a time was another system of robbery practised not very long since in the streets of London. A man dressed like a clergyman would walk about the crowded thoroughfares carrying a half-opened umbrella in his hand. Innocent as that useful article appeared, it was acting all the time as a convenient receptacle for sundry articles of value dexterously slipped within its folds by two or three female pickpockets, who were active in their depredations amongst the foot-passengers, but were captured together with their respectable-looking accomplice.

But such petty attempts at fraud are far eclipsed both in audacity and ingenuity by the swindling transaction revealed some little time ago in Italy, and which might well deceive the sharpest tradesmen. The method of its proceeding is not without interest. A gentlemanly looking man accompanied by his daughter, a prepossessing young lady not out of her teens, put up at the chief hotel of the town. They gave themselves out to be English, and among their luggage had four large boxes containing two complete sets of drawers like those used by officers in camp. A salon and two bedrooms, one of which opened into the salon, were chosen by them. When these drawers were unpacked, one set was placed against the door in the salon, and the other on the other side of the door in the gentleman's bed-chamber, the door in question being a very thin one. The gentleman was liberal, and most particular in

paying his hotel expenses weekly. Before he had been long in the town, he paid a visit to the principal jeweller, made some small purchases, paid for them in cash, and let it be seen that he was not short of bank-notes.

Anxious to please his new customer, the jeweller brought out many beautiful articles to tempt him; but at first his purchases were moderate, though liberally paid for. In a few weeks the gentleman came alone, and while making another purchase observed that his daughter was about to be married, and that he thought of sending to Paris for a set of diamonds. On this the jeweller declared that he had the most beautiful set in Europe, the property of a Princess, which he was sure only a 'Milord Inglese' could buy, and begged his customer just to inspect them. The inspection was made, but no decision arrived at that day. Another inspection followed on the next day, and Milord agreed to take them, the price being four hundred thousand francs. The delighted jeweller thought it would be best if he should send them round that evening, but the straightforward answer was: 'I do not keep so much money about me; I must draw upon my bankers in London.'

About a week after, he was requested to call one morning at eleven, and bring the diamonds, for which he would be paid. The jeweller was punctual, and found his customer in his dressing-gown sitting alone at the set of drawers referred to, a front flap of which turned down so as to form a writing-table. Advancing respectfully, the jeweller laid the casket open on the flap in question. Merely examining the gems, Milord remarked that of course he did not wish his daughter to know anything of the transaction at present, and then proceeded to take out a bundle of beautiful crisp notes. The door at that moment opened, and in bounded the young lady in question graceful as a young fawn. Nothing was more natural than that Milord should close up the flap of the desk and ask the young lady to go away, as he wished to be alone. But she was a wilful young lady, and would have her own way. She had come to tell 'papa' that the tailor was waiting for him in the next room, and he must go, and she was quite sure that the jeweller would like her company better than his; besides she had a locket she could not open, and the jeweller must help her. The jeweller was not proof against the playful charms of the young lady; his goods were safe, as he thought, so he begged her father to go and he would wait. Milord left the room, and the poor dupe enjoyed half an hour of delightful flirtation with the young lady.

She was very winning; the time passed like a dream, till at last the lady herself passed away, and hurried to join her father. The jeweller sat in meditation, his thoughts engrossed with the young bride who had just left. Then he began to wonder how long his customer would be, and

presently tried the flap of the drawer. It was 'all right;' it was locked. So he sat down and mused again. When an hour or so had elapsed, he began to think that he must have been forgotten, so he rang for the waiter, and was told that Milord and the Signorina had gone out a considerable time ago. After another long interval he consulted the landlord, but was assured that his guest was a perfect gentleman, whose only fault was forgetfulness. Hours passed; and at early morning the landlord again returned, beginning now to grow suspicious himself. The jeweller became furious, made a dash at the drawers, and with the aid of a poker broke open the flap and made an attempt to take the casket. He thrust his head into the compartment, and sank back into his arm-chair. He saw nothing before him but a square open void, that had been cut out of the door, and which led into the set of drawers in the next room. The landlord had a look, and so had the waiters. They then sat and looked at each other, and at last ordered restoratives for the jeweller, who had fainted.

Thefts by means of any kind of ruse are bad enough, but when they are committed under the cloak of religion they are immeasurably worse. A Sister of Charity called on a family in Paris to enlist their sympathies for the poor; she was most pleasant and attractive in her manner. Eventually she induced those present to join with her in an act of devotion, and the party knelt side by side in the drawing-room while the Sister offered a prayer. From the time of her entering the house and during this act she had kept her hands crossed upon her bosom. When therefore, in the middle of the prayer a lady felt somebody's hand in her pocket, it required some nerve to seize the Sister and accuse her of the theft. This she nevertheless did; and then the mystery was revealed. The crossed arms were of wax and being partially hidden under the sleeves, seemed real, while the actual hands were at liberty to enable the lady to perform her fraudulent calling.

The FFI Sikes fraternity in following out their profession of house-breaking sometimes give evidence of an amount of ingenuity worthy of a better cause. A burglar concealed under the bed of a married couple, by some incautious movement almost betrayed his presence, the noise he made being sufficient to make the wife call her husband's attention to the sound. 'It's only one of the dogs,' was the sleepy answer, and snapping his fingers, he called by its name one of his favourites which was supposed to be present. The thief's presence of mind did not desert him though on the brink of discovery; for divining the situation at once, he immediately licked the extended hand, in the hope of confirming the gentleman's surmise. This clever ruse was not however, we believe, successful, though one might say it deserved to be for its boldness and ingenuity.

When Moore Carew, the 'king of the beggars,' among his numberless impostures had a well peppered raw beefsteak placed round his leg to simulate disease, he only used one of many clever dodges to impose on the charitable. Fever has been imitated by swallowing tobacco, the tongue whitened by chalk, and the cheeks heated by rubbing. The appearance of ulcers is obtained by gluing a bit of spleen or the skin of a frog to the parts supposed to be affected, and keeping them

moist with blood and water. They are created by the use of corrosives, and their healing prevented by the application of irritants. An obstinate sore limb has before now been cured by locking it up in a box. Pricking the gums to shew actual spitting of blood, eating roughly-powdered glass to produce internal hæmorrhage, making soap-pills for epileptic frothing at the mouth, feigning insanity, and lying rigid to simulate catalepsy, are all tricks familiar to prison officials. Even doctors may sometimes be deceived by impostors who display so much ingenuity in the art of deception. Those who gorge shell-fish for the sake of getting nettle-rash, who put lime in their eyes to inflame them, and even thrust a needle down to the lens of the eye to get a cataract, furnish a few of the forms of imposition resorted to at times either to evade punishment or escape military service. Such deceptions are known to have been kept up through fearful ordeals of torture with an obstinate firmness worthy of a better cause. Much ingenuity has been shewn by prisoners in communicating with each other despite all the vigilance of the prison authorities. Notes have been passed about in a mysterious manner that has quite baffled every precaution, and communication has been carried on among prisoners by opening and shutting the mouth as if in speaking, yet allowing no sound to escape; a system of silent conversation that is well understood among them.

The methods resorted to for evading the law are very numerous, and the devices of smugglers for concealing contraband articles are sometimes specially ingenious. One of the most amusing of these attempts to defraud the revenue was exposed by some vigilant French authorities. The heavy duties on spirits made the smuggling sisterhood (most of the smuggling nowadays is by women) doubly eager to bring into Paris an extra quantity of the precious liquors, and this they accomplished in an ingenious manner—namely by wearing full-bodied zinc corsets which could easily contain four or five gallons of brandy. For a time the trick succeeded admirably; but at length the officers began to be suspicious of the unusual embonpoint, which contrasted oddly in some of the ladies with their inadequate necks and faces; so a staff of female searchers was enrolled, and the cheat discovered.

A daring and ingenious plan to evade the obnoxious stamp-duty on newspapers was lately alluded to by a well-known literary gentleman in relating some of his experiences. An unstamped newspaper called the *Weekly Despatch* was published, and to escape the vigilance of the police, a clever device was hit upon, which was entirely successful in baffling the efforts of the authorities. The *Magpie and Stump* in Drury Lane was at the time one of the most mysterious places in London. It was full of nooks and crannies, passages and staircases, all leading various ways in the most puzzling manner, so that one could leave the house in half-a-dozen different directions. By a skillful plan of organisation the papers were despatched from this house packed up in coffins, and while they had boys with mock-parcels to throw the police off the scent, the newspapers left the house with perfect impunity.

It is not long since unhappy little poodles were systematically employed in smuggling foreign

lace into this country, by being passed to and fro across the Channel with two curly coats upon their backs and a layer of the fragile commodity between them. More recently, pigeons have been employed for the purpose of diverting attention from consignments of tobacco, over which sat the innocent-looking birds, while the Custom-house officers were in quest of contraband goods, concealed in the double-bottomed boxes in which the pigeons came over from the continent. Quite lately have the services of these birds been required in carrying out smuggling operations on rather an extensive scale. An enterprising proprietor of about eighty of them was charged, we believe in one of the French frontier towns, with having repeatedly evaded the duty on imported tobacco by flying them across the boundary each with a packet of the weed, varying in weight from a third to half an ounce, tied carefully on its body. This practice might have continued for some time but for an accident to one of the birds, which brought it toppling down with its burden into the hands of somebody, who drew the attention of the authorities to this novel mode of smuggling.

Seldom do we hear an instance of so successful an imposture in evading the sentence of the law as was revealed at the Wiltshire assizes. A man apprehended for stealing a mare was lodged in Malmesbury lock-up previous to his transmission to the assizes. When the police visited his cell next morning they found him lying on the floor unable to move. His statement was that he had got up to look out of the window, and that he had fallen backwards across the corner of the bedstead and injured his spine. Medical aid was obtained, and his sad condition duly commiserated. He appeared to be almost irretrievably injured, and in the greatest agony; and as it would have been extreme cruelty to remove a man in his condition, he accordingly remained at Malmesbury for nine weeks. During this time, everything which humanity could suggest to mitigate his sufferings was resorted to, and his comfort was studied in every particular. At the end of nine weeks he was removed with great care to the infirmary in Devizes, where two men were appointed to attend him, the medical officer there being likewise of the opinion that the poor fellow's spine was seriously injured. In this pitiable state he was brought before the judge, a murmur of sympathy running through the court as they beheld the pallet with the injured man lying helplessly upon it. 'It is a dreadful thing to pass sentence upon a man in such a state,' said the judge. 'The infliction you are suffering under surpasses any punishment I can give you.' Had the culprit been in ordinary health he would have had penal servitude, for it was not his first act of felony; but the judge pitying his condition, sentenced him, amidst a breathless silence, to twelve months' imprisonment; and the pallet with its occupant was carried away.

But now came the sequel. To prove a former conviction, the deputy-governor of Gloucester Jail had been summoned to Devizes; and on going over the jail, a close inspection enabled him to recognise in the culprit an old 'invalid' with whom he formerly had to deal. 'What! at your old game?' exclaimed the deputy-governor, scanning the prisoner's countenance. 'That fellow is an impostor. There is no more the matter

with his spine than there is with mine.' This was thought to be impossible; and several doctors put the invalid through a severe examination; but he protested that his injuries were real, and seemed unable to move. To put the matter to a further test, a galvanic battery was introduced, and shocks were turned on pretty strong, but without the expected results. The doctors went away; but the suspected impostor was threatened with severer tests on the morrow if he was not found sitting up when visited. On the next day, as he was still found in the same position, the electric machine was again set to work, and so sharp was the effect, that the leg which appeared most affected by the spinal injury began to move, until at last, unable to stand the shocks any longer, the fellow jumped out of bed, and in a few minutes afterwards was walking across the court-yard as agile on his limbs as any other prisoner!

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE PENZANCE COACH.

MISFORTUNE, like a gale of wind, acts very differently upon different natures. There are trees that bend, and trees that break beneath the violence of the storm; and as it is with the higher forms of vegetable life, so it is with men. There are light shallow temperaments that yield to the crush of adversity like *feu-reeds* and *bulrushes* to the tempest, but that spring up, not a whit the worse, when the danger has passed by. There are other and sturdier dispositions that creak and groan, like obstinate oaks, and throb in every fibre, until perhaps they go down with a great ruin. And, again, there are those that fight so long as resistance serves, then bow to the inevitable, and presently assert their elastic life by rising, bruised but not killed, to tower aloft as of yore.

Hugh Ashton, as he walked rapidly along the muddy road that led—whither he knew not, and cared not, for the moment—could only half realise the weight of the heavy stroke that Fate had dealt him. The blow had been unexpected, and it had left its bitter smart. The kind hand that had led him to Cornwall and Treport had suddenly become estranged and hostile, and had thrust him out again to do as best he might in the eternal battle of life. To earn his bread was, in truth, no very dire necessity for Hugh Ashton. It was not as when some timid girl, some inexperienced stripling, is thrown on his or her own resources, to swim, as it were, without swimming-belt or life-buoy, in that great sea of struggling humanity where to sink is to starve. But Hugh had a double purpose, even if he forgot the high-born girl who had so entwined herself with his very heart-strings. He must live, and though he had, even after his bounty to Jan the fisherman, nearly a hundred and eighty pounds in his pocket, he must live by work. And then he had an object in view that was in his eyes sacred.

What was he, the late commander of the *Western Maid*, to do? His most natural course would have been to take to the sea, and to seek, and probably after some seeking find, a place as officer on board some Australian liner, or clipper in the China trade. He was precisely what a

prudent skipper, knowing the little world of a ship, and what squalls and mutinies and headwinds mean, would wish his mate to be. But to go to sea was to leave England, to take again to a roving and a restless life, and to renounce the active prosecution of the search to which he found himself committed, as the Knights of the Round Table were bound to pursue the quest of the Holy Grail. His great desire, when first, after his mother's death, he came over to England with his father, had always been to obtain certain proofs, most valuable, most hard to discover. Hitherto, he had been able to do little or nothing to effect the object to which he had professed such entire devotion; but, now he should have leisure, he trusted to be more earnest in the task that lay before him.

'Perhaps,' Hugh muttered to himself, as he strode on—'perhaps it is all for the best. New ties and new duties are done with and broken—love itself is hopelessly left behind me—and it may be better so. In yonder little Cornish seaport I should have had small prospect of finding any better clue to the hard riddle which has perplexed me so long, than could be afforded by the flitting visits of that female Will-o'-the-Wisp, Ghost Nan. And for one gipsy I shall meet on this side of Tamar, or for that matter, of Poole Harbour, I shall find ten nearer to London. London! There is nothing like the great city with its vague possibilities and shadowy futures. London should surely be the goal of all such aimless wanderers as myself.'

'Hi, hi, young chap!' cried out a cheery voice, somewhat hoarse from a protracted course of rough weather and alcoholic stimulants, and which mingled not inharmoniously with the clatter of wheels and the clash of horse-hoofs. 'Hi, there!'

Hugh glanced over his shoulder, and stepped aside to let the Penzance coach, as it came rattling up, pass by. The good-humoured coachman who drove it, getting a better look at Hugh than he had had before, jerked up his elbow in professional style.

'Going down the road, sir, our way! Just in time to catch the up-train, if you are,' he said, pulling up the four horses with no apparent effort; and Hugh, who in his present frame of mind found the invitation irresistible, sprang to the roof of the coach with a sailor's activity, and the four horses were gathered up and set in motion again.

The coachman looked inquisitively round at his young passenger. The box-seat was occupied by a heavy bucolical person, who thought very much of sheep, bullocks, and oil-cake, but of horses very little, and on miscellaneous topics not at all; so that the coachman found the journey, unenlivened by eleemosynary ale or congenial conversation, a dull one. Hugh's appearance puzzled him somewhat. The young ex-captain wore his plainest clothes, and had a stick and a bundle, exactly like any common sailor 'ashore and atramp,' as the coachman worded it; but he did not look, to the coachman's experienced eye, like Jack of the fore-castle, even when Jack is at his best. 'Left your yacht, sir, somewheres?' asked the coachman politely. He had been a nobleman's coachman before he became the charioteer of the public, and he prided himself, like

many of his class, on his unerring recognition of a gentleman. Hugh Ashton, mud-bespattered, and with a stick and bundle, seemed to him to be, somehow, a gentleman.

'I have left my ship—no yacht though—as you say,' answered Hugh, smiling in spite of his sadness.

'Ah, well!' said the coachman meditatively, 'there's a good many, now, of you young ones, that turns their hands—swells, mind ye—to all sorts of things. And as well take to the sea as take to the tea!'

Hugh laughed good-humouredly, less at the driver's sally than at the pertinacious curiosity of the man. 'I, at anyrate, have turned my hand to more trades than one,' he said, forcing himself to be cheerful. 'Among others, I drove the Geelong coach over in Australia there, beneath a burning sun, one Christmas-time, and warm work it was.'

'Hot weather at Christmas, eh?' returned the loquacious coachman. 'Well, I've heard of that before, seeing I've a brother of my own on the underneath side of the world. Perhaps you've known him, sir? Name of Mathews, John Mathews.'

Hugh explained that Australia was rather a large place, and that people were less likely to come in contact with one another there than in the crowded mother-country. And then he had to reply to questions as to the wonders of Topsy-turvyland, as the driver called it, its duck-billed quadrupeds and black swans, its cherries with their stones worn conveniently outside, its scentless flowers and songless birds, its kangaroos, nuggets, and other natural productions of the unique Australasian world; at the mention of which, the corpulent agriculturist on the box-seat gave a grunt of contented incredulity, and murmured something, manifestly very much to his personal satisfaction, about 'traveller's tales.'

Chatting thus, the milestones seemed to succeed one another with reasonable promptitude; and presently the houses, that had hitherto been sparsely scattered, began to line the road, and a town came in sight, and a railway, the thin black telegraph-wires and white posts standing out in bold relief against the wintry sky.

'Here we are,' said the driver, tossing down his reins as the coach drew up to the station door; 'and, as I said, just in time.'

Hugh took his second-class ticket, as befitted a traveller of his modest pretensions; and the up-train, flashing like a meteor through the country, whirled him off Londonwards. On the tireless wings of the enslaved geni, Steam, he was borne along, past mine and waste, past croft and garden; now traversing some billowy moor, on whose rugged and heathery surface one rolling table-land seemed to succeed to another, while great gray rocks reared their defiant heads like so many towers built by Cyclopean masons of old; and anon running through the midst of moist green pastures, where sleek red cattle, that by their long horns and their colour might have been of the original British breed, huddled shyly together to low forth deep-toned expressions of distrust as the fiery dragon, with rush and roar, flashed by.

•Then a change came in the domestic architecture, visible to voyagers by the iron road. No

more stone houses, no more slates, met the eye, but red roofs and brick gables peeping out from lane and hedgerow and orchard. No more smelting-works, with heaps of glassy clinkers piled in dismal profusion outside, and foul black smoke rising in clouds to darken the ambient air. Here and there a limekiln; here and there a malthouse or a brewery, seemed the only signs of anything like manufacturing industry; and the only machinery to be heard or seen was the complaining windlass that made the heavy water-bucket come slowly up some deep old well, or the whirring steam-flail that sent up showers of feathery chaff in some farm-yard, as it thrashed the golden wheat or brown barley from the straw.

That is blue wood-smoke that rises in thin, ghostly wreaths above yonder cottage-home, ivied until the dull red of the bricks can hardly be seen through the dusky greenery of the parasitic plant that clings so lovingly to the short massive chimney where swallows build their nests in the pleasant summer-time. How small, if picturesque, are the lozenge panes of those casements that let in so little light, shine the sun never so brightly. The hoary apple-trees so near to the little house are all entwined with white-berried mistletoe, and the thick hedge must in May be glorious with hawthorn bloom and honeysuckle. To all appearance, the indwellers there are utterly unaffected by anything that has been done for the last few centuries. Progress has spared their little Sleepy Hollow. Steam flits past them, but that is all; and all the wonders of modern industry and invention are, to them, living much as their forefathers lived before the Wars of the Roses, as if they had never been.

We are out of the pure, slumberous, old-world country now, and among the interminable suburbs that girdle in London as the pavilions and gardens of the Andalusian Vega girdled in old Moorish Granada. And this is London at last, with its canopy of fog and smoke, and its glow and glare of light breaking through the thick atmosphere, and the low, deep, mysterious roar that never seems to cease, until the hours of toil and pastime give place to the more solemn time for that temporary death which we call sleep.

'*Shadwick's Inn*, Shadwick Place! Where may that be, sir?' asked the cabman whom Hugh engaged, and whose experience of London was for once at fault.

'Drive to St Lawrence's Lane—you know that, I suppose,' answered Hugh; 'and any one thereabouts will tell you where to find the place I speak of.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE OLD INN.

The inn to which Hugh Ashton chose to drive was hard to find, and, when found, not very easy of access. Shadwick Place, situated in the purlieus of the long and straggling Lane dedicated to St Lawrence, in the City of London, has, at first sight, an inhospitable aspect. Not only are the words 'No Thoroughfare' conspicuously painted on a corner house; but there are rusty iron chains which span the grass-grown apology for a street, and that effectually prevent cart or carriage from intruding on the sacred territory. It is necessary for intending patrons of *Shadwick's Inn* to alight and go on foot up to its darkling doorway. The

house of entertainment in question was the very antithesis of one of those crowded and noisy caravanserais that boast of their many hundred bedrooms, their lifts, baths, and palatial dining-halls. There was no bustle at *Shadwick's*, which meekly called itself an inn, as if to disclaim any rivalry with modern hotels, and which in no way courted publicity.

A queerer, less obtrusive hostelry than *Shadwick's* could not have been found even in the City, where quaint old inns not seldom drag on a secluded and humble existence. On the lamp above the door might be traced, in attenuated black letters, the words '*Shadwick's Inn*;' but there were no other signs of its status; and, indeed, the old house, with its dingy blinds and its closed door, seemed to affect a private air, and to deplore the meagre official announcement, in compliance with law and the dictates of a harsh excise, over the porch, to the effect that somebody was licensed to sell wines, spirits, and tobacco.

There was no touting, just as there were no advertisements, on behalf of *Shadwick's*. The odd little inn appeared rather to repel than to attract custom. When a guest of more than common resolution insisted on effecting an entry, he was tolerated, but not welcomed. It might have been supposed that *Shadwick*, or his successor, received a fixed annual subsidy, perhaps from the corporation, to entertain travellers gratis, and that he pardonably did what he could to discourage too brisk a demand for accommodation beneath his roof. London hotels, among which we may sweepingly classify inns and coffee-houses, are prone, it is said, to prize the traveller less for what he is than for what he has, and to measure the respectability of a new-comer by the amount of his luggage. Hugh had no luggage, unless a bundle can be dignified by such a term. And voyagers with bundles are expected to put up with very humble, not to say very queer quarters. But Hugh's face and voice and address were so much in his favour that the bundle was condoned, even at *Shadwick's*, and the young man was grudgingly inducted into a bedroom which, if dingy, was conventionally clean, and was made free of that well of gloom, the three-cornered little coffee-room. Hugh Ashton had a reason, of a sentimental character, perhaps, for this apparently capricious selection of a hostelry. He had been at *Shadwick's* before. It was at this old, out-of-the-way, and almost inaccessible inn that his father and himself had put up on landing after their homeward voyage from Australia. George Ashton had known of the place, through some accident, most likely, and had treasured the recollection of it in his memory, precisely as Romeo cherished the remembrance of the Mantuan Apothecary who might be counted on for the supply of poison at a critical moment. 'I wanted to find a place'—Hugh well remembered what his dead father's words had been—'where I should be in London, and yet as far remote from the London I once knew, as if I were in Africa or Greenland; a place, in fact, where no Pall-Mall lounge or gossip of the clubs could possibly come across me. A better hermitage than this, no man could wish for.' And for his father's sake, and because of that strong and viewless chain of which habit and memory forge the links, Hugh had come back to *Shadwick's*.

In his then frame of mind, Hugh might have taken up his abode in much more pretentious establishments without finding any that suited so well with his humour. Shadwick's was a good deal more comfortable, in a smoke-dried and sunless sort of way, than might at first sight have been conjectured. Shrinking strangers from the country wondered that its beds were so clean. The scrubby little waiter and the sad-eyed chambermaids knew their duties. The old clock that ticked so loudly in the triangular coffee-room was right to a minute. The steady fire gave out much heat. The dark old boxes of worm-eaten wood, a sort of gastronomic pews, within the dusky walls of which several generations of Britons had dined, were snug, if ill-ventilated. Steaks were underdone, but succulent; and the same might be said of chops, and of the cut from the joint; while for oyster-sauce, fried whiting, mackerel, and marrow-pudding, Shadwick's owned few equals, and no superior.

The great charm for a man of leisure and of a vivid imagination, in this extraordinary old inn, was the poetry of it. An inn is rarely romantic, and the City of London is a very odd place in which to seek for the spirit of poetry—and yet it may be found. Nowhere else can there be such contrasts, between clamorous eagerness and silent, dull decay, between swarming crowds and empty courts or lanes, as in the commercial kernel of the most populous city in Europe or the world. There was something solemn, and almost touching, in the hush and quiet of Shadwick Place, with the surging roar and hum of the metropolis faintly audible, and ever and anon the striking of a score of simultaneous church clocks, or the deep-toned thunder of the air-shaking bell of St Paul's hard by.

From this old inn, secluded, if ever inn was, from the poms and vanities of the restless world that seethed and surged outside, Hugh Ashton made his way, not to Mr Dicker's place of business, but to Mr Dicker's private residence. So great a man as the railway director and capitalist, he reasoned, would be more likely to be found at that genial season of the year (for it was close upon Christmas, and the young literary lions of the *Daily Astonisher* were sharpening their pens for a new prose carol, in the shape of leading articles wherein mince-pies and morality, orthodoxy and plum-pudding, punch and the cardinal virtues, were most picturesquely to be blended together) at home than at his civic counting-house.

The name and address of Arthur Wadmore Dicker, Esq., had been easily discovered by the help of the obese Postal Directory which decorated a mahogany shelf in the coffee-room of *Shadwick's Inn*. And Hugh Ashton, who had no social scruples to deter him from availing himself of the good offices of whatsoever omnibus, blue, green, yellow, or of that rich magenta which such public stage-carriages occasionally affect, would serve his turn, easily got himself conveyed to the vicinity of the rich man's dwelling. Mr Dicker's town-house was a town-house indeed, what in France would have been known by the style of hotel, and in Italy could not have escaped being dubbed a palace, one of those tremendous stuccoed mansions that domineer over Hyde Park, like so many robber fortresses tamed down to suit the present

law-respecting epoch, and at the stately doors of which bewildered foreign travellers have been known to knock, addressing the disgusted footmen as 'garçon' or 'kellner,' and asking, in continental speech, for rooms, dinner, and hot bath, under the mistaken idea that the 'Grosvenor' or the 'Langham' had been reached at last.

Hugh walked up and down once or twice before he applied his hand to the steel knocker, with anvil to correspond, a pattern of severe simplicity, on Mr Dicker's door. It is not always without some excusable hesitation that a poor man ventures to pay Dives, in the midst of his purple and fine linen, the compliment of a call.

A magnate's surroundings are often by far more formidable or imposing than the magnate himself; just as a Lord Mayor, divested of his pomp and state, his robes and jewel, his javelin-men, sword-bearer, chaplain, gilt coach, and men in armour, might be mistaken for any undistinguished citizen with an umbrella. Hugh, however, grew vexed with himself for his own diffidence, and brought the steel knocker into close contact with the steel anvil.

Mr Dicker's powdered lackeys and Mr Dicker's apoplectic hall porter did not receive Hugh with any enthusiasm. They were evidently of opinion that 'the young seafaring party,' as they afterwards described him over their beer in the servants' hall, had committed a grave offence in knocking where he should have rung. But they forgave him, in consideration of his youth and air of manly confidence, and told him, languidly, that Mr Dicker was in the City, and would not leave the City until four o'clock, 'or perhaps five;' a piece of information that was imparted regretfully, so it seemed, and with a sort of pity for the unfortunate master of the fine house, and who probably worked a great deal harder than any servant in his pay. Even Hugh could see a certain incongruity between Mr Dicker's palatial mansion, with its liveried loungers in the marbled entrance-hall, its innumerable plate-glass windows, and the hammer-clothed carriage at the door, with the wiggid coachman dozing on the box, and the superb bays clattering their silver harness, and tossing their handsome heads, and the feverish flurry and care of Mr Dicker's own existence.

Hugh turned his back on fashionable London, and went eastwards again among the narrowing streets which even the Great Fire failed to widen, and the thickening swarms of business men, from the merchant-prince to the messenger fresh from his bracket, that jostled one another where once the Wild Prince, with overgrown Sir John rolling along at his side, and all the ruffianly swash-bucklers, Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest, swaggering at his heels, received the salutations of flat-capped prentices and smug citizens of Cheape. Arrived at Guildhall Chambers, Hugh sent in his name. 'You'll have to wait a goodish time, young man!' said the clerk whose stool was the nearest to the open door of the waiting-room. 'There's plenty before you, you see.' And indeed there were a good many suitors for the advantage of an interview with the great Mr Dicker. A cabinet minister, or the editor-in-chief of the *Jupiter* newspaper, is not more besieged and beset than are those gold-compelling sons of Fortune who are reputed to be always lucky in their dealings, and who can cull the auriferous rose of

commerce without pricking their deft fingers with the thorns that guard it. However, Hugh had not so long to wait as the sympathetic clerk had predicted.

'Mr Dicker will see you now, sir,' said a messenger, bustling up; and once more was Hugh ushered into the capitalist's presence.

THE UTILISATION OF SUN-POWER.

To us in England who possess practically unlimited stores of fuel, and who on the other hand are supplied with provokingly short rations of sunshine, the utilisation of solar heat has never occupied the attention the subject deserves. We therefore have little hesitation in bringing under our readers' notice one of the many curious machines that were shewn at the Paris Exhibition—a model of the Solar Heat Engine invented by M. Mouchot. The model was adapted merely for the purposes of cookery, and on fine days operated in that important but somewhat limited sphere of usefulness. The original engine—of which we propose to speak in connection with the researches of Captain John Ericsson, and the still more recent experiments of Mr William Adams in the same direction—develops one-half horse-power by the sole energy of the sun's heat, which is collected and concentrated by means of flat reflectors.

The Mouchot engine consists of a gigantic lamp-shade some nine feet wide at the open end, which is turned continually towards the sun by an automatic clock-work movement. The interior of this cone is formed of silvered glass, and the sides being at an angle of forty-five degrees with the axis, the solar rays are of course reflected towards that axis at full right angles. A cylindrical copper boiler is placed within this conical reflector, and occupies the same relative position to it as does the chimney of an Argand gas-burner to the lamp-shade around it. The boiler is annular in shape, being formed of an inner and outer envelope of copper two inches apart except at the bell-shaped top, where a space of eleven inches forms a steam dome. The surface of the boiler is blackened with a dead black, in order to increase its absorptive power; whilst the wasteful effects of radiation and of convection of heat by air-currents are guarded against by the interposition of a glass envelope between the boiler and the reflector. This glass serves two purposes: it cuts off the exit of all heat-rays, to the entrance of which it presents no bar; and it incloses a two-inch thick cushion of air, which serves admirably as a non-conducting jacketing to the boiler. Steam-pipes, safety-valve, and all the usual adjuncts of a steam-boiler, complete the arrangement of M. Mouchot's Solar Engine, which is capable of furnishing a half horse-power to any pump, steam-engine, or agricultural machine to which it may be connected, or else the equivalent of that power in heat to any distillery, brewery, or as at the Paris Exhibition, in the operations of cookery.

Improvements in matter of detail may doubtless be looked for in this machine, which recommends itself by reason of the comparative compactness of its arrangement. In the proportions of the boiler and in the inclination of the mirrors, experience may suggest improvement. As a matter of fact, it was found that the mirrors in use in the earlier experiments were too thin to reflect perfectly the whole of the incident rays. Nevertheless it is evident that the capacity of the machine is strictly limited by the size of the cone, which can hardly be magnified to any great extent without a disproportionate cost in giving to it sufficient strength. This aspect of the question seems to have struck Mr William Adams of Bombay, who has recently published a pamphlet on the subject detailing his experiments. He is very sanguine as to the possibility of utilising sun-power in India, not to replace the use of ordinary means, but as an auxiliary during the dry season. It is at this time of the year that many grinning-mills are alone in action, and he calculates that a general saving of twenty-five per cent. in the cost of fuel might be effected in India by the judicious application of solar heat.

Mr Adams had possessed himself of a vertical copper boiler of the Mouchot description, when he abandoned the system of the conical reflector in favour of a number of mirrors formed of flat plates of silvered glass. Seven of these mirrors gave a reflecting surface of one hundred and fifty feet, and in an hour evaporated over one thousand cubic inches of water. This does not represent the actual power, however; for the boiler, being but sixteen inches wide, and the focus of the mirrors being twenty-four inches wide, at least one-third of the effective heat must have been dissipated. Even with this unsuitable boiler, the experiments were very remarkable, and are noteworthy as being made upon the very scene of future promise of practical success. With twelve gallons of water in the boiler, and with the foci of sixteen mirrors turned upon it at 7.30 A.M., there was a pressure of ten pounds effective at eight o'clock; and at 8.30 the steam blew off at the safety-valve at seventy pounds. On the next occasion, at 7.30 A.M. the steam rose to fifty-five pounds effective pressure at 8.30, at which time steam was turned on to a two-and-a-half horse-power pump, which it kept in action at a pressure of thirty pounds. To shew the possibility of utilising the heat in the operations of distilling and cookery, the steam at sixty pounds was turned into a twenty-gallon cask of water, but without producing ebullition. Disconnected and again raised to fifty pounds pressure, the steam when again turned into the cask produced continuous ebullition, so that thirty-two gallons of water were kept boiling by the sole agency of the sun's rays; a circumstance characterised by Mr Adams as wholly unprecedented. He adds that there is no mechanical difficulty in keeping the foci on the boiler from sunrise to sunset.

Mr Adams proposes merely to supplement existing steam arrangements in India by this auxiliary power. In private houses however, for cookery, for the production of ice, and for driving punkahs, there would seem to be an exceptionally clear field for this invention. There is something fascinatingly ingenious in the idea of turning the exuber-

rance of Sol's power to two such opposite purposes as the production of heat for the kitchen and of ice for the dining-room. We must turn now however, to the more comprehensive dreams of Captain Ericsson concerning the future employment of solar heat.

Captain Ericsson is well known as an ingenious and indefatigable investigator of the phenomena of radiation, for examining which he has devised many curious machines. The Solar Engine devised by him was presented to the French Academy of Sciences, and was so constructed as to serve as a meter of the solar energy, and as an example of an engine that could supply motion *without the aid of steam*; the motion to proceed from the direct action of the sun only! The theoretical results obtained by this instrument, as also by a long series of careful experiments in other directions, coincide very remarkably with the practical outcome of the researches of Messrs Mouchot and Adams. Mouchot's one-half horse-power was obtained from about fifty feet of reflecting surface; Adams' two and a half horse-power from an efficient surface of about two hundred and thirty feet; whilst Captain Ericsson estimates on other grounds that one hundred square feet of reflectors afford an efficient energy of one horse-power. It will thus be seen that the proportions are in each of these cases almost identical. The theoretical reasoning is as follows: The solar energy during nine hours a day between the latitudes of forty-five degrees north and south of the equator averages fully three and a half units of heat per square foot per minute, equivalent to a theoretical dynamic energy of two thousand seven hundred and two foot-pounds. Upon a space of ten feet square this energy will be two hundred and seventy thousand two hundred foot-pounds; and this divided by thirty-three thousand, the standard of one horse-power, gives a result of over eight horse-power. It is well known to engineers however, that the theoretical power of heat is never practically reduced by even the most perfect of machines, and Captain Ericsson therefore fixes one horse-power as the practical equivalent of each hundred square feet (equal to ten feet square) of reflecting surface. This estimate, as we before remarked, agrees very closely with the results obtained by Messrs Mouchot and Adams.

With such an untapped and inexhaustible supply of power at command as this estimate of solar heat implies, it would seem that the world need never fear the exhaustion of existent coal-fields. There are vast regions of the earth exposed to the blaze of a tropical sun, uninhabited by man, and seemingly destined to be for ever desert. When the necessity shall arise however, these inhospitable regions may very possibly become the grand purveyors of power to the world at large, on a scale much more vast than are at present the coal-fields of England. The New World, Lower California, the table-lands of Mexico, and the west coast of South America present regions sufficient to furnish power almost impossible to calculate or conceive. Captain Ericsson, in dealing with this aspect of the subject, takes a strip of territory eight thousand miles long by only one mile in breadth, taking portions from all parts of the regions we have named. His calculation, which is very simple, but into which we need not enter, gives the astounding result

that this sample of the world's desert lands is capable of furnishing motive-power for over twenty-two million steam-engines, each of one hundred horse-power, for nine hours per day.

THE SCOTTISH BANKER'S DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

DISMAY fell on the quiet little bank in Tollkirk. The former uneasiness became in the office a panic. Hamilton had been made ill by the anxiety of his position, and was in bed on the day that Mr Traill's deficiency occurred. After closely scrutinising every entry in the books, Traill came to the conclusion that he had not paid the money in excess to any one, and that the notes must have been stolen by some one on the premises. The bank's safe was duly examined; but the locks bore no marks of being tampered with. The windows and doors of the office were unaffected; and Mr Duff's domestics—who swept out the office—had been his servants and were known to him for years. The matter was on this occasion reported to the bank's head office; but thence came the cold intimation that no further deficiency could be made good, and referring the bank agents to their recent letter to that effect of such and such a date.

Mr Duff began to think the place was haunted. Wherever the money was gone, it had to be paid up; raising the total losses made in this mysterious way to the unpalatable sum of fourteen hundred pounds in less than three months. The mystery was all the deeper that during the day of the difference in Traill's cash it had happened there had not been a single cash payment amounting to five hundred pounds. Then there came vague rumours—such as the police, had the matter passed into their hands, would certainly have made use of—that there was an itinerant locksmith, a gipsy, in the neighbourhood to whom popular rumour attributed almost miraculous power in the manipulation of locks. Yet it would take a very clever locksmith indeed to open the Central Bank's safe unheard in the house, and to close it again without leaving traces of his work. The safe had a foundation of eight feet of stone, and was coated on the floor, wall, and roof with a two-inch plate of solid iron. The doors were of course of iron, and each—there were four doors—had two keys and separate locks. Through the lock of the outer iron door an iron bolt was each evening shot down from Mr Duff's bedroom above, and while that bolt was down, no key in the world could open the door. It was necessary to be in Mr Duff's bedroom before the bolt could be drawn or dropped. It was extremely improbable that there were any in Tollkirk who could, even with the necessary keys in their hands, find their way into the strong-room unaided.

No longer was Mr Duff able to leave the bank with an easy mind for a two-o'clock luncheon—with forty winks to follow—as had been his custom these twenty years. He was closely on the watch. Yet there was no visible cause for suspicion. Bankers and clerks were fast becoming demoralised—in the military sense—from sheer fright, accelerated by mystery, and a sense of utter helplessness in face of it. Mr Duff might far better be losing his fortune on the Stock Exchange, or throwing his

money away on turf speculations; in these there would be some remote chance of profit, if not satisfaction in losing his property. His bark had up to this time sailed in smooth seas, had even, hitherto, floated in a sheltered bay, unexposed to financial tempests or breakers; but now a leak of a dangerous sort had sprung, as likely, he imagined, to engulf him at his anchorage as any buffeting of waves in open sea.

Mr Duff became a changed man. He was thin and worn and ill with anxiety and watching. They were all watching. Traill was watching Hamilton; Hamilton turned a keen glance on the boys; the boys kept their eyes very widely open all round. Mr Duff was unwilling to put the matter in the hands of the local police, knowing that the first to be suspected would be his clerks, and that the affair would speedily become town gossip. Secretly Mr Duff began to think the place was bewitched.

His partner, George Traill, being called upon to pay up half of the five hundred pounds, resolved to get to the bottom of the matter. He had a bed fitted up in the banker's business-room, and determined to spend his nights there until some solution of the problem presented itself. His transfer from the Aberdeen branch seemed just then to prove a bad bargain. The keys of the safe, it should be mentioned, numbering eight, were placed every night after the locking up of the safe and the dropping of the iron bolt from the banker's bedroom, in a strong-box, the key of which was always carried by Mr Duff. George Traill, armed with a revolver, in spite of Mary's protests and Mr Duff's jeers, occupied the room when the bed had been fitted there, and waited philosophically the course of events. He slept little for the first night or two; but no intruder came to disturb his repose. The long dull hours crept on without adventure or other result than to make Traill sleepy and cross during the following days. The bankers were beginning to despair of discovering the thief. Yet Traill—despite Mr Duff's perfectly reasonable argument that if any man broke into the safe it would not be merely five hundred pounds that would satisfy him, nor would he likely risk a second or third visit—continued to spend his nights in the bank.

At daybreak, however, on a certain morning in the following week, Traill, who slept very lightly, was suddenly awakened and startled by hearing the bolt that passed through the lock of the outer door of the safe drawn sharply up. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears, thinking that perhaps he had dreamed. But the 'click' was still reverberating, exaggerated as all sounds are in the stillness of night. If the bolt was really lifted, the person that drew it up must be in the room where Mr Duff slept. Traill was a courageous man; but in spite of himself, he trembled as he felt for and examined his revolver. When the reverberation subsided, there was a silence for a few moments as of Death, Sleep's twin brother. Then he thought he heard, far off, a door open, followed by a step on the stairs. Then a light shewed at the seam under the door; presently the door opened, and a man entered, carrying in one hand a lighted candle, in the other a bunch of keys. The revolver was firmly held in Traill's grip, and before firing, he was about to utter a cry of warning, when he noted that the figure paid

no heed to his presence, but passed him, making straight for the safe-door. In the dim light, to his astonishment, he distinguished the fixed, even rigid features of his friend and partner Mr Duff! His eyes were wide open, and he moved with his usual deliberation, but with an air of stern preoccupation quite foreign to his working habits. Traill saw at a glance that the banker was walking in his sleep.

His first impulse was to seize him and wake him; but a moment's reflection decided him to wait the natural issue of events. Mr Duff, without hesitation or fumbling, chose the right keys for the outer door, and pushed it, as the lock sprang back, slowly open; then the wicket-gate, the inner iron door, and so on, until he disappeared silently in the vault-like shades of the strong-room. When he reached the inner safe, he took from the well-packed store of pound-notes—Traill eagerly watching him from the door—a bundle containing five hundred; he then noiselessly shut and locked each door as he retreated. He passed within arm's-length of Traill, bearing the bundle of notes, the keys, and his lighted candle; left the office—followed by his partner—walked slowly up-stairs to his bedroom, where he deliberately dropped the bolt back in its place, and finally laid the keys carefully, apparently counting them, in their usual place in the box fixed in the wall for the purpose. Traill expected he would then retire to bed; but it was evident that the somnambulist had not finished his night's work. Having safely put away the keys, he lifted his candle and again went down-stairs, carrying the notes in his hand. Traill followed him through the kitchen and out into the courtyard behind. With the same purpose-like deliberation that he had shewn at the safe, he now marched to—the unvarnished truth, O romantic reader, must be recorded—to the PIG-STY! Arrived there, he lifted a loose fold of thatch that rested on a slab of stone in the rickety roof, secreted the bundle of notes there, replaced the thatch carefully, and then turned with an air of relief and went indoors.

Traill did not disturb him, did not even take the trouble to follow his partner to see if he reached his bed safely, but sprang eagerly to the loose thatch, in which, snugly lying, he found the comfortable sum of one thousand nine hundred pounds in bank-notes! He could not help laughing as he stood there in the dim gray morning, hardly half-clad, for the pursuit had not been without excitement. 'An expensive roofing for Duff's pigs,' he murmured, gathering the various dusty bundles together and retreating indoors from the cold morning air.

'I think, Duff,' said Traill seriously when they met in the office after breakfast—'I think, to make certain that no thief, or witch, or ghost has been tampering with the cash during the night, we had better count the cash henceforth in the morning as well as at night; that will make certain whether the money disappears by night or during the day.'

Mr Duff assented.

'Suppose you begin this morning.'

Again Mr Duff assented; and with reluctant fingers, at his partner's suggestion, counted the money. 'Powers of Darkness!' he exclaimed, 'I

shall not stay another day in this house. The cash is again five hundred pounds short!' Had Mr Duff not been a remarkably bald man, he would have probably torn his hair in agony.

'How much do you reckon your pigs cost you annually, Duff?' Traill asked with apparent irrelevance and, as Mr Duff thought, flippancy.

'Pigs! Hang the pigs! Hang the bank! and— Yes; I mean to resign my office. I'm not going to remain here to be robbed and ruined.'

'I see you are putting a new roof on your sty, and papering it,' Traill went on sententiously. 'Sparing no expense on it. Doing the thing stylishly, eh?'

'Are you mad, Traill?'

'Well, let me see. At the rate of two thousand pounds, say, in three months, that pig-sty will cost you and me just about eight thousand pounds a year.' Traill was apparently in his gravest mood. 'That's pretty moderate, eh?'

'Poor Traill! The loss of his money has taken his brain. What demon has entered this house?' sighed Mr Duff in the presence of a despair more tragic even than his own.

'Look here, old fellow!' said Traill, suddenly bursting into laughter—'look here! I found these in the roof of your pig-sty this morning; and what is more, I saw you put them there with your own hands.'

'Prodigious!'

Yes, all the missing money was there. The banker gave a champagne dinner to his delighted clerks on the evening of that day. His own health, however, was in rather a bad way. In a month or two he resigned his office, retiring on a liberal pension to his farm; and in order to compensate James Hamilton for all his recent trouble and misery, Mr Duff requested, as a personal and final favour, that the Directors might appoint him to the position of Assistant-agent with George Traill; a proposal which the Directors favourably entertained. These offices both of the gentlemen hold with honour to this day. It may be mentioned too that George Traill and James Hamilton are now brothers-in-law, each having in due time wedded one of Mr Duff's daughters. The bank is James Hamilton's home; while George Traill has rented a farm adjoining Mr Duff's. The fresh country air, and exercise, and fishing, and unlimited golfing—all enforced on him by the doctor as the best medicine—have put an end to the old banker's somnambulistic rambles.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST ON BOARD THE CHALLENGER.

To those who are weary of society and its ways, a cruise such as that of Mr Mosely's on board the *Challenger* must appear in the last degree enjoyable. Around him was the freshness of the briny air, for which the denizen of dusty cities pines in vain; superb ocean views stretched on every side; while on shore an ever-changing scene greeted his eye. One day it might be the rich green valleys of Madeira and the refreshing coolness of its pine-woods; and the next the half-tropic glare of the tawny sun-parched Cape de Verdes.

In his *Notes of a Naturalist on Board the Challenger*, Mr Mosely has dwelt more on the instructive than on the amusing or enjoyable side of his

experiences, but he and the crew were not condemned to the all work and no play which is proverbially known to make Jack a dull boy. Sometimes they tempered their scientific pursuits with occasional recreation. A seining-party, for instance, was organised at St Jago; and among the spoil in the seine-net was a large shark fourteen feet long. It struggled hard for life, but was at last hauled up high and dry, and handed over to the tender mercies of the sailors, who never have any pity for a shark. Very wonderful were St Paul's Rocks and Fernando da Noronha. Barren crags in mid-ocean, inhabited by thousands of sea-birds, noddies and boobies, whose storm-swept nests cluster thick on every ledge. Fernando da Noronha has a Brazilian convict settlement, in addition to its numerous bird colonies. The land is fertile; and the wretched inhabitants have round their huts plantations of sugar-cane, maize, cassava, sweet potatoes, bananas, and melons. The fauna and flora are closely allied to those of South America.

Bahia, on the coast of Brazil, much resembles Lisbon; but has an eastern look, which it owes to the bright tropical verdure of its palms and bananas. An excursion was made to a patch of the primeval forest which creeps up to within a short distance of the town. Here they were wandering in the subdued greenish gloom beneath the shadow of lofty trees, when all of a sudden a short stifled shriek ending in a hiss was heard, and the negro guide in a state of great excitement called out: 'Toucan! toucan!' Mr Mosely fired, and hit a large bird with vivid plumage of jet black, bright orange, and brilliant red. This beauty shewed fight even in the last extremity, and in the very act of dying, bit the naturalist's hand severely as he lifted it from the ground. In a small pond close to the town of Caxoeira, in Brazil, is a small variety of the toad, which has a cry like a loud harsh cat's mew. Mounted on mules, the whole party rode twenty-eight miles inland to the Fair of St Anne's. The chief attraction was the cattle-market, which was composed of vast herds of half-wild cattle. These cattle were tended by *vaqueiros*—men of all the intermediate shades of colour between black and white. They wear leather coats, leather breeches, long boots with huge spurs, and high, conical, broad-brimmed leather hats. Slavery still exists in Brazil; but a law is now in force by which every child born in the country is declared free. Slaves are allowed to buy themselves off; and at Caxoeira a very pretty girl came to beg from the English party. 'She was collecting money,' she said, 'to buy her freedom; for her master was very cruel, and beat her every day.'

Tristan da Cunha is one of a group of barren and desolate islands. Despite its terrible climate, it is well wooded with a tree resembling the yew, the *Phyllica arborea*. Formerly, rabbits, goats, and pigs were plentiful; but now they are not to be found, and the cattle imported by the settlers often perish during the winter from the severity of the weather. Inaccessible Island, another of the group, was next visited; and here, to the surprise of every one, two men were descried by aid of the ship's glass standing on the barren shore, and gazing fixedly at the ship. After breakfast, the captain went ashore and brought them off. They were a couple of Germans, who had been

landed two years before from a whaling-ship on this barren inaccessible rock. Their object was to hunt fur-seals; but in this expectation they had been miserably disappointed, and had endured all manner of hardships and privations short of actual famine. They had a hut and a patch of potato-ground, and kept their larder tolerably well supplied with birds and wild-pig. One of them guided a party from the ship to a penguin rookery. It was in a dense sea of tussock-grass higher than a man's head. In this grass thicket the birds nestle and shelter; a lane a yard wide, beaten black and hard, leads through the entire length of the rookery; and from this main street smaller thoroughfares diverge on each hand. 'The stench of this penguin paradise was,' Mr Mosely says, 'overpowering, and the yelling of the birds perfectly terrifying.' The nests were placed so thickly that it was impossible to avoid treading at every step on eggs or young birds; nor were the penguins slow to express their disgust at the clumsy intruder. Our naturalist thus relates his experiences: 'A parent bird sits on each nest, with its sharp beak erect and open ready to bite, yelling savagely "Caa, caa, urr-urr," its red eye gleaming, and its plumes at half-cock quivering with rage. No sooner are your legs within reach, than they are furiously bitten.' Nightingale Island, the smallest of the Tristan group, has a series of caves in the low cliffs along the shore, much frequented by fur-seals. It has also penguin rookeries, through which are scattered the cylindrical nests of the mollymauk, a species of albatross.

At the Cape of Good Hope the wanderers were reminded of home; the hills about the Cape look not unlike Scotch moorland scenery, and are everywhere covered with low bushes without trees. There are no bright greens in the colouring; a brownish neutral hue prevails. During the flowering season, this sombre tint gives way to a brilliant flush of transitory beauty; handsome heaths, splendid pelargoniums, bright-coloured everlastings, shewy gladioli, and stately white arums vie with each other in lending the most vivid and striking effects to the many-hued mosaic. The slopes and mounds of Table Mountain are covered with the wonderful silver tree, whose leaves shine like burnished silver, and impart a splendid lustre to the landscape. Baboons are plentiful among the hills, their warning cries resounding on every side. Partridges, quails, and antelopes abound. The owner of an ostrich-farm which the party from the *Challenger* inspected, told them that a kick from an ostrich was very dangerous, and that the best thing an unarmed man could do when attacked by an ostrich was to lie down flat on the ground, and let the bird walk over him until it was tired. A simple operation no doubt, but one requiring considerable nerve.

Prince Edward Islands and the Crozet Islands, on which they disembarked, were covered with snow. The lower part of Marion Island stretches along the shore with large compact convex masses of a plant called the *Azorella selago*, which is a typical plant of all these southern islands. Grass was mingled with this plant, and patches of the Kerguelen cabbage. The albatross and different species of gulls build their nests among the rank herbage; and in the bare peaty ground there was

a rookery of king-penguins, enormous birds which stand as high as a man's waist. The Crozet Islands are similar to the Prince Edward Islands, and in addition to sea-birds, are stocked with wild pigs and rabbits. Kerguelen's Land, at which they next touched, is the chosen home of mist, rain, and snow. It lies within the belt of rain at all seasons of the year, and as it has no drying winds, it is as completely saturated with moisture as a wet sponge.

The bay in which they landed was a deep narrow inlet with dark frowning cliffs, reported to be full of fur-seals, of which every one was anxious to shoot as many as possible; consequently a rush was made to a small herd of creatures lying on the grass, which were found to be sea-elephants. While the sailors were looking at them, Mr Mosely saw about a hundred yards off, on a little knoll, the head of an animal cautiously raised; it was a fur-seal, which he managed to kill after a good deal of trouble; and that with three others constituted the 'bag' of fur-seals at Christmas Harbour, as the little bay was called. Heard Island, the most northern of the Macdonald group, was next visited. The flora was very poor; but terns, penguins, Cape pigeons, shags and gulls of many species, were plentiful. Six days after leaving Heard Island, the first iceberg was sighted; and soon forty in a day was no unusual spectacle. These great masses of ice, seen on a bright day, with the sun flashing into the caves and crevasses on their surface, were a most beautiful and striking sight. White was the ground colour of the huge blocks, deepening in the cavities into bright azure or intense cobalt blue. Flushed with the brilliant glories of sunset, they warmed into rosy red or bright crimson, passing into shades of deep purple and amber, which faded as evening fell into a cold gray white.

Leaving the southern icefield behind, the *Challenger* steamed into the warm Australian current, and cast anchor off Sandbridge, the seaport suburb of Melbourne. English house-sparrows were disporting themselves on the beach as saucy and confident as if on a London street; but Mr Mosely had not come so far merely to interview English sparrows, so he made an excursion into the Bush. There he shot a splendid paroquet and looked out for opossums; but they, more wary, kept up the gum-trees. He then tried for a lyre-bird; and in scrambling through a dense patch of scrub, almost came plump down upon an astonished kangaroo, which disappeared with a tremendous bound, and left our naturalist, like the father of Lord Ullin's daughter, 'lamenting,' and bereft of that addition to his scientific stores.

In the streets of Wellington, the principal town of New Zealand, tattooed Maoris were to be met at every turn dressed in European costume. The fauna and flora of this island are very different from those of Australia. The general lie of the country recalled to them Kerguelen's Land; but all the valleys and inland slopes are covered with a dense growth of forest and bush.

The Kermadec Islands were passed without landing; and in the gray light of a dull, somewhat chilly morning, the *Challenger* approached the Friendly Islands. A pilot-boat, manned by four sturdy Tongans, came out to meet her. Except a girdle of green screw-pine leaves, they were un-

encumbered by clothing, so that their scientific visitors had no difficulty in perceiving that their colour was a light brownish yellow with a tinge of red. Their hair was most elaborately got up in a mop of small curls, sticking right up from the head, and was coloured a rusty red by means of coral lime. Their houses are small and oblong, and contain no furniture except Pandanus mats; a small sleeping-chamber is partitioned off, and is furnished with a kaava bowl and pillows, not of down, but a species of narrow wooden stool supported on four legs, on which the neck is rested during sleep, in order that the elaborate coiffure of the Tongan dandies may not be disarranged. The women are tall, with fine figures, and are most of them handsome. With the trade-wind the *Challenger*, restless as the Wandering Jew, hastened to Fiji. Mbau, a small island of the group, was one of the principal seats of cannibalism; and Mr Mosely contemplated with shuddering interest the stone against which the heads of the human victims were dashed previous to being cooked in the oven. 'So many heads,' he says, 'have been dashed against this stone, that it has happened that human teeth have fallen into almost all the holes in the slabs, and have become jammed there. The slabs were quite full of them.' Horrible to relate, young women were considered the best eating; and a vegetable, a species of Solanum, was used as a condiment with the baked flesh.

A week's run with the trade-wind brought the *Challenger* to the New Hebrides group, where the natives were found to be a short race, with small, badly shaped limbs. Eleven flowering plants were found on Raine Island; and in a sheltered spot Mr Mosely sowed pumpkin, tomato, capsicum, water-melon, and Cape gooseberry seeds. Birds were the most striking feature of these islands. They were in immense flocks, which literally darkened the air: herons, turnstones, gulls, terns, gannets, and frigate birds. Somerset, Cape York, the northernmost point of Australia, was reached in the beginning of September. The number and variety of birds in the country around seemed surprising. One beauty, a species of the bird of paradise, Mr Mosely considered a great prize, not only on account of the brilliancy of its plumage, but because it is so shy and difficult to shoot. At the entrance of Torres Straits they landed on Booby Island, a bare rock covered with birds. On approaching the Aru Islands, large quantities of leaves, fruits, flowers, and branches floated past them from the shore. They anchored off the town of Dobbo, and were speedily visited by a party of Malay notables arrayed in fine dresses of coloured silk. Sago-palms abound in the swamps, and a species of screw-pine with a fruit as large as a man's head. The trees are so extremely high and large, that Mr Mosely says 'it would take a day to fell one.'

In October the *Challenger* arrived at the Philippine Islands, whose general appearance recalled to Mr Mosely the scenery of India and Ceylon—swampy paddy-fields stretched on every side. One specially interesting fact in regard to the native population is, that all their houses are pile-dwellings. Some of the houses of the Moros, a Mohammedan race, are raised on piles out in the sea, so that they can only be approached

by boats. The Moros are a fierce warlike race. When young, the women are remarkably handsome; they are light-coloured in complexion, and have peculiarly bright eyes. Mound-birds are common. They lay an egg about the size of a hen's egg and bury it in the sand, where they leave it to be hatched by the heat of the sun. In the Philippine Islands the great business of life is cock-fighting. The Chinese shopkeepers generally keep a pet cock tied by a string to a peg outside their doors, and in the intervals of business while away the time by a friendly tussle with a neighbour's bird. At Hong-kong Mr Mosely attended a Chinese dinner-party. The Chinese are very tasteful in flower decorations, and the walls of the room in which the feast was spread were covered with beautiful flowers, arranged on a background of moss. Some of the dainties were peculiar, such as dry dead caterpillars with a fungus growth attached, and eggs pickled and buried for years before being eaten. Women were present at this banquet, but no portion of the good things fell to their share. They sat behind the men, and were supplied with dry melon seeds, which they chewed, cracking them in order to extract the kernels.

After passing the Meangis Islands, the ship steamed into Humboldt Bay, on the New Guinea coast, and was immediately surrounded by natives, whose constant cry was, 'Sigör! sigör!' which means iron. Some of these men had a hole in the septum of the nose, through which was passed a pair of wild-boar's tusks fastened together in the form of a crescent. This extraordinary ornament projected upon each side over their dark cheeks as far as the eyes. Their houses are built on piles three feet above the water, and are connected by bridges.

The Admiralty Islands were sighted on the afternoon of the 5th March; after which came Japan and the Sandwich Islands. Viewed from the sea, all the islands of this group present a remarkably barren appearance. Mr Mosely visited the crater of Kilauea, and looked from the surrounding cliffs into a fiery seething lake of molten rock, which tossed restlessly back and forward, throwing glowing red-hot waves against the bases of the crags.

Tahiti and Juan Fernandez were each visited in turn; then Valparaiso, the Vale of Paradise as it has been called. The party from the *Challenger*, however, found it not much of an Eden, so far as beauty went. Not a tree was to be seen, the Andes were scarcely visible, and the steep hill-sides were covered with a tall candelabra-like cactus. Our naturalist was guided to the top of the Upsellata Pass by a travelling barber, an equestrian hair-cutter, who rode with his scissors dangling from his saddle-peak. The road was rugged and barren in the extreme, and has an unenviable notoriety for highway murders, which are perpetrated by means of the lasso, in the use of which all classes of the population excel. Mr Mosely saw a young girl going to milk cows playfully lasso a young man with whom she had been flirting, by catching him round the neck as neatly as possible just as he was going away.

This brief sketch of the observations made by Mr Mosely during his celebrated voyage, may perhaps suffice to induce our readers to peruse a work full of interest for all who are fond of books

of travel, and especially for those who would desire an acquaintance with the fauna and flora of distant lands. In his company they may survey the glowing tropic beauty of Brazilian forests, or bivouac among sea-elephants on the sunny beach of some landlocked bay, or watch from some cheerless ledge of rock the dizzy coast-line and frowning promontories where the hardy sea-bird nestles and rears its young. If prone to such inquiries, they may speculate upon national character as expressed in the countenance of the sturdy Tongan, the wily Malay, or the dull-eyed native of New Hebrides. They may find in all this variety an infinite charm, travelling round the world, and noting all that is most curious or interesting without travelling beyond their comfortable fireside.

MESS-SCRAPS.

In the days when the sewing-machine was in its earliest infancy, a lady residing in India imported one, and for a long time kept its mysterious working hid from the ken of her native tailor. This functionary was the very slowest of his proverbially slow 'caste,' and wasted no end of time drawling over hem and stitch. One day his mistress comes to him arm-laden with yards upon yards of some dress fabric. 'Dirzee,' says she, 'how long will it take you to run these breadths together?'

'Tree day, Missis,' replies Dirzee. 'Missis please, plenty too much work.'

'Three days? Nonsense! Three hours, you mean. You are a very lazy man, and I'll cut your pay. Give me the stuff; I'll do it myself.' Then the lady retires to her boudoir, from the inmost penetralia of which a sharp and continuous click and whirl reach the tailor's ears. He can't make out what the sound is, and he is much too lazy to speculate on it. He continues to 'chew betel,' and yawningly to ply needle and thread.

After an hour or two, 'Missis' comes back, and throwing at Mr Dirzee's feet the raw material, now fashioned into a completed skirt, says: 'There! See! You wanted three days, you sleepy fellow, to finish this, and I have done it already.'

Astonished, Dirzee turns over the drapery, examines the seams, scrutinises the stitch, and satisfies himself that all is proper and according to tailors' rule. He is confounded. It passes his understanding. There lies the work done and no mistake. But how? He springs up from the mat on which he has been squatting; he kicks over the little brass vessel which holds his drinking-water; he scatters right and left thread, needles, thimble; he stops not to put on his sandals or to adjust loosened turban and waist-cloth. Scared and bewildered, he runs for very life into the bazaar, shouting as he goes along: 'Shitan! shitan! [the Evil one! the Evil one!] He do tailor business that Mem's house. I listen! I hear! He cry "Cleck, cleck, cleck!" Two hour time he neber stop cry. Den! Plenty too much true dis word I tell. Ebery bit true. All work done finish! I not go back dat bungalow.' And he never did.

The destructiveness of white ants, those pests of the East Indies, is well known: wood, leather,

paper, clothing, anything and everything, if not closely watched or isolated, falls a prey to their insatiable little jaws. Yet it was hardly thought expedient by an examining board of officers to verify the statement of a certain storekeeper who explained a deficit of many scores of copper and iron bolts, rings, locks, and such-like as 'eaten by white ants.' 'Too hard to swallow,' was the marginal note of the president.

In the island of Ceylon a small force of native gunners is maintained to do the drudgery-work of the royal artillery. The men are called Gun Lascars, and except that they are not intrusted with the sole management of the ordnance, are disciplined and dressed precisely the same as the royal artillery; indeed they are the counterfeit presentment of that corps, bar their black faces. A battery of artillery fresh from England was being landed at Colombo, and a few of the Lascars were on the wharf. The European arrivals, unaware of the existence of their copper-coloured 'slaveys,' were anxiously inquiring who and what the 'niggers' in blue and gold were, niggers in uniform, so like themselves.

'Sergeant,' says one man, addressing a veteran, 'who is that 'ere bombardier—him with the Christy-Minstrels'-burnt-cork-face?'

'Him? Why, don't you know him? Tommy Atkins, of the A. battery. Sure, you remember him at Woolwich?'

'Tommy! that Tommy? Why, sergeant, he's black!'

'Of course he's black,' replies the sergeant. 'It's the hot sun as does it all. First it browns, then it reddens, and then—if you stay here long enough—it blackens you, just as you see bread toasting afore the fire. Atkins has been in Colombo more than twelve years; and if you are not in "Bayley's godowns" [Anglic, the graveyard] by that same time, to Tommy's complexion you'll come, and a shade or two blacker perhaps. Write that to your sweetheart by the next overland mail.'

A certain colonial legion now extinct possessed at one time an officer, who would have well passed for own brother to Mrs Malaprop. His knowledge of the meaning of many English and other words and phrases was infinitesimally limited, yet his conversation was always grandiloquent and interspersed with quotations or rather misquotations. The jest-book of the mess teemed with his quaint absurd sayings—some true, some fathered upon him. This one, however, was recorded genuine.

His son became a victim to the tender passion, and while the spooning was at its hottest, S— 'of ours' meets Malaprop père, and says: 'Old fellow, is it true that son Joe is engaged to Miss Dash? Every one talks so.'

'It matters but little, Captain S—,' replies Malaprop pompously, 'what people talk. There are always so many *cunards* flying about that it is difficult to believe anything. Whatever I hear, I swallow with a dose of salts. Joe is not affianced. Miss Dash has certainly *enamelled* him, completely *enamelled* him. He has put her other *shooters horse di combât*; but no betrothal is yet on the *tapes*. That will come, I suppose, of course; when, I hardly yet know—but *post mortem*, I fancy.'

If the reader will kindly substitute *canard* for the great ship-owner's name, *grain of salt* for dose of salts, *enamoured* for enamelled, *suitors* for shooters, and give the words their usual pronunciation, he will see the force of Malaprop's rejoinder.

At a competition for Sandhurst Military College, there appeared among a host of candidates a young gentleman whom we will call Brass. Cramming had done much for him, but not quite enough; for at the first glance he takes of the examination paper he sees that it is beyond his depth. His heart is heavy; he knows he must be spun; so the happy thought occurs to him of escaping the ordeal with flying colours.

'Sir,' he says to an official perambulating the room to prevent 'cribbing,' 'will you pardon my asking a question anent these papers?'

'Certainly.'

'With what amount of pay per diem does government remunerate a sub-lieutenant of infantry?'

The inquiry is hardly in keeping with the peripatetic's occupation, but he answers it nevertheless, and tells Mr Brass that it is 'five shillings and threepence.'

'Oh,' observes that youth—'five and three—sixty-three pence. Considerate, but trifling;' and he returns to his seat. But presently he is up again, goes to the walking-gentleman, hands him the printed questions, and to use his own expression, 'mizzles.'

Across the returned page he has written: 'Cannot be done at the price in the metropolitan market. Try the provinces.'

There exists in the Indian army a regulation under which colonels after a certain number of years' service become entitled to retire from active duty on a well-earned pension of a good many hundreds of pounds sterling per annum. This allowance, going by the name of 'off-reckonings,' is the ultimatum of an old officer's existence; for this he holds on, braving all the ills that Indian flesh is heir to; and on this he anticipates the reproduction of his curries, pillaus, and chutnies in some quiet well-ordered European bungalow. In the year 187—, there was held in the vicinity of Poonah a large camp of exercise, and all sorts and conditions of troops were mobilised for the occasion. Among the Brigadiers was a colonel of a native infantry regiment, whom seniority rather than capacity had placed in his responsible command; for truth to say, our friend was somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf, inactive, had done the state all the service he ever intended to, and was but biding his time for the coveted off-reckonings. During the manoeuvres, the force he led had not been distinguished for its *élan* and dash; on the contrary, the tortoise-like pace of its movements had elicited the ire of the commander-in-chief.

One morning the final attack was ordered, and our Brigadier was instructed to advance his brigade, and crown, at the bayonet's point, a ridge which the supposed enemy held. The eagle eye of the chief sees the aforesaid tortoise-like pace at which the troops, headed by the old colonel on his equally old war-horse, are moving, and off gallops like the wind an aide-de-camp to stir him up. 'General,' he says, 'Sir Charles desires that you

will advance much more rapidly. There is artillery playing on you from the right, and a body of cavalry is ready to attack your left flank. Your men will be cut to pieces. Double up; charge, and secure the hill at once!'

To which the Brigadier replies: 'Captain —, is Sir Charles aware of the nature of the ground between this and that?'—pointing to the high land. 'Does he know that it is covered with large loose stones, cut up with deep ruts, stuck with stumps and roots of trees and shrubs, crossed by a wide nullah [water-course], and in short is almost impassable?'

'Well, sir, what then?' says the aide-de-camp.

'Only this, my dear young friend, and which, please, respectfully convey to the chief. Say, that for thirty odd years I have been grilling in this presidency; that in three months more I come in for my off-reckonings; and that if he, Sir Charles, were as near that Eden, he'd not risk his life and twelve hundred a year over such a break-neck line of country, for all the imaginative enemies from Cape Comorin to Peshawur. Indeed sir, I can't afford to do it.'

A party of some five or six gentlemen were seated one night in the cool veranda of a Singapore bungalow enjoying Manilla cheroots and other Eastern solaces. Among them was a sea-captain of the old school and a major of the then East India Company's Madras army. Local and home topics being exhausted, personal adventures came on the carpet. Says the skipper: 'You chaps of the army are a wild lark set. Me and my mate came foul of a lot of you once at *Rupee's Hotel*, Madras, what time my craft was laying in those rough surfy roads, fifteen years ago come next sou'-west monsoon. We had all messed together, and I'm afraid had got rather more than three sheets in the wind, had aboard more than we could carry; so out we sails for a spree; and what do you think we does, we seizes and ties a lubber with a lanyard, digs a hole in the beach, shoves him in chock-a-block up to his neck, then backs astern, and watches the salt spray washing over his figure-head. A rare good lark; but it nearly killed him!'

'Well indeed, that's odd,' exclaims the major; 'marvellous! Of that very party I, then a young lieutenant, was one. I had come down from Arcot, where my old regiment was, and was wasting my time, my health, and my money in Madras. Yes! I recollect it all as if yesterday—the dinner, the sallying out, the *burial*. I remember too one of us putting that part into doggerel verse, one stanza of which ran something like this:

We buried the skipper quite close to the sea;
And how loudly the old salt did bellow,
For his neck, and his head, and his *sola topee*
Were all we left out of the fellow.

'The sea-faring gentleman had been rude in his cups, told us we were only "locals," had no military rank west of the Cape of Good Hope, were only nigger officers, and had otherwise riled us; so, as our friend opposite has just told you, we turned him into the shingle, and didn't care a *picce* if he never got out again.—Stay! stay! The fellow's name and the name of his ship, which I had long forgotten, have suddenly occurred to me. Y-e-s! Mayne Brace—Captain Mayne Brace of the *Smiling Sue*—that's it!'

The company, bar two, burst into a roar of laughter. The silent ones were the major and the skipper. The former did not understand the joke; the latter understood it but too well. Mayne Brace was his own name, and the *Smiling Sue*, his craft, was at that moment at anchor in the harbour hard by. Never for a moment dreaming that one of the practical jokers could be present, the captain had told as his 'good story' *what had actually been done to himself*. He never told it again.

L—, an army doctor noted for his voracious appetite, was quartered in Kingston, Jamaica, and there got yellow-fever. Bleeding, calomel, blisters, and the other stereotyped remedies of the day failed to kill him, as they were killing scores around; he pulled through, physicians notwithstanding. One morning during early convalescence the highest medico-military authority of the island came to see him. 'I'm awfully hungry,' says the sick man. 'I'd like a first-rate dinner to-day—some pepper-pot, mountain mullet, ducks and green peas, a black crab or two, and a jorum of sangaree.'

The Inspector-general is dumb-struck at the nature and extent of his subordinate's *menu*. He shakes his head. 'Gad sir, it would kill you, certainly kill you. Take some chicken-broth, a little panada, and one glass—no more—of Madeira. —Ducks and green peas! Black crabs! Black-death, sir;' and he goes his ways. But L— sends for his cook; and although that functionary cannot get all the delicacies his master orders, does manage to secure the birds and the vegetables, which L— eats to the last fragment, washes down with a full allowance of sangaree, sleeps, and wakes in the morning like a giant refreshed. Then comes the chief for his customary visit, feels his patient's pulse, makes the usual professional inquiries, and is quite satisfied with his condition. 'Ah!' he says, 'better; d-e-c-i-d-e-d-l-y better in all respects; cool, quiet, normal. Now, my dear fellow, if you had eaten those things you wanted, and more especially ducks and green peas, we would have been, as I told you, measuring you for your coffin this morning, and playing the Dead March in Saul at your funeral at sundown this evening.—Good-day; you'll be at your duty soon.' And he was. But having told the story, and raised the joke against the P.M.O. (Principal Medical Officer), that administrator sent him to vegetate at one of the most remote and out-of-the-way stations in the command, where even ordinary beef and yams were scanty, and ducks and green peas impossible.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

We learn from a contemporary that 'a curious revelation has recently been made in the East End of London. One of the chief characteristics of that densely populated quarter is the vast number of animals—cats, dogs, pigeons, fowls, and rabbits—which manage to support a precarious existence amid the gloom and dirt of miserable back-yards and blind-alleys. How such creatures continue to live where human beings die, not merely of starvation, but of downright lack of light and air, is a problem which it must have often vexed the minds of philanthropists to

solve; but live they do; and as their existence was generally supposed to exercise a humanising influence upon their proprietors, no one would ever have thought of interfering with them. Latterly, however, disquieting rumours were circulated that people who had not even a share in a back-yard or a blind-alley indulged in the luxury of poultry-keeping, and the sanitary authorities were at last moved to institute inquiries on the subject. Their activity was soon rewarded. In a room inhabited by a man and woman and their two children, twelve fowls were discovered living under the shelter of the bedstead; while in an adjoining room, owned by the same persons, a colony of one hundred and twenty-seven unfortunate cocks and hens were trying to make-believe at being in a farm-yard. Encouraged by this success, the officials persevered in their search, and in another house in the same street they discovered nearly three hundred fowls enjoying the comparative gentility of the second floor. Immediate orders were given for the removal of the birds to a more congenial atmosphere; and despite the violent resistance of their owners—who are said, by-the-by, to be foreigners—the clearance of these Augean fowl-houses was soon accomplished. But we really need a modern Hercules to keep London clean, and even he would find his place no sinecure.'

MARGUERITE.

A MODEST maiden, yet a wise,
With chestnut hair and hazel eyes,
Whose glance one always liked to meet,
So deep its gaze, so calm and sweet;
Clear beaming with a quiet gladness,
Subdued as by an unknown sadness;
Too trustful in its holy love
For aught but purer worlds above.

A low, broad brow, with dreamy thought
And noble aspirations fraught.
A subtle mingling in the whole
Of earthy clay and heavenly soul.
A face that, meet it where I might,
In joy to-day, in woe to-night,
Would cause (and why I cannot tell)
The hot tears to my eyes to well

'Twas so, one day she crossed my path.
I half believed her not of earth,
So sweet that wistful gaze; in vain
I turned away, for look again
I must; and then I knew too well
By that, in which e'en lay the spell,
That hidden something told too true,
That ne'er in heavenly gardens grew,
As yet, this blossom, all too rare
For earthy soil and earthy air.

Ah! sweet, shy flower, 'twas not for long
That thou didst mingle with the throng;
Yet thou unconscious shed'st a ray
Of purity athwart their way,
As thou their guardian angel wert,
Though now with heavenly armour girt.
I'd not recall thee, though my eyes
Are dim with tears; though choking sighs
Fill my sad heart with many an ache,
I'll still them all for thy dear sake.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 808.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

MONEY.

SIMPLE-MINDED people must sometimes be at a loss to understand the oracular explanations offered respecting the state of what is called the money market. Let us instance the following—

‘There is a very slight demand for money. Good bills are done at one or at most one and a half per cent., with no signs of improvement. Things, however, are believed to have reached their lowest depression, and as summer advances, a rise is confidently expected in the money market.’ Such is the sort of information with which certain pretentious writers favour us respecting the financial state of the country. Translating their enigmatical language into plain English, their explanations signify that because comparatively few persons are discounting bills, trade is in an exceedingly depressed condition. We should have drawn quite the opposite conclusion. When a tradesman takes a bill to a bank to be discounted, he clearly needs money, for which he is willing to pay so much by way of loan; it may be one, two, or more per cent. according to the general demand. Suppose he does not need to borrow, are we to set him down as an unfortunate being without business? In other words, is it the meaning of these writers on finance that doing business is alone indicated by borrowing, and that if there be no borrowing everything must necessarily be at a dead stand!

We protest against the fantastic reasoning which seemingly leads to these conclusions. Borrowing is usually a symptom of weakness, not of strength. We are told by a venerable authority, that the ‘borrower is servant to the lender,’ which is quite true; all attempts to uphold the reverse of the aphorism are ridiculous, and must end badly. Taking, for example, the case of a merchant who by a long course of circumspect conduct is at ease in his circumstances, keeps a good balance at his banker’s, trades within his capital, discounts no bills, we should think that he represents a wholesome state of affairs. And if such be said of one, so it will apply to all. When

everybody has all the money he requires for the honest purposes of his business, we should say so much the better. That is our doctrine, though to great financial critics it may appear antiquated and heretical.

In whatever manner it originated, there has latterly crept in the very extraordinary and pertinaciously cultivated opinion that the degree of commercial prosperity in a country is to be measured by the demand for money in the shape of borrowing. It is a new thesis, in which people are invited to have faith. If discounts are high, trade is flourishing. If little is doing in the way of discounts, the depression is heart-rending. To all appearance, the country is going to the dogs. One could be amused with these fallacies were they not associated with a species of demoralising perversity. If not expressly said in words, the inference is that borrowing is exalted to a virtue. The man who self-reliantly pays his way, and never for a moment thinks of troubling bankers or bill-brokers, is essentially a poor creature. He is at least an eccentricity. The old admonition, ‘Owe no man anything,’ is out of date. Owe thousands, or millions, if you can manage to do so. Risk, speculate with other people’s money. Such seems to be the outcome of modern financiering.

While taking exception to the ordinary disregard of a state of indebtedness, we are far from saying that in honest business, there is anything positively wrong in borrowing by discount. As an intermediary between borrower and lender, the banker performs a useful part by facilitating the settlement of accounts. Where there is a reasonable scope for enterprise, the cost of the loan in form of discount may be deemed insignificant. All depends on the soundness of the transaction. Unfortunately, a constant reliance on discounts leads to a factitious course of business, which ensues in a profligate style of living, and often ends in disaster. For encouragement, to excesses of this kind, the banks generally, though some more than others, are not without blame. Indiscreetly extending their credits, in order to make

advantageous use of their capital, they raise the value of money, excite those wild speculations and courses of over-trading which, by 'leaps and bounds,' are imagined to be significant tokens of national prosperity.

We all know what this extravagant credit system has led to. Shameless frauds and thousands of bankruptcies, which sending a chill through society, have produced the national depression that is mourned over, but which in reality signifies a return to discretion and common-sense. Yet, no lesson is accepted by financial doctrinaires. It would almost seem as if large numbers had a special interest in promoting systems of over-trading and extravagance. Reminding us of the 'wreckers' of old, who threw upon alluring ships to destruction, they appear to live on promoting schemes that, terminating in ruin, yield a rich harvest from the sufferings of miserable dupes. Mariners used to be told to beware of the false signals of wreckers. In the present day, the advice to be given to all who have anything to lose is to beware of 'promoters.' There may be well-meaning men amongst them, but we see that the general upshot is disastrous. In particular, we observe how persons with a title have been induced to become directors, or more correctly decoys, to allure confiding capitalists to their ruin. Considerations of this kind suggest extreme caution in taking shares in any project, or in giving credence to the lamentations over dreadfully low discounts. Why should any one volunteer groans about money being a drug in the market? Let it be a drug. Who cares? If nobody wants it, there is little need for lamentation. A very sad thing indeed when bankers are at a loss to know what to do with the cash with which depositors have intrusted them. At this point we may be said to reach the kernel of the whole matter. What to do with money. It is a state of affairs that did not fall within the experience of the old political economists. In former times, money was so difficult to be obtained, and was so precious in character, that no one entertained the notion that a period would arrive when one of the torments of society would consist in a superfluity.

Money is a blessing or the reverse, just as we make a good or bad use of it. In the olden time, what struggles there were to effect even the smallest public improvement, owing to the want of money! Bridges could not be built, roads could not be improved, churches could with great difficulty be erected. A cathedral was not completed, except in a pinching way bit by bit over a space of perhaps two hundred years. Any attempt to levy rates for a matter of public utility would have raised a rebellion, and been after all abortive. The plain reason for all this was, that in the community generally there was no redundant cash. Excluding a few usurers and lucky individuals, the world lived from hand to mouth. How has this backward state of affairs been meliorated? Simply by two things: Settled peace and industry.

England had not a day to do well until it got rid of contending dynasties, and sate itself down to work each man according to his vocation under the protection of beneficent laws and unchallengeable government. It is remarkable how speedily the change from poverty to wealth has been effected. With a steady regard for industrial occupation, a hundred and fifty years have done it.

The marvellous growth of the metropolis, the rise of busy seaports, and the spread of railways, are the more conspicuous phenomena in the new condition of things that has sprung up. Capital has increased so largely that it presses for investment, and rushes headlong into all sorts of extravagances. Among the numerous modern wonders, the most wonderful, as it may be esteemed, is the fact that Scotland and Ireland, both treated as contemptuously poor in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the subject of diverting sarcasms on and off the stage, have absolutely come to the front as lending countries. Irish and Scotch banks have had the audacity to set up branch houses in London—much to the disgust, as it appears, of certain native firms, who view them as a species of interlopers. As a feeling of this kind is altogether foreign to the spirit of fair-play which distinguishes the English character, we may anticipate that it will come to nothing. It is mentioned here only as a curiosity of modern finance; having its origin in the general redundancy of accumulated capital.

Every country aspiring to civilised usage, begins with an infancy in finance, when paper-money for small sums is accepted as a necessity. Bank-notes for a dollar for five francs, for five shillings, at one time prevailed. Discreetly managed, those paper representatives of money served a useful end. A time comes, however, when by the progress of wealth they may without disadvantage be dismissed. Every one who has studied the subject will acknowledge that one-pound notes have been of inestimable value to Scotland, in fact have helped enormously to make the country what it is. There are reasonable doubts, however, if this species of paper-money is any longer an essential condition of national prosperity. In our opinion the country could now successfully dismiss its one-pound note currency, and place itself on the same financial level as England. Bankers might not be indisposed to take the same view of the matter, for so large is the proportion of gold they must keep in relation to their note issues, that the change would not be of serious importance. The chief objection would be on the part of the community, by the great mass of whom, strange as it may seem, notes are invariably preferred to sovereigns. That whimsical notions of this kind would speedily disappear, can scarcely be doubted. The withdrawal of the one-pound note currency would at any rate remove difficulties which at present perplex the international position of the banks.

It must come to this at last. A wise policy would consist in looking the inevitable in the face, and in making preparations accordingly. w. c.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR DICKER.

'GLAD to see you, Captain Ashton!' said Mr Dicker good-naturedly, as he gave Hugh a forefinger to shake, and waved him to a chair. 'Knew your name at once—not likely to forget it—for, my dear sir, you have rendered me a still greater service than I was aware of, when last we met.'

Hugh was pleased with the cordiality of this reception, but his looks expressed a not unnatural surprise, which the capitalist was not slow to note. He condescended to explain.

'I told you, Captain Ashton, that the papers which that poor, faithful fellow Purkiss—I shall never get such a clerk again—brought over in the purple bag, and which your courage preserved for me, were of considerable value. They were indeed of very considerable value—more so than I dreamed of. He had done very well indeed, had Purkiss, as my agent out there; and I am a richer man, if I chose to realise to-morrow, by— Well, well, never mind how much—what with wool, and copper, and land, and gold, and the rest of it. The securities thus saved represented something worth having, Captain Ashton.'

Hugh had no doubt that they did; but he scarcely knew what to say in answer to Mr Dicker's harmless vaunt, and merely smiled.

'I am a warm man, as we say in the City, as you may possibly have heard, Captain Ashton,' said Mr Dicker, rattling some money in one of his pockets in a slow, lazy manner, as though he enjoyed the tinkle of the sovereigns as they slipped one by one through his fingers.

'I can well believe that, sir,' answered Hugh, who had no doubts as to the warmth, financially, of his moneyed acquaintance.

'And this colonial business has brought in a very tidy return, very tidy,' said the capitalist, tapping his still sound and strong front-teeth with an ivory paper-knife. 'You ought to have your share, Mr Ashton.'

'My share, sir? I can hardly understand you!' answered Hugh, in some surprise.

'Yes, yes,' returned Mr Dicker, half-impatiently, and with a glance at the clock. 'You preserved for me vouchers of no trifling value; without which, had they gone to the bottom of the sea like that poor fellow Purkiss, I should have met with vexatious delay and practical loss, in endeavouring to assert my rights. So, as a matter of business, and as usual among business men, I shall be happy'—and he picked up a pen, and rustled over the leaves of his cheque-book as he spoke—'to write you an order on Clink and Scales, of Lombard Street, for'—

'Excuse me if I interrupt you, Mr Dicker,' broke in Hugh Ashton, the colour mounting to his sun-bronzed cheek and brow. 'So far as I understand, you desire to do me a kindness, but a kindness which I cannot accept. It was not to solicit money from you that I came here to-day.'

The capitalist, in the very act of filling up the promised cheque, looked up at Hugh's face,

and arched his eyebrows in very genuine surprise. According to his experience, which was a tolerably wide one, money came amiss, on whatsoever pretext, to nobody; and he had known it to be eagerly grasped at, not to say angled for, by the very finest of fine gentlemen and ladies with whom he had conducted negotiations in the course of an active and pushing career. Colonels and countesses, legislators and leaders of fashion, each and all of these had proved willing to take a bribe for services to be rendered in puffing some newly blown soap-bubble of the Stock Exchange, provided that the bribe were delicately administered, and called a commission. And here was this youngster—a master-mariner, an ex-fisherman—whose tone and countenance expressed actual indignation at the offer of an eleemosynary draft on Clink and Scales.

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mr Dicker, hardly knowing whether to be irritated or not; 'you really are a very extraordinary young man!'

'Do not mistake my meaning, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh quietly; 'I am sure that your intention was kind, though I cannot accept the kindness in the form of ready-money. That is all.'

'You'll never get on in life, Mr Ashton, never!' returned the self-made man, laying down his pen, and surveying Hugh with a look of mingled pity and admiration.

'I daresay that I shall not, sir, in the usual sense of the word,' answered Hugh with a slight smile.

'Well, well,' said the capitalist slowly, and with a sort of philosophic tolerance of error, 'it makes a difference of course, in matters of business, whether one has learned to look upon things in a business light.—But what can I do for you, Captain Ashton, since I must not draw you a cheque? I am your debtor, very much your debtor, for the service rendered the other day, and that even more so than I thought when last I saw you. Along with my securities were certain private papers that had been deposited in an Australian bank, and the recovery of which would be of the utmost consequence to a poor friend of mine. I call him poor; but time was, that in our intercourse I was the obliged party.' And Mr Dicker laid considerable stress upon the personal pronoun, as though the circumstance of his being under obligations to somebody else had been a portent indeed.

'Yes,' continued the capitalist, who had grown earnest now, as some newly awakened train of thought occurred to him, 'I don't mind telling you, between ourselves, that I was once a very poor and struggling man, and didn't find too many hands stretched out, I can tell you, to help me as I toiled up those lower rungs of the ladder of life that are always the hardest to climb. This friend of whom I speak, a gentleman born, stepped out of his way to do me a good turn, and I keep the memory of his kindness green and fresh, Mr Ashton, I assure you. I cannot mention his name, even would it interest you, as of course it could not—reasons against that! But, at anyrate, there were papers belonging rightly to him in that purple bag that you prevented from becoming flotsam and jetsam, and that he would gladly see, if only I could find his present address, poor fellow! Dear me, I have wandered sadly from the point. It is not often in the City that we

have the leisure or the inclination to indulge in sentiment.—And now, what can I do for you, my dear sir?" asked the capitalist, again becoming conscious of the clock, and of the candidates for admission that were chafing in his anteroom.

Hugh answered modestly enough that he had come to Guildhall Chambers for the purpose of asking Mr Dicker's advice. He had left Cornwall for ever, had resigned his late appointment, and was now in search of something to do.

Mr Dicker pursed up his lips, and contemplated his young acquaintance with a rueful sort of interest. 'Rolling stones, eh—but you know best, of course,' he said, again tapping the teeth of which he was proud, with the paper-cutter. 'Sudden—wasn't it?'

'I see, sir, that you think I ought to have stayed,' answered Hugh, in his frank fearless way; 'and, as a man of the world, I am sure you judge rightly. I have a sorrowful conviction in the truth of the old proverb you quoted but now, and wish for nothing more than to be steady. It was no mere restlessness, believe me, that has made me give up my ship and leave Treport.'

'No, no; of course not,' said Mr Dicker, casting about for a motive, and, as men of the world always do, looking out for a vice or a weakness on which to graft it. That Hugh had left the Tug and Salvage Company in disgrace—that he had done, in common parlance, anything wrong, his previous experience of Hugh's conduct, and the singularly noble bearing of the young sailor, forbade him to believe. The capitalist was for a moment at fault. Suddenly his countenance cleared. 'Yes, yes; the lad must be in love, and crossed as to his wooing, either by disinclination on the fair one's part, or, much more probably, by the harsh prudence of parents.' And Mr Dicker, who regarded love as a youthful disorder akin to measles or whooping-cough, was sincerely sorry that his young friend should apparently have taken the complaint in an aggravated form injurious to his worldly prospects. 'I hardly know what to advise,' he said, thoughtfully rattling the sovereigns in his pocket. 'Would you like to go to sea again, or abroad?'

'I should prefer,' answered Hugh, with some hesitation, 'to stay in England, if I could but earn a maintenance by anything within my power to do.'

'Stop—I have it!' exclaimed Mr Dicker, beginning to toss and tumble over some papers that lay before him on the table. 'We want a station-master. I am deputy-chairman—you may have heard as much, perhaps—of the Extreme South Lane, at—where is it?—yes, Hollow Oak, in Dorsetshire. The manager sent me word on the subject a fortnight ago, and the appointment rests with me, since old Sir Bodkin, the chairman, is not in a fit state of health to attend to details. Would Hollow Oak suit you? It is a quiet place, somewhere west of the New Forest. And the salary is a hundred and something a year; whether forty or sixty, I cannot remember. Of course there are coals and candles, and of course there is a house to live in—and those I suppose are all the advantages of the situation. Such as it is, will you accept the place?'

'Certainly, and gratefully, Mr Dicker,' said Hugh, with quick decision. 'If you will give me the place you speak of, I will promise to do

my best in the duties I shall be called upon to fill.'

'Then, very well,' said the capitalist, who by this time had become painfully conscious of the clock and the flight of time, and the many interviews that lay before him. 'I will send you in the morning, by a clerk, your credentials. You will then have nothing to do but to start by an afternoon train—there is one, I think, at two—yes, at two—and you will be at Hollow Oak at six or thereabouts. And what, Captain Ashton, is your address?'

Hugh mentioned *Shadwick's Inn*, Shadwick Place, E.C.

'How very odd!' answered the capitalist, again oblivious of clock and engagement. 'I know the place; but very few, even among Londoners, do. It was in the little, gloomy, three-cornered coffee-room of that secluded inn that the friend I have mentioned—and whose papers I have here—met me, and lent me the money which — No matter, Captain Ashton—he was a gentleman by birth, and— Never mind. Something in you reminds me of him; I cannot tell why. Good-bye, dear lad!' And he gave Hugh his whole hand to shake; and there was an end of the interview.

CHAPTER XXXV.—MAUD GOES HOME.

There was a stir and a suppressed ferment of excitement in Blosthucl Court, to which every human heart pulsed in strange unison. A letter from Maud's mother had arrived the day before, summoning Maud home, if Altringham, her uncle's rural palace, might be called by such a name, as the widow of Colonel Sturhope did not scruple to call it. As a general rule, Mrs Sturhope's letters were of no very great account. She sent a good many of them, having belonged to a letter-writing generation, and to a gushing age. But now, as Lord Penrith's mouthpiece, she spoke, or rather wrote, with authority. Her brother, he said, was worse—well, he never was—but now his state of health was critical, and Lord Penrith was longing for Maud's return. 'Come at once!' said the letter; and if titles and underscoring could prevail, Maud should indeed have felt herself bound to hurry.

'Of course she must go!' the lawyer had said decisively, but regretfully, for the loss of her pretty niece at Blosthucl meant to her the almost hopeless isolation of a benevolent female despot among her servants and tenants. She had a few clergy to visit, and here and there a scarce family of the estates class, and that was all. She paid the penalty, in a social point of view, of dwelling in a picturesque and impossible corner of England, near which no ties of sport or business can tether the well-to-do.

'Nobody lives in Cornwall,' Lady Mary Tattles would say, if you asked her, at five o'clock tea, in Grosvenor Place, what were your social prospects in the ancient realm of King Mark; and Lady Mary would not be far wrong. Squires are rare in Cornwall, and country society widely scattered. Lady Larpent lost a good deal in losing Maud.

But Maud must go. The wishes of old men in Lord Penrith's position are paramount. He was so rich, he was so free to do as he liked with Altringham and all that appertained to it, that had he chosen to pick out a stable-boy as his heir,

or, like Pope's Miser, to endow a college or a cat, none dared even to venture on remonstrance. Certainly, Maud must go. There was packing in hot haste. Maud's maid and my Lady's abigail impeded one another as they folded and packed and locked trunks, and found that things inestimable had been overlooked, and at the last moment thrust them in, and kept everybody within their influence in a mild state of feverish flurry. Sir Lucius Larpent was to escort his cousin to Alfringham. Nothing, considering the relationship, could have been more proper, or, to Maud's taste, less congenial; but still she had to submit.

'I am very sorry to part with you, my dear; but of course in such a case there is no help for it. And it is a comfort that, next week, Edgar and Willie come home from school,' said Lady Larpent. And then came the parting itself, and the drive to the station, and the railway journey itself, swift and smooth, eastwards from that far outpost of sea-girt Britain where Llosthuel looked out over the endless billows of the Atlantic. Young ladies are seldom given to abstract speculation, and it is not very likely that Maud Stanhope contrasted the comfort and monotonous ease with which the modern first-class passenger is conveyed, amid rugs and cushions, sun-blinds and foot-warmers, to his destination, with the pilgrimage that a winter's journey from Cornwall once was, even for travellers of her own rank in life. No more anxiety, nowadays, as to floods certain to break bridges and render fords impassable; no more fear of highwayman-haunted heaths, and no dread of the clumsy family coach, painfully dragged along the vile roads by six horses, being buried in a snowdrift, or 'stugged in the mire,' on wild Dartmoor. No more riding, belated, with chilled feet that could scarcely feel the steel stirrup, and the collar of the loose 'horseman's coat' turned up to screen off the driving drift, as the bewildered guide tried to regain the track, easily missed when once the short December day had blackened into early night, which led across the waste. We most of us, however, forget or ignore the sufferings of those who went before us, and merely resent any trivial interruption in the clockwork regularity of existing arrangements.

There is no railway station nearer to Alfringham Hall than the small one of Hollow Oak, four miles and a half away. Lord Penrith had, indeed, like many another lord of lands, done his best in parliament to exorcise the railway from his estate, and had reluctantly consented under compulsion to derive indirect benefit from the detested innovation. At Hollow Oak, then, Maud and her cousin Sir Lucius found, on alighting there, one of 'my lord's' carriages waiting for them. For a good many miles round Alfringham Maud's uncle was 'my lord' in popular speech, and Cowper's mighty Monsieur Nongtongpaw scarcely seemed a more universal proprietor than he was. Some such reflection probably suggested itself to the self-seeking mind of Sir Lucius. He had not been very talkative during the hours of the railway journey, burying himself in his newspapers or lounging in his corner, with half-shut eyes, and leaving his fair kinswoman to her novel and her own thoughts. Once indeed, the baronet had spoken with a certain amount of energy, but even then the choice of a topic was unfortunate.

'You can't think how glad I am,' he had said amiably, 'that that confounded fisherman fellow that my mother chose to take up, has had to take himself off from our neighbourhood. I don't profess to know what he had done to make the country too hot to hold him'—

'I am sure, Lucius, that you do Mr Ashton cruel wrong!' interrupted Maud, with flashing eyes and quivering lip; 'and that you are unjust in attributing bad motives to his leaving us—for his leaving Treport, I mean. I never saw any one in whose honour'—

'Honour!' somewhat rudely broke in Sir Lucius, 'honour! forsooth, when you are talking of a cad like that! But if you women will insist on making a model hero of the man, it is useless to argue the point.' And he savagely banged down the window nearest him, and, turning his face away, neither spoke to his beautiful cousin nor looked at her for many a mile. On the way, in Lord Penrith's carriage, to Alfringham, the baronet found his tongue again. 'I owe you an apology, Maud,' he said, 'for my uncivil speech an hour ago; I was irritable, and I behaved like a bear. I do hope you will forgive me, Maud.'

'Well,' replied Miss Stanhope in her gentle voice. 'Let us think no more of a hasty word!'

'But Maud, dear Maud,' went on the baronet in his most persuasive accents, 'will you not push your generous impulse a little further, and give me hope—a little hope? If only you knew how I longed for it!' he added, with an earnestness that seemed real.

'You mean'— Maud came to a stop here. It was not for her to interpret her kinsman's meaning.

Then Sir Lucius spoke out, glibly enough. It was Maud's love he asked for. It was Maud, whose consent to be his wife, withheld from him till now, he sought as a suppliant. He did not, he would not, press her for an immediate answer. She need not say 'Yes,' or enter on a formal engagement at once. Only let her shew a little kindness, only let her tell him that he need not despair. A word, a look, a pressure from her little hand—of which, at an early part of the conversation, he had contrived to possess himself—would suffice to revive his hopes, and then he would urge her no more.

But Maud Stanhope was not foolish enough to purchase a respite from unwelcome addresses by giving any such assurance, on which a future claim would certainly be founded. Gently, but resolutely, she drew her hand away. 'I can but repeat, Lucius,' she said as kindly as she could, but quite steadily, 'what I said to you before, at Llosthuel. You had better learn to regard me simply as a friend—as your sister, if you will—for what you now wish can never be.'

'Come, come, Maud; this is not fair treatment for a man, after all that has come and gone,' returned Sir Lucius reproachfully.

'Nothing has come or gone between us two,' answered Maud firmly, 'that gives you the right to complain of unfair treatment at my hands. As a friend, I can never cease to regard you; but your wife I shall never be.'

'And would you thwart everybody's wishes—and—and upset the family arrangement, just for a whim?' cried Sir Lucius, very angrily. 'You know I must be Lord Penrith. You know our

uncle will leave every stick and stone of the estate to you. And it has always been an understood thing that the title and the property were to come together again. You would be a peeress, Maud. And it is a shame, indeed it is, to throw over a man as you do me !'

Sir Lucius, in spite of all remonstrance, enlarged upon this theme so vehemently, and became so eloquent as to the wickedness of his kinswoman's conduct in rejecting his proposals, that when the carriage drew up before the stately doors of Alfringham, Maud was in tears; and it was all that she could do to preserve a tolerably decorous air of well-bred calm in passing through the lighted hall, with its double file of liveried serving-men drawn up for the reception of the new arrivals. Mrs Stanhope, who had come three steps beyond the door of her favourite pink drawing-room, to meet her daughter, saw the glistening traces of tears on Maud's eyelashes as she kissed her, and very likely guessed something approximately near the truth.

'So kind of you to come, Lucius,' said the faded beauty, putting out her jewelled fingers to her nephew. 'You will stay some time, I hope, to cheer us up at Alfringham.'

'I shall be off to-morrow, thank you! I only came to see Maud home,' answered the baronet, with a brow like a thunder-cloud.

Mrs Stanhope sighed. She saw that her nephew was in a very evil temper, and augured ill for the prospects of the family arrangement, which she had as much at heart as it was possible for her to care for anything. And this was Maud's welcome to her Dorsetshire home.

ORAL INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

At a Teachers' conference held in January of last year, Mr Van Praagh gave a complete and interesting explanation of his 'oral' method of teaching the deaf and dumb. On this interesting subject we would direct attention to the following remarks.

Both Professor Wallis in Oxford, and Dr Amman in Holland, commenced to practise this system at the same time; but the credit of resuscitating it and putting it into general practice belongs to the Germans. Mr Van Praagh affirms that the expression 'deaf and dumb' is a misnomer; deafness is originally the only defect, and dumbness is the unfortunate result. Ninety-nine out of every hundred deaf-mutes can be taught to speak; and every deaf-mute, unless he prove to be an idiot, can be so far taught by this oral method. This method of teaching by lip-reading requires great study, patience, and devotion. A mother in teaching an infant to say some simple word is obliged to repeat it over several times, while the child watches the movement of the lip and endeavours to imitate the sound. The same patience and frequent repetition are necessary with a deaf-mute; and as the ears of the latter are shut to the entrance of sound, the training must take place through the eyes, which must do duty for both seeing and hearing. In teaching them to speak, the child is taught to breathe properly, to imitate the position of the teacher's mouth and

face, and the ordinary vibrations caused by sound. When a sound is produced, it is repeatedly practised until the pupil can reproduce it without help. Vowels are taught to begin with, then consonants; afterwards combining the vowels and consonants into syllables and words; the meanings of which are either conveyed by showing the objects they represent, or by models or pictures. As soon as possible the children must make use of the spoken words; when the teacher next goes to polysyllables and short simple sentences, and without teaching the terminology of grammar, the child's attention is drawn out towards the qualities, quantities, and actions of objects taught.

The instruction in lip-reading, writing, and speaking proceeds simultaneously. The progress made is slow but thorough. In spelling, a purely phonetic system is followed; only the sound of the consonants is given to the children, a murmur or a hiss as the case may be, but never mentioning the names of the letters.

In speaking to deaf children who have thus been trained, we must remember that lip-reading has with them taken the place of hearing, and that it is best to speak slowly and without making contortions of the face. All artificial signs and the finger alphabet are rejected by this German school. The French system of teaching as invented by De l'Epée, makes artificial signs; and the finger alphabet the means of communication and instruction; but the German method makes no use of these signs. The latter system goes upon the principle that lip-reading requires the sole and undivided attention of the child, who cannot watch the movements of face and hands at one time. Writing and reading are taught, as already noticed, at one time, by means of lithographed instead of printed type, which is found to be a vast saving of valuable time.

A lady who has paid a visit to Dr Van Praagh's establishment favours us with the following:

The 'oral' instruction of the deaf and dumb seems a contradiction in terms, but it is in fact a reality. At the Normal School, 11 Fitzroy Square, the success of this strange and wonderful system, which has been in use there since its foundation about seven years ago, may be fully tested. My visit to the school was paid on a very rainy day, and many of the pupils who reside with their parents or board in the neighbourhood were absent. There were, however, I suppose more than forty children of various ages, and divided into classes, all at lessons.

The director, Mr Van Praagh, had himself been teaching the first or youngest class, when my coming interrupted the lesson. These were made to repeat after him, watching and imitating the action of his lips, the vowel sounds, the word 'pa-pa,' and to reply to some questions: 'How do you do?' 'What is my name?'—the answers given being not mere parrot-like repetition; for one little girl when asked several times over: 'Why were you not at school yesterday?' caught at last the meaning of the lip-motions, and answered: 'I was poorly.' So strange and even startling was it to hear words actually pronounced by the so-called dumb little lips, that I fear my impressions of this first or elementary class remained somewhat confused on leaving it.

Assistant teachers—who are not deaf and dumb, and whose training for the work is carried on in

the school by Mr Van Praagh—were superintending the older classes. The necessity of making the pupils repeat over and over any word which they do not pronounce distinctly, as also of making them distinguish the labial (lip) sounds, *b*, *p*, for example, from one another, seemed to be specially insisted on by the director, whose patience is hardly less wonderful than his skill. To one of the classes—children who, if I remember right, had been in the school for about two years—he himself gave a 'dictation lesson,' first calling their attention by stamping his foot, the vibration being felt, and making them instantly look up. What he then said I did not hear, though standing close by, the words being uttered to himself; but the children, eagerly watching his lips, took their slates and began to write. In a minute or two they had written—'This lady has never seen a deaf-and-dumb school.' The writing, by the way, was very good, one reason for which may be that lithographed instead of printed type is used in instruction.

'Now,' said Mr Van Praagh, speaking aloud, 'speak to the lady. Ask her where she comes from.' A boy immediately asked me the question. I replied, speaking slowly: 'I come from Scotland.' The boy audibly repeated my words, but hesitated at 'Scotland.' I said it again; and a boy on the opposite side of the table caught and repeated aloud the word, and asked in return: 'What part?' My answer was understood.

'Why is not So-and-so at school to-day?' said Mr Van Praagh to the children, adding: 'Perhaps it is the bad day. He is afraid of being melted.' The children at once laughed. They talk to each other by the lip-motions in the same way. No signs and no finger-language are allowed. The French, or artificial sign system, though it has been perfected to the extent of allowing rapid conversation to be carried on between the deaf and dumb and those who have mastered the sign language, is of course useless when the knowledge is only on one side.

The German or oral system, introduced into England by Mr Van Praagh about ten years ago, enables deaf-mutes to understand any one who will speak slowly in language familiar both to himself and the deaf but no longer dumb person.

Our visit to the most advanced class, whose course of instruction came nearest to the prescribed length of about eight years, was exceedingly interesting. With several of the boys in this class, Mr Van Praagh talked with the greatest ease. Here is a specimen of the conversation, the boys' answers being perfectly fluent and ready.

'You read the newspapers, don't you?'—mentioning the boy's name. 'What newspaper do you read most?'

'The *Standard*, or *Daily Telegraph*.'

'What do you read about?'

'About the Afghan war and the Zulu war.'

'What is the name of the Zulu king?'

At this the boy, as might be expected, shook his head, and said: 'I can't remember.'

'Shew the lady your drawings,' said Mr Van Praagh to a bright-looking young girl, who immediately rose and fetched them; and very good they were—copies from casts. I saw also excellent specimens of needlework.

Wishing to express my surprise and gratification

to the children, I was about to tell them that I thought all I had seen 'wonderful;' but the director stopped me.

'No; don't tell them that.' Then he said to them: 'The lady is surprised because she has never seen a school like this before. But there's nothing very wonderful in it; is there? There was a girl here the other day who had never been at school; she couldn't speak, she couldn't do anything—she was like an animal—but then she had never been at school.' The listeners, as I may almost call them, evidently followed all he said with appreciation; and I too appreciated the wisdom of his speech.

I shall be glad if this slight and necessarily imperfect sketch of a very interesting school induces any one to pay a Wednesday morning visit to 11 Fitzroy Square, or to be present at the next annual public examination of the pupils, to be held I believe in July.

It might be mentioned that the voices of the 'deaf-mutes,' though thick and somewhat unnatural in sound, were not in the least unpleasant.

A BACHELOR'S STORY. ✓

WHAT I am now I need not tell; but many years ago I was assistant to Dr Bower of Broadhurst Lee, in one of the southern English counties.

Dr Bower was not a young man. I had been his assistant for more than three years, and I had a well-founded hope that in a few years more I should become his successor. I do not mean that I had any hope, well founded or the reverse, that Dr Bower would die—far from it; but the doctor had been very successful during his twenty-five years' residence at Broadhurst, and I knew that he would be glad to retire from the more arduous duties of his profession when a favourable opportunity offered, and he could feel sure that he was leaving his old patients in good hands.

I lived with the Bowers. The family was a small one, consisting of the doctor himself; his wife, by many years his junior; and their only child, Lucy. A dear, bright, sweet-tempered child she was, though terribly spoiled by her father. At the time I am writing of, Lucy was about thirteen. I was walking in the garden one morning, when Lucy came rushing up to me, breathless with excitement. 'Mr Williams, I've got such news to tell you!'

'Well Loo, have the kittens opened their eyes, or what?'

'No, no; nothing about the kittens; much better than that. But you would never guess if I gave you till doomsday, so I may as well tell you at once. I am going to school at midsummer!'

Lucy did not know that I had heard that news some weeks before, from her mother. To please her I seemed surprised. 'Indeed Loo. You astonish me. What will become of the poor kittens?'

'Oh, they will be quite grown by that time. It's nearly six months to midsummer. And do you know—mamma says I am to have a governess till then, because I am so stupid about my music and French and things. And she says I would be ashamed to go among other girls when I know so little; so papa has written out an advertisement to be put in *The Times*. I do wonder what she will be like!'

Lucy rattled on for some time longer; but I don't think I heard much of what she said. I was wondering too what the governess would be like. Her arrival would be quite an event in our quiet life. I hoped, like Lucy, that she would be 'nice;' but I hardly expected it. 'Most likely some hideous old maid in spectacles and a "front,"' I muttered to myself as I mounted Jetty my mare, and started for a long round.

For a whole fortnight after this I heard of nothing but the 'governess.' So many had answered the advertisement, that Mrs Bower had been quite bewildered, not knowing which to choose; but when it was known that the engagement would be only for six months, most of the applicants dropped off. At last, in fact only two remained to choose from. One, a London lady, made such market of being able to teach calisthenics, that I greatly doubted if she could teach anything else. The other was from Scotland, quite the north too. Mrs Bower inclined to the lady of dumb-bells and expanders; but the doctor went in heart and soul for the Scotchwoman. He had been educated at Edinburgh, and still preserved a fond recollection of that noble city and its hospitable inhabitants.

'But my dear, this Miss Stuart does not come from Edinburgh,' pleaded Mrs Bower. (She thought the use of the dumb-bells would improve Lucy's figure so.) 'Besides, they talk such a dreadful dialect—don't they?—and are so wild in their manners!'

'Nonsense, Jenny; there's nothing wild about them. They talk beautifully at Inverness, and this place, Bannuir, must be quite near that. I remember my poor brother Dick and myself being at Inverness. Let me see; it must be near thirty years ago. It was when we took our tour through Scotland after leaving college. I remember seeing the women washing and beating their linen in the river. How Dick did laugh!' And the doctor smiled at the recollection of something he did not mean to tell us. 'Yes; I remember it well. It was long years before I knew *you*, Jenny;' and he patted her arm affectionately. 'I think we'll have this Miss Stuart. Just write and say we agree to the salary she asks, and she can come immediately. So now that's settled.'

Off bustled the doctor; and Mrs Bower sat down, not without some misgivings, to engage the Scotchwoman as her governess. But when her husband said 'It is settled,' then she knew it *was* settled, and submitted, like a good wife, as she certainly was.

About a week after this, Lucy informed me that Miss Stuart was coming the next day; that the carriage was to be sent to Wharton Station to meet her; also that 'mamma said Miss Stuart would have to go to bed whenever she came, she would be so tired coming all the way from Scotland.'

I at once settled in my own mind that I would not be at hand at the time of the arrival. I had heard so much about this precious Miss Stuart, that I detested her very name. I pictured to myself a tall red-haired woman—for were not all the Scotchwomen I had ever heard of red-haired?—with a loud voice and vulgar manner. No; certainly I would have no dealings with this unwished-for and, to me, unwelcome intruder. The next day, therefore, I did not return from my

rounds until I knew dinner must be over, and Miss Stuart, if she had arrived, safe in the drawing-room.

I was hardly seated at my solitary meal in the dining-room, when Lucy came scampering in. 'She's come, Mr Williams; and she is so nice! I know I shall love her awfully! She likes little kittens, and has had one of mine on her lap ever since dinner; so you see you were all wrong when you said she would hate them. And you are wrong about her looks too; for she's very pretty. Papa says so. She is not so tall as mamma, and'—

'Has she red hair?' I asked.

'O no. Such pretty hair. I was just coming to that. It is quite fair, and curled.' I wonder, added Lucy, in a meditative tone of voice, 'if it curls of itself, or whether she has to put in curl-papers, as I have?' This grave question seemed to occupy Lucy's thoughts for some time, for she did not speak again until I had finished dinner.

'I think I will go up-stairs and see this paragon of yours, Lucy,' I said as I left the table.

'Don't laugh in that way. You *shall* like her. But make haste, or she will be gone. She would not lie down when she came, but did all her unpacking; so mamma said she should not let her sit up beyond eight o'clock.'

Lucy and I ran up-stairs; but I was only in time to catch a glimpse of a shining sheaf of golden curls, and the long folds of a black dress, as Miss Stuart quitted the room by one door, and I entered it by another.

Miss Stuart did not appear at the eight o'clock breakfast next morning, so I had to go out without seeing her. Requiring to cash a post-office order that afternoon, I rode home through Wharton. As I dismounted at the post-office, I saw the Bowers' carriage drawn up at a milliner's nearly opposite. Mrs Bower was doubtless deep in consultation with Miss Meek about some new dress or bonnet; but Lucy was in the carriage; and that girl in black beside her must be Miss Stuart. They both seemed to be looking at and discussing the bonnets displayed in Miss Meek's window. Neither saw me, and I watched them unobserved. Miss Stuart's profile was turned towards me. It was not good. How could they say she was pretty? Her features seemed far from perfect, especially her mouth; it was too wide. Her hair certainly was lovely.

At last Miss Stuart seemed tired of looking at the bonnets. She leaned back in the carriage, and I thought I could see that she sighed wearily. Presently she turned her eyes full upon the spot where I was standing; a bright pink flush overspread her pale face; her eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger. Suddenly she seemed to remember that I might remark her gaze bent so steadily upon me, for she turned her head away; but soon I saw her whisper to Lucy, who immediately looked round in the direction where I had been standing; but she was too late; I had escaped into the post-office, and did not shew myself until I had watched from the window Mrs Bower come out of Miss Meek's and the carriage drive off. That day I was in time for dinner. Mrs Bower and I were alone in the drawing-room when Miss Stuart came in. As Mrs Bower introduced us, I saw a surprised and embarrassed expression on the face of the little governess, and the same bright colour which I had

noticed in the afternoon suffuse her fair cheeks and forehead. This confused me somewhat too; but I managed to ask if she had recovered from the fatigue occasioned by her long journey. She answered that she had, quite; and thereupon followed a rather awkward silence, which was fortunately broken by the entrance of Dr Bower and the announcement of dinner.

'Ah, Williams! got home in time to-day; that's right. Give Miss Stuart your arm.—I can't desert my first love, you know,' turning to Miss Stuart.—'Come along, Jenny.' And the chatty old doctor tucked his wife's arm under his own, and trotted down-stairs, leaving me to follow with Miss Stuart.

'Do you think you shall like Broadhurst?' I asked on the way down-stairs.

'It is a very pretty place,' she answered with characteristic Scottish caution; 'prettier than I expected to find out of Scotland.'

'Then you have not been in England before?'

'O no; hardly ever from home till now.'

Her manner was frank, and her voice soft and pleasant; the slight Highland accent she gave some of her words sounded peculiar, but not disagreeable. Miss Stuart was certainly far from what my ungallant fancy had painted her; and as I sat opposite to her that day at dinner, I thought I had judged too hastily as to her appearance when I had seen her in Wharton that afternoon. Her profile certainly was not good; but the shape of her head was perfect; her hair loosely curled, was gathered into a great shiny knot behind, and seemingly kept in its place by two bands of black velvet, which gave the whole head a massive Grecian look. It was at this time that I inwardly decided that Miss Stuart did *not* have to put her hair in curl-papers like Lucy. Then her eyes were full and large and dark; of what colour I can hardly tell, for they seemed ever changing in hue as they varied in expression. When first I had seen her, I thought her mouth too wide. I do not think now there could be too much of such a beautiful thing. I never could decide whether her eyes or her mouth were the most expressive. I think the eyes expressed for the most part the fire, the ardour, and the sublimity of her character; and the mouth, the sweet gentle love, and also the firm determination and calm self-reliance of her disposition. When her features were at rest, there was a look on her face strange in one so young, a look that seemed to tell that she had braved danger and sorrow, that she had overcome the one and patiently endured the other. It must not be supposed that I thought all this on the first evening of my acquaintance with Miss Stuart. It was weeks and months before I knew her well; and long after that the full beauty of that nature was revealed to me.

That evening Miss Stuart played and sung. Her playing was good, nothing more; but her singing was divine. Hers was a voice such as few are gifted with, the upper notes clear and ringing; even the faintest whisper in her song thrilled one through and through. Some of her notes had a strange chord-like sound in them, and gave me that feeling which I had never experienced before from a *single* voice, though exquisite harmonies have often touched me in the same way. That feeling I can hardly call anything but *pleasurable pain*. It seems to lay hold of some inner chord

of your heart, and draw out and expand, nay almost rend that chord as the note itself is drawn out and expanded. This feeling dies away with the note that gave it birth; but in dying, gives one last shiver and thrill of exquisite pain or pleasure, I can hardly tell which. After having sung some Scotch songs, Miss Stuart rose; but we all begged for one more; so she sat down again and sang *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. Every one who knows that beautiful song will understand the feelings with which we listened to it, sung as Miss Stuart sung it. When she finished, not a word was spoken. She rose, and gently shut the piano. No one wanted more music that night; that last song was enough to think of and live on for many nights.

Before the arrival of Miss Stuart at Broadhurst, the evenings at Dr Bower's had often seemed long and tedious enough. After dinner, the doctor generally went to sleep, waking up only for his cup of tea, and immediately dropping off again. On these occasions, he always had *The Times* in his hand, and doubtless thought he was reading. Mrs Bower was generally occupied with her fancy-work or a novel; and I was fain to take refuge in *The Lancet*, not unfrequently imitating the worthy doctor by taking a nap, shielded from observation by its friendly page. Sometimes, indeed, we tried a game of whist, my partner being sometimes Lucy, and sometimes a 'dummy;' but this at best was slow work. All was now changed, however; there were no more sleepy evenings for us. Miss Stuart took dummy's place; and when we were tired of whist, she would sing to us; but we never tired of that, and the evening would be over before I thought it had rightly begun.

Under my care were generally placed all those patients who required night attendance; for Dr Bower, though by no means sparing of himself, naturally preferred his own fireside to a cold ride, of some miles perhaps, in a winter night. This being the case, I sometimes missed part of those happy evenings; thanks to Jetty poor beast, that I did not lose more of them! Many a hard ride she had that I might be in time to hear Miss Stuart's last song, and hold her little white hand in mine one moment while I wished her good-night.

Sometimes when I came in late, I would find the doctor and his wife deep in cribbage, with Miss Stuart working beside them. Then I would sit down and watch her nimble fingers. How fast they moved! How many times in a minute that bright needle passed through and through her work! and the little diamond ring she always wore gleamed and glittered as the light fell upon it every time she raised her hand. No fine young-lady embroidery was her work, but plain long white seams. When she had finished the task she seemed to have set herself, she would fold up her work gaily and challenge me to a singing match. She had taken great pains to teach me several duets, and it was my great pleasure to look forward to singing them with her. What dangerous work it is that singing off the same music, with a golden head almost touching yours; and a soft hand laid deprecatingly on your arm when you sing a false note, and a smile of sweet encouragement and congratulation when you have got well over some difficult passage! Yes; it is very dangerous. I thought I was strong, but I

was very weak. Agnes Stuart had unwittingly bound me fast in golden fetters, and I lay a helpless captive at her feet. She had not been long at Broadhurst when I loved her madly, wildly, but almost hopelessly. Hopelessly; for I saw that as each day made me love her better, so it made me quieter and more embarrassed in her presence. There was no corresponding change in her manner towards me. She was frankly kind and cordial as ever. From the first she had seemed to like me; but much as I tried to think otherwise, I could not but say to myself: 'This is mere friendship, not love.'

By-and-by I came to notice that at stated intervals Miss Stuart received a thin foreign-looking letter, covered with post-marks; and that these letters, when they came, were thrust into her pocket, not opened and read at the breakfast-table like those of less favoured correspondents. I heard Miss Stuart say she had a brother in New Zealand; doubtless the letters were from him. It was in April, I think, that these letters stopped. Every morning as the post-bag was brought in, I saw the colour deepen in Miss Stuart's cheek, and fade again when she saw there was no letter for her, or at least not the one she expected. One morning it seemed as if her patient waiting was to be rewarded. Dr Bower handed her a thin crispy letter. I could see the delighted tremulousness with which she received it. She tore it open without looking at the address; but as she saw the handwriting, her countenance fell, and I could see tears trembling on her long dark lashes as she seemed to be reading the letter; I say seemed, for I noticed that her eyes remained fixed on the same spot, and that she returned the paper to its envelope without having turned over the leaf. Soon after she left the room.

Some days after this, Dr Bower told me he was anxious about Miss Stuart's health; she was looking thin and pale, and her appetite failing sadly. 'She says there is nothing the matter but a bad tooth, which keeps her from sleeping, and she asked me to take it out; but I won't do that unless it gets all the worse. I think she ought to have more exercise; that walk with Lucy is not enough. But I have made up a tonic which I think will do her good.'

The doctor's tonic or something else did do good; for after this she seemed to improve in health and spirits, notwithstanding the tooth, which continued obstinate, and which therefore was doomed. She asked the doctor to rid her of this perverse piece of ivory, so beautiful, but so cruel; but he refused.

'My hand is not so steady as it once was, my dear; but Williams there will do it for you, if you are determined.'

Miss Stuart was determined; and though sorely against my will, I was obliged to consent. The next morning she came into the surgery, where I was sitting alone. 'Mr Williams, take it out now, please. I have had a bad night again; and while it goes on like this, I can't do my work properly.'

'Oh! dear Miss Stuart, don't!' cried Lucy, who had followed.—'Mr Williams, don't do it. Only wait till papa comes.'

But Miss Stuart was resolute. She was a little pale; but perhaps want of sleep had made her

so. With a smile, she sat down, and said: 'I would rather you did it now, please. It will be over; and I don't want a fuss.'

I felt compelled to do her bidding. After all, it was only taking out a tooth. I had often done the like before, and would often do it again; but my hands trembled, and I made sad work of it.

'Is it out?' she asked after a fearful wrench, during which she had sat still as a statue, her two cold hands clasped tightly together.

'No; it has broken,' I said. 'But I can leave it so. I can file it down so that you won't feel it.'

'But that won't prevent the pain coming back. You had better take it out, Mr Williams.' She was braver than I was.

'It will hurt you a good deal. Are you sure you can bear it?'

'Yes; but make haste,' she answered almost impatiently.

I went behind her this time and made her rest her head on me. She never moved, though I must have been an age in getting out that hateful tooth. At last it came. But the lovely head was not raised; it sank lower, lower upon my breast.

'Lucy!' I cried. But Lucy had run off; she could not bear the sight of her dear preceptress suffering pain.

I held that fair head in my arm; I kissed those rings of gold, those living links that had bound my heart to hers. I kissed those darkened eyes; my day when they shone upon me, my night now when closed, but what sweet night! At last they opened, and looked full at me. She raised her head gently from my arm, and said: 'I have been a little faint; I am better now.—Yes; I will have some water. Thank you; and thank you for having taken it out. Now; I shall do nicely. Where is Lucy? We must go on with lessons.'

I was bewildered, she rose from her seat so calmly, she spoke so firmly. Had she been conscious of what I had done? Had she felt those soft long kisses in which my heart had pressed through my lips? I *must* tell her now. Let her think what she would of me, I must tell her how I loved her. When I looked up, I saw that she had glided away, and I dared not follow her.

That afternoon, Mrs Bower, the doctor, and Lucy went to pay a visit at some distance; they would not be home till late. I wondered if I should see Agnes. I always called her Agnes in my own mind now. I knew she had not gone with the Bowers; but I asked the man who waited upon me at dinner, if she had.

'No sir. Miss Stuart has had her dinner fetched into the schoolroom, which she 'as not 'ad time to eat a bit of it, for I see her agoing out as I fetched in the celery.'

Had she gone out to avoid me, I wondered? It was the first of May; but the evening was unnaturally cold; the wind had risen, and the sun was setting amid red and angry-looking clouds. Not waiting till the table was cleared, I hurried out and looked round for Agnes. She was walking on the terrace; I could see the white feather in her hat flutter and wave in the wind. I determined to join her.

It seemed as if she had divined my intention; for she came towards the house, saying as she met me: 'I find the wind rather too cold to be

pleasant; but it is a fine evening for a walk.' Then she passed on into the house.

I went to the grassy terrace where she had been walking; the turf which her tiny feet had pressed but a minute ago, now yielded to my heavier tread. 'I will go and have it out with her; I can't go on like this. I wish I had spoken in the morning. Can she care for me?' One moment I warmed with hope; the next I grew cold, and shivered with doubt and fear. I resolved to go and find her. Anything, even her scorn, would be better than this. But I knew she would never scorn me; she was not one ever to trample on a true man's honest love, even if she could not return it. Then something within me seemed to say: 'She *does* return your love. Ask her; try her.'

I hastened to the house, and up to the drawing-room. The evening was so chilly that a fire had been lighted there; but the room was empty. Down again I went, and looked into the dining-room; but there was no one there. On the opposite side of the hall there was a little room which, since Miss Stuart came, had been used as a schoolroom; it had a glass door, opening upon the carriage-drive. There, seated on a low chair by the window, sat Agnes. Her hat was lying in her lap, and she was unconsciously stroking the soft white wing which was fastened in it, looking all the while far off into the distance at the fierce red sky. She did not look up at my entrance or seem to notice me till I came and stood quite close to her. Then she said in a strange hard-sounding voice: 'You have not walked far.'

'No. Like you, I found it too cold to be pleasant.' Then there was a silence, which it seemed hard for either of us to break. She had taken her hand off the soft white feather; she was leaning her head now on that hand. Some sudden impulse moved me, and I put out my hand and touched that glossy wing; stroked it slowly, gently as she had done. Then at last she looked up at me with a little smile, then a little sigh.

'Do you like my feather?' she said. 'I had it sent me from far away; so I love it.'

'Your brother'—I began.

'No; not my brother,' she said; and it was not the reflection of the red clouds that made her cheeks light up into that warm glow; it was not the cold wind without that made her voice so tremulous as she spoke. She went on as if it were a task she had set herself. 'Not my brother; but I thought until quite lately that you knew; and now I think—I may be wrong, but I think I ought to tell you. I have been engaged these four years, and hope to be married in the summer.'

I was about to stammer out some words of congratulation; but she spared me.

'Now, I will tell you about it,' she said in a low hurried voice. 'Sit down here by me. Four years ago, when I was only eighteen, I promised my cousin Walter to be his wife. He had a good appointment at Madras, and I was to go out with him. Our marriage-day was fixed; when my dear mother fell ill of fever. I could not leave her. Walter could not stay; so he went, and I was to follow when my mother should be well. But she died. And next my twin-sister was taken. Then my eldest sister grew ill. She recovered from the fever, but not from its effects, and I nursed her until last June. I had written to Walter not to

wait for me; but he would not let me give him up. So Jeanie—my only sister now—is to take care of my father; and Walter is on his way to Scotland. I thought if I came here it would be like beginning to leave home. I wanted to let Jeanie have a trial before I was quite away. And I wanted to make a little money too; for I could not go to Walter quite empty-handed, you know; and we are very poor at home. I had no letters for a while; but one from Malta yesterday tells me he is near home. I told Mrs Bower part of this when I came. You have all been very kind to me. I have been very happy here.'

'Will you let me be your friend?' she said after a moment's pause, and turning her eyes for the first time towards me. She had kept them fixed on the ground while she told me her story in short, quick sentences, and in a very low voice. 'I should like always to be friends with you,' she said simply, holding out her hand to me. 'I am sure Walter will like you when he knows how kind you have been to me. Do you know, you are so like him! When I first saw you, it almost frightened me. But now I know you so well, I don't see it so much.'

I had taken her hand in both mine. I could not speak; but I bent my head and kissed it, and I did not feel ashamed of the tear I left upon it.

'That must be the carriage,' she said gaily, as she gently drew her hand from mine and walked out upon the drive. I watched her in the twilight from the window of that darkened room. No need to follow her now. She had told me her secret; she knew mine. Agnes Stuart is my friend; and so is Walter, her husband.

I never succeeded to Dr Bower's practice; but I did succeed to something better, in after-years, through Mr Stuart's influence. I have no children of my own, for I never married, nor will now. But I have a godson, and his name is the same as mine. I am rich, and my wealth will one day be Agnes Stuart's. All that I had I wished to be hers long long ago; and it will be hers some day, together with a life's respect and a heart's loyal devotion.

A NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE.

At a meeting of editors recently held in America, it was strongly urged that the art of journalism should be taught in the leading colleges. The instruction received at college, however good it might be in other ways, was considered wholly inadequate to qualify a young man for a position on the editorial staff of a newspaper. He was never told what studies to take, what to learn, and what to omit. He was not taught the art of condensation, of saying much in little space, and saying it attractively and persuasively.

In England, as in America, the lack of a special education for reporters and journalists has been frequently referred to, and many suggestions have been made from time to time to meet the case. It may therefore be interesting to those who intend to adopt journalism as a profession, to know that a 'Newspaper Institute' under the auspices of Dr Mackie, has been established at Crewe. The Doctor points out that while all professions and many trades have Institutes exclusively set apart for the special tuition which they require, those gentlemen who wish to be connected with

the newspaper press have no means of becoming technically educated, except by serving a long apprenticeship with its attendant drudgery. The result is seen, he says, in editors who know nothing of the duties of sub-editors, reporters, 'readers'—who revise and correct proof-sheets for press—or bookkeepers, and are consequently at the mercy of their staff. Sub-editors are also frequently ignorant of the duties of reporters, and cannot give proper instructions. Reporters, when not familiar with the work of press-readers, give unnecessary trouble; which readers, if ignorant of the art of type-setting, materially increase by ill-considered corrections; all ending in extra expense, besides delay and error at the critical period of going to press.

With the view of enabling adults who are competent in every other respect to reach proficiency in at least one of these branches, and to be so familiar with all as to take an intelligent oversight of every department, the Newspaper Institute has been formed. But even in this Institute persons will find no royal road to learning the various departments of newspaper work. They must submit to drudgery, though probably less than that which is undergone in an ordinary printing-office. As to their reaching proficiency in any of these departments in six months, it is impossible. But in our days, many men become newspaper proprietors who have no knowledge of newspaper management; and such persons would undoubtedly profit by six months' experience in such an Institute as Dr Mackie's.

But it is as a training Institute for youths that it is chiefly intended, and arrangements have been made for their education in the following branches. 1. In Type-setting, so as to know the names of all kinds of news types; to be able to set in case of necessity; to give intelligent instructions to a foreman printer; to calculate how much space a manuscript will occupy, and how long it will take to be put in type. 2. In Proof-reading, by instructing the student to punctuate, and otherwise correct his own proofs, or the proofs of others, and to do so in the manner least troublesome to the workmen, whose interests should always be considered. 3. In Reporting, by teaching Pitman's phonography, and giving such opportunities of practising it, both in the office and at meetings, as will enable any industrious student to master the whole duties of a reporter. (Great attention will be paid to the preparation of manuscript, or as it is technically termed, 'copy,' so that it shall be readable, properly punctuated, and so fit for the printer that it may trouble neither the sub-editor, compositor, nor reader. The difference between good and bad 'copy' in a large office is almost incalculable.) 4. In Sub-editing, so that the students may have a fair knowledge of sub-editing, including the best means of securing good copy and presenting it in an attractive form. 5. In Book-keeping, by giving such instruction as will enable a newspaper proprietor or manager to superintend the keeping of a full set of books, and especially with a view to an accurate Weekly Return of profit and loss, without which no newspaper book-keeping is complete."

"While students will thus attain a general familiarity with all kinds of newspaper work, they may follow up any one department as a specialty

with the fullest confidence that six months' industrious application will fit them for taking an assistant's situation; and another six months at outside work bring them to average perfection. They will also have at the works the opportunity of daily witnessing type-casting, stereotyping, type-setting by steam-driven machinery, machine-printing, &c.; and the workmen being instructed to give every information within their power, the amount of information which industrious youths may gain in six months may be readily guessed. Every effort will be used to find situations for students on leaving the works; but any one may remain three or six months longer without extra payment, on condition that he continues to give his services."

Such are the subjects which Dr Mackie proposes to teach, and the inducements put forth to learn. It seems to us, however, that in six months very few would be able to attain a 'general familiarity with all kinds of newspaper work,' and fewer still to 'master the whole duties of a reporter,' even if they devoted their time to this branch exclusively. It would take at the very least six months to learn the theory of phonography, and another six months to attain any proficiency in the practice; and it is obvious that a youth who could even follow an ordinary speaker would not be able to report scientific meetings and historical addresses. Still, when a youth has acquired sufficient manual dexterity to follow a speaker, he will have no lack of reporting practice at Crewe, as lectures and political meetings are very numerous, as are local Board and Town Council meetings. Agricultural, educational, and religious meetings are also frequently held. The meetings are therefore sufficiently varied to give him some conception of the nature of the duties of a reporter; and he will find six months in such an Institute worth far more than the money it costs him, should he find himself mentally qualified for a reportership.

"If I had had six months' training at the outset of my career," said the editor of a large provincial journal to the writer, "it would have been worth six years of my subsequent experience, and would have enabled me to take a good position very soon." Many other reporters and editors are doubtless of the same opinion. At anyrate, other things being equal, the student is likely to be well qualified for taking an assistant's situation. We say other things being equal, because no amount of mechanical training, however valuable in itself, will make up for the lack of tact and general aptitude needed in a reporter.

In printing, also, a youth will not learn sufficient to enable him to earn anything, even if he should qualify himself for taking an assistant's situation, as few masters could engage him without his indentures. He is likely however, to become a more intelligent printer for his six months' training, and a valuable apprentice.

The Institute seems to us more useful to those who contemplate becoming reporters, sub-editors, or readers for the press; and such would learn more here in six months than they would in a newspaper office in the same amount of time. In the latter, little or no time can be given to instructing a novice, in teaching him short-hand, and in superintending his first efforts at reporting. He is left very much to himself, and is consequently a longer time in learning his duties. But in the

Institute he is placed under the care of special men, whose sole duty it will be to instruct him in the various branches of newspaper work. The advantages of the Institute to such are therefore self-evident; and as complaints are now becoming very numerous as to the falling off in ability of reporters, sub-editors, and readers, the establishment of an Institute of this kind seems to meet a want of the time.

TURNING THE TABLES.

TOM HILLS, sometime huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was once sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upwards, in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homewards. Somewhere about midnight he reached Streatham Common, to be suddenly stopped with the once familiar challenge: 'Your money or your life!'

'My money!' exclaimed Hills. 'I haven't got any; I am only a servant; and you wouldn't take my life, surely?'

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasising the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

'Well, my man,' said the latter, 'we won't fall out. I want my life; so, as I've no money, I suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; so pray help yourself.'

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instantly, and Master Reynard's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins; while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his disappointment, at leisure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travellers, crying out against the bunnias or flour-sellers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand, that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The Colonel determined to punish the cheats; and this is how he did it. 'I told,' says he, 'some reliable men of my escort to go quietly into the bazaars, and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then desired all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterwards they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. "Now," said I gravely, "each of you is to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour;" which was done.

"Is it for the pilgrims?" asked one.

"No," said I quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. "You must eat it yourselves."

"They saw that I was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine I imposed."

"Not so," I returned; "you have made many eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?"

'They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the by-standers, some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon; and so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.'

It is a pity adulterators at home cannot be served in the same way; pure food would be the rule, if the concoctors and venders of vile make-believes were liable to compulsory consumption of their own wares.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, gained the repute of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New-year festival, the Persian religious mendicants ply their vocation most vigorously, not merely asking for alms, but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to 'sit upon him;' that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hullabaloo day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

'Get rid of him if you can,' said his Persian advisers; 'but do not touch him.'

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: 'Build a wall round that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in.'

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall slowly rose round him, and made more noise than before; but when the roofing process commenced, and he awoke to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he clambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

At the opening of the electioneering campaign that resulted in Abraham Lincoln's elevation to the Presidency of the United States, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, then on his way to the Baltimore Convention, accepted an invitation to address the electors at an agricultural fair in a small town. The Baltimore newspapers determined to furnish their readers with verbatim reports of Mr Yancey's speech, and five reporters left that city together by the morning train for a junction station, where they hoped to catch another train bound for the fair-ground. As they travelled along they entered into an agreement not to take any unfair advantage of one another, no matter what opportunity for doing so might present itself. They arrived at the junction too late for the connecting train, and were in a difficulty as to getting over the intervening half-dozen miles of country. They went prospecting, four thin scribes hurrying in advance of a veritable Falstaff. At last they espied an old-fashioned wagon drawn by a lean horse, and in a very few minutes the treacherous four were ensconced in the vehicle, filling it completely. In vain did the man of fat remind them of their agreement; his expostulations were received with derision, and the driver ordered to start. The cheated reporter appealed to the countryman, offering to give five dollars for a

seat on the dashboard. The offer was accepted, and the man slipped down to help him up.

'Stop!' whispered he; 'I'll buy your horse for twenty-five dollars, cash down.'

'Done!' said the man; and the dollars were handed over.

'Now,' said the new owner of the horse, 'take him out of the traces, and help me on his back.'

It was done; and horse and rider were soon lost to view. Next day, only one Baltimore paper contained a full report of the speechifying at the fair; and four belated journalists had a bad time of it with their respective editors.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed peddlers. Taking his walk abroad one day, he came across an old fellow whom he at once concluded was an illegal trader, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.

'Hev I got anything to sell, squire?' was the response. 'Guess, I hev got blackin' that'll make them old cowhide boots o' yours shine so't you can shave in 'em. Got razors tew, an article you want, I should say, by the looks o' your beard. Got Balm o' Klumby tew, only a dollar a bottle, good for the ha'r, and assistin' poor human natur.'

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling. The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to its owner.

Then said the disappointed official: 'I don't know now that I care about this stuff; what will you give for it?'

'Waal,' answered the pedler, 'I don't want it, squire; but seein' it's you, I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it.'

The sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money; when the pedler said: 'I say, I guess I hev suthing to ask you now. Hev you got a pedler's license about you?'

'No,' said the sheriff; 'I haven't any use for one myself.'

'Waal, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon,' replied the Yankee. 'Ef I understand the law, sheriff, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you.' Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

In the States, however it may be elsewhere, it is risky business to entrap people into breaking the law. A Mr Greenwood, a zealous enemy of the liquor traffic, lately employed two men to buy beer on Sunday in a town in New Jersey, that he might prosecute those who supplied them; but the liquor-dealers indicted him and his detectives for conspiring to induce the violation of the law; and all three were convicted, Mr Greenwood thereby losing his rights of citizenship.

Some sixty years ago, a certain Yorkshire living was held by a company-loving parson much in request at marriage merry-makings, whose clerk was equally welcome at christening tea-fights. These two worthies contrived to fall out; so it came to pass that when the clerk was due at a tea-party, he found himself obliged to forego the anticipated muffin-feast, by reason of the parson requiring his attendance. He bore the disappoint-

ment with tolerably good grace, hoping for an opportunity for retaliation. It was not long coming. One Sunday morning, advised that the clergyman was going to dine with a newly-wedded pair, instead of giving out only part of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the wicked fellow said: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the hundred and nineteenth psalm—all on 't.' Before his victim was well aware of the treat in store, the musicians were fairly on their way, resolved to go through their task, come what might. It was weary work; but they bravely persevered; sometimes only one instrument accompanying a single voice was to be heard; but singers and players were determined to do their duty, and held on somehow to the end; and the parson had to dine at home, inwardly confessing the tables had fairly been turned upon him.

The Rev. Dr Macleod, father of Dr Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: 'Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you.' Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

'Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan,' said the good-natured minister, 'I will hear what it is.'

'Well, doctor,' said Duncan, 'the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord.'

The doctor promised to consider the matter. 'But,' said he, 'I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still.'

'Eh, doctor!' exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, 'now ye're joking; it's long since I had my hair.'

Dr Macleod looked shocked, and answered in a tone of reproach: 'O Duncan, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?' He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

A well-merited repartee was dealt by a smart midshipman to the daughter of a K.C.B. at a ball given by the latter to the naval officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner.

'Oh, dear no,' said the supercilious beauty. 'Ma never allows me to dance with midshipmen!' Somebody let her know the middy was a lord, and she repented, and by-and-by reminded him he was engaged to her for the next dance.

The youngster, however, was not so easily to be mollified, and remembering the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied: 'Oh, dear no! Ma never allows me to dance with squaws!'

Said one play-going young fellow to another: 'I was at the Gaiety last night for the sixteenth time, and took a look round the pit to see if you were there.' But noways disconcerted by the insinuation, the subject of his 'chaff' retorted: 'What! Been so many times to the Gaiety, and

not know that you can't see the pit from the gallery ?'

Said a young Belgian attaché, vexed at being transferred from London to Washington : 'At all events, I shall speak no English in Washington. I learned it in London, and don't intend to spoil my accent.'

The remark travelled. At a Washington reception, a friend of the attaché asked an American belle to allow him to introduce the embryo diplomatist to her. 'I could not think of such a thing,' was the merry response. 'I learned my French in Paris, and cannot risk spoiling my accent by talking with a Belgian.'

The attaché was fairly paid in his own coin.

So was the Parisian dame who answering a wet-footed visitor's request for the loan of a pair of slippers, by saying : 'Certainly, my dear, if you think mine will fit you,' received the clever rejoinder : 'I daresay they will, dear, if you tell your maid to put a cork sole inside them.'

'You have given me Scotch whisky ; I asked for Irish,' complained a hurried imbibor.

'Never mind,' said the publican ; 'fancy it's Irish.'

The man drank up the liquor and made for the door.

'Stop!' cried Boniface ; 'you haven't paid me.'

'Never mind ; fancy I have !' said his customer, and away he went.

CIVILISATION IN POLYNESIA.

THE Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, seem from all accounts to be advancing not only in material prosperity but in the arts of civilised life. Mrs Brassey, it will be remembered, says some kind things of these islands, which bask in an atmospheric paradise, but with the customary drawback of such paradises—an exuberant profusion of insect life. Mr W. M. Gibson, the American-born representative of Lahaina in the legislative assembly of the Sandwich Islands, while taking a holiday lately in the United States, embraced the opportunity of making his American friends acquainted with the charms of the land of his adoption—formerly a nest of savages, transformed into the well-ordered kingdom of a cultured monarch, with an enlightened legislature, and a loyal and law-abiding people.

Naturally enough, Mr Gibson paints the Assembly of which he is a prominent and popular member, in somewhat flattering colours ; but if the picture he draws is a reasonably true one, the Sandwich Islanders rejoice in a parliament which puts some of its older sisters to shame. Numbering but thirty-two members, of whom thirteen are white men, it does not, as such small assemblies are wont to do, waste its energies in party conflicts bringing about continual changes in the executive government. The legislators of Hawaii know their duty to their constituents better. Although the native element predominates so far as voting strength goes, the business of the House is virtually controlled by the white members,

the majority readily deferring to their views upon all matters wherein they think them likely to be the best informed ; and their trustfulness is not abused. 'There is no chicane, no serving of petty ends, only appeals to judgment and patriotism,' all working together harmoniously for the common weal.

Only seven per thousand islanders are unable to read and write, thanks to the abundance of excellent schools. English is the standard language, although the laws are printed both in English and Hawaiian. The latter, says our authority, will eventually die out. The Hawaiians, we are told, are a very musical people. King Kalakaua is not only a fine pianist but a composer as well ; and his sister, the Princess Lydia, is quite famous as a composer. After this it is not astonishing to hear that as regards social culture Honolulu is precisely like the best part of Boston or Philadelphia.

No longer 'remote from all that science traces, art invents, or inspiration teaches,' the Sandwich Islanders are well posted in what is going on in Europe and America. It would be difficult to find a head of a Kanaka family who is not a diligent newspaper reader ; many, not content with perusing one or more of the four journals printed in their own language, take in several English papers and American magazines. Says Mr Gibson : 'I would take a hundred labouring Kanakas and let them be brought in competition with a hundred farm-labourers from any state in the Union, and feel certain that in point of general information my hundred Kanakas would surpass your American farm-labourers.'

It were indeed to be deplored if a race that has taken so kindly to civilisation should be fated to die out. It is therefore gratifying to learn that the latest population returns indicate that the decay of the native race has been arrested ; a decay Mr Gibson ascribes to the practice of infanticide, which was once so common that it was neither concealed nor punished. Thanks to religious and educational influences, the Hawaiian matrons are beginning to feel a horror of the barbarous customs of the past, and there is consequently 'a turn in the tide of life of the Polynesian people.'

Another blot on the fair picture of this lovely land is leprosy or the Chinese disease, as it is called from those who introduced it. Attempts are being made to prevent the further spread of this terrible pest by isolating the lepers at Molokai, and the legislature has appropriated no less than seventeen thousand pounds to that end. This horrible disease, once contracted, defies all remedies. Ten or even twenty years may elapse before it results in death, but the end is inevitable. It is almost wholly confined to the brown race. Among six hundred and ninety lepers, only two whites were found ; one hailing from Cheshire, the other from New York ; 'and they were filthy depraved persons who had lived on most intimate intercourse with leprous people. The disease is not communicated by any such contagion as decent people are likely to be subjected to.'

The ambition of the Hawaiians is to make their islands an entrepôt for the commerce of the Pacific.

They have a line of steamers bringing them within seven days of San Francisco; they are laying a telegraph cable along their archipelago, as something towards a contemplated line to that port, and with an eye to the ultimate federation of the Polynesian Islands; for much as they admire England and the United States, they have no desire to relinquish their independence for the sake of the protection of either power.

In summing up the charms of these favoured islands, Mr Gibson says: 'In all my travels—which have extended pretty well over the globe—I have never found anywhere else so uniform and bland a climate or a more productive soil. Our temperature runs from fifty to sixty degrees in the morning and evening, to seventy and eighty degrees at noon. I have never known it to go below fifty-four or above eighty-six degrees. It is only semi-tropical, and there is no such climate anywhere for arresting the decay of the vital forces. The white man's energy does not diminish there. I think too the Sandwich Islands is the only place where you hear no cry of hard times. With us, capital is competing for labour, not labour seeking employment from capital. Good farm-hands readily command from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, with board. All sorts of mechanics are sure of employment at very remunerative wages, and living is cheap. Any man who has the energy to come that distance is certain of doing well. If he has anything in him, he will not be allowed to remain idle. When I went there, I had no means; but I started the growing of a grain-crop on the island which is still my home, where agriculture even in its simplest forms was unknown before; and the first year made eleven hundred dollars. Then I got some sheep, and introduced the Bermuda grass, invaluable for grazing purposes. Now, I have fifty thousand sheep, and the island will support as many more. We find a good market for the wool in Australia and Canada. I have done well in the Sandwich Islands, and any man who will apply himself to the endeavour can do likewise.'

LOST PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.

From a correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* we glean the following curious facts. He says: 'Most Londoners have heard of the Lost Property Department at the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police in Scotland Yard; but very few are aware of the magnitude of the transactions carried on there; and the report recently published in one of the daily newspapers of a visit to this museum of forgetfulness must have been a startling revelation even to the most ardent believer in the vastness of the Great City. It seems that on an average, one hundred articles are received there every day from cabmen whose honesty is sufficiently active to induce them to comply with that stipulation in their license which requires them to convey to the nearest police station any stray goods or chattels found in their vehicles. Not that virtue is left to be altogether its own reward; for if the property be claimed, the owner has to pay two shillings and sixpence or three shillings in the pound, which is handed over to the law-abiding coachman; and if no satisfactory application be made within three months, cabby becomes the legitimate possessor

of the "treasure-trove." It is said that the men as a rule, prefer to receive the reward rather than the article itself. And certainly, when it came to be the fourth umbrella or walking-stick or the third pair of spectacles, 'a smart young cabman might be excused for murmuring at the monotony of chance. But when it is a case of five hundred pounds in bank-notes, six hundred pounds-worth of watches, four hundred and seventy-six American gold eagles, or four thousand pounds in valuable securities, the requisite three months must seem to be a very long time to wait for a careless owner to put in an appearance. If the value of the property exceed ten pounds, the reward takes the shape of a lump sum fixed by the Commissioners of Police, in accordance with the particular circumstances of the case, and in a few instances ranging as high as one hundred pounds. Within the last twelve months, cabmen who are now plying for hire have received amounts in this way of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred pounds.

'Some of the stories of forgetfulness thus brought to light are as curious as they are amusing. A hairdresser leaves behind him a bag containing all the materials of a modern *coiffure* and all the implements of his craft. A merchant forgets his cheque-book, a traveller his portmanteau, an invalid his box of pills, an actress her diamonds. Umbrellas, spectacles, opera-glasses, walking-sticks, muffs, pipes, even boots, all find their way to the Lost Property Department. Little wonder is it then that the total value of the "flotsam and jetsam" of this great sea of traffic was estimated last year to amount to fourteen thousand pounds.

'WHEN ROSES ARE BLOOMING.'

A MAIDEN sat musing her bower within;
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red;
The maiden was young, and the maiden was fair,
And strange from such lips were the words that she said:

'Though lovers may woo me,
I ne'er will be won;
In vain shall they sue me;
Of love I'll have none.'

Now Cupid was lingering the bower within;
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red;
And slyly he smiled as he handled his bow,
And swore that a maiden so fair should be wed.

Soon a youth came awooing,
Both gentle and brave:
'Thou hast been my undoing;
Then, love, thou must save.'

Why trembles that maiden so proudly serene?
The roses were blooming, cream-white, crimson-red;
Why that flush on her cheek, and that quivering lip?
Why stands she so silent, with shy drooping head?

'Though lovers should woo me,
I vowed to be free;
But too well dost thou sue me;
I yield me to thee.'

GLIS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 809.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

Price 1½d.

EMS AND ITS SUMMER VISITORS.

NEARLY every one nowadays has been to Ems, that pretty little German spa, so celebrated some years back for its gaming-tables, and now for its hot and cold mineral waters, and for having been, till within the last troublous year or two, a favourite summer resort of continental royalty. It seems needless to describe a place so universally known; yet, for the few who have passed their lives quietly at home and who do not know Ems, we would say a few words descriptive of its beauties. It is situated in the duchy of Nassau, in the valley of the Lahn. The village, which is long and straggling, lies on the banks of the river Lahn; precipitous rocks ascend behind the houses on one side, and these again are backed up by pine-covered hills; while on the opposite bank of the river, tall hills arise, clothed with trees from their summit down almost to the water's edge. Beautiful villas stud the foreground; and all along the river are pleasure-grounds and shady walks beneath acacia and walnut trees.

Many English people go there as early as May, in order to avoid the extreme heat and the crowded season, which is June and July. The heat then is undoubtedly oppressive; but the cool air of the early morning is always inviting for exercise; and one can during the day find shade and repose in the spacious lofty reading-rooms of the *Kursaal*. The Act which after 1872 made gaming-tables unlawful, met with much approbation from the residents at Ems. Though to them the gaming-season was a golden harvest, the town being so crowded that the meanest lodging commanded a fabulous price, the winning gamblers recklessly spending their money in the purchase of jewels, dress, or anything they fancied for the time, and for which the merchants never failed to demand and receive large prices; yet we have frequently heard them declare they preferred to forego their gains, than have the place overrun by gamblers.

During the summer we spent, several years ago, at Ems, while at breakfast every morning at the

Vier Zeitung Hotel, the tall figure of the Russian Emperor strode past the window on his way to drink at the *kranken Brunnen* in the *Kurhaus*. He went quite unattended, save for the companionship of a large black retriever, of which he was very fond. To see him casually, one might think there were no Nihilists to be feared, that his life was easy and secure; but on a closer observation, if ever a face expressed 'Uneasy is the head that wears a crown,' that face is the Emperor Alexander's. There is something inexpressibly interesting about him. He is a noble-looking man, with the air of a sovereign; but his weary careworn expression could not fail to excite the warmest sympathy. Although going about Ems with such apparent confidence and security, the town was full of Russian detectives in plain clothes, keeping watch in every direction over the safety of their monarch. Notwithstanding their vigilance, however, some ill-disposed person struck the Emperor's pet the black retriever a blow across the back, almost killing the poor animal; and for many days after this cowardly act he was unable to accompany his master in his morning walks.

There could be no greater contrast than that which the German Emperor presented to his nephew of Russia. Always going about amongst the people, jovial, good-humoured, and full of gay spirits, his subjects actually idolised the very ground he trod on. Wherever you saw the old gentleman walking along, with seldom more than one attendant, you saw every one start up to salute him, as if the sight was new, and with the warmth of their hearts beaming in their eyes; while he kept shaking his stick at them, requesting them to 'sit down; put on your hats; sit down.'

We well remember the first time we saw the German Emperor. Returning one day from a walk, we observed a crowd of people in the promenade, standing at a short distance from, and watching an elderly gentleman talking to a very pretty girl. The girl kept courtesying backwards, retreating a step each time. The Emperor William—for he it was—followed her up, making-

believe to bore a hole at her with his walking-stick. The whole scene had a most ludicrous effect, but was highly characteristic, and indicative of the friendliness that existed between him and his people.

Another day, a large party of schoolboys, headed by their master, arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colonnade which forms one side of the Restaurant Gardens, and which is itself lined with stalls belonging to the larger shops in the town. The Emperor walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying: 'What brought you here, my lads?'

'We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor,' promptly replied their spokesman.

'To see the Emperor! Then have a good look at him!' rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. 'I am the Emperor!' And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

One morning there was considerable excitement at the *Vier Zeitung*, waiters rushing in all directions, and Herr Huyn our little host looking fussy and all-important. We inquired the cause, and were told that the Emperor was expected in the afternoon to call upon some ladies of high rank who were staying at the hotel. A huge roll of new carpet which had just been brought in was to be laid down on the grand staircase, and flowers were to be scattered in profusion everywhere. All the forenoon poor little Herr Huyn was in a pitiable state. He did not like to lay down his beautiful carpet, and have its freshness sullied by the numerous feet passing continually up and down the grand staircase; and yet he was in a considerable fright lest he might not have all ready in time when the Emperor should be seen approaching. Waiters acting as scouts were continually running in and out and peering up and down the street. It was a never-ending refrain of, 'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?' At last a horror-stricken waiter came rushing from the corridor above us, exclaiming: 'The Emperor is here! He is at this moment in the *salon* of Madame la Princesse!'

Herr Huyn stood aghast. 'How did he get there? When did he come?'

Alas! it was discovered that the Emperor coming quietly and unattended, had turned in at the entry to the baths, gone up an uncarpeted back staircase leading from the court, inquired his way from the astonished servant to the Princess's rooms, and so stolen a march on our poor crestfallen little host.

There was nothing now to be done but carry carpet and flowers round to the back staircase, and spread the one and scatter the others as rapidly as possible. This done, Herr Huyn kept guard at the foot of the stairs, still uneasy lest, through a combination of untoward circumstances, the Emperor might now make his exit by the front entrance, and so, after all, never know of the preparations made to do him honour. However, at last he was heard approaching, accompanied by the Princess. At once noticing the change, he inquired: 'For whom has all this trouble been gone to?'

'For you, sire!' returned little Herr Huyn reverently.

'Alas!' said the Emperor, 'it is a pity to leave such lovely flowers to be trodden on by an old man like me.' And stooping, he selected some of the most beautiful, and presented them to the Princess, and then fastened a blossom in his own coat. Such was the graceful acknowledgment he made to Herr Huyn, and by such simple acts did he daily endear himself to his people.

Prince and Princess Frederick-Charles with their daughters came one day to call upon the Emperors; amongst them was our own Duchess of Connaught. We recollect thinking how rude the people were, staring at the royal party as they sat sipping coffee in front of the *Kursaal*, each spoonful being eagerly watched from the time it left the cup until it disappeared down a princely throat. We too might have stared as earnestly, could we have foreseen that the slight graceful girl dressed in the palest shade of lilac, with a gauzy white bonnet, was to be in after-years one of England's daughters. Later in the afternoon they met the Emperor Alexander in the promenade; and after the interview, at which all Ems assisted at a distance, the Czar remained sitting alone on the *banquette* where he had been conversing with the Princess Frederick-Charles. Presently, out of the crowd and contrary to all etiquette came an old man, dressed very peculiarly in drab clothes, with knee-breeches and gaiters, a large muffler concealing much of his face, blue spectacles, and a broad-brimmed hat. He walked deliberately on until he came opposite to the Czar, stopped within a yard or less in front of His Majesty, and began thoroughly scrutinising him. He then went from side to side, looking at him from every aspect. The Emperor never moved a muscle. The crowd did not know whether to laugh or be indignant. Presently the old man moved off; but before going many paces, he returned, apparently not yet satisfied; and after again taking a side-view of the Czar, he actually walked round on the grass close behind him, and remained gazing at his back for more than a minute. Yet the Emperor never flinched, or made the least sign that showed he was aware of his presence. And yet how unpleasant the position. The man might have been an assassin, his very peculiar dress simply a disguise. More daring attempts on life have been often made; for instance the shameful outrage which occurred in the Winter Gardens of St Petersburg so short a time since; and at all events, even to an ordinary individual it could not fail to give a disagreeable creeping sensation in the spinal marrow to feel that some one with unknown intentions was closely contemplating their back. However, curiosity appeared to have been the motive that prompted this old fellow's extraordinary behaviour; for having gazed his fill, he walked off, every now and then turning to take a parting look.

Never shall we forget the smile of mingled relief and amusement that overspread the Emperor's features as he turned to the people, who had been silent yet anxious spectators of the scene.

Many are the interesting and celebrated characters besides royalty to be met with at Ems. In a walk through that gay promenade, if you are fortunate enough to be with some intelligent foreigner, he will point out to you celebrities of all kinds, such as Herr Krupp, tall, stately, with his high forehead and intellectual face; the

rugged old commander-in-chief of the Cossacks, and his wild unkempt-looking son, whose names, celebrated though they be in the annals of Russian warfare, we could not attempt to pronounce, much less to spell; and the last new singer, come for rest, and to prove the virtue supposed to be possessed by the waters of Ems for strengthening the throat and chest. Every evening at the *Vier Zeitung* we used to enjoy the most delicious music from some Parisian Opera singers who were staying there. One in particular, a Madame C—, though rather *passée* as to her voice, afforded us much amusement. She was most anxious to make a youthful appearance, and her complexion was in itself a miracle of art; while she wore her hair, a lovely golden colour, in the most juvenile fashion, with a number of small ringlets across her forehead. One night at the theatre she was amongst the audience, when feeling the heat oppressive, she removed her veil. In doing so alas! the band of golden curls became entangled, and was removed also, exposing to view some coarse and grizzled hair; while to every one's infinite amusement, the yellow locks dangled for the rest of the evening on her shoulder; and she, unconscious, coquetted away with her cavalier—who was too polite to tell her—as if she had been a beautiful girl of sixteen.

Every one who goes abroad of course enjoys himself after his own fashion, and it is presumptuous in one to dictate to another; but one cannot help being struck with the fact all the same, that the English lose half the benefit of the complete change of ideas they might otherwise enjoy, if they could for the time leave behind them some of their intense insular respectability; and when they go to Rome, do as Rome does. They like to go to the hotels frequented by the English, because they think them more respectable, and because perhaps they get a few more of the luxuries they are used to at home; and no one can help remarking the sort of wet-blanket with which a number of English will envelop the *table-d'hôte* of an hotel mostly occupied by foreigners. During the meal, every one is dreadfully well-behaved, a few little commonplace platitudes only being exchanged; but when the English get up and retire, which they usually do with one accord, it is as if school-hour was over, tongues are loosed, and gaiety and merriment are the order of the day. At such places as Ems and the various bathing-springs abroad, acquaintances are easily formed. Even if they are not always unexceptionable, they serve to pass the time; and when you leave, you are not likely ever to meet your friends of the summer again. But even in this the English are so guarded, that they spoil their own enjoyment. We remember walking one evening with an English lady of large means and good position; a gentleman raised his hat to us.

'Who is that?' she inquired.

'Count L—,' we replied. 'He is a Russian, and attached to the Emperor's suite.'

'O dear, how provoking!' was her comment. 'I dropped my handkerchief the other day, and he stepped forward and picked it up, as it had fallen where I could not reach it. Next morning, when I met him, he raised his hat; but of course I looked another way, as we had not been introduced. I never dreamt he was Count L—.'

It seemed to us that our countrypeople were

always complaining of the dullness of Ems. We did not find it so. Our corner at the *table-d'hôte*, where the same party always met, was the gayest of those long tables. Flowers and fruit were every day found beside our breakfast-plate, the graceful morning gifts of our numerous foreign friends. Expeditions on foot, on mule-back or in carriages, were frequently on the *tapis*, and the evenings we shall always remember with pleasure. When unoccupied by theatre or opera or the amusing dances in the *Kursaal*, the walks through the perfumed gardens, often alight with fire-flies, the band playing soft music, the balmy air of the sweet summer night, a pleasant companion, and a desire to enjoy, without grumbling, the good gifts of this life as they came, made in all a combination so pleasant as not to be easily forgotten.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AT HOLLOW OAK STATION.

It was dark when Hugh Ashton, stepping from the second-class carriage in which he had travelled from London, alighted on the low brick platform of Hollow Oak Station. Only two or three other passengers got out there, and they were apparently natives of the place; for the porters in attendance greeted them with a growl and a nod, such as in agricultural districts pass current as a polite form of salutation to an acquaintance. But they looked at Hugh with some curiosity, as if marvelling who he might be; and when the steam whistle had sounded, and the train jarred and jolted itself again into motion, like some slow-moving stream of sluggish lava on a mountain side, the most intelligent of them touched his cap slightly, saying: 'Going anywheres, sir, near here?'

'No,' answered Hugh, smiling. 'I am going to stay where I am. You, I suppose, are the head-porter, and I daresay are in charge of the keys?'

'Our new station-master, sir? I thought as much,' said the man civilly, and again touching his official cap in recognition of his superior. 'I've got the keys handy, sir; and if you'll just step across'—

Under the porter's guidance, Hugh crossed the rails, and gained the little wooden platform, screened by the buildings of the station, which corresponded to the little brick platform on the down side. There was a sleepy air about the tiny booking-office, and the tinier waiting-room, and the very clock ticked drowsily, as if its constitution, town-made article though it was, had been affected by the somnolent influences of the place.

The station-master's house, of red brick, like the rest of the buildings, stood a little apart from the business part of the premises, and was trim and in good repair, as such edifices, the property of a wealthy Company, usually are. A creeper, the leafless tendrils of which looked withered and bare, but which waited for the touch of the vernal sun to put forth leaf and bud again, had been carefully trained over the front. The head-porter unlocked the door, and acted as cicerone in exhibiting the four rooms and a kitchen of which the tenement consisted. There

was furniture, of the sort that is put in by contract, and calculated, very properly, to be durable rather than ornamental. There were coals, and there were lamps, gas being, at Hollow Oak, a non-existent source of illumination. The porter bustled about to trim and light a lamp, and to kindle a fire in the chilled parlour grate.

'Mrs Waite—Mother Waite we call her, mostly—the old woman who did the work for the last station-master, who happened to be unmarried—I suppose like yourself, sir—lives hard by, at this end of the village. A respectable, tidy old soul she is, if you'd like me to give her a call in?'

Hugh thanked the man, who seemed to be a good specimen of the railway servant on his promotion, and expressed himself as willing to retain the services of the tidy Mrs Waite.

'I feel new and strange here,' he said. 'And a ship's deck has been more familiar to me, hitherto, than the plank platform of a railway station. Is there anything I ought to do, as a matter of duty, to-night?'

'Nothing worth mentioning, sir,' the porter said. 'It might be as well, for the sake of practice, to look out, and see all clear, when the night express goes by—and so with the up-mail. Never mind the heavy train at 9.45. I'll attend to that, as I have done this fortnight past, since Mr Weeks left. And then there's the locking-up. And that will be about all. But, since it's late, and there's nothing ready in the house, perhaps your best way, sir, would be to get a bit of supper at the *Beville Arms*.'

Hugh could not repress a slight start at the mention of the name. 'Why, *Beville Arms*? ' he asked, in a tone of assumed carelessness.

'On account of my lord, sir,' returned the porter, with some surprise. 'I forgot,' he added, 'you were a stranger here. I mean my Lord Penrith. Most about here belongs to him, and you can see his grand house, Alfringham, on a clear day, from the ridge a mile off from where we stand. That's why it's the *Beville Arms*, sir.'

Hugh made no further remark, but quietly proceeded to take the porter's sensible advice, hiring the experienced Mrs Waite to undertake the charge of his modest housekeeping, ordering the inevitable mutton-chop and potatoes, which the neat public-house of the hamlet—over the door of which creaked the signboard painted with the *Beville* coat-of-arms—was competent to supply, and presently addressed himself to acquiring by examination of the printed rules and time-tables some knowledge of the duties that devolved upon him in his new capacity.

'How strange,' muttered Hugh to himself, when at length he laid his head upon the pillow of the make-shift bed which tidy Dame Waite had hastily prepared for him—'how strange that, of all places in the world, the hand of Fate should have led me *here*! The name of Hollow Oak Station at first suggested nothing to my memory or to my fancy. But Alfringham? Surely it cannot be for nothing that Mr Dicker's good-nature has consigned me to this out-of-the-way spot. Surely there must be something more than mere coincidence in the fact that I, of all men living, have been suddenly transferred to this place, of all places in the south of England. I feel as though I were groping and stumbling through darkness along a rugged road, and yet

with a vague confidence that I should reach the goal at last.'

By the first gleam of the cold gray winter's dawn, Hugh Ashton, an early riser always, as sailors and colonists commonly are, was astir. The station, when he emerged from his own little solitary dwelling, and stood alone on the platform, looked ghostly and cheerless enough; and yet, as the wintry sun struggled through the broken clouds, he could see that in summer at least the place must be lacking in few of the elements of silvan beauty. Even the deep cutting within sight had its steep banks thickly planted—perhaps through the care of some floricultural station-master departed—with rhododendrons, that in due season must carpet the slopes with gay colour. The country around was broken and undulating, and studded here and there with dark copses of holly and ash, or with clumps of fine trees—relics, it may be, of the primeval forest that Canute first, and William after, enlarged and meted out as a Royal Chase.

'I am glad, for more reasons than one, that I am here,' said Hugh to himself. 'My station would have pleased me less had it been among the fat pastures of Leicestershire, or perhaps among the bulrushes and endless windmills of the fen country in the far east.'

It was not, to all appearance, a very bustling career which lay before Hugh Ashton at Hollow Oak. Edmunds, the civil head-porter, who, as a native of the village, though a travelled one, felt bound to say a good word for the borders of the New Forest and all things thereunto appertaining, described the work to be done at Hugh's new station as easy in the extreme. 'Business hereabouts is slack,' he said, apologetically for the quiet that prevailed. 'But in truth, sir, there's never much of it. No mineral traffic, no manufactures, you see. A timber-train now and then, going to some dockyard, or a cattle-train bound for London, we may have; but that's about all.'

Everything was neat and orderly, on a small scale, at Hollow Oak. A slim stripling in uniform sat in his narrow den, full of coils of copper wire, and clock-faces marked with cabalistic characters, and all the miscellaneous properties of a telegraph office, listening, so it seemed, as necromancers of old hearkened to the whisperings of some familiar demon, to the sharp click, click of the mystic little needles that trembled ever, stirred by the unseen subtle influence many a mile away. The porters went about their duty as demurely as though their business had lain in the starting—every axle tapped, and every flange examined—of the 'Flying Scotchman' or the 'Wild Irishman' on its rush of rocket-like swiftness, with a cargo of valuable lives, to Holyhead or Edinburgh. The ticket-clerk was but a boy, but sedate and smart; and the only confessed loungee was the green-coated railway policeman, who seemed to have nothing to do but to brighten his buttons and tighten his belt.

There was, after all, a queer resemblance between a station and a ship, which, after a little while, suggested itself to Hugh Ashton, and tended to reconcile him to his new duties. There was for the station-master the same round of routine cares, the same sense of daily and hourly responsibility, that there is for the captain. The

work might be a trifle more mechanical, the nerves were not braced by the sharp but wholesome tonic of sea-danger; but the similarity seemed to Hugh beyond dispute. He had his watches now to keep, on account of the night-trains, as he had done many a time at sea. He had even his own deck to walk, in the shape of a boarded platform which, however, was neither tight enough nor clean enough, through constant holystoning and the free use of broom and mop, to please a sailor's eye.

'He'll be a good station-master—better by long chalks than old Weeks—but somehow those seafaring chaps can turn their hands to most trades,' said Edmunds the porter, in the taproom of the *Beville Arms*. And here it may be noted that Edmunds, though a good head-porter, and hopeful of promotion, never expected to take such a leap up the ladder of advancement as to become in his own person a station-master. Such functionaries are commissioned officers in the Railway army; whereas porters are likely to rise no higher than does, in a parallel line of life, some sergeant-major, staff or regimental, who is respected in the service, and fairly well off, but who will rise no more.

There was leisure enough, Hugh found, at Hollow Oak. Highly salaried masters of important stations in great commercial centres might be half distracted by the incessant calls on their attention; but at that haven of repose the commandant of the little garrison of railway servants had time to ride a hobby of his own, be the same butterfly-hunting or pigeon-fancying, gardening or authorship. The country, as has been said, was pretty, and in parts wild, lying as it did on the confines of the New Forest.

'They call us Hollow Oak, Mr Ashton,' said the explanatory Edmunds, glad of a new listener, 'because of the Oak itself, five hundred yards, as the crow flies, from Hollow Oak churchyard, on the crest of the Ridge. There it stands, the grand old tree, a mere shell now; but a goodish lot of people could stand inside. It's been printed about, it has, in many books, and many learned gents come to see it. If it wasn't standing, as I daresay it was, when Julius Cesar came, I'll be sworn it was when Rufus came to die of the arrow. It's been hollow this many a year; but'—

'But what?' asked Hugh, as his informant hesitated.

'They do call it the Haunted Oak, as well,' answered Edmunds, dropping his voice. 'Anyhow, odd sounds are heard, and folks keep clear of it on a dark night.'

'Does not the Ridge, as you call it, on which the Oak stands, overlook the Bullbury Road?' asked Hugh suddenly.

'It does. You've read of it, sir, belike?' replied the porter.

'And is there not a place, between the Ridge and a brook, called—let me see—Calder Brook—a place called Lambert's Stile?'

'Murder Stile, we always call it now, sir, or else Bloody Stile, ever since one of my Lord Penrith's sons shot the other beside it, five-and-twenty years ago, or more.'

'I have heard the story,' answered Hugh calmly. 'When I have time, I will stroll out and see the place.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.—IN PERIL.

'This, then, must be the place where the fatal deed was done. It has been often in my thoughts—so often, that it is difficult to believe that these eyes of mine behold it for the first time.' So soliloquised Hugh Ashton, as he stood beside a stile giving access to a field across which a foot-path led, in the direction of the wooded Ridge. Behind him was the narrow country road leading, as a moss-grown old finger-post declared, to Bullbury, Mepham, and Greenend. The field through which the path wound was rush-grown pasture-land, shut in by a huge thorny hedge and tall bank overgrown with giant fern. The stile itself was, to look upon, merely an ugly hog-backed stile, of brown oak, with stepping-stones worn with age and use, and which would have been voted an awkward obstacle by even the most intrepid of fox-hunters. Such as it was, Hugh Ashton stood gazing at it long and fixedly.

'Lambert's Stile?' said a little crowboy, who now came past, in answer to an inquiry on Hugh's part. 'Not as I knows on, master. Bloody Stile, this one is.' And the urchin went slowly back from his dinner to his work, without manifesting any inquisitiveness as to Hugh himself, or the motive of his question.

Hugh Ashton drew a deep breath, and surveyed the spot as if resolved to imprint every local detail indelibly upon his memory. 'From behind yonder hedge,' he said, 'tall, and old, and fern-grown, doubtless, even a quarter of a century ago, the fatal shot was fired. There, no doubt, the assassin crouched amid the fern and brambles, awaiting the coming of his victim. I can fancy Marmaduke Beville, wilful, headstrong, careless of danger, advancing along the path without a thought of the violent death that was so near. It was sudden, terribly sudden! I can see the flash of the gun, and see the blue smoke curl upwards from amidst the fern, and the man that fired the shot— Ah! if I could but drag him to justice, in the open light of day, and right the cruel wrong that has endured so long, and wrecked a nobler life than his who died that day!'

There seemed to be a hideous fascination about the ill-omened spot, for it was difficult for Hugh to tear himself away. He did not actually, however, cross the stile or strike into the footpath, but avoided both with an involuntary repugnance that his reason could not conquer. He went on along the Bullbury Road for some distance, until at last he reached a narrow lane, bordered by ragged hedges, which evidently led towards the Ridge. A few minutes of brisk walking brought him to the verge of a belt of woodland, through which a track, available for foot-passengers, led. Hugh struck into this path; and presently emerged upon the very crest of the Ridge itself, a long chain of low hills, wooded yet as to its sides, but on the highest portion of which the trees had fallen beneath the axe, leaving but a tangled mass of shrubs and brushwood, where once the towering elm and spreading beech had lifted their proud heads sunwards.

Hugh took a steady survey of the wintry landscape, new to him, yet by report so strangely familiar! He could have made a shrewd guess at the real names of more than one of the landmarks, unseen before, that met his gaze. That

clump of fir-trees, rising black against the sky, must be Scranny Holt, famous for its fox-earths; and yonder waste Cheam Common, where a battle had taken place between Royalists and Round-heads early in the Civil War. And that grand house, on whose many windows the sun threw a gleam of pale gold, standing amongst hereditary oaks of mighty growth, with its park stretching miles away, and its mass of buildings suggesting the proportions less of a mansion than of a palace, could be no other than stately Alfringham.

Alfringham! Hugh's heart beat high for a moment, and his eyes glistened as he caught the first glimpse of the majestic pile of which he had heard so much, beneath very different skies, and in the midst of a very different vegetation, from those on which he now looked.

'And to think that a word from me would'—Thus much he said; but he did not complete the sentence, and with a cold, proud smile, turned away. He did not throw another glance towards magnificent Alfringham, but rambled on, nearer and nearer to where, like a wall, rose up on the horizon's edge the girdling belt of trees that marked the edge of the Forest. It was a desolate, but in some respects not an uninviting landscape on which he looked. He had turned his back on the fertile vale reaching to Bullbury and far beyond, which formed the most profitable portion of Lord Penrith's estate, and what he saw before him was a wild and picturesque tract, where half-savage herds of ponies cropped the short herbage of some heath; or peat-cutters could be distinguished far away plying their trade beside a swamp, reed-crested; where patches of woodland were frequent, and few indeed the thatched roofs and wreaths of smoke that indicated human abodes.

More and more did the country resemble a wilderness as Hugh Ashton approached the boundary of the Royal Chase. There had fallen on the previous night a sprinkling of snow, which on the upland remained, unthawed by the pale sun, and crackled crisply beneath his feet as he advanced, pushing his way through stunted heather and lofty fern, until, from a neighbouring thicket of underwood, overtopped by three or four old trees that the lopping axe had spared, the smothered sound of voices reached his ear. He pressed on, pushing aside the nut-boughs as he came forward, and burst into a clearing almost entirely shut in by bushes and golden-blossomed gorse, and there beheld an unaccustomed sight. On the ground, its sinewy limbs entangled in a net, lay a noble stag, gasping, and feebly struggling still to rise, while the blood streamed fast from its throat. Over the prostrate animal knelt two swarthy fellows, whose olive skins, long hair, and glittering black eyes left no doubt as to their caste, one of whom was firmly grasping the antlers of the dying stag, while the other held in his hand a curious sort of a knife, with a broad blade and a carved handle. Two others of the tribe who, leaning against the trunk of a scathed wych-elm, were surveying with much interest the proceedings of their brethren, started, as they heard the dry leaves and snow crackle beneath Hugh's step.

'A spy! a spy!' they exclaimed. 'Ware! Ishmael!' And the man with the knife turned his head and saw Hugh Ashton within a few feet of him.

'So much the worse for the Busne, if he's alone!' muttered Ishmael, scrambling up and clutching the knife more firmly.

Hugh took in the situation—none of the pleasantest, it must be admitted—at a glance. The sight of the deer—escaped no doubt from the limits of the Royal Forest, if indeed those boundaries did not include the place on which he stood—dying on the ground, of the gipsy crew around, of the net and the knife, told its own tale. The wanderers had been busy in securing to themselves, as dwellers in and near the New Forest were till recently wont to do, an illicit share of those rights of vert and venison which are by statute and common law the exclusive property of the Crown. And there was no mistaking the character of the unfriendly glances which those whom he had disturbed in the course of their poaching transaction threw towards him, the intruder on a region which they probably considered as their own hunting-ground.

'Come, come!' Hugh called out in his clear deep voice; 'I am no keeper, my lads, or ranger, whichever they call it, so I have no wish to interfere with you, unless— Ah, my fine fellow, I can't stand that!' he added, less amicably, as a lithe, long-haired stripling, the youngest of the group, stole round and aimed a blow at Hugh's head with the butt-end of a rusty and short-barrelled gun. And before the young gipsy could repeat the stroke, cleverly eluded, the gun was wrenched from his grasp, and that with a force that sent him staggering into the midst of his friends. Ishmael, who seemed the strongest and most resolute of the party, came forward, knife in hand. The others clutched their heavy sticks. One and all had the aspect of wild-cats brought to bay. A male gipsy, as many of us can avouch, is apt to present a singular example of how a savage nature can be kept in check by the constant presence of a civilisation that it abhors and rejects. He is sometimes sullen, not seldom orientally abject in his attempts to please. He is useful too in a spasmodic way, and will get through a job of work, if mending be required, with a patient deftness that regular European workmen do not equal. But you can never quite trust him, and you never know when the vindictive spirit of his lawless ancestors may make itself felt. These gipsies, caught red-handed beside a slain deer, were desperate.

'There's nothing in the gun!' exclaimed the man who was called Ishmael; 'rush the Gorgio!' And he himself set the example by bounding forward, flourishing his knife. To Hugh, the information that the piece which he had captured was unloaded, was an unwelcome one; but he clubbed the gun, and setting his back against a tree, prepared for the worst. The fiercest, as well as the strongest, of the long-haired crew was plainly Ishmael, who now commenced the attack, brandishing the knife with which he had despatched the deer. But Hugh had had to do with those who trusted to such weapons before that day; and he had Ishmael by the wrist, and had struck the knife out of his hand, before the gipsy could well realise the fact that he had met with more than his match. The others, however, were closing in, and the unequal scuffle could not have been long sustained, had not a weird female form flitted, spectral, from behind the trees, uttering

words in a strange tongue, the sound of which produced an instant effect upon the gipsies, for they suspended their attack as though spell-bound.

Hugh had not much difficulty in recognising his rescuer. It was Ghost Nan, the wild, roving mendicant whom he had seen in Cornwall, and for whom he had hitherto sought in vain—the half-crazed gipsy who had threatened and alarmed Maud Stanhope within rifle-shot of Lady Larpen's gates. She stepped forward now, with the air and bearing of a queen, between Hugh and his scowling assailants.

'Lay not a finger on the Gorgio!' she said. 'Seek not to harm a hair of his head, a shred of his garments, unless ye would have the hand ye lift dry and wither, and the eyes grow dim, and the feet pine and perish and grow feeble and frail, within the stone walls of Dorchester Jail. He is charmed, fools! charmed from hurt or ill, until his allotted task be done! Think ye, but for that, that he would ever have come here?'

The words were strange and fraught with mystic meaning, or a madwoman's frantic fancies, as the listeners chose to take them. There was no doubt as to the impression produced upon the gipsies around. They laid aside their threatening aspect, lowered the bludgeons which had been brandished menacingly enough, and slunk off, one by one, like wolves surprised by the daylight in the outskirts of a town. Hugh remained alone, beside the dead stag, confronting the singular woman who had come between him and his foes.

'I have wished to see you more than once,' said Hugh earnestly, 'dame, since you and I met at Treport. You seemed then to fancy that you knew me.'

'I took you for your father!' answered Ghost Nan, with a grim laugh. 'Once you scared me, young man, but now I know better. You cannot call the dead to life, can you? Even I cannot do that!' she added frantically.

Hugh thought that he saw the gleam of insanity in the haggard eyes that this strange woman fixed upon his face.

'If you can,' resumed the gipsy, after a pause, 'go down to Bloody Stile, where I saw you stand to-day, and try your power! Marmaduke Beville, he that died there, and left the place its evil name, should surely rise, if the dead can rise, at your command. Or perhaps the heavy marble of his tomb, the heavy lead of his coffin, may keep him down, ha, ha! and make him deaf to your voice. I saw the funeral pass down the park at Alfringham, a goodly show—and I bethought me of how still and low he lay, on the grass, among the nettles and the kingfern!'

'Woman, you madden me! For heaven's sake, you who know so much, tell me, do you know all? Were you present, or near to the accursed spot, when the foul deed was done? And if so, who was the treacherous villain who contrived to fling the blame of his coward crime upon one innocent, who?'

'Ha, ha! son of the Red Hand!' interrupted Ghost Nan, with her shrill, ghastly laugh; 'would you fain bring a murderer's neck at last to the hempen cord that has long been waiting? Well—it is your star has drawn you here; and if your star prevail over *his*, the truth may yet be known. Meet me, if you will, beside the

Hollow Oak, at moonrise, on the third night from this.'

'I will not fail,' said Hugh; but already Ghost Nan had glided away, as if she had been a ghost indeed, and was lost among the trees and bushes; while Hugh, with a throbbing heart and busy brain, walked back to the scene of his new duties at the railway station under his charge.

(To be continued.)

EAST-END EXPERIENCES.

WINTER, which has had such a persistent reign this year, has been productive of terrible scenes of pinching cold and destitution in some parts of the east end of the metropolis. The casual wards of the workhouses were every night filled of course to repletion; and despite the severe weather, the number of persons of either sex who were compelled to walk the streets every night in default of a lodging was heart-rending.

Let us see how these people exist with no employment, with everything going out, and nothing coming in. Exist they certainly do by some incomprehensible process. Let us visit one or two of them in the hovels where they reside, merely premising that a decently dressed person is seldom allowed to take such a liberty with them. Being confident, however, that we shall be welcomed, we dive down a narrow court, through the half-open door of a miserable two-storied house, in a locality where, but that we happen to be acquainted with the occupant, we would not care much to venture by day, and in which we certainly would not be found at night. Up-stairs, unannounced we come to the room occupied by Mr King, a short, shrivelled-up old man of sixty-five, but who earns a good deal of money at the wharfs and docks in the summer. Mr King's room is his castle, and from it he carefully excludes such city missionaries or district visitors as care to venture near him, even when he is in the greatest distress. But if anybody knows him at his work, or is say his foreman or 'ganger,' Mr King will open the door to him immediately. Entering, we perceive him squatting on the apology for a bed that lies on the floor beside a scrap of fire, his face resting in his hands; while opposite him, in a backless chair, sits a young gentleman chewing a piece of string, and fancying it is tobacco. We recognise them both, and are saluted with a 'Well, captain!' simultaneously. Mr King's *vis-à-vis* has a name of course, but we never knew it, for he is known only by the *sobriquet* of 'Taters' by everybody. The room is plentifully hung with some rather tattered linen in a dubious state of cleanliness, and this is some 'family washing' which Mr King's wife takes in, and is at present completing, iron in hand. Amidst the steaming linen we take a seat in the backless chair, the oscillatory movements of which we are constantly compelled to steady with our legs, the polite 'Taters' in the meanwhile taking a seat on the bed beside Mr King. Well! how have things been going with him? Oh, very bad indeed! no work, not a stroke for the last

six weeks. Yesterday, all he and the 'old woman' had was half a quartern of bread; and he gave a piece of that to 'Taters,' who had called to beg some, as he had not broken his fast for twenty-four hours.

They have had no breakfast this morning, and it is now ten o'clock, and they were both too faint to go out and look for work. What Mr King now lives upon is what the 'old woman' gets by washing, but there is scarcely any of that to be had; and he should not have been so badly off, only the landlord of the public-house where his 'money club' was held, ran away, and so he lost about four pounds he had saved in the summer.—Then why did he not put his money in the Post-office Savings-bank? Oh, too much humbug and bother about that.—Had he applied to the parish for any relief? Well, he thought we had more sense than to ask him such a question as that. We knew very well that unless he went into the 'house' altogether, all he could get would be a meal of food for himself in return for a task of stone-breaking, but he could bring none of his earnings home. As for 'Taters,' he was a single man, and had no business to come sponging on Mr King; but that was like him, for he always spent his money at the public-house when he had any.—Did Mr King owe any rent? Yes; he owed ever so much, and was besides in debt at the baker's and grocer's nearly two pounds.

Honoured as we were by admittance to Mr King's domicile, we felt constrained to offer him a couple of shillings by way of loan, a sum he would have rejected, had it been offered as a gift by his parish clergyman. Smilingly and with eyes dilated, Mr King takes the coin, and at once hurries off, returning shortly with some bread and cheese, tea and tobacco. The tobacco, singularly enough, is attacked first with wolfish ferocity; and the pair having feasted on the bread, express their conviction that 'the captain is not a bad sort after all.' The meal half-finished, we startle them with the intelligence—which we have purposely till now withheld—that the ship *Gamboola* is going up to dock with forty-five thousand bags to land. Up they start as if struck by an electric shock, and with a 'Good luck to you for the news, captain!' hastily pocket the remainder of the bread and tobacco, and scuttle away down the stairs as fast as their legs can carry them. Left alone with the 'old woman,' we extract from that lady that her husband is stupid, and stands very much in his own light; but that for her part she is not so squeamish, frequently obtaining, unknown to him, tickets for bread and coal from the charitable.

Bad as things were with Mr King, there were a few cases where they were worse—cases of families huddling together in a state of starvation and semi-nudity; but such instances were not numerous, as the poor readily assist each other, and but few deaths occurred during the winter from actual want. Passing along a large thoroughfare one bitterly cold night, we were accosted by a respectable, though shabbily dressed man, who with husky voice implored us to purchase of him a small pocket-knife to enable him to pay for a lodging. He was a professor of languages, and an excellent musician to boot, but had walked the streets three nights consecutively,

picking up by day a crust of bread occasionally from some charitable baker. The knife became our property; and with the purchase we threw in a few hints for his guidance, which we are glad to say proved useful, as when we met him about three weeks afterwards, he informed us that his circumstances had slightly improved.

Along the wide expanse of the Mile End Road we find some large Assembly Halls abutting upon the main thoroughfare, where evangelistic services are constantly held all the year round, interspersed with lectures, magic-lantern exhibitions, and other entertainments likely to interest the masses of the people. The most commodious and useful of these is one erected by the promoters of the Tower Hamlets mission; and here there is every variety of preacher, from the Oxford man down to the converted pugilist. During the severest part of the winter, a gentleman connected with the mission voluntarily distributed some bread to a few who were in need; and in the course of a few days the number of applicants had increased so much, that the hall, capable of accommodating about fifteen hundred people, was transformed into a 'draw,' being filled three evenings every week by a hungry crowd of men, women, and children, each of whom received a large piece of bread and a pint of cocoa; the money to provide which was chiefly supplied by readers of some of the morning papers. Edging our way among the crowd on one or two occasions, we saw that the applicants were unmistakably in need; a great many, however, being those who always are upon the fringe of the labour market, and constantly standing on the brink of starvation. On subsequently questioning a number of poor fellows as to whether they had visited the hall and accepted relief, their reply was invariably in the negative. They were afraid that if they had done so it would have reached the ears of their 'mates,' and they would never have heard the last of it.

Thrifless while labour is plentiful, how can such people be assisted? They abhor the parish, though directly or indirectly they pay rates, and they will not have charitable people prying into their homes with bread-tickets. The method of reaching them is a secret. Over and over again have clergymen and others complained to us that they cannot 'get at' the working classes. Certainly not, for they will not let the working classes 'get' into their drawing-rooms to shock them with their vulgarity. Neither do the working classes wish to intrude there. But if any clergyman in his youth has learned some handicraft trade, and can shew them that he can handle a chisel or wheel a truck as well as themselves, he will be received with open arms and more than deference. The working classes hold *laborare est orare* in all its inflexibility, and in their eyes no labour but hand-labour has any value. Your brains may certainly be necessary to guide, arrange, and plan, still they argue that without their handiwork, brains would be at a discount. Hence, when they are in distress, they will not trouble 'brains' to assist them. But from any one who is as competent with the hands as themselves they will gladly receive assistance; and it surely might be possible to arrange on a future emergency that foremen and others who are acquainted with deserving cases should have the means of distrib-

uting a few shillings weekly all round until the bad time be tided over. The money could readily be found, and—treated by the recipients as a loan to be repaid when better times should come—would be carefully expended; the only difficulty would be in finding a suitable method for its distribution.

So long, however, as thriftlessness during good times rules rampant, and money that ought to be laid aside is squandered in dissipation, so long will want and misery prevail when dull times come. If the working-man could be taught that what he makes while the sun is shining *must*, in part, serve for the exigencies of the rainy day, there would be less of periodical starvation in the country.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A BOW-STREET OFFICER.

A WELSH ADVENTURE.

AMONG my other experiences of life, it has been my lot to hold the position of sergeant in the metropolitan police force. I was stationed at Bow Street, and was one of a very small number of officers to whom was delegated the duty of attending at those prisons throughout the country where it was necessary to re-apprehend criminals about to be discharged, but against whom warrants were issued from the Home Office on account of them being 'wanted' to answer for other misdeeds. The task, as may be readily imagined, was sometimes one of no small danger; and a brisk and active life we led at all times, for there was work enough to keep us pretty well always on the move. It was a life of excitement and not without attraction for those who were possessed of an adventurous spirit, such as I fancied I did possess in a very great degree at that period of my life.

One day I had a summons to the presence of the chief magistrate, who put into my hands a warrant that would take me down to the heart of a mining locality somewhere in Wales. I purposely avoid being more definite. From inquiries that I made I learned that the individual whom it would be my duty to bring up to London was a criminal of considerable notoriety, whose presence was most particularly in request, on account of some flagrant misdeeds that the authorities could on no account overlook. I also ascertained that he was a powerful and rather desperate character, and that I need not count on the capture being an easy one. But I knew that in case of need I could arrange with the prison authorities for assistance, and that if I once got the 'darbies' (handcuffs) fairly on I might count the worst of the job over.

It was the spring-time of the year, somewhat raw and gusty, but not by any means bad travelling weather on the whole. Within the hour after receiving my warrant and the needful directions for my route, I was speeding away westwards from Euston; and early in the evening was deposited at a small town a few miles from my destination, the railway going no farther. It was easy for me to procure a conveyance, on my

shewing who and what I was; and I drove over to the county prison, intending to use the vehicle the next day in conveying back myself and capture. The drive was not a very long one; and I arrived in ample time to make all my arrangements with the governor, and to accept of an invitation which he gave me to meet some of the leading tradesmen of the place at the principal inn later on in the evening.

I made a comfortable though somewhat late dinner at the *Wrekin Arms*, and had abundant leisure to smoke a quiet pipe or two before the parlour company began to assemble. My introduction being duly made, I must say that I met with a truly hospitable reception. Vanity apart, I have no doubt that to the tradesmen of the dull place it was no small excitement to find themselves on neighbourly terms with one of the Bow-Street officers, whose fame even now extends all over the country, but who were a good deal more looked up to in the days that I speak of; Dickens having then riveted the attention of the reading public everywhere on the detective and his doings. A pleasant evening was spent, and I had an attentive audience when I told one or two of my best stories; the only thing to complain of—though nobody did complain—was that the sitting was prolonged to rather a late hour, considering the work before me for next morning.

In good time I drove up to the county jail, and leaving my vehicle in charge of a warder who was on the look-out for me, I was quickly in the presence of the governor. We were in the reception-room of the prison; and after a few minutes' talk the order was given for the production of the individual whom I had come to take charge of. Presently he entered the apartment with a lively step and a jaunty air, but which changed in an instant to something very like a look of dismay when he found me with the governor. It was plainly evident that he had guessed my character in a moment, and that he as clearly understood the errand I had come on.

'Here is your discharge Jones, and some things belonging to you,' kindly observed the governor. 'But I am sorry for your sake that I have to tell you this officer is here with a warrant to take you to London; and as go you must, I would earnestly desire you to go quietly, as being best for you in the long-run.'

'I will not give in,' answered Jones sullenly and hoarsely, while there was a twinkle in his eye that foreboded mischief. 'The Bow-Street bobbie,' he continued, 'knows he has no right to grab me inside the prison; let him come outside and try and take me.'

'We know there are a lot of roughs outside, and among them very likely some of your old pals, whom we suspect to be waiting for no good purpose; and therefore,' remarked the governor, 'we think we have a good excuse for stretching the law a bit. Once more I would counsel you

to let the officer put on the bracelets, and spare us the necessity of having to use force.'

Jones's answer was an oath of defiance, which it is not necessary I should write down, and which he had no sooner given utterance to, than, at a nod from the governor, he was in the clutches of two of the warders.

Though a little taken by surprise, the prisoner was not placed at any disadvantage, for he struck out swiftly and strongly. It was a fair up-and-down fight, which admitted of no third party interfering. Now one or other of the warders was down, now the prisoner, but neither party could boast of any decisive advantage. After an ineffectual struggle of some little duration, the two assistants fairly gave in, blown, and quite out of breath.

More defiant than ever, Jones stood as if rather proud of his victory; and I must say the governor looked not a little nonplussed, if not downrightly dismayed. I am a man but little above the middle height, and still tough and wiry; but at the time of which I now speak I had the advantage of being in first-rate training. Jones, as I hinted at the outset, was a big and powerful man, who had gone through many a rough encounter in the course of his criminal career; and it was not, I must confess, without some small misgiving that I made up my mind to encounter him single-handed. To my demand that he should at once submit before more force was called in, he promptly answered by immediately grappling with me.

By birth I am a Devonshire man, and from a part of the county closely bordering on Cornwall. In my younger days I had engaged in many a wrestling-match, and was by no means unacquainted with the Cornish 'hug' and other dodges of those who follow the athletic sport. I soon found that my antagonist was powerful enough, but that he was unskilled. He had much the greater amount of strength; but I had endurance, and could wait my opportunity. After several desperate attempts on his part to get me down, a chance offered, of which I instantly availed myself—a dexterous back-throw, and over he went flat, and with a stunning crash measuring his length on the floor. Before he could recover from the effects of the fall, I was free from his grasp, and he was at our mercy.

In a minute or two he was all right, and holding up his hands, said: 'I give in. You're a somethinged plucky fellow, or you couldn't have done it so neatly.'

The handcuffs were adjusted, and both myself and prisoner bade the governor good-bye; thanks being added on my part for his attentions. When we reached the prison entrance, I did not like the look of things at all. There was a considerable crowd gathered, and among them some very ugly-looking customers, who seemed as if they would not mind a 'scrimmage' in the least. Seeing how things looked, and bent on making sure of my man, I unlocked his right hand, and secured him to my own left wrist. I had not many yards to go to reach my vehicle, and I made a show of meeting the scowling and threatening countenances around me with as easy an air as possible;

and this I found it all the less difficult to do when I discovered in the crowd some of my entertainers of the previous evening, whose presence gave me a certain sense of safety. On reaching the trap, I whisperingly asked the warder in charge of it if he could drive; and being answered in the affirmative, I told him to mount and take the reins. In a moment I had my prisoner in, and off we went at a rattling pace.

When fairly clear of the town, and past all apparent risk of pursuit, I again secured both hands of my involuntary travelling companion, and dismissing the warder, I took the reins myself. Jones sat perfectly quiet, and seemingly quite resigned to his fate. Before, however, we had gone far, he turned abruptly to me and remarked: 'You were in a precious funk when we got outside the prison; and I fancy you had half a mind to call upon the warders to guard you to the trap.'

'No,' I replied; 'I cannot admit that I was in any bodily fear; and besides, there were some of the townsmen in the crowd, who would have come to my help, I have no doubt, had there been occasion.'

'I can tell you, you were in more danger than you mayhap counted on,' rejoined my prisoner. 'There were pals of mine in that crowd who had come for the express purpose of rescue; and had I only but given the word, you would have had a rough time of it before the tussle was over.'

'They would not, however, have got you,' I replied, 'without they had first wrenched off my arm to set you at liberty.'

'Why, they could have got the key and unlocked the darbies—couldn't they?'

'No,' I said. 'I don't think they could have found out where I hid the key; and I'm quite sure they would not have got it if they had guessed where I had it.'

'Why, where on earth *did* you have it?' asked Jones with evident amazement.

'Well,' I answered, 'just to let you into a little bit of a secret, I may mention that I had the key in my mouth all the while; and I would certainly have swallowed it sooner than let any of your chums get possession of it.'

My prisoner was evidently dumfounded, and had but little more to say during the remainder of the drive. In due time we reached the town where we were to take the rail; but long before the time for the train starting, I drove up to the inn where I had hired the vehicle, and asking the landlord for a private room, I ushered Jones into it.

When we were alone and in no danger of being interrupted, I entered freely into conversation with the poor wretch. I frankly pointed out to him that my duty was not by any means an agreeable one even to myself; but that I would be glad to make things as pleasant as possible for him while we had to bear each other's company. 'Trust me as a man, and behave like a man, you shall have a man's treatment. Act like a dog, and you will have to be treated as a dog,' was the conclusion of my brief but very emphatic address.

He seemed pleased, though in a surly sort of way, I must confess, with what I said to him; but still he looked so far softened as to encourage me to add, that if he would pledge me his word to make no attempt at escape, I would relieve him of

the handcuffs while we were not under public observation, and would treat him as a friend until he passed out of my custody. He did not at once respond to my offer; but after a minute or two of thought, he answered in a hearty tone that had a truthful ring about it: 'I'll do it.' Presently, he added: 'You deserve the pledge; and I'll keep it. I like a fellow that shews pluck, and you have shewn plenty of it to-day, both when you laid me on my back—and it's not many could do that—but also when you marched me through among my pals with such a bold front, and they a dozen to one against you.'

Off came the bracelets in a twinkling; and as there was leisure to spare, I ordered a plain but substantial dinner, early as it was, and took care that there should be plenty of good beer, which I knew would be the greatest treat to my charge. After dinner came a pipe or two, which my man enjoyed prodigiously; and I took care there should be ample store of tobacco for the journey, with a modest flask of spirits to cheer the way; for I had no objection to the good things of life myself, and I meant my companion to have all the comfort I could afford while he remained with me.

I had of course to put on the bracelets again when we marched to the station; and as I was known to the guard, a hint from me was sufficient to procure us a compartment all to ourselves by the simple process of locking us in. The conversation of my travelling companion was not without a melancholy interest, for he was a man who had wasted many years, and some small amount of energy and ability, in an unavailing war against society. I remember thinking at the time what a splendid soldier the fellow would have made in a hot campaign, for he had been noted throughout his career for plenty of dash and enterprise, which had latterly degenerated into something like a sullen ferocity.

We reached London punctual to our time. I handcuffed my man, called a cab, and drove off from the station. As we drove along, it came into my head that I would like to give the poor fellow one more taste of freedom however brief. I told the cabman to pull up at a place where I knew we could be private; and on our getting out, I intimated to my charge that I was going to stretch matters a little in his favour by treating him to another drop of beer and a pipe. Relieving him of the bracelets, I set a tankard before him and handed him my tobacco-ponch. He seemed sensible of the attention paid to him, but looked somewhat bewildered, and was very quiet. When the beer was finished, and the pipe smoked out, he put out his hand, took mine, and burst into tears. 'I've been treated like a wild beast for years,' he exclaimed with bitterness; 'but you are a man, and have shewn the kindness of a brother. I will never forget you!' The fierce outcast of society was subdued. Without the preceding display of force, there would probably have been no ground to work upon; but I think I may venture to say that the succeeding show of confidence and kindness was called for to make the subjection complete.

He held out both hands of his own accord for me to put on the handcuffs, and we drove off to Bow Street. I may just add that I never saw Jones again. He got some very lengthened

term of penal servitude, towards the end of which, as I learned quite accidentally, he died of heart disease.

A GOSSIP ABOUT FEES.

VERY pleasant to a young lawyer is his first fee, the forerunner, in his mind's eye, of many a retainer and refresher in store for him as he works his passage from the bar to the bench. But it is oftentimes weary waiting for that first modest reward, mortgaged, maybe, long before it comes; like the future celebrated Counsellor Scott's half-guinea, which had to be handed over to his Bessy, in accordance with the agreement between them, that he was to take the receipts of the first eleven months of his barristerhood, and give her all he earned in the twelfth month for her own use.

Parsimonious as he is reputed to have been, that was not the only instance of the future Chancellor Eldon cheerfully surrendering the fruits of his labour. While he was still only a rising man at the bar, not overburdened with riches, his hairdresser remarked to him, that if everybody had their own, a certain friend of his, then in indifferent circumstances, would be enjoying the possession of a fine estate. Scott sent the hairdresser to Solicitor Bleasdale to have the facts reduced to writing, and then set about the necessary proceedings to recover the property for its rightful owner; asking the solicitor to keep an account of the fees to which he would be entitled, until the termination of the suit. When it did terminate in the triumph of Scott's client, Mr Bleasdale presented him with a purse containing the whole of the fees due, in gold. Sending for the hairdresser, he congratulated him upon his friend's success, and tossing the well-lined purse to the astonished man, said: 'You have had a good deal of trouble in the affair, so take that purse.'

Another Scott, more famed as a poet than a pleader, had a housebreaker for his first client at Jedburgh, and did his best for the rogue, who in thanking him after the trial, expressed himself as much grieved at being unable to repay him in current coin; but lacking that, gave him two valuable bits of information; assuring him that a yelping terrier inside a house was a better protection against thieves than a big dog outside a house; and that no sort of lock so bothered one of his craft as an old rusty one. Philosophically accepting the inevitable, the author of *Waverley* consoled himself by turning the couplet:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's first Jeddart fee.

Yet more unsatisfactory was the product of M. Rouher's first brief, held in behalf of a peasant. When the verdict had been given in his favour, that worthy asked his eloquent advocate how much he owed him. 'Oh, say two francs,' was the answer. 'Two francs!' exclaimed the ingrate; 'that's very dear. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half?' 'No; two francs or nothing,' was the counsel's ultimatum. 'Well then,' said his client, 'I would rather pay nothing;' and with a bow, he left M. Rouher to reflect upon rustic simplicity.

To be taken at one's word is not always agreeable, as Daniel Webster found when outwitted by the Quaker. The Clockmaker is responsible for the story, and we must let him tell it. 'This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so says he: "Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?" "Why," says Daniel, "let me see. I have to go down south to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and fatigue. It would cost you, maybe, more than you'd be willing to give." Pressed to name what he would take, Webster said a thousand dollars. The Quaker well-nigh fainted when he heard this. But he was pretty deep too; so says he: "Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there. If I give you the thousand dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?" "Yes," says Daniel; "I will, to the best of my humble abilities." So down they went to Rhode Island; and Daniel carried the case for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he: "What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me a thousand dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you." So he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars; jist one hundred more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this. "What!" said he, "do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?" "Friend Daniel," said the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine." Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. "Well," says he, "I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence anyhow." So he went good-humouredly to work and pleaded them all.'

Lawyer Dudley, a fellow-countryman of Webster's, was not to be so easily beguiled into giving advocacy gratis. Having to defend a man accused of helping himself to a hog belonging to a neighbour, he succeeded in obtaining an acquittal. 'How can I ever repay you, Mr Dudley?' said the lucky rascal. 'I haven't a cent; accept my thanks.' 'Thanks?' cried the lawyer. 'Send me a side of the pork!'

This reminds us of Abraham Lincoln's story of the hog-stealer who insured his safety by judiciously placing his ill-gotten provender. The theft and the identity of the thief were so incontestably proved, that Mr Lincoln did not see his way to fighting against a conviction, and intimated as much to his client. 'Never mind about that,' said he; 'just abuse them witnesses like the deuce, and spread yourself on general principles.' Mr Lincoln obeyed instructions. The jury retired, and after a short consultation, astonished everybody but the prisoner by declaring him not guilty. 'You see, squire,' he explained, 'every one of the fellows had a piece of them hogs!'

Let things go well or ill with the world in

general, there is never any lack of work for gentlemen learned in the law. Every parliamentary session sees the creation of new offences, the invention of fresh openings for litigation; a game increasing every day in costliness, thanks to the liberal use by solicitors of their clients' money, till one is inclined to echo Uriah Heep's saying, 'lawyers, sharks, and leeches are not easily satisfied.' In taxing the costs in a cause tried at Carlisle, the Master only allowed a counsel's fee of thirty guineas on the brief, with fifteen-guinea refreshers from the second day of hearing. Against this decision the parties concerned appealed, stating that they had paid a Queen's Counsel a retainer of a hundred guineas, and given him a daily refresher of twenty-five guineas, commencing with the first day of the trial. This astonished the court; and one of the judges remarked that he had never before heard of a counsel receiving a refresher for the first day, and could not imagine what he could want with one; whereupon a learned brother suggested that he possibly required it to refresh himself after his long journey. But the court declined to sanction the innovation, or to interfere with the Master's award.

The relative positions of solicitor and counsel would appear to be reversed in France, if a story told lately by the Paris correspondent of a London newspaper be really true. 'We have long had the fable of the lawyer eating the oyster and giving a shell to each pleader, and now we have a pendant. A French lawyer in a separation case pleaded very warmly for his client, who, he said, was literally dying of hunger, and who had two little children. He demanded the immediate aid of two thousand francs, in the name of humanity and in the name of justice, and full of confidence threw himself on the equity of the court. A few days later his client received the following letter: "Madame, I am happy to say we have succeeded in obtaining the provision of two thousand francs. I have handed a thousand francs to your attorney, who has given me a receipt, and I am much obliged to you for the surplus in settlement of fees."'

In a case tried at Dunfermline in 1876, two Edinburgh doctors deposed that there was no fixed scale of fees for consulting-physicians, but that the ordinary charge was from two to three guineas per hour; and three local doctors testified that they usually paid a consulting-physician fifteen guineas a visit. From a medical journal we learn that London physicians and surgeons of ordinary repute charge a guinea a visit, two guineas for consultation with another practitioner, one guinea a mile for journeys by road, and two-thirds of a guinea per mile for journeys by rail. Fees for performing operations, or assisting at them, are left very much to the judgment of the individual; but there is a sort of loose understanding that for the great operations involving a risk of life a hundred guineas is a proper average fee; half that amount sufficing in minor cases. Ophthalmic surgeons have made a hundred guineas the current charge for extracting a cataract; fifty guineas that for iridectomy; twenty-five guineas that for strabismus; and so on, with more or less variation, according to the standing of the surgeon and the means of the patient. The principle, however, of charging for a thing not according to its value, but by the presumed depth of the purchaser's purse, is open to question; every

man, be he rich or poor, has an equal right to get his money's worth for his money; whether he has much or little is beside the question. That one practitioner, however, should exact a higher fee than another, is proper enough; we must expect to pay for experience, whether it be our own or that of other people.

A young Parisian lady after being relieved of a tormenting tooth, laid down ten francs in payment. Looking at the fee contemptuously, the dentist asked if that was for his servant. 'No, sir,' responded Madame with a sweet smile; 'it is for both of you.'

A worthy baronet handed his medical adviser his fee rolled up in paper, to find, after the doctor's departure, the proper fee still in his pocket, and a couple of mint lozenges gone. Meeting the defrauded doctor a few hours afterwards, he asked him how he liked his fee. 'Oh, it was very sweet,' was the reply. The next morning saw amends made by the sending of a sovereign and a shilling, with the lines:

The fee was sweet—I thank you for the hint.

These are as sweet; they've both been through the Mint.

The famous Dr Fothergill was once, by his own election, very strangely recompensed for his professional services. A merchant-vessel arriving in the London Docks with captain and crew down with yellow-fever, Dr Fothergill removed the captain to his own house, and succeeded in pulling him through. At first, Fothergill refused to accept any payment at all; but the grateful seaman persisting in rewarding him, he said there was one thing he could do for him—if he were making a voyage to the East and passed through the Straits of Macassar, he should be glad if he would bring him two barrels of the earth of Borneo. This the captain readily promised to do. However, when he reached the spot on his voyage out, his heart failed him; and fearing to incur the ridicule of his men, he sailed through the Straits without fulfilling his promise. Returning by the same route, the same thing happened; but after he had left the Straits two hundred miles behind him, his conscience smote him for his ingratitude, and putting the ship's head about, he made for Borneo, and took in the earth. When Fothergill received it, he had a piece of ground prepared by the burning of the surface, and laid the Borneo earth upon it; and in due time had the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of a number of curious plants new to him.

We hear a good deal nowadays of 'payment by results,' a method of remuneration seemingly not unknown in Savagery. The Utes, says an American authority, have a peculiar and exemplary mode of disposing of medicine-men unlucky in their dealings with disease. Such a practitioner lately contrived to kill two men and one woman. That, the chief of the tribe, quietly took down his Winchester rifle and made the doctor's three wives widows; believing that a maladroit medicine-man was better fitted for the happy hunting-grounds than for this mundane sphere.

The Fee family is a large one; but we have occupied too much space with the legal and medical branches to have any left for the rest; still we cannot refrain from quoting from an old song glorifying the only fee that is pleasant

alike to giver and taker, and that leaves the giver no poorer:

'Let's kiss,' says Jane.

'Content,' says Nan;

And so says every she.

'How many?' says Batt.

'Why, three,' says Matt,

'For that 's a maiden's fee.'

✓ THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE audiometer invented by Professor Hughes has been employed, with interesting results, by Dr B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., in testing the hearing of a number of persons. A telephone, microphone, a small battery, coils, and a clock are required in the construction of the instrument. Extending from one of the fixed coils to the other is a graduated bar, from two hundred degrees down to zero, on which the induction coil in the form of a ring may be readily shifted. Place the coil at two hundred degrees and the listener hears the clock ticking surprisingly loud; but from degree to degree as the coil is shifted downwards the sounds decrease, and end at last in absolute silence. The point of silence varies: some persons can hear down to two and a half degrees; others stop at thirty, twenty, or ten degrees, as the case may be, according to their state of health or the sensitiveness of their hearing. Complete silence is necessary during the experiments; and the person under examination should be placed so as not to see the movements of the coil on the graduated scale. It is found in practice that the faintest sounds can be heard only when the decrease is gradual and continuous; and that they are lost by jumps and pauses in the shifting of the coil.

As a rule, the right ear is better than the left; but instances to the contrary have been met with among persons accustomed to exercise their left ear. Some deaf persons fail to remember sounds. A youth was tested who was unable to 'catch all the sounds lying between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and seven degrees until he could remember what he had to listen for;' but by practice he succeeded in identifying all the intervening sounds. These facts, says Dr Richardson, 'seem to indicate that deafness from imperfection of the tympanum or other parts of the organ of hearing may be increased beyond the mere physical failure, either from some lost power of automatic adjustment in the auditory apparatus, or from failure of receptive power in the cerebrum itself, so that the memory rendered imperfect is slow to assist the listener until by exercise of function the readiness is restored.'

The hearing is improved by holding the breath after a deep inspiration; and also by a high barometer. The influence of atmospheric pressure can thus be tested. In his own case, when the barometer is at thirty degrees, Dr Richardson can hear on both sides close down to zero; but below thirty degrees he fails to reach zero on the left side by two degrees. He is of opinion that the audio-

meter will be 'an essential in all physical examinations of men who are undergoing examination as to their fitness for special services requiring perfect hearing, such as soldiers, sentries, railway officials, and the like.' Also in diagnosis; in differentiating between deafness through the external ear and deafness from closure of the Eustachian tube—throat deafness; and in determining the value of artificial tympanums in instances of deafness due to imperfection or destruction of the natural tympanum. In actual practice Dr Richardson finds the best artificial ear-drum to be a small gold cylinder, with which he restored fifty degrees of hearing to one of his patients, who without it could not hear lower on the scale than one hundred and ten degrees.

By attaching a microphone to a sphygmograph, and connecting with an electric battery and a telephone, Dr Richardson has discovered a method for making the movements of the pulse audible. The instrument or sphygmophone, when prepared, is placed on the pulse in the ordinary way, and as soon as it works properly, a distinct series of sounds is heard in the telephone keeping time with the beats of the artery. 'When all is neatly adjusted,' says the Doctor, 'the sounds heard are three in number—one long sound and two short, corresponding to the systolic push, the arterial recoil, and the valvular check. The sounds are singular, as resembling the two words, *Bother it*,' and in a quiet room may be heard at some distance. Here then is a new appliance for the medical profession, for although not so good a recorder of the pulse as the sphygmograph, 'it may be made,' as Dr Richardson remarks, 'very useful in class, for illustrating to a large number of students at one time the movements of the natural pulse and the variations which occur in disease.' It may become very useful also in studying the effect of stimulants on the circulation. Let the person under examination drink whisky and in three minutes the pulse gallops, and sounds are heard at times which may be described as screams.

A German professor has arranged a flexible stethoscope in such a way that, as is reported, he can hear the rush of the blood through the capillaries of the skin; also the sounds of muscular contraction, tendinous extension, and the vibration of the long bones. The name of this sensitive instrument is dermatophone.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers have published a long list of 'subjects' on which they desire to receive papers for reading and discussion at their meetings. Machinery of all kinds, manufacturing operations, and mechanical devices are included. In some instances the refinements of science are required, as in lighting by electricity, and in improvements in the construction and insulation of electric telegraphs, in the transmission of messages, and in telegraphic writing. The Council of the Institution intend to propose that during the present year three hundred pounds shall be expended in promoting 'experimental research on unsettled mechanical questions,' which can hardly fail of acceptance. Three questions have been chosen for a beginning: 'the conditions of the hardening, annealing, and tempering of steel; the corrosion of different classes of steel and iron; and the best form and proportions of riveted joints, both for iron and steel plates.'

It has been ascertained by experience that a rail of Bessemer steel will last nine times as long as an iron rail. About one-third of the railway mileage in this country is laid with Bessemer steel rails, and the economy thereby effected is well pointed out by Mr Price Williams, who states: 'It is estimated that the annual saving in labour alone, in the ordinary maintenance of the lines, which has resulted from the less frequent breaking up of the permanent way where steel rails are now used, is equivalent to the saving of the services of at least a man in every three miles; and this at seventeen pounds per mile will, on ten thousand one hundred and ninety-four miles of single line already laid with steel rails, these being the most heavily worked sections, represent an annual saving of one hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight pounds:' to which must be added the much larger sum saved by not having to renew the rails so frequently as in former years.

In a discussion at a meeting of the Institution on Economy in Railway Working, Captain Douglas Galton pointed out that the traffic best deserving of attention by railway companies is third-class traffic. The first class is stationary; the second class declines; but the third class is always growing, and the receipts therefrom could be 'very largely' increased by a further reduction of fares. This was corroborated by Mr Price Williams, who stated that while the profit on first and second class traffic amounted to not more than twenty per cent. the third-class profit might be 'roundly put at seventy-five per cent.' And further: 'Taking the whole of the third-class passengers of the kingdom, the average fare per person was one shilling, and detailed statistics conclusively shewed that ninepence out of that shilling was clear profit to the railway companies. That being so, it would be well for railway managers to consider whether Captain Galton's suggestion of a still further reduction in third-class fares could not be adopted with advantage.'

Professor Osborne Reynolds, President of the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester, in his address to that Society, instanced the past year as one of mechanical improvements and mechanical disasters; the latter, collisions and sinking of ships, and collisions and so-called accidents on railways. He shewed that our achievements in speed have gone far beyond our means of stopping and turning, and that the important problem now is to stop and turn with a readiness and completeness proportionate to our locomotive speed whether on land or water.

The problem as regards stopping a railway train seemed easy of solution: it was known that a single carriage could be suddenly stopped by screwing the brake blocks tight, and so skidding the wheels. But Captain Galton's experiments have proved that it is not the same with a number of carriages, for he discovered that 'by skidding the wheels the brake loses nearly half its greatest power of stopping a train. If the brake is applied with the greatest force short of skidding the wheels, the train will stop in something like half the distance required if the wheels are skidded.'

Professor Reynolds's conclusions on the question of speedy turning of ships so as to avoid a collision were stated in a recent *Month*: it is as much an error to expect the rudder to act on reversal

of the screw of a steamer, as it is to stop a train by skidding the wheels. 'The whole error,' we are told, 'arises from a failure to grasp the circumstances on which the action of the rudder depends. As long, and only as long as the water is rushing backwards past the rudder, will the rudder exert its normal tendency to guide the ship.' The problem in this case is far from being solved.

Niagara is confessedly a 'water-privilege' of the foremost rank for power and grandeur. If that prodigious power could only be transmitted to a distance, what a number of places which are now idle for want of power, might avail themselves of the electric light, and take to spinning and weaving, hammering, sawing, planing, grinding, and other mechanical employments! Surprising statements on the question have been put forth: one, that the cost of an efficient cable would be sixty dollars a foot; another, that the copper deposits of the Lake Superior region, ample as they are, would not suffice for the construction of a cable to transmit the power of the mighty waterfall. In answer to these statements, Professors Thomson and Houston of Philadelphia, whose electro-magnetic researches we have before noticed, tell us that should it be deemed desirable, the total power of Niagara might be conveyed a distance of five hundred miles or more by a copper cable not exceeding one-half of an inch in thickness. For the consumption of one million horse-power, they say that a cable of three inches diameter, if perfectly insulated, would suffice. Of course no single locality could make use of such a vast amount of power; but 'the important fact still remains, that with a cable of very limited size, an enormous quantity of power may be transferred to considerable distances.'

Similar views were expressed by Sir William Thomson in the evidence which he gave a few weeks since before the Select Committee on the Electric Light. 'There would be,' he said, 'no limit to the application of electricity as a motive-power; it might do all the work that could be done by steam-engines of the most powerful description.' And he thought that 'legislation, in the interests of the nation and in the interests of mankind, should remove as far as possible all obstacles, such as those arising from vested interests, and should encourage inventors to the utmost.'

Experiments have been made by the Trinity House on the lighting of buoys with gas, which is manufactured from waste fatty matters or the refuse of oil-works. This gas is passed into the buoys under severe pressure, until a sufficient charge is accumulated to burn for three or four weeks, shewing a bright light by night and day, even in boisterous weather. Here then is a means of lighting an intricate channel, or a passage, or of indicating the position of a wreck, which cannot fail to be useful; and the Trinity Board have ordered the construction of two buoys which will hold compressed gas enough to burn from four to six months. With these, further and, as we may assume, conclusive experiments will be carried on in the estuary of the Thames. The same kind of gas is, we are informed, used for the lighting of railway trains.

The difficulty of raising sunken ships from deep water has led to the invention of the 'gripping camel,' which, when floating over the wreck, lets

down two long arms to which air-bags are attached. The arms are intended to grip the wreck; but the grip is a flexible grip, for air is forced into the bags, which press with increasing force against the sides of the ship, and impart an element of buoyancy. At the same time the lifting power of the floating camel is augmented, and thus the sunken vessel will be lifted. Should it have sunk into a deep bed, a special contrivance sends down a strong jet of water, which, properly directed, soon washes away the heavy pressing sand.

Another method has been made known and discussed at a meeting of the United Service Institution. An iron tower is placed upright by the side of the sunken ship: from the inside of this tower, holes can be bored, into which attachments are fastened. The boring is carried on by means of compressed air, and a man in the tower guides the tool. There may be two or more towers according to the weight to be lifted. When all the attachments are properly made, a floating dock is placed directly above the vessel to be raised; and by alternate pumping out and taking in of water, and taking advantage of the tides, the lifting is accomplished, the dock steams shorewards; the wreck grounds, and is again lifted, until, after a series of repetitions, she is safely placed in the floating dock and carried into port.

That the different colours of the spectrum have an influence on vegetation, has long been known. Plants grown under green glass soon die; under red glass they live a long time, but become pale and slender. Mr Yung of the University of Geneva has placed the eggs of frogs and fishes in similar conditions, and found that violet light quickens their development; and blue, yellow, and white also, but in a lesser degree. Tadpoles on the contrary die sooner in coloured light than in white light. As regards frogs, Mr Yung has ascertained that their development is not stopped by darkness, as some observers have supposed, but that the process is much slower than in the light.

In an account of a simple and sure method of detecting the difference between natural and artificial turquoise, the *Journal* of the Chemical Society states that artificial turquoise is manufactured in at least three countries of Europe. And further, that these imitations possess all the characteristic physical properties of the natural stone in regard to colour, hardness, density, fracture, and appearance under the microscope; even the brown ferruginous inclosures characteristic of some inferior oriental turquoises being added, while a qualitative analysis simply shews the composition of the imitation to be almost identical with that of the true turquoise.

An extra volume of Philosophical Transactions has been published by the Royal Society, containing 'An Account of the Petrological, Botanical, and Zoological Collections made in Kerguelen's Land and Rodriguez during the Transit of Venus Expeditions, carried out by Order of Her Majesty's Government in the years 1874-75.' The two islands thus visited are so peculiar and so little known, that the particulars given by the painstaking naturalists of the results of their adventurous endeavours will be found unusually interesting to general as well as to scientific readers.

A French inventor residing at Sermaize les Bains (Marne), who has been engaged in perfecting his apparatus for applying electricity to agri-

cultural work, has had a public trial of his electric plough. The electricity which propels the plough is not produced by voltaic batteries, but by a powerful gramme-machine which works under shelter, while copper wires, resembling those of the ordinary telegraph, connect it with the plough. The gramme-machine for generating the electricity, though usually worked by a small steam-engine, may be driven, when convenient, by wind or water power. The process—any questions concerning which may be addressed to M. Peronne, Sermaize les Bains, Marne—has been patented, and a Company formed.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

It was in the summer of 1855 that a party of some thirty children, ranging in age from five to ten years, were returning for dinner from the 'District School,' some few miles west of Cincinnati, Ohio, United States, when one of those sudden thunder-storms, so frequent during the hot season in that part of the world, burst on them. The school-house was situated in the midst of a piece of waste land known as 'The School Common,' and before the children had cleared the Common they were nearly wet through, and the terrific lightning and reverberating thunder were quite enough to appal older and stouter hearts; and they had still another quarter of a mile ere they could reach the village.

Although the Common itself could boast of neither tree nor shrub, yet just at its edge stood one of those gigantic oaks which the settler's axe had spared. Beneath its branches the whole party could easily find shelter, and although the storm had been raging some five minutes, its foliage was so dense that the ground underneath it was quite dry. 'Let us get under the oak,' said one little panting mortal. 'Ay, ay!' was echoed and re-echoed by several; whilst all as quickly as possible put the resolution into practice. Just then, one little girl suddenly said: 'We ought not to stay here. I've heard of lightning striking trees and killing any one who happened to be under.' And at last she persuaded them to face the storm once more; nor did they stop again till they had reached the village, where they took refuge.

The storm, furious in its character, soon spent itself; and an hour and a half after, several of the same little people, well fed, and attired in dry clothing, were again making their way to the school, when suddenly, with blanched cheeks, they saw the old oak which had withstood the storms of centuries, still standing certainly, but with several of its branches torn off, others broken and hanging loose, and its huge trunk scorched as though a fire had been kindled all around it. The tree had been struck by lightning. The news of the narrow escape was soon known; and feelings of admiration for the presence of mind displayed by the little girl were mingled with thankfulness for the narrow escape which she and her companions had made.

Perhaps the story may teach those who are unaware of the danger, to avoid the shelter of solitary trees during a thunder-storm. Nothing can be more hazardous, a fact which the death-rates by lightning thus attracted, shew.

KNITTING.

Knitting gaily in the sunshine,
While the fragrant roses blow,
And the light wind stirs the petals,
Till they fall like flakes of snow;
Laughing gladly, glancing shyly,
At the lover by her side—
Saucy dimples, coy confessions,
All a maiden's love and pride;
Weaving in with skilful fingers
Girlish fancies, pure desires,
While the brightness of the future
Flashes through the twinkling wires;
And a young heart's fond ambitions,
Tender hopes, and golden dreams,
Deepen as the sunlight deepens,
With its thousand darts and gleams.

Knitting silent in the shadows,
With a drooping, weary head,
Gazing out into the twilight,
Whence the life and light have fled;
Moving nerveless, languid fingers;
Striving to be bright in vain,
And to still the heart's wild flutter,
Throbbing in its mighty pain;
Working through the silky texture,
All a woman's anguished fears,
Looking out on past and future,
Through a mist of burning tears.
Knitting patient in the twilight,
Quietly bearing all her woe,
While the roses shed their petals
In a fragrant summer-snow!

Knitting fiercely, in the anguish
Of a burning, fiery strife;
Or quietly in the sunlight
Of a calm heart's happy life.
Knitting heavily and slowly,
In life's last fitful hours;
Or skilfully and gaily,
Among the summer flowers!
Weaving in a glorious future;
Or a soul's dumb aching pain.
With the memory of pleasures
That will never come again!

Thus a woman's life is bounded
By the humble, daily task,
Meekly taking up her burden,
Pausing not to strive or ask.
Ah! how many hearts beside us,
Were we not so worldly wise,
Might we see in gentle moments,
Looking out from wistful eyes!
And how often, did we listen,
'Neath a gay and laughing tone,
Could we hear the bitter yearning
Of a strong heart's restless moan!

BEE.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 797.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

LIFE UNDER NEW ASPECTS.

SOME time ago, when conversing with a medical friend, he mentioned with much satisfaction that a certain large prison, professionally under his charge, was the healthiest place of residence he ever knew or heard of. Few of the inmates were ever ill with serious complaints. The annual death-rate among them was almost next to nothing. To make these facts the more surprising, the food given to the prisoners was very plain, though nourishing. Kept at some useful labour, and confined to their cells the greater part of the day, they had only brief outdoor exercise, and that in a limited courtyard. Obligated to go to bed early, they had no amusements. The routine of life was hard and cheerless. One or two books were their only solacement. They were permitted to see and speak to their friends only once in three months. These and other circumstances which contributed to make up the picture, were very sorrowful. The forfeiture of liberty under a penal sentence was evidently a fate at which the human heart revolts, and if it were more seriously thought of, the prisons would not be so full as they are.

Such were the considerations that passed through our mind when hearing of the prison arrangements. But then comes the seemingly incongruous statement, that notwithstanding all the privations which have to be endured, the prison is the healthiest place our friend the doctor is acquainted with. The correctness of his statement cannot be doubted, for it is verified by statistics. How is the phenomenon to be explained? That is an important question, the solution of which concerns everybody. It would be satisfactory to know whether by any peculiar mode of living, or by foresight, one might manage to be as healthy out of as in prison, with a prospect of longevity in the distance.

In dealing with a subject so intricate, it is proper, in the first place, to remember that the inmates of prisons do not fairly represent general society. They are neither very young nor very

old, but are mostly from twenty to forty years of age, or in the prime of life, which is much in their favour. It is from the numerous deaths in infancy and at an advanced age, that the bills of mortality are so greatly swollen. Starting with the advantage of having youth and middle age on their side, prisoners are further indebted to regularity of diet, to an absence of vicious indulgence, to enforced cleanliness, to breathing pure air, to living in a temperature neither too high nor too low, and to an exemption from troubles and accidents to which many among the humbler classes are exposed. In short, except that they are locked up like wild beasts in a menagerie, they are, according to some notions, wonderfully well off, and made more comfortable than they deserve. As a set-off, we are not to overlook depression of spirits; but on the mass of ne'er-do-weels who get into prison, this counts for very little. They cherish the sentiment of hope—the hope of getting out at a specified period, when there will be a renewal of old pranks in skirmishing with the law and the police, intermingled with anticipated revelries with old companions, or let us trust, with, at least in some instances, a resolution to behave better for the future.

Making all due allowances, there is a sense of humiliation in thinking that ordinary human life, in point of health and length of days, falls short of the standard of life in prison. Freedom of will is at a discount. Mankind are placed in the position of children who cannot take care of themselves, and need the constant supervision of doctors and jailers! On the whole, this is very like the truth. It would be a moderate computation to reckon that four-fifths of all who exist are uninstructed. They know little or nothing of the great natural laws which tend to secure health, or produce disease. Obviously, the lower we go in the scale of intelligence, the nearer do we approach the habits of the lower animals. This is particularly observable in the disposition to huddle together. Savages crowd indiscriminately together in huts, like so many pigs, and take little thought of the morrow. It is stated

that the aborigines of Australia have not the slightest idea of saving anything for a future occasion. They gobble up all they can lay their hands on at once. Pigs in the same way never look ahead. They have no future. They swill until they are gorged, and then lie down to sleep.

In the cottages of our peasantry, there is precisely the same piggish taste for huddling together in a single apartment of men, women, and children, without any sense of indelicacy or fear of contracting disease. There is likewise much the same indifference to the future. Poverty may be put forward as an excuse for crowding night and day into a single room; but we know by personal experience that the giving of extended accommodation in cottages is often thanklessly disregarded, and that in defiance of everything, the ancient practice of huddling together continues. Ignorance and the thriftless misexpenditure of means on vicious indulgences produce similar results in the slums of populous cities.

An incident occurs to recollection. One day—it is now thirteen years since—under the friendly escort of a city missionary, we proceeded on a tour of investigation into the social condition of a somewhat thickly peopled slum. A door on a ground floor was tapped at, and opened by an old woman. The dwelling consisted of a single apartment without a window. The only glimmer of light radiated from a small fire, but did not dispel the darkness. ‘How are you all to-day, Mrs Jackson?’ asked the missionary. ‘We are a’ weel; but there’s nane at hame but mysel.’ ‘How many lodgers have you just now?’ ‘Not many, only five; three men and two women.’ ‘Where’s your daughter, Jenny?’ ‘Jenny is in the prison; she has this time got sixty days.’ ‘That’s a pity; I am sorry for Jenny.’ ‘You needna be sorry for Jenny; she likes to gang to the prison; it’s a nice change; she’ll come back in fine health and spirits.’ So ended the colloquy. Jenny evidently went to prison from choice, for sake of change of air and scene. It was equivalent to going to country lodgings in summer, with the additional recommendation of nothing to pay. As regards the horrible den which constituted her maternal home—which we are glad to mention has been swept away—no one of any feeling could look into it without a shudder, and yet it accommodated seven human beings. Where, from whatever cause, indiscriminate huddling in groups is thus maintained, attempts to civilise or to lower the death-rate are alike hopeless. In comparison with this ramshackle state of things, no wonder that the prison, with its stern organisation and discipline, is represented to be quite a palace of propriety and salubrity.

We can conceive the possibility of a distaste of the routine of prison discipline. Many have a rooted dislike to cleanliness. Many entertain a horror of steady employment. Fraudulent bank directors may entertain a peculiar disrelish of

the usually assigned occupation. Fingers that had never performed harder work than that of signing away millions of money which had been confided to their charge, may not take cordially to oakum-picking. Yet, in the worst of human ills there are compensations. While tearing old tarry ropes into shreds there is an opportunity for profitable reflections on the vanity of deceit. The lines of Scott may occur to remembrance—

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.

There is time for pondering on the benignity of retributive justice. Poetic fancies may be indulged. There might be some amusement in composing a new version of the Shakspearean chant of Oberon, ‘I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.’ By way of mere suggestion, we offer the following stanza as a commencement, which may be adapted to the charming music of Horn as a duet—

I know a bank where the wild fraud blows,
And falsehood blooms sweetly under the rose,
Where daring imposture happily roams,
By the building of kirka and wrecking of homes;
I know a bank,
I know a bank
Where the wild fraud blows.

Oakum-picking possesses some other advantages as an occupation. The tarry pitch yields a grateful perfume. It is good for the system, and not unpleasant to the nostrils. Only think the cell a Pinetum, such as gentlemen spend hundreds of pounds in planting for the sake of the refreshing odour, and the hardship of untwisting bits of old rope vanishes in a dream of the imagination! The prison is more than a palace. It is a temple of Nemesis and Hygieia all in one.

That national education persistently carried out will in time enlighten the masses, elevate their tastes, and lead them to prefer a wholesome to a noxious method of living, may be reasonably expected. We are, however, a long way from that—perhaps two hundred years. Meanwhile, there is the death-rate in several thickly populated towns at twenty-eight to thirty-five per thousand per annum, when if matters were rightly managed, the rate should not be above eighteen, if so much. It is obvious that when ten in the thousand die who might still be living, there is something that needs rectification. At the head of that mysterious something, is the admission of air and light into overcrowded neighbourhoods. Possibly, it may be argued that as regards the metropolis, there is as much air and light as any one can require. We do not deny that in the main London is healthy, as judged from the aggregate death-rate; but this is pretty much on the principle that there is a small death-rate in prisons. The metropolis is the resort of great numbers of young men and women who have flocked thither for employment; while many aged persons have retired to the

country towards the close of their career. Latterly, some street improvements, with the erection of airy dwellings, have likewise had a good effect. It is alleged that in the houses constructed in different quarters through the munificence of the late Mr Peabody, which are eagerly rented as soon as ready, the death-rate is one per cent. lower than elsewhere—a very significant fact.

In efforts to improve the salubrity of towns under parliamentary authority, there is usually more than ignorance to contend with. Selfishness, and the real or affected fancy for preserving dens of dirt and darkness, because they are old and of some antiquarian interest, are the moving factors. Selfish motives predominate. The probability of greatly lowering the death-rate by running new and spacious streets through dense blocks of unhealthy courts and alleys which it is scarcely safe to enter, is reckoned of no moment in comparison with the proposed imposition of a penny or twopence per pound on the annual rental. 'Perish health. Let death and indecency revel. Save the pocket.' Such, if analysed, is the burden of the objections complacently entertained. Fortunately, this species of narrow-mindedness is not always successful. In the case of a city which we happen to be best acquainted with, street improvements were effected in spite of the united opposition of the selfish and the capricious, and demagogues to boot, with the happy result of a large reduction in the annual death-rate. Those most vehement in obstruction are now probably ashamed of themselves. Good deeds survive in multiplied blessings. Carping objections to what is permanently beneficial, pass away like the idle wind, and are forgotten. Considerations of this kind ought to nerve those who, looking badly in advance, project works of public utility.

There is no end of books written by English and French medical men on the preservation of health and attainment of longevity. For the most part, they are not of any practical value. They expatiate on the constituent elements of the body, the chemistry of digestion, the osseous structure, and such-like matters. They strangely miss the main object in their theme, which is to point out a course of living, with mental and bodily conditions that would tend to secure health and the protraction of existence. Does this arise from want of grasp, or from a fear of treading on popular prejudices? On the topic of health, the world stands in need of a writer with the fearlessness of Luther, the acute reasoning of Pascal, and the incisive humour of Molière. The latest learned authority on health and long life bores us with lacteals, azotised substances, albumen, lumbar lymphatics, chyle, the thoracic duct, and similar jargon. A long list is given of persons who lived to be upwards of a hundred years of age. What did these centenarians know of fibrin, the mesenteric glands, and all the rest of it? Some were paupers, many were hard-working people in common life. Most likely not half-a-dozen in the whole lot knew anything about their inside. They lived in a variety of ways. The diet of a woman who lived to be a hundred and seventeen is said to have been butter-

milk and greens—of which we have some doubt. Some were very temperate, and others quite the reverse. One old fellow who reached a hundred and four, drank a pint and a half of London gin daily. An Irishman who lived to be a hundred and eleven, drank plentifully of rum and brandy till the last. With exceptions of that kind, to be reckoned wonders in nature, temperance and simplicity of diet were the chief characteristic. Old age had been attained not by any hard and fast rule, but by a number of circumstances, as seen by general experience.

The inquiry is, Can we by any amount of foresight largely increase the ordinary span of life? Always assuming that we have a good constitution to begin with, we answer in the affirmative. In numerous instances, life is prematurely cut off by inherited weakness and ailments, though no doubt at the worst, existence may be protracted under skilful advice and precautions. Passing over this order of cases as not of immediate concern, we take the naturally robust and healthy, and ask what, by foresight, they can do for themselves. M. Flourens, an able French writer, following the ancient physiologists, points out that in youth there is a great deal of force in reserve; and that 'it is the progressive diminution of this fund that constitutes the physiological character of old age.' Whatever, therefore, will help to strengthen this original force, or not unduly impair it, forms a matter of grave consideration. The physical exercises appropriate to youth and early manhood, of course tend to confirm and increase the force at disposal. Advancing in life, the reserve force has often to bear the strain of hard work, indifferent food, exposure to extreme climatic changes, along with a number of cares comprehensively expressed in the word 'worry.' 'It is not work, but worry, that kills me,' is pretty frequently uttered with a sigh, which tells a tale of unseen troubles.

Longevity often runs in families. This is easily explained. No human being can detach him or her self from the lives of predecessors. Our own life is only a protraction of the life from which it sprung. Parents disappear when their time comes, and their lives survive in their children. One is sometimes startled to find himself using the same gestures, the same forms of expression, be it smiles or frowns, as his father or mother; so likewise are seen recurrences of resemblance in features, the shape of fingers, nails, toes, and in other particulars. In the family pictures hung up in the halls of the older aristocracy, it is interesting to notice how frequently likenesses cast up after the lapse of two or three generations. Any of us in the present day may be a repetition of his great-grandfather. If there be a Roman nose in the family, it is sure to last for hundreds of years.

Just as we inherit weakness of constitution, we inherit strength; from which arises the suggestion of taking care whom we marry; but we all know that at the marrying time of life nobody is so wise as to take hints of this kind. Hence, society gets into a kind of jumble of healthy and unhealthy; the weakest in the end, however, dying out. Speaking physiologically, nature cares nothing for individuals. It looks to the race, for the preservation of which it makes immense efforts. What we have to do is to assist nature

by such a course of living as will maintain, if not strengthen, the vital force we happened to inherit. That we take to be a primary duty. Long life in a healthy frame through successive generations is a usual consequence.

If the truth be plainly told, the generality of people do not act as if they cared about a long life. They rather seem to try to kill themselves. Look at their way of going on. Many are finished prematurely by coarse and reckless dissipation. Some by getting into a muddle of speculations which they had no business with, ending in debts, difficulties, and heart-breaking misery. Some from love of excitement and fondness for company. Some by preposterously late dinners, sleeplessness, and ruin of the digestive functions. Some from keeping up an over-action of the heart by stimulants, while they are all the time congratulating themselves on being patterns of moderation. Many by overtaking the brain, or protracted mental occupation, from which spring nervous and other disorders. One seldom hears of plain quiet labour killing anybody. The placid man, other things being equal, usually lives longest. He may be complimented on his cleverness who knows how to avoid lines of action which lead to disaster and loss of health—or to put the case more briefly, who knows how to let well alone. In certain circumstances, to do nothing requires a high effort of intelligence.

Till he is fifty or thereabouts, a man may usually in a small way take liberties with his constitution and not be much the worse. At seventy and upwards, what remains of the reserve force in him needs to be carefully husbanded. Of course, to do so, there must be many sacrifices—refusal to join pleasant entertainments, and so on. It is here that the weakness of the wise is not unfrequently demonstrated. The acrid night-air in this moist climate of England inflicts a deadly blight on the breathing apparatus of the aged and susceptible, whose fund of vital energy is nearly exhausted. How often does there appear something like the following intimation in the morning journals: 'We regret to announce the death of General So-and-So, at the advanced age of eighty-five. He was in good health till within a few days of his decease, when, having gone out to dinner, he caught a slight cold, that ended in an acute attack of bronchitis, to which he succumbed, notwithstanding the best medical assistance. His loss will be lamented by a wide circle of friends.' Men, and women too, reaching to the age of the lamented General, should exercise stern precautions against the approach of bronchitis, for that is about the most deadly foe they have to encounter.

Flourens is of opinion that everybody with originally good health would by taking reasonable care reach a hundred years of age, or even more. It is agreeable to recognise some verification of this comfortable doctrine in the case of centenarians, who are apparently becoming more common than they used to be. We see in the newspapers notice of the death of the Rev. Dr Ingram, a clergyman in the island of Unst, the most northerly part of the British dominions, at a hundred and three years of age, and who is said to have been hearty to near the last. His father at his death was over a hundred years old. His grandfather reached a hundred and five.

Here in three lives, from father to son, we are historically taken back at least to the seventeenth century. Dr Ingram's grandfather might have seen Charles I., exactly as we see him in effigy on horseback at Charing Cross. 'How was this marvellous protraction of existence maintained? From all we can learn, it was not by any kind of pampering. Each generation in turn worked pretty hard in the performance of rural duties, lived with great moderation, and in a placid spirit took the world as it came. We daresay if any one from the south were to see the bleak moors and hills of Unst, with the waves lashing on its rocky shores direct from the North Pole, he would be surprised to learn that here a minister of the gospel lived peacefully in decent comfort, always earnestly doing his duty for a poor money requital, and at length tranquilly passing to his rest at within a month of being a hundred and four. How grand the life and death of this venerable centenarian, compared with the disreputable and feverish career of impecunious adventurers, fraudulent bank directors, and the myriads of frivolous beings who have seemingly no sense of duty at all, and who, in the language of the Psalmist, vanish like 'the chaff which winds drive to and fro.'

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN GUILDHALL CHAMBERS.

'THE very finest fellow, that Hugh Ashton—Captain Ashton, you know, mother—that I have met since I've been knocking about the world,' said young Frank Gray, a midshipman in Messrs Grogram's merchant service, and late junior officer of the ill-fated *Waterwitch*, from Queensland homeward-bound, with cotton never destined to supply British spindles and jennies with the raw material of our national manufacture. 'It's not only that his pluck and seamanship saved my life; but didn't he take me home to his own lodgings, rig me out afresh, lend me money to bring me here, and treat me, in short, as if I'd been his own brother. I'd like to see the fellow who'd dare to breathe a word against him!' added the boy, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes he was ashamed of, and all a boy's enthusiasm, when once at home again in his mother's pretty cottage, near the Dorsetshire end of the New Forest. And Mrs Gray laughed, and wept, we may be sure, at these words from her sailor-boy, whose age was fourteen, and his knocking about the world a process that had occupied twenty-one months or so; and while returning him the ten pounds that he had expended on her rescued son, wrote Hugh a grateful letter, telling him that under one roof in Dorsetshire he would ever find friends.

In the meantime, the purple bag which the joint efforts of Hugh and Neptune had saved from the wreck, cost the former more trouble than he had at first anticipated. There being no outward indication as to the address of its owner, his heirs, administrators, or assigns—to borrow a legal formula from the frequent study of which few of us can have been absolutely free—Hugh was compelled to force the lock, which was of a curious construction, and not easily broken open. The bag proved to contain nothing but a packet, which might be conjectured to consist of valuable

documents, most carefully wrapped in oiled silk, for the exclusion of water. This outer covering being removed, a stout paper envelope next appeared, sealed with five seals bearing the initials J. P., and addressed in a clerkly hand: 'ARTHUR WADMORE DICKER, Esq., 11 Guildhall Chambers, Poultry, London, E.C. ;' while underneath was written: 'In case of accident, the finder is earnestly requested to forward this, as above.' There seemed to Hugh to be something almost touching in these words, traced as they were by the hand of one who had perished, before his very eyes, in the strict execution of what he regarded as a sacred trust.

A letter penned by Hugh to Arthur Wadmore Dicker, Esquire, had produced a speedy reply, signed 'Yours cordially, in haste, A. W. DICKER,' and dated from Guildhall Chambers, London, E.C. In this communication Mr Dicker expressed himself as under no trifling weight of obligation to Captain Ashton for the recovery and safe care of certain important papers which, there could be little doubt, must have been on board the unlucky ship *Waterwitch*. Would Captain Ashton add to that obligation by himself kindly undertaking to convey the papers to London and to place them in Mr Dicker's own hands? Between the hours of 11 A.M. and 12.30, Mr Dicker would be glad personally to receive Captain Ashton, on a particular day specified, could Captain Ashton make it convenient to call. And as a matter of course, the expenses of Captain Ashton's journey would be defrayed. A hasty postscript requested that Hugh would telegraph in reply.

'Time is money, really money, as I have heard, with some of these City men,' said Hugh, smiling, to himself as he finished the perusal of Mr Dicker's letter; 'and I make no doubt that my unknown correspondent is one of them.' However, he had himself just then, thanks to the necessity for some repairs to crank and boilers in the engine-room of the *Western Maid*, ample leisure, so he duly telegraphed his reply as requested, and at the appointed time found his way to No. 11 Guildhall Chambers.

It is impossible anywhere, but in London most of all, to judge of the calibre of a man's business by the aspect of the locality in which it is transacted. There are City magnates whose names are mentioned with honour on the Exchange of every continental town from Amsterdam to Vienna, who nevertheless conduct their world-wide dealings in mean little dens and amidst poverty-stricken surroundings. So are there gorgeous establishments all plate-glass, French-polish, gilding, and mahogany, quite as fine and about as respectable as a gin-palace. It is not up the wide marble staircase, flanked by double gilt lamps upborne by colossal Caryatides, of the Megalotherion Credit Company, that wealthy financiers, the kings of the money-market, habitually pass with creaking tread. Those princely stairs, that majestic entrance, those rich liveries, and the solemn hush that prevails within the stately premises of the brand-new Company, are all, in the eyes of prudent men, substantial advertisements to be paid for, soon or late, with the cash of the confiding shareholders, of whose bones the astute directors intend (figuratively) to make their bread.

Mr Dicker's place of business was neither

squalid, as are those of some commercial grandees of the old school, nor was it meretricious in its splendour. Ample and commodious it certainly was, and it had an air suggestive of solid wealth, orderly arrangements, and great affairs conducted with as much promptitude and as little hurry as the feverish spirit of modern trade allows. There were many applicants for an interview waiting in the different anterooms, not a few of whom eyed Hugh Ashton with a sort of resentful envy as, having sent in his name, he was, after only quarter of an hour's delay, ushered into the great man's presence.

The great man gave Hugh Ashton his hand to shake; or more accurately, he gave him part of it, say two fingers and the tip of the thumb. In any case it was intended as a compliment, and one which Mr Dicker seldom paid to men of Hugh's financial mark. In Mr Dicker's table of precedence, Hugh Ashton, and such as Hugh, were set down at zero. They were to be spoken to if needed per proxy of a clerk, or perhaps by a chief-clerk. But as for shaking hands with the captains of tug-steamers, that was absurd. Mr Dicker's manual accolades were for the tritons of the money market, for 'warin men' on 'Change, and for what he was fond of designating as 'sprigs of nobility,' and whom he entertained with royal hospitality at his Hyde Park mansion or his Twickenham villa. But Hugh had rendered an unusual service, and therefore received a welcome at 11 Guildhall Chambers, which, had he known the ways of the place better, ought to have astonished him.

'Upon my word, Mr—to be sure, Captain Ashton, I am very much obliged to you, deeply, in fact your debtor,' said the merchant-prince blandly, leaning back in his beehive chair, and looking first at Hugh, and then at the cheque-book that lay open beside him on a table heaped with letters and deeds and papers miscellaneous. 'Your gallant conduct—Will you allow me?' And as he spoke he took the bag which Hugh offered him, drew forth the packet of papers, and satisfied himself that the seals were intact. 'Upon my word, Mr—yes, Captain Acres—Eyre—Ashton, I am monstrously obliged to you,' said the great man. It was one of Mr Dicker's little acquired affectations not to be able to treasure in his retentive memory the names of the humbly born. He had learned the trick late in life, not from the young fellows of quality who sat at his dinners and flirted at his garden-parties, but from certain middle-aged Lady Maries and Lady Floras who frequented Mrs Dicker's costly entertainments, and who made it a point to mangle any name not registered by Debrett.

'Monstrously obliged to you indeed,' repeated Mr Dicker. George the Magnificent, and Colonel Hanger, and Long Pole Wellesley, associates of the First Gentleman in Europe, used to say 'monstrously' in days when Mr Dicker was a boy just placed in a Cheapside warehouse, at a weekly salary of three half-crowns; and he clung to the old phrase, which had filtered down through various strata of society before it reached the Industrious Apprentice, now elderly, and almost old, but at the zenith of prosperity. Hugh said, simply, that he had done no more than his duty.

Something in his voice or in his mien made

Mr Dicker look at him more closely than he had done before. 'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the self-made man; 'why, you are a gentleman, Captain Ashton. I had no idea'—

An expression, half of humour, half of pain, flitted across Hugh's handsome face as he heard these words, almost identical with those which old Captain Trawl had used on first seeing him at his own door in Treport.

'No gentleman, sir!' he said quietly; 'a colonist and a sailor I have been; and a little while ago I was a poor fisherman and owner of hired pleasure-boats, beside a Welsh lake. It was a great promotion for me when, quite recently, I was set to command a steam-tug.'

Mr Dicker, who piqued himself on his infallibility, looked a little annoyed; but the cloud cleared quickly from his furrowed brow as he said: 'Well Captain, we may at least understand one another, the rather,' with a glance at the clock, ticking inexorably opposite, 'that I have numerous appointments, and that my time is not my own. I was very much vexed and grieved, quite upset, I assure you, when I heard of the loss of the *Waterwitch*. Grogan and Company always insure, of course, so there's not a penny of loss; but then the lives! Poor Purkiss! I have lost the most faithful servant, sir, and one who was in my employment for eight-and-twenty years—eight—and twenty. Poor Purkiss—not married—no; but two dependent sisters—for whom, as I have already notified, provision will be made. Well, well! It does not do for men of business to indulge in sentiment; but I am sorry, Captain Ashton, that my excellent clerk should have died as you describe, a victim to his duty. You believe me, I am sure!'

There was a little unaccustomed hoarseness in Mr Dicker's pompos voice, a little unwonted moisture about Mr Dicker's cold eyes, and Hugh did believe in the reality of the merchant's sorrow for his faithful clerk.

'Ah, well,' pursued Mr Dicker, rattling his massive watch-chain, 'Time—and tide'—here a second glance at the office clock—'wait for no man. Captain, the papers you have saved at no light risk, and so honourably restored to me, are of great value, ve-ry great value. That poor Purkiss did so well for me, out in Queensland there! If he had but come home by mail-steamer instead of that unlucky sailing-ship; but it's too late now.—How can I acknowledge the obligation?' he added, looking very hard at his cheque-book, and then very hard at Hugh. He saw no answering smirk, no coy delight, such as rich men sometimes behold in the countenances of poor ones when they are about to write an order on the banker.

'You tell me you are not a gentleman, but I'll be hanged if I like to offer you money!' blurted out the merchant-prince.

'I had rather not, thank you, sir, accept anything beyond the price of my return ticket,' answered Hugh. 'Money honestly earned, I have no false shame in taking, but'—

Just then a bell rang, and a head was popped in. 'Sir Peter is come, please, sir, and Mr Joseph Bullion, by appointment.'

'I must say good-bye!' exclaimed the great man, giving Hugh his whole hand this time to shake. 'But—but you're a fine lad, and I like

you; and if ever you want a friend in need—I'm a railway director, and what not; this is no idle compliment, mind—you come here, and ask for Arthur Wadmore Dicker!'

TENT-LIFE IN PALESTINE.

IN their habits of thought and action the peasantry of Palestine still remain essentially what they were in the earliest ages of our world's history; hence to travel in the East seems to lift the veil which Time has dropped over the dead centuries, and to live again a life full of the charm with which antiquity envelops the past. The traveller riding up from the coast to Jerusalem still passes ancient villages like Bethphage and Bethany perched on the breezy hill-sides; he still sees flocks of sheep, goats, and small red cattle tended by herd-boys such as David might have been; he still passes groups of blue-robed women who with reddish-brown jars on their heads loiter beside the wells in the shade of the gray-olive trees, and draw water and chatter and gossip and quarrel as Rebecca and her companions did in the days of Abraham.

Determined to proceed with the survey of Western Palestine, the Exploration Committee appointed Captain Stewart, R.E., as leader of the expedition; that officer however, having unfortunately become invalided ere the work was well begun, was succeeded by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., who has recorded his observations in the interesting volumes, *Tent Work in Palestine* (Bentley & Son, London). Upon landing in Syria for the purpose of pursuing his investigations, Lieutenant Conder found the survey camp pitched beside a beautiful fountain in Samaria. It consisted of four tents, one of which was used as a kitchen, and had quite a little flock of live-stock around it, comprising horses, mules, dogs, and a pet gazelle. A small village called Sebüstieh now represents Samaria; the magnificent city of Herod the Great; and of its beautiful buildings but one small portion remains, a colonnade to the west of the village. During the months of July and August, the party remained in the neighbourhood of Samaria, and while there, the head of a wealthy native family named Jeba, invited Lieutenant Conder and a friend to dinner. 'We found the sheik's reception-room,' he says, 'well built and new; the upper floor had a raised dais carpeted and furnished with pillows, and on this we were requested to sit.' The host, dressed in a long white robe, now appeared, and removing his slippers, stepped upon the dais, where he tapped his breast, lips, and head, and frequently repeated: 'How is your health? How is Your Excellency?' Water was then poured over their hands from a brass ewer; and the requirements of etiquette being thus fulfilled, dinner was immediately served. It consisted of twelve dishes, of which the first were lentils, tomatoes, and vegetable marrows stuffed with rice. Then came *leben*, bowls of sour thickened milk; followed by three huge dishes of rice and meat; and lastly the crowning glory of the feast, what the visitors supposed to be a kid dressed whole. It was exquisitely tender and juicy, and they ate

of it with much appetite, little suspecting that it was, what it afterwards turned out to be, their own pet gazelle. No water was placed on the board; but a slave stood near with a huge green goblet, from which each guest drank in succession, each man as he put the water to his lips turning to his next neighbour and saying: 'Digestion;' whereupon the other gravely rejoined: 'The Lord increase your digestion;' a pious prayer not altogether uncalled for under the circumstances. Pipes, coffee, and cigarettes concluded the feast.

In August the tents were struck, and camels had to be procured to carry the baggage. Having at last got under weigh, the picturesque procession in a long string filed down the chalky road to the new camp beside the ancient Engannim, the spring of gardens, a lovely spot still, with vineyards and fruit-gardens and patches of palms. The heat now became so great that they felt as if the loose basaltic soil scorched their feet even through the soles of their boots; portions of the skin of their face came off, and the constantly recurring mirage rendered the taking of observations almost impossible. Among the sites examined in this neighbourhood were the village of Nain, the cave of Endor, the fountain beside Jezreel where Saul pitched, and the brook Kishon the scene of Sisera's overthrow. From this camp they rode one day to Nazareth, which they found a flourishing town, containing the sacred places of no fewer than six sects. 'The people of this town,' says Lieutenant Conder, 'are remarkable for the gay colouring of their dresses, and the Christian women for their beauty; many a charming bit of colour, many a shapely figure set off by a picturesque costume, many a dark eye and ruddy cheek have I seen in the streets or by the spring.'

Towards the end of summer and in autumn, Palestine presents a withered, parched, inconceivably desolate appearance; but with the first rain, which fell immediately after the camp was moved to the vicinity of Nazareth, the waste face of the desert began to bud and blossom into beauty, and quite a crowd of flowers appeared. Crocuses, narcissus, squills, lilies, and red anemones enamelled the turf, which glowed with a tint of the richest green. Birds also began to be visible, the yellow wagtail, the blue roller-bird, and the boompch, a small species of owl; while from the thickets sounded the tender plaint of the turtle-dove.

The natives of Nazareth are very quarrelsome, and the troubles arising from this source were so manifold that the survey party made all the haste they could to leave it for the village of Sheik Abreik, where they were not only left in peace, but found as much game as they could shoot—woodcock, quail, red-legged partridges, lapwing, snipe, and a small species of bustard. They found that some of the Nazareth villages and the northern half of the great plain extending to seventy square miles, have been bought by a Greek banker, who paid only twenty thousand pounds for this huge slice of land; and the increased productiveness and superior cultivation of his property shew what might be made of the country under more favourable circumstances. Towards the middle of December the weather became stormy, and the camp was broken up for the season, the survey-party finding refuge

in the German colony of Haifa at the base of Carmel.

Carmel is not so much one, as a triangular block of mountains with valleys running up between them thickly clothed with wood, and abounding in game, such as wild pigs, gazelles, fallow deer, hunting-leopards, and partridges and other birds. The view from the summit is very fine. At the end of one of the ridges, five hundred feet above the sea, stands a Carmelite convent; there are also on the slopes of the hill two Druse villages and the ruins of a synagogue. Haifa is a walled and well-built town with gay bazaars, while west of it along the shore stretch extensive and magnificent ruins which belonged to an ancient city of the same name. After the winter storms the beach at the bay of Haifa is often found strewn with shells of the *Murex trunculus*, from which in ancient times the costly Tyrian purple was extracted. Under the cliffs of Carmel the Kishon pours its waters into the plain of Acre, through a narrow gorge clothed with thickets of *laurustinas*, and flows to the sea through long dunes of sand, which are fringed with palms and covered with semi-aquatic plants with thick glossy leaves.

Acre, where anciently the flag of Richard Cœur de Lion floated, and which was taken by the British in 1840, they found to be a poor irregularly built town. Much more interesting was the survey of Athlit, also a Crusading fortress. The ruins which are in the Gothic style of architecture, are magnificent, and well worthy of the great order of Knights Templars by whom they were built. The exploring party were now in the plain of Sharon, a district rarely visited by travellers, and the few inhabitants, unsophisticated by any intercourse with Europeans, were found to be savage and lawless in the extreme. Robbery was the business of their lives, and to robbery they generally added murder. One day Lieutenant Conder entered an ancient Jewish sepulchre for the purpose of exploring it, when he found to his horror the bodies of six murdered persons lying on the floor in different directions. The rose of Sharon he supposes to be the white narcissus, which in early spring clothes the plain with beauty. Lying low amid the broad white dunes of rolling sand at the extremity of the plain, they found all that is left of the magnificent city which Herod built in honour of Cæsar Augustus, and called Cæsarea. Some fragments of its gigantic mole still remain, and of its stone theatre and hippodrome; and along the mole projecting into the sea, the dismantled towers of the Crusading fortress which was erected on its ruins. Around these lonely memorials of long-vanished splendour stretch in spring, acres upon acres of the yellow marigold, a noxious flower to travellers, for it was found to occasion a very bad form of hay-fever. Early in April the patches of corn were ripening under the scattered oaks, and the shaggy brown buffaloes were wallowing in the muddy marshes; and on the shoals in Crocodile River the long brown reptiles which give it its name might be seen basking in the sun.

In the beginning of April the camp was moved to the edge of the hills, and here they had an invitation to dinner from the Emir of the Howarith Arabs, whose tents were pitched in the plain below. They accepted the invitation, and found a large party assembled to meet them,

very polite and quiet in manner. At 1 P.M. dinner was served in a large wooden bowl four feet in diameter. The substratum of the feast was composed of bread and vegetables, above which was piled rice and roast-lamb cut into small pieces, while over all was poured an ample libation of melted butter. Three brass spoons were courteously proffered to the English guests; but as they were no longer strangers in the country, they boldly thrust their right hands into the savoury mess, and made a comfortable meal.

Then came May. The corn was reaped, the flowers were gone, and the treeless plain was again a withered desert scorched with the fiery heat of the sun, which made the survey party thankful to march south into a wild hilly country where there were pleasant olive groves. The natives of this region had never seen an Englishman, and the ruins around owed their dilapidation rather to the destructive influences of the weather than to the hand of man. They were now completely worn out by the heat of the sun and the fatigues of the campaign, and resolved to take a few weeks of relaxation in a cool retreat in the mountains above Damascus.

Emerging from a rugged gorge in a chain of barren hills, the traveller suddenly sees beneath his feet a cool delicious paradise of murmuring waters and shady groves, through whose masses of dusky foliage rise the white minarets and domes of this ancient city. The architecture is not striking, for with the exception of the public buildings and a few private dwellings, Damascus is built of mud; and yet it gives to the stranger an impression of imposing grandeur from the magnificence and beauty of its interiors. The houses are built round courts, which are pleasant shady arcades of overarching boughs and trellised vines; the walls are covered with arabesques; the floors are of tessellated marble; marble columns support the roofs of carved wood which run along one side; and water gleams and sparkles all around, gushing from fountains of marble or alabaster. The shady narrow streets and gay bazaars forcibly recall to the stranger the imagery of the *Arabian Nights*. Here, unlike Cairo and Jerusalem, although there is variety enough in the loungers and passers by, there is no Frank admixture in the crowd, no undignified hurry, no bustling eager tread imported from the busy West. All is oriental, from the Moslem lady who shuffles past in yellow slippers, to the shawled Bedouin who eyes with stealthy glance the portly Kadi in long striped robe and huge white turban; while the gaunt Softa, most fanatical of the followers of the Prophet, scowls upon the unveiled Maronite woman, as she crouches in an angle of the wall to avoid the huge camel, who with his swinging load of firewood sweeps the narrow lane.

Bludán was the name of the sanatorium in the hills to which they were bound, a cool delightful spot, from which they made excursions to Baalbec, a chaos of colossal columns and broken porticoes; and to Hermon, which Lieutenant Conder considers to be the Mount of the Transfiguration.

In the end of September they went into camp again at Bethlehem, which is now one of the most flourishing towns in Palestine. It has five thousand inhabitants who are all Christians, and whose

enterprise and energy in trade shew the difference between the religion of hope and progress and the deadening benumbing influence of the fatalistic Mussulman creed. The olive harvest had begun in the environs of the busy little town, and picturesque groups of gaily-dressed women were hard at work in the olive orchards, their babies being slung up the while in small hammocks between the trees. In the beginning of November the travellers left Bethlehem, and entered the barren wilderness which stretches away on the west beyond the Dead Sea; their first desert camp being pitched beside the Greek monastery of Mar Saba, a spot dreary and desolate almost beyond the power of language to describe. Its inmates are Greek monks exiled for crimes or heresy, and Lieutenant Conder scarcely knew which had the more hopeless and fossilised appearance, the ghastly desert outside, or these living men within, slowly withering away—a dreary death in life.

From this stony wilderness they marched to Jerusalem, the great centre of interest in Palestine; but while admitting its many fascinations from an antiquarian point of view, our author solemnly avers it to be in his opinion 'a very ugly city.' On two occasions during Easter he was present in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and saw the pretended miracle of the Holy Fire, which the ignorant Syrian and Russian peasants believe to descend from heaven. The church, which is a large building, is crowded on these occasions with pilgrims, and the scene is peculiarly striking from the varied nationality and dress of the worshippers, and from the wild and intense emotion which many of them exhibit. During his stay in Jerusalem Lieutenant Conder prepared a map, shewing as accurately as possible the lie of the natural rock within the city walls (Modern Jerusalem being built, as Captain Warren and others have shewn, over the accumulated rubbish of the ancient city). By this and by certain other investigations he was able to demonstrate that the conformation of the ground is not radically different now from what it was in ancient times; and he was also led to reject the sites of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary as not genuine. In the middle of November they left Jerusalem for Jericho, which is represented by a modern mud-built village called Eriha. From this camp they endeavoured to fix the site of the wicked cities of the plain, and found a spot still known as Wady Amriyeh, a word radically the same as the Hebrew Gomorrah. They were equally fortunate with Admah and Zeboim, but found no trace of Sodom, which the neighbouring Moslems believe to be entombed beneath the sullen waters of the Sea of Lot, which is the term they apply to the Dead Sea.

The valley of the Jordan to which they next turned their attention is one of the most remarkable features of Palestine. Along its whole course it teems with wild life, its furred and feathered denizens finding refuge in the cane and tamarisk brakes, the willow thickets, and the tall papyrus marshes through which the river flows. Various theories have been started to account for the extreme depression of the lower portion of the Jordan valley and of the Dead Sea. Lieutenant Conder, after a careful examination, refers it to volcanic and earthquake action, but considers that the sea has had its present limits from a period

not prior to the creation of man. It was early spring when they finished the survey of the Jordan valley, and the wide glaring wastes of white chalk-land were covered deep with luxuriant pasturage, and were bright with patches of brilliant flowers, over which the lovely little sunbirds peculiar to the district hovered like living jewels. The weather was still occasionally stormy and cold, with bitter showers of sleet and hail; and rheumatism and hay-fever attacked the much-enduring survey party. Among the many Biblical sites which they were able to identify was Bethabara, the scene of our Lord's baptism, a place about which there has been much dispute. Lieutenant Conder places it at one of the many fords of the Jordan, just above its junction with the Jald. During this campaign their commissariat was not so well supplied as usual: often after a hard day's work they could get nothing to eat but eggs and bread; and when meat was procurable, it was too often some patriarchal goat, whose ancient bones were scarcely worth the picking. Insufficient food combined with rheumatism and cough at length reduced the gallant explorer so much that he was obliged to return to England; and during his absence Mr Drake, his second in command, had another attack of fever, and succumbed to it.

In September 1874, Lieutenant Conder returned to Palestine and resumed camp-life, the tents of the survey party being pitched near Hebron. Here they examined the cave of Machpelah and the massive wall which surrounds it. Like many Biblical and Christian sites it is a sacred shrine of the Moslems, who guard it most jealously. The oak of Mamre ('oak of rest') is still shewn standing among the vineyards north-west of Hebron; it has branches fifty feet long. A wide district of open wolds and arable land, dry and treeless, but rich in flocks and herds, runs north and west of Hebron, and forms the scene of many of David's wanderings. It was now autumn, and these lands, which are stretches of beautiful pasture in spring, were now a desolate desert. The weather too, began to get stormy and broken; rheumatism, the *bête noire* of tent-life in a variable climate, attacked even the horses, and the party were forced to return to Jerusalem.

In the beginning of March they moved to the warm spring of Engedi, the water of which is eighty-three degrees Fahr. They were here in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, on whose desolate shores they sometimes found the pickled bodies of fish from the Jordan. From this camp they visited the magnificent ruins of the fortress of Masada, so graphically described by Josephus. In the beginning of March the desert survey was finished amid frightful weather, and then a good time awaited them and pleasant spring sunshine; while they made the survey of Philistia and Shephelah. Here they found and identified the sites of all the ancient cities of the Philistines—Gath, Ascalon, Gaza, Ekron, and Ashdod, and then went on to Galilee.

An interesting chapter treats of the origin of the present Syrian peasantry, whom Lieutenant Conder considers to be the descendants of the ancient Canaanites whom the Israelites were unable to drive out. They are a people who have many virtues; they are patient, docile, sober, quick, intelligent, and brave; but they are igno-

rant, immoral, and given over to the most shameless untruthfulness. They have a proverb, 'that a lie is the salt of a man,' and yet their moral perceptions are not so blunted but that they can admire honesty and truthfulness in others; for to the oaths in use in patriarchal times they have now added another, and swear when they are striking a bargain, 'by the word of the English.' Their houses are built of mud or of sun-dried bricks; and a peasant in comfortable circumstances has a carpet for the raised platform at one end of his house, and warm suitable clothing for himself and his household. His food is simple; he never tastes meat except at a feast, but lives upon unleavened bread which he dips in oil, or conserve made of grapes; to this he adds rice, olives, clarified butter, eggs, melons, and cucumbers, and in a time of scarcity mallows are eaten stewed in oil or sour milk. Many diseases, such as dysentery, ophthalmia, fever, and liver complaints, affect the peasantry. Leprosy, which was common in Biblical and Crusading times, is common still, and is as incurable now as it was then. The lepers who cluster about the outskirts of the towns and villages, and hoarsely demand charity from the passers-by, present a most ghastly and affecting spectacle.

Barley and wheat are the ordinary spring crops, succeeded by sesame, Indian corn, melons, tobacco, and cotton; in winter, beans, lentils, chick-peas, and other vegetables are grown. Indigo is found wild, and the list of fruits comprises olives, grapes, pomegranates, apricots, walnuts, plums, apples, mulberries, pears, quinces, oranges, lemons, and bananas. Sheep, oxen, goats, horses, and camels are the domestic animals; all except the last being small.

Numerous tribes of Bedouins wander over Palestine, pitching their tents in the sheltered valleys in winter, and on the breezy uplands in summer. They have numerous flocks and herds, and the life of Abraham and his immediate successors is faithfully depicted in the tent of an Arab emir of the present day.

AUNT BARBARA'S PRESENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the end of June 18—, Mr Forrester's house in Grosvenor Place was the scene of much excitement with preparations for the approaching marriage of his eldest daughter. This event was regarded by the family as one of more than usual importance, as Margaret or Meta, the pet name of the pretty little bride-elect, now in her twentieth year, was the first daughter of the house who had lived to be married, for more than a generation; indeed the first who had survived her childhood, with the exception of Mr Forrester's only sister, who was a confirmed old maid. This lady, who was known to a numerous circle as 'Aunt Barbara,' had many peculiarities; but she had never made a pretence of being a day younger than she was, and now honestly confessed to her sixty years, wore her own white hair, and candidly owned that she had never received an offer of marriage in her life—always adding that she should not have accepted it if she had.

It was the custom of Miss Forrester, senior, to spend two months of the 'season' at her brother's house; and she was now, somewhat against her inclination, extending her visit to be present at the approaching wedding. Now, as she was wealthy, and tolerably liberal in her expenditure, it was certainly natural that the youthful bride and her only sister—a bright lively girl three years younger than herself—should speculate upon the nature of the present which they felt sure must be forthcoming, to add to those already received from every other relation and friend of the family. Dora, the younger sister, was the more interested of the two, and expressed her opinion that either some gift more costly than any yet received was being prepared, or that Aunt Barbara would present a handsome sum of money on the occasion.

One morning when the sisters were sitting together in the pretty morning-room which was appropriated to their special use, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of Miss Forrester's prim maid, who said: 'My mistress wishes to see Miss Meta in her dressing-room.' Then making a demure courtesy, withdrew.

'Now for it at last!' exclaimed Dora. 'Do you think Meta, I may go too?'

'I think not,' was the reply. 'You know how particular Aunt Barbara is, and she did not mention you, dear.'

On obeying that lady's summons, her niece found her sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair, instead of the luxurious one which had been provided for her. She rose as Meta entered, and giving her a hard kiss, presented her with a purse—not an ugly brown leather one, as Dora had laughingly predicted, but a very elegant affair of her own knitting. 'There, child!' she said. 'You will find fifty pounds in it to buy a dressing-case. I have ascertained that no one else has given you one; and as I wish my gift to be really useful, I wish you to choose one which will contain all your trinkets.'

'A thousand thanks, dear aunt. But will not fifty pounds be too much to spend upon a dressing-case?'

'Not at all, child! As "Lady Davenant," you will require a handsome one; and as you have so many ornaments, a strong jewel-case is perhaps just the sort of thing you ought to have.'

Meta promised very readily to attend to her wishes; and retiring with her new acquisition, hastened to tell her expectant sister the result of her interview with Aunt Barbara.

Dora was delighted, and for a singular reason. 'I am so glad,' she exclaimed, 'that she has only given you fifty pounds, instead of the five hundred which *entre nous* it ought to have been, as now we can have the pleasure of spending it ourselves, and the sooner the better; so pray let us go this afternoon.'

'But we may not go alone,' urged Meta; 'and mamma has the carriage too.'

'Oh, I will find an escort,' replied Dora. 'I have been longing to go out all the morning.'

It was accordingly arranged that their own maid should accompany them; and without informing any one else of their intentions, they desired her, as soon as they were well out of sight of the house, to call a cab; and then, probably for the first time in their lives, were thus taken to Regent Street. They alighted at the Circus, and greatly enjoyed their walk, gazing at every gay window till they arrived at the splendid emporium which was to be honoured with their patronage. Here the sisters were conducted into a spacious room, where such articles as they required were displayed in apparently endless profusion. The obsequious shopman brought forward specimens of from ten to twenty pounds value, which no doubt he thought good enough for pedestrians unattended even by a footman; but he was told that something more costly was required; and at last, having with unwearied patience shewn many more, Meta suddenly caught sight of a large and elegant casket standing quite apart from all the others. 'That with the painting on the lid,' exclaimed the young lady, 'is the most likely to suit me, if not too expensive. I cannot go beyond fifty pounds.'

'I do not think it is, madam,' was the answer. 'We can take rather less than the sum you name, for that. The price is only forty-five pounds.'

'How is that?' said Dora. 'It appears to me to be the handsomest jewel-case in the room.'

'Well ladies,' explained the shopman, 'that casket was intrusted to us by a lady who wishes to dispose of it, and was never made for less than a hundred guineas; but as I have said, she will be satisfied with less than half, as for an article not entirely new, including our commission.'

'Oh, pray let her have the sum intact,' exclaimed impetuous Dora. 'I am sure my sister will willingly give fifty pounds for such a beauty.'

'Yes, certainly, if on examination I find it perfect in every part; as you know Dora, Aunt Barbara would be greatly annoyed if she should discover in it any trace of former use.'

So the sisters sat down to examine the casket. No flaw was to be seen. The jewel-drawers were lined with spotless white satin; the silver-gilt fittings perfect; the richly-cut scent-bottles retained a faint odour of some delicious perfume; but no other part of the beautiful box appeared to have been used.

'To what address shall I have the pleasure of sending it?' asked the shopman, after a due examination of Aunt Barbara's notes.

'Don't have it sent,' whispered Dora. 'Lucy can manage to find a cab, I daresay;' for which the maid was accordingly despatched. The casket was at once packed, and the shopman placed it opposite to the young ladies. When they were seated, he asked what address he should give the driver. 'Hyde Park Corner,' said Dora quickly. 'We will give him further orders.'

As they drove off, Meta asked her sister why she had not given the address in full.

'Because he looked so curious about us,' was

her reply. 'I enjoyed disappointing the man; though I am dying of curiosity myself to know the history of Aunt Barbara's present.'

This little freak of Dora's was the cause of much perplexity afterwards.

When the girls reached home, they determined to dress for dinner at once, and then wait for Aunt Barbara in the drawing-room, where she invariably made her appearance just half an hour before the dinner-bell rang. They then placed their elegant purchase on a table ready for her inspection. Presently the rustle of her stiff silk dress was heard in the corridor, and she swept into the room followed by her maid, whose daily duty it was to place her mistress's chair and footstool in readiness for her.

'Aunt Barbara,' exclaimed Meta, 'do not sit down till you have seen your beautiful present. I am so anxious to hear what you think of my selection.'

'Think! my dear child,' she gravely answered. 'I think you have been very extravagant; for this painting on the lid is on Sevres china, and is alone worth the money I gave you.'

Much pleased with her bargain, Meta told its history as far as she knew it. Mrs Forrester then came in from her drive, and pronounced the same judgment on the painting, which was an exquisite portrait of Louise de la Vallière. All agreed that it was provoking to know so little about it, excepting Aunt Barbara, who pretended not to care; but she was quite as curious as the rest.

The following day brought Sir Percival Davenant, who had been inspecting some improvements at his country-house for the reception of his young bride. He was of course told of her purchase, and his opinion required. He greatly admired the painting, and then set himself to examine the interior of the lid with considerable minuteness. 'I am trying,' he remarked, 'to discover some secret spring, as I am sure these ivory panels must open, though the workmanship is so perfect that no join can be discerned.' He passed his finger carefully all round till one part yielded to the pressure and the door flew open; and in one corner of the space thus revealed was a small piece of yellow paper, on which were a few lines written in faded ink. This proved to be a marriage certificate.

'This is quite romantic!' exclaimed Dora. 'But seriously, Percival, is it not a dreadful thing to lose one?'

He smiled at her question, and told her that generally it was not difficult to obtain a copy of such a document. 'But this,' he explained, 'I see attests a Gretna Green marriage, and might be difficult if not impossible to replace, as such marriages are not now allowed to take place.'

'Then,' said Dora, 'we ought certainly to do our best to discover the lady to whom it belongs, and relieve her mind by restoring it.'

'At the same time relieving your own by satisfying your curiosity,' observed Sir Percival laughing.

Of course the certificate was duly examined by every member of the family, and was the subject of all sorts of conjectures. But the next few days brought so many occupations to distract their attention from it, that the little document being restored to its hiding-place, was scarcely alluded to again before the wedding, and was for a time for-

gotten. Indeed the sisters thought so much of their approaching separation, that they made no attempt at that time to discover the owner of the marriage certificate.

On the 30th of July Sir Percival Davenant and Meta Forrester were married under the happiest auspices; friends on both sides approving; the young couple themselves devotedly attached to each other. When all was over, the home-party was broken up; Mr and Mrs Forrester with Dora left to pay a round of long-promised visits, Aunt Barbara to return to her pleasant country-house. Two months later, the bridal tour being over, Dora joined the newly married pair at Davenant Court, their beautiful home in the Isle of Wight, where the sisters were once more happy in each other's society.

One morning towards the end of October, Sir Percival Davenant was as usual looking over the *Times* at the breakfast-table, occasionally reading aloud anything he thought likely to interest his companions, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'Here Dora, is something especially interesting for you. Can you guess what it is?'

'Yes; O yes, Percival!' she quickly answered. 'Some paragraph relating to that certificate, I am sure. Do make haste and read it.'

There was indeed a very conspicuous advertisement, leaving no doubt of its identity, and offering a very handsome reward for its recovery. All communications to be addressed to a Mr Kelly, Solicitor, Bedford Row.

'O Percival!' exclaimed Dora, 'do let us take it ourselves. We shall never hear any more about it if it is sent to town.'

But her brother-in-law thought the paper of so much importance that it should be sent immediately, and he could not just then leave home.

'Surely,' urged Dora, 'Meta is old enough to go with me without you. She is now a matron, you know; and her new maid looks old enough to be her mother; so we shall be quite safe, dear Percy.'

After much hesitation, he was obliged to give way to his sister's arguments and his young wife's unexpressed wish. The consequence was that, to the great surprise of their parents, the sisters arrived at Grosvenor Place by dinner-time the same day. The following morning the carriage was at the door immediately after breakfast to convey them to the solicitor's chambers, where they fortunately found him in. He was a very solemn personage; but with all his professional reticence, he could not conceal his intense satisfaction at the good tidings they had brought.

'Of course,' he remarked, 'I may not hint at the terms offered in the advertisement to you ladies; but if I can do anything to serve you, or make myself useful in any way, pray command me. You have rendered a most important service to a young lady for whom I have the greatest respect, and whose fortune and reputation were both in jeopardy by the loss of her marriage lines.'

'In that case, Mr Kelly,' said Lady Davenant, 'we will ask you a favour. May we have the pleasure of restoring them to her ourselves?'

'I will give you her address with much pleasure,' he replied, 'as I am sure she will be delighted to thank you personally. In the meantime, I will endeavour to see her husband, who will be still more rejoiced, if possible, to hear of

this, as he was in some measure to blame for the loss of the certificate.'

Mr Kelly then wrote a few lines of introduction, and addressed his note to Mrs Mortimer, No. — Stafford Place, Pimlico; that snug little nest of houses so near the Palace and the Park, yet hidden from both behind the main road.

During the drive Dora gave way to the excitement she had with difficulty restrained in the lawyer's office, and chattered incessantly to her sister on the subject of their adventure till the carriage stopped at the house. A neat little maid received their cards and conducted them up-stairs to a small but pretty room on the first-floor, in which a grand-pianoforte and a harp left little space for other furniture. Folding-doors, communicating with a still smaller apartment, were open, disclosing amid other signs of more domestic occupation, an infant's pretty berceauette, into which Meta could not refrain from peeping; but it was unoccupied. She had scarcely resumed her seat when a young lady in deep mourning entered the room, and very gracefully introduced herself as Mrs Mortimer. Tall and fair, with finely cut features, and a profusion of rich golden hair falling round her face and throat in the becoming ringlets which fashion has since banished so inexorably, her appearance was extremely prepossessing. Her countenance was very sad; her complexion white as alabaster, till she saw Mr Kelly's writing; then flushing to crimson with the emotion it excited, her trembling fingers could scarcely open the note presented to her by Lady Davenant, who hastened to her relief by telling her its contents. 'It is your lost certificate, which we have the great pleasure of restoring,' she explained.

For some moments Mrs Mortimer was unable to speak; but her lovely blue eyes were raised with an expression of the most intense gratitude to heaven, and she thus looked—as the sisters afterwards remarked—exactly like the beautiful portrait on the casket of Louise de la Vallière. When Mrs Mortimer had recovered her composure, she could scarcely find words to express her thankful feelings to her visitors. 'You can have no idea,' she said, 'how much I am indebted to you, and how I wish I could in any way repay you.'

'You can,' replied Lady Davenant with some hesitation, 'if you will indulge my sister and myself with the account of your loss, which cannot fail to be interesting to us.'

'I shall be delighted to tell you all particulars,' she eagerly replied, 'if you will excuse me till I have seen my husband.'

'Mr Mortimer knows all by this time,' said Dora, 'from Mr Kelly, and will soon be with you, dear Mrs Mortimer, so'—

'Still,' interrupted Meta, 'I can so well understand that you will wish to meet him alone; but I hope to-morrow you will allow me to fetch you to spend a few hours with us at Grosvenor Place, where my father and mother will be delighted to see you, and then we may perhaps claim your promise.'

The invitation was as cordially accepted as given, and the young ladies rose to take leave. As they were leaving the house, Mrs Mortimer's children arrived from their walk in the Park. Meta took the lovely but fragile-looking infant

in her arms, while Dora nearly smothered his little sister with kisses, a process to which this miniature of her beautiful mother seemed to be quite accustomed. After lingering for a few minutes with the engaging little ones, the sisters returned home to Grosvenor Place in triumph at the success of their expedition.

WHIMSICALITIES.

THERE are few people who have not some particular trait more strongly developed in them than in their fellow-beings. Characters are not like candles, shaped in certain-sized moulds. They have all their differing personalities, their private little foibles. Through the woof of our mental or moral texture runs a thread of originality which renders the pattern of each distinctive and inimitable. No two are alike. The mark that is so apparent in one may be lacking in the next, but in its place is visible an impress of another kind. What one man treasures, may be to his neighbour rubbish fit only for the dust-hole. It is curious to observe the eccentric forms which the individualities of many take. The strongest minded have oftentimes a vein of superstition hidden away behind their iron nerves. The most practical and hard-headed blush in conscious knowledge of a soft spot of romantic sentiment. An intellect high in attainments and rich in culture may touch the level of commonplace by means of a simple almost childish idiosyncrasy. The following examples will serve as illustrations of the foregoing remarks.

Mr R—— is a thorough man of business, prompt, exact, and punctual, yet possessing a heart that beats with generous sympathy, and a hand that knows how to give liberally. His donations to charities are munificent; and many a care-burdened soul, many a troubled mind owes to him a gratitude too deep for utterance. His peculiarity—which however, leans greatly to the side of a virtue—consists in an economical regard for string and paper. He positively winces as though from bodily pain when he sees a thoughtless urchin pull out his knife in order to solve the Gordian knot. No string must be cut. It must be carefully untied. He is politeness itself to fellow-passengers in railway carriages if he perceives them angrily tugging at the entangled ligature of parcel or packet. He blandly proffers his own assistance to aid in the unravelment, and smiling satisfaction beams from his kindly countenance as the obstinate knots yield to the touch of his patient fingers. His pockets contain an odd assortment of twine of every length, quality, and description. Any piece that has been discarded and cast aside, he instantly secures and adds to his hoard. Equally great is his respect for paper. He tears off the unsoiled half-sheets of letters sent to him, and uses them for his own private correspondence; and is equally careful concerning the brown paper he receives as a cover to parcels. While liberal in many matters, he thus shews his prudently economic habits.

My friend B— now exhibits a peculiarity of a totally different type. He is a hale hearty old fellow of sixty odd years; and his strength and vigour he attributes to the constant and copious use of cold water. 'See the fruits of it!' he exclaims, baring his muscular arm. 'All my life I've drunk it and bathed in it; and there's not a sounder constitution than mine in all the three kingdoms.' He has never had an illness; he has never had to pay a doctor's bill for himself. Rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia are maladies to him unknown. He once had a slight, a very slight cold, which he ascribes to an unwise infraction of his favourite principle. Being over-persuaded by his wife's fears, he, one intensely frosty January morning, took his matutinal douche somewhat tepid. 'And the result of that foolish act sir,' he said irefully to me, when I consoled with him on the unprecedented misfortune of a sneeze, 'is this confounded influenza. No sir; no; no more warm baths for me. It was the first, and it shall be the last. I stick to my old colours closer than ever.' And he does too, and carries his theory so thoroughly into practice, that when staying at a small inn in the country his daily plunge was taken in an ice-bound stream; he having first to go through the preliminary operation of breaking the ice. He endeavours earnestly but unsuccessfully to make a convert of me. I candidly admit the truth and force of his arguments. I honestly admire him as a sample of the excellence of his doctrine; but I greatly fear that my nature is not sufficiently Spartan to allow me to become a worthy and creditable disciple.

There's J— again is never happy unless he is dosing himself. He is neither more nor less than a species of animated medicine-chest. He goes through a regular course of drug-taking. So many pills before going to bed, so many after getting up, so many before, so many after meals. When dinner is finished out comes a large pill-box, in the contents of which all his guests are asked to participate. Then he has especially potent draughts and particularly recommended drops to be taken at certain intervals. Every day he makes a careful examination of himself—takes note of the action of his pulse, observes the colour of his tongue, and closely scans the appearance of his eyes. Should the state of these organs prove unsatisfactory, there ensues an *extra-ordinary* absorption of doctor's stuff. Really, to see one man heroically swallowing so many nauseous compounds, gives one uneasy qualms of conscience, and provokes the inward query, whether an offer to assist in the task is not an obligation entailed by friendship.

Mrs L— is a charming woman, moderately young, and sufficiently attractive. But she is in a state of complete comfort only when her house is undergoing a putting in order. A spring cleaning sees her in her glory. Then her little idiosyncrasy has a fair field for expansion; and the amount of actual labour as well as vigilant superintendence which she succeeds in accomplishing would render a less energetic person limp and useless for a month. She does not however, confine her exertions to one particular season; the smallest pretext is seized upon as a sufficient excuse for a vigorous battle with ever-encroaching dust and

ever-invading dirt; and floors are uncovered, windows undraped, and sweeping, scrubbing, rubbing, and polishing are the *mots-d'ordre* of the day. Her carpets are worn out less from hard wear than hard brushing. A duster is to her hands a more familiar implement of industry than a needle. Cleanliness that is spotless, brightness that is dazzling, distinguish every corner and every article over which she exercises control.

A very worthy individual is my neighbour L—, and with sound enough views on most matters; but his common-sense utterly deserts him when it encounters the subject of taxes. Government, the army, the navy, the police force, and various other expensive institutions of the British empire, which have to be supported by a levy on the nation, are to most people facts plain and palpable. None the less however, do they fail to reconcile him to the frequently recurring demands of the collectors of taxes and rates. After a fashion of his own, he is a loyal subject, and would make an annual free-will offering of a hundred pound cheque to his sovereign did he think the royal exchequer required enriching. But to be *compelled* to disburse a tenth part of that sum provokes him to unwonted demonstrations of ill-nature. His unreasonableness is quite amusing.

A fancy for buying useless nick-nacks characterises Miss M—. She has a large collection of painted cardboard boxes, pretty to look at, but of no earthly good. Her dressing-table is crowded with an assortment of china trays for holding hair-pins and trinkets. Her work-basket is filled with odd-shaped needle-books and pin-cushions, carved spools for silks, and an overflowing abundance of every sort of needle-work instrument. Happily she has means that allow her to indulge her whim. Nevertheless, it seems a pity to waste money on the accumulation of such unnecessary trifles.

I happened to know a worthy little man now deceased, whose hobby was the drinking of toasts laudatory of persons present at any of his small dinner-parties. On one occasion, where the company consisted only of himself and two of his acquaintances, he stood up and begged leave to propose a toast, beginning with the words: 'There is a gentleman present,' and so carrying on for a quarter of an hour in fulsome flattery of this distinguished personage, without mentioning his name until the very last, and ending with a proposal for all the honours. This passion for laudatory toasting of individuals is carried to extravagant lengths in various country towns. I have heard of one town in particular where the rule seems to be laid down, that all the guests on festive occasions shall eloquently flatter each other in turn. Technically, this is called 'buttering.' Every man going to an evening entertainment of a society or club must be prepared to give and take a good deal of butter. Perhaps there is not much wrong in this ridiculous practice. The butter is valued at what it is worth. It is not real, but sham butter, or what the grocers would call butterine.

Such are the few instances we have selected. They can be multiplied and added to *ad infinitum*. A closer observation of ourselves and our fellow-beings will furnish further proofs that one and all

we are folks with fads—with some sort of 'odd idiosyncrasy'; and a knowledge of the fact should lead us to take a charitable view of our neighbours and their habits.

LOST AND FOUND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

UNDER this heading we have given at different times in this *Journal* a selection of stories relating to the loss and subsequent recovery of various articles. As we believe these were well received by a wide circle of readers, we have pleasure in giving a fresh selection, gathered from materials kindly furnished by correspondents in different quarters of the world, and placed at our disposal for this purpose.

The two stories which immediately follow are banking incidents, communicated by an English gentleman now resident in Canada, and may have a special interest at the present time.

My father was a brewer in a very large way of business in Newport, Isle of Wight, and of course a man particularly well known in that small country town. The events now related happened soon after the old French war, and long before the establishment of railways, money-order post-offices, the telegraph, and other modern conveniences. Communication by mail was then under a very heavy rate of postage; and all communications and packages of above a certain weight had to be sent as 'parcels' by the coaches. Hence bankers, goldsmiths, and others who were in the habit of sending valuable packages, when they could not find a responsible person willing to take charge of such articles, sent such parcels by private hand in the luggage of passengers, rather than go to the expense of carriage and run the risk of loss by the guard.

My father had repeatedly carried bankers' parcels containing large sums from Newport to London, and brought back similar parcels in return; but fearing any further responsibility, he at length declined all such future commissions, except those from his own bankers, and these he could not well refuse. His business called him a good deal to London; and as he was methodical and orderly, he got his full address engraved on a heavy brass plate, which was firmly riveted to the end of his black leathern portmanteau. This was in the days of Bank of England one-pound notes and other paper-money, and these securities answered instead of specie with the country banks; so that there was a constant passage and exchange of money-parcels between the country banks and their London agencies. On the occasion in question, a money-parcel had been duly taken to London and delivered; and the recipients inquired when the party (my father) was to return, in order that they might remit the usual reply-parcel. The answer was that his stay was uncertain, and he begged that the bankers would if possible find another messenger. But just as my father had all his luggage packed except the black leathern portmanteau, a clerk arrived from the banking-house with an ominously large parcel, whose square foldings of strong paper and well-sealed string-bands conveyed the unpleasant

idea that it was one of more than ordinary value. At first the parcel was altogether declined; and it was not until the clerk had assured the intended carrier that it had already been advised to the Newport bankers as sent by him, that it was accepted, and thrust into the portmanteau. Meantime the coach was delayed, the coachman and guard remonstrating loudly; and my father was finally hurried into the inside of the coach, having in the first place desired the 'boots' of the inn to deposit the portmanteau in the boot of the coach, which being under the feet of the coachman, was considered the safest place.

The coach arrived at Portsmouth, whence the sailing-packets transferred the passengers to the Isle of Wight across the Solent. There were at that time no steamboats; and when the wind and tide were contrary, the passage, although only of five miles, often took from two to three hours to accomplish. Great indeed was the dismay when on unloading the coach the black leathern portmanteau could not be found. The coachman and guard were strictly interrogated, but to no purpose. All that could be ascertained with certainty from the coachman and the box-seat passenger—both of whom were beyond suspicion—was that either one or other of them had had their feet on the cover of the boot the whole night, and that no single article had been removed, nor had the boot been once opened.

Clearly then, the only thing to be done was to write to the London bankers and to the inn-keeper, with a strict charge to find out from the 'boots' what he had done with the portmanteau, and to await events. On examination, the 'boots' declared that he had put the gentleman's portmanteau into the coach as he had done many times before, and that he had at the same time attended to the rest of the luggage. The reply of the London bankers was, that every inquiry possible had been made without discovery, and that the parcel contained ten thousand pounds of Bank of England notes, payment of which they had stopped.

This was a pleasant story to go to the country bank with, and as it was not a very large concern, the loss (should loss occur) would be almost ruinous. My father met the partners and stated the facts. Some proposed advertising; but as the name and address in full was on the portmanteau, and as the owner was so well known as a public man, it was thought best to wait and see what might turn up; all parties acquainted with the facts being strictly charged in the meantime to keep the matter absolutely secret, and that nothing whatever should be said outside. In spite of all this, my father felt that he was in a most disagreeable position, especially when the rumour went round every gossiping tea-table in the town that Mr — had been intrusted with a parcel containing ten thousand pounds, which not being accountable for, he had made away with.

Things went on in this way for some weeks, when one night after all had retired, my father was startled by a violent knocking at the front door; and on his opening his bedroom window, which was almost directly above the door, and hailing the intruder, he was answered by the welcome shout: 'Is that you, Mr —? and have you lost a portmanteau? I have one here in my hand with your name on it; and as the tide will

only serve half an hour longer, and my vessel must soon be under weigh, I ventured to knock you up.'

'Have you any one with you?' inquired my father.

'Yes,' replied the man, who was the master of a coasting schooner; 'my cabin-boy.'

'Well, tell him,' said my father, 'to go back to the schooner, and let the hands take her down the river, and wait for you at Cowes. You shall join her to-morrow. Meantime, I will pay all charges.'

'Very well,' said the captain. 'Come down and take in the portmanteau, and I will see you in the morning.'

'No; that will not do at all,' was the reply. 'You must come with me at once; and don't let that portmanteau out of your hand for a minute, — it is of more value than you think; and I will be down directly.'

He dressed and came down, and took the captain and his load away to the banker's house; knocked up all hands, and sent out for the other partners, before he would allow a word of explanation to be said. When all were assembled—'Now,' said my father to the captain, 'tell these gentlemen just how you became possessed of the portmanteau; and by all means assure them that my hands have never touched it since it came into your possession;' which the captain at once assured them was the case.

The captain's story was, that while lying in the Thames at London waiting for a return coasting freight, he had visited all the warehouses where he was likely to find any goods for the Isle of Wight, when one of the warehousemen said: 'Isle of Wight—do you know the place, and also Newport?' The captain replied that he knew both, and almost every man in the town. 'Well then, you may know this man;' and the black leathern portmanteau was produced. 'O yes,' said the captain, 'I know him well, and have goods for him on board the schooner. I will take charge, and pay anything there may be for warehousing.' The warehouseman made a small charge; said he did not know how the trunk came there, but that he was glad to be rid of it; and the captain carried it off; and in due time it arrived at its proper destination, as described.

'Now,' said my father to the senior partner, 'take this key, and open the trunk. I do not know whether the parcel is there or not; all I know is that I put it there, but under protest at the time.'

The portmanteau was opened, and the parcel found with all its seals intact. The captain was dismissed for the night with a charge to call at the bank the next day; and my father returned to his bed the happiest man in the world.

The next day, in pure self-defence the story had to be told all round the town, so as to silence the gossipers. The captain called at the bank the next day, and received as a reward a sum beyond his expectations, and which found the schooner a new suit of sails.

How the portmanteau came to be transferred from the boot of the coach to the warehouse, was never explained; which I consider not the least curious feature of the story. No one seemed to know anything about it, nor indeed were many inquiries made.

Not long after the foregoing affair happened, the senior partner of the bank in question died, and the surviving partners determined to close the concern whilst the debts due to it were good, and to retire. When such an object is in view, all the existing notes in circulation have to be paid in gold as they are returned, and the debts due to the bank have to be collected or compromised, or otherwise settled. My father had been left executor to the deceased partner; and as he (the executor) was an excellent man of business, he was both necessarily and otherwise greatly consulted in the matter of 'winding up.' The closing had taken place at a most favourable time; and at length the only business to be completed was the redemption of the notes, for which, until they all came in, the office had to be kept open. At first they came in quickly enough, then more and more slowly; and at length the surviving partners insisted on writing off the whole outstanding claims to 'profit and loss,' and retiring altogether; but to this my father would by no means consent; he said he did not believe in 'lost bank-notes,' for even in case of a fire the owners would save their money.

During all this time some years passed, and still the notes dropped in now and then. At length the final list of the missing notes was made out, and there were many that bid fair never to make their appearance. But there was one sum of upwards of two hundred pounds, which had been paid out about fifteen or twenty years before, entirely unaccounted for. The notes were of large amounts; the numbers were consecutive; they had all evidently been paid to one person, and had never reappeared. My father consented that if these notes could be accounted for, he would close up at once; but in the meantime they would wait some time. This had not been decided more than a few weeks, when one day my father was hastily summoned to the bank, as the missing sum of upwards of two hundred pounds had appeared. The notes were payable 'to bearer,' and of course must have been legally at once paid; but all concerned felt a curiosity to inquire where the absentees could have been for nearly twenty years. The presenter of the notes was a respectable farmer's widow; and on being civilly questioned, after some little hesitation stated as follows:

'My poor husband, — of —, was killed about twenty years ago. His horse fell with him on his journey home in the night, and the poor man's neck was broken, and he must have died instantly. He was brought in, in his riding dress, and taken to his bedroom; and all hope being gone, he was prepared for the grave. His dress was, as usual with the better sort of farmers, a hunting-coat, leather breeches, and boots. The breeches were new, and I put them away, hanging them up in a wardrobe in the attic storeroom, as I could not bear to see them. I had searched the pockets, as I thought; and we found some loose money, and also his watch, so that he had not been robbed; and this prevented a closer search. So the matter remained, until a short time ago, my eldest son, having grown to man's estate, discovered the leather breeches; and as they had never been worn half-a-dozen times, and were to all intents as good as new and very handsomely made, I

consented to their appropriation. But something seemed to urge me to search the pockets, which I did; and in what was known in that article of dress as the "secret fob-pocket," I found this bundle of notes. I was very glad to do so, both for the value (for we are not so well off as we used to be), and also that it relieved my husband's memory from a suspicion of gambling; for on inquiring into his affairs, it was found that he had on the day of his death drawn a large sum from the bank, which could not be, and never was accounted for until the present time. But this discovery has happily relieved his memory from the only stain which was on it.

Of course the notes were at once exchanged for gold, and the poor woman congratulated. This enabled the bank accounts to be closed. But on making up the final balance, every one was astonished at the small sum (comparatively) of missing notes; which shews how few bank-notes are really destroyed while in actual circulation.

The late Bishop of L—— was entertaining a party of guests at his house, when he was called away to see a sick friend residing in some neighbouring hamlet. The interview being over, the Bishop looked at his watch and found that he must take a short cut through the fields instead of the usual road, to enable him to get home in time for dinner. On his arrival he found that his watch was missing. Although much annoyed, he said nothing about the matter. On the following day he was again sent for to see his friend, and again had to return through the fields. Whilst getting through a gap in the hedge, to his surprise he found his watch suspended by a twig. At dinner he told the story to his guests. One of them asked: 'And was the watch *going*, my Lord?' To which he wittily replied: 'Yes, but my only surprise sir, was to find that it wasn't *gone*.'

The late W. W——, M.P. for London, whilst staying in Kent at the house of an old friend, lost his watch and seals, it was supposed in some part of the demesne. Nothing could be heard of them. Six months afterwards he was again, at Christmas time, a guest, and observing something glisten amongst the logs and brushwood—used instead of coals in the dining-room—found his long-lost property. The strange part of the story is that the labourers who collected the brushwood should have missed seeing the watch and seals.

Instances of rings having been lost and recovered from fish that had swallowed them, have been already quoted by us: here is another.

In the year 1559, as Mr Anderson, a merchant and alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was leaning over the bridge at that place and handling his ring, it fell into the river. Some time afterwards his servant bought in the market a salmon, in which, on being cut open, the lost ring was found, and most unexpectedly restored to its owner. The ring, in recognition of the singular incident, had a fish engraved under the signet; and for a long period of years it remained in possession of the descendants of Mr Anderson.

The following story relates to the finding of a lost dog under most exceptional circumstances, and comes to us from a member of the London Missionary Society, stationed at Antananarivo, in the

island of Madagascar. 'I had occasion during the year 1877 to leave the capital of this island on an exploratory journey to some uncivilised tribes inhabiting the south-western parts of the island. Much of the country I passed through has been traversed by no other European, and I nearly lost my life in the attempt to open up communication with the coast. As I am a very sound sleeper and had to sleep in a tent, I took with me as a companion my little dog Gip. He is not handsome, would have been dear at a shilling, and suffers from partial paralysis of the hind-legs. He is however, an affectionate little creature, and we became quite attached to each other as we went along week after week. He was a little over a year old when we started, and *he had never been five miles from home before*. We proceeded due south for nearly a month, and then turned west through some very wild parts, and across an uninhabited tract of country fifty miles broad. When more than three hundred miles from the capital "as the crow flies," and perhaps four hundred by road, I lost the dog, on Monday morning, August 27, 1877. As my course lay much farther south, I could not return to seek for him, and none of my men were bold enough to make the attempt among such wild people. I gave him up for lost.

'About a month after, I passed through the town again, on the return journey; but I could hear nothing of Gip. I arrived in Antananarivo on Thursday October 18th, and there, to my intense surprise and gratification, I found the little creature alive and well! How he found his way home is more than I can imagine. My wife tells me that he arrived in the capital at 10 p.m. on the night of October 3d. He was a mere skeleton; and our great house-dog, with which he had been on the most friendly terms for a year before, positively did not know him, and drove him out of the yard. The servants called for a hatchet to kill him, imagining him to be a mad dog, when fortunately by his fawning and whining, he made himself known. How he got food for the more than five weeks in such a country, is to me a marvel; and it seems incredible that he could have found his way for four hundred miles—a road, or rather track he had only once traversed before, having also to run the gantlet of the numerous curs infesting nearly every town on the road. He is now alive and well, and has quite recovered from the privations of his long dreary journey.'

THE BUTTERFLY—AN ALLEGORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

BORN with the spring, to die when droops the rose,
By zephyrs wafted through the lucid air,
The young flower's breast thy couch of brief repose,
Thou coy Bacchant of all that's sweet and fair—
Spurning the earth with wings of wondrous hue,
To mingle with the everlasting blue.
Lo! such the butterfly's enchanting fate!
How like Desire that restless roams below;
Finds here no fount whence joys enduring flow,
And soars to heaven its longings there to sate!

ALEXANDER LOGIE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 45, Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 798.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

IDEAS ABOUT OLD MAIDS.

BY A LADY.

I BEG leave to observe that I am not an Old Maid, and therefore do not write from prejudiced views or *esprit de corps*. But I have lived long enough to remember many a possible old maid when in the bloom of her 'sweet seventeen,' and to have noticed the subtle transformations effected by the finger of Time. Were it not that with a certain order of minds truth is readily sacrificed for the sake of a joke, I should find it difficult to imagine how the vulgar idea of an old maid became established as the artistic, theatrical, and even literary type. If we take up an illustrated book or newspaper, especially where the designs are intended to be humorous, and a spinster of a certain age has to be depicted, we see her as a matter of course gaunt and hideous, sour-looking and ill-dressed, and almost certainly with 'spectacles on nose.' In fiction and the drama, if poor she is described as envious and spiteful; if rich as the easy prey of designing flatterers—unloved except by feline favourites, the laughing-stock of the young, the neglected by the world.

But if we look into families, into the real human life which is throbbing all around us, it is a far different picture which presents itself. The old maid is not unfrequently one of the noblest figures in the family group. She is generally a personage who makes sacrifices for others; if rich she is often a Lady Bountiful in even a better sense than that commonly understood by the term; and if poor and what is called dependent, she is pretty sure to be the indefatigable good angel of the family. We have known some estimable maiden ladies of this type; their age crowning them with glory. How frequently is the old maid the ever tender nurse in sickness, the careful housekeeper if need be, the alternate instructress and playmate of the children, the wise counsellor of the young, and the trusted *confidante* of the old. There is generally a very sweet humility about the genuine old maid; and

by genuine I mean one who has accepted her position as definite and absolute. She knows herself to be in a certain sense of less account than wives and mothers; and if thoughtless and unsympathetic people occasionally make her feel that they are of the same opinion, she bows to their judgment. She does not even resent the half-contemptuous pity which is sometimes made apparent by those who take it for granted that she laments her destiny, and would have had it otherwise if she could. Here and there probably there may be a case where such pity is deserved, but with a large proportion of single women it is far different.

If we knew the heart-histories of many old maids we should find them characterised by the purest pathos and a life's most elevating discipline. Often does a woman remain single because she is faithful to an idea! Perhaps some happy dream of girlhood was broken by death or estrangement—perhaps she has never met the man who fully realised her aspirations, and whom in perfect fealty she could feel herself able to love, honour, and obey. Whatever men may think on the subject, that last word 'obey' has a grave meaning to thoughtful women, who, conscious of a 'soul of their own,' are a little terrified at all obedience may involve. Other women there are of gentle and more yielding natures who have formed an ideal which in real life is never approximately reached, though this class only desire to find the idol worthy of their adoration and obedience. At anyrate the woman who remains single rather than make a 'half-hearted' marriage, is worthy of all honour.

But there is worse than half-heartedness to apprehend. The newspapers almost daily report cases of neglect, and even savage cruelty of husbands towards their wives. These sorrowful cases are not confined to the humbler sections of society. Judicial inquiry shews that they occur in what are termed the higher and respectable circles. Can we wonder, then, that women of a delicate turn of mind, and who are not positively dependent on matrimony for a subsistence, are

apt to shrink from incurring a risk, and ultimately to reject a married life should circumstances offer? If they be wrong in their determination, let men and the law together bear the discredit.

Let us also consider the number of 'single women of a certain age' who are filling positions of high responsibility and important trust. Look at the multitude of school-mistresses and teachers of various denominations who are in many cases the mainstay of venerable parents, and not unfrequently of orphaned nephews and nieces. Authors and artists also of note have been and are of the sisterhood; and coming lower down in the social scale, how commonly is the most valued domestic servant unmarried. How pleasing to witness cases of noble integrity and self-sacrifice in female domestics, who from attachment to their old mistresses, prefer to remain celibates for life. As faithful housekeepers, nurses, assistants in various capacities, they pass not only a blameless but an honourable existence. Several instances of this kind have fallen within our knowledge; and it is gratifying to see by obituaries, how the loss of these aged and faithful ministers to domestic comfort is truly mourned by their friendly employers.

In these days it is an acknowledged fact that there are far more women than men in the country; also there has arisen within the last thirty or forty years a great change in public opinion with regard to the dependence and independence of women, and both these circumstances ought to sweep away—as one wipes writing from a slate—the false and malignant type of the Old Maid. A generation back, in what may be called the upper middle class, it was taken as a matter of course that the women of a family were to be supported by the men. When a daughter was portionless or nearly so, a dying father would leave her as a legacy to his sons, with full persuasion that she would be duly cared for; and the families of professional men were reduced from comfort to penury by the death of the bread-winner just as often then as they are now. But it was only in cases where there was exceptional energy of character that the 'young lady' or the 'single woman of a certain age' thought herself other than hardly used, if not slightly disgraced, if she had to exert herself for a maintenance.

Happily public opinion on such matters is now greatly improved. All right-minded people applaud single women who make honourable careers for themselves, who 'find their work and do it.' And there is plenty of woman's work to be found waiting to be done, work that is essentially feminine and suited to her powers. We are not speaking now of wives and mothers whose first duties are in the home sphere, but of single women who are too conscious of their capacities to sit with folded hands and be as the lilies that 'toil not, neither do they spin.' Nowadays rich women of energetic character are often among the busiest of mortals, and these women have the keenest sympathy with, and admiration for, their more forlorn sisters who toil perhaps primarily for independence, but who also love their work and execute it conscientiously. In fact every such woman not only elevates herself, but by insensibly raising public opinion benefits her sex.

To despise an old maid was always a mean stupidity; and now it is really an absurdity. It would be indiscreet and invidious to mention the names of the living, but every thoughtful reader will recall the Old Maids who are prominently before the world as wise benefactors and teachers, helpers of the weak, and pioneers of progress in many directions. If unmarried women, as some think, occasionally bring a degree of ridicule on their sex by a fussy forwardness to assume the political position of men, such are merely exceptional cases; and it may be questioned whether the blame for these eccentricities is not frequently more due to the crotchets of politicians trying to make capital than to any deliberate feminine intention. All sensible women know how to make themselves respected and useful without trenching on duties that would only bring embarrassment.

Literature in the present and the past owes much to unmarried ladies. Of the dead, we may only mention Hannah More and Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth and Mary Russell Mitford, as old maids the world delighted to honour, and whose happy influence has extended far beyond their own generation.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MAN PROPOSES.

SIR LUCIUS LARPENT had made up what he took to be his mind. It might well be believed that, for purely rational purposes, such persons as Sir Lucius have no minds at all. They do not reason. To them the faculty of concrete thinking appears to be as much denied as the power of flying. But in a halting and irregular fashion they do think a little, and feel a good deal, and the insolvent baronet had weighed the *pros* and *cons*, so far as his limited scope of mental vision could take them in, and he had made up his mind that he would marry Maud. Yes; he would marry her, and at once, or at least as soon as milliners and lawyers would allow, and there would be an end of it.

Personally, Sir Lucius very much preferred his 'bachelor freedom.' Plenty of money, a few years more of London, of Norway yachting, or grouse-shooting, trips to Paris, and scampers to Italy, with the ruin of certain celebrated country-houses within the confines of Britain, constituted an earthly elysium that he was loath to lose. But then, as he argued with himself, beggars, even with a handle to their names, cannot be choosers. Married life was slow, of course; but then in this case the chains would be plated with gold. Old Lord Penrith might be expected to do something very handsome for the favourite niece whom all believed to be the destined heiress of his large estates. And then, the Dowager! Could it be possible that he, Lucius Larpent, should by the simple process of placing a golden circlet on a slender girlish finger, become an eldest son in property as well as in bare fact? Sir Lucius thought so, and was prepared to act upon his conviction. With this intent he sought Maud.

Now, girls are so often accused of angling for men—accusations not perhaps invariably calumnious—that when a man plays the part of angler his strategy has at least the merit of surprise.

Maud was surprised when her cousin, whose preference of late for her society she had attributed in part to cousinly regard, and in part also to the fact that Llosthuel Court was but a dull country-house in a dull neighbourhood, came to her and said: 'It's no use mincing matters. If it wasn't for your sake, Maud, what on earth do you imagine could keep a man in such a dungeon as this house of my mother's here? Or what could he find to do, unless indeed he jumped over the cliff, and made an end of it?'

'I am afraid you do find it a little dull,' answered Maud, with innocent hypocrisy. She began to be afraid that her kinsman meant to say something—something that would necessitate a serious answer—and she thought no harm if, by that verbal fencing in which the daughters of Eve excel, she could prevent the dreaded word from being spoken. A proposal from Sir Lucius was the very last thing in the world that she wished to hear. But Sir Lucius did not intend to allow himself to be put off by young lady-like parries of this sort.

'Dull!' he said. 'If it wasn't for you, Maud, I'd cut my throat, or ship on board the first vessel bound for anywhere, that would take a good-for-nothing like myself before the mast; I would indeed!'

It was not a happy hit. Something of a smile flickered about the corners of Maud's pretty mouth as she pictured to herself the skipper who should be injudicious enough to take this white-handed selfish Sybarite as a sailor on board his ship; and it may be that the contrast between the baronet's feline nature and Hugh's simple manliness suggested itself as an echo of the words. The baronet saw the smile, and it nettled him.

'Upon my word, Maud,' he said, 'you are hard upon a fellow. I do feel as if you owed me something for keeping me here all this time.'

'I—I keep you here! I do not understand,' faltered Maud. It was coming then. She could not prevent it now. In the whirl and turmoil of London society it is hard to fan a declaration into flame, and easy to snuff it out; but at Llosthuel Court things were different.

'Come, dearest,' said Sir Lucius, trying to take Maud's hand, 'there ought to be no nonsense between us two. You must know; you can't help seeing how fond I am of you, or'—

'Cousin, you are laughing at me, or you are very much mistaken,' interrupted Maud, drawing back her hand.

'Laughing, hey?' said the baronet, in an injured tone. 'To me, at anyrate, my dear, it is no laughing matter. Here have I been moping'—

'Upon my word, Cousin Lucius, you are very polite to tell me how weary you are of my society,' said Maud, trying to turn the affair into a jest.

'No; but of everything except your society, Maud, love,' said Sir Lucius, coming nearer, and speaking in the most insinuating tone that his practised voice could command. 'I'm no great speech-maker, I know, and fine language is not much in fashion nowadays; but if you like it, Maud, I'll go down on one knee, as they do on the stage, to tell you how much I love you, and how I long to call you my wife.'

He was a handsome young fellow, in his way, this impecunious baronet, and had a pleasant smile, and fine eyes that shone pleasantly too,

when the lurking devil that harboured there kept hidden for a while; but his fascinations of look and manner, and the plausible accents of his voice, were thrown away upon Maud Stanhope.

'Cousin Lucius,' said she, gently but firmly, 'I am sorry to give you pain by my refusal, but I have no choice—you have left me no choice—but to answer your proposal plainly, and I must say "No" at once. It is better that there should be an end of such an idea for ever.'

'You don't mean it, Maud?' said Sir Lucius, half incredulous. 'You only say it to tease me, or because it is pretty and missyish to say "No" before you say "Yes."'

'There is nothing missyish about me, if the word implies insincerity or affectation, cousin, as I think you ought to know,' answered Maud with perfect steadiness; 'and I do mean what I said just now, I assure you.'

'Come, come, my love, this is too bad!' exclaimed Sir Lucius, not only startled and annoyed, but reproachful too. 'You know we two were always meant to come together; that all the family planned it—even before my first somewhat unfortunate alliance—and had counted upon our marrying as an event quite certain to come off some day. I've always felt myself that you and no one else belonged to me, Maud dear.'

It was not altogether a judicious speech. It may not be quite politic for a suitor to tell a high-spirited maiden that she has really no choice in the matter, and that her acceptance of him is, for family reasons, a foregone conclusion. Maud's colour rose, and her tone was cold, and almost sarcastic, as she replied: 'Either you are under a delusion, Lucius, or some one has been kinder and more thoughtful on my behalf than I knew of, since it seems that my destiny has been decided without my being consulted on the subject. I, at anyrate, do not at all feel as if I belonged to you; and if you please, you will consider the answer which I was compelled to give you just now as a final one.' As she spoke she rose from her chair.

'You are angry with me, Maud,' said the baronet bitterly; 'but, on my word, it is I'—

'No; not angry,' she said, interrupting him; but as she spoke, she was gone.

Sir Lucius looked after the girl until the door closed, an ugly frown upon his face. 'I'll bring you to your senses yet, my lady!' he muttered between his sharp white teeth as he ground them together. He sat still for a few moments, and then rising in his turn, went straight to the Dowager's study. Lady Larpent, who was going through the neatly arranged columns of an account-book, pen in hand, laid down the pen as she saw the unusual signs of agitation on her son's face. 'Anything wrong, Lucius?' she asked.

'Yes, there is,' returned the baronet, throwing himself into a chair, and irritably tossing back the dark hair from his forehead. 'Maud has treated me ill, mother—confoundedly ill. It's no secret, I believe, that I care very much about her, and that sort of thing. Well, I have asked her to be my wife, and she has given me my dismissal, by Jove! as if I'd been a lackey.'

'You should not take "No" for an answer so easily,' said the Dowager, knitting her brows.

'Not such a fool as that,' returned the baronet. 'The more I pressed her though, the more she got

on her high-horse, until at last she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen. I feel it, I can tell you. And it's a shame, mother, an intolerable shame !'

Sir Lucius not merely spoke in the tone of an injured man, but he really did feel a sense of injury. In the set he lived with, marrying was seldom spoken of except as an act of self-sacrifice, on the man's part at least, which was to be classed as generous or foolish according to circumstances. And he did feel as if, in proposing to Maud so recently, he had done a very handsome and indeed chivalrous thing, which deserved a becoming recognition on the part of the young lady. Maud Stanhope had not looked at this in a proper light, and Sir Lucius was almost honest in his indignation against the cavalier treatment with which his liberality had been met.

The Dowager only half sympathised with her son's very evident annoyance. She was of the old school, and he of the new. In that early day when she had formed her fixed ideas as to the fitness of things, women were accustomed to regard themselves as the sought instead of the seekers, and young gentlemen of high pretensions as to rank or wealth had not as yet learned to stand on the defensive against fair candidates for matrimony. But she knew that matters of this sort had altered very much, and she could almost understand that her son had customary and fashionable grounds for his present state of irritation. He was perhaps the poorest of poor baronets—an assertion not to be unreservedly made, for there are many members of our strange hereditary knighthood who are grievously out at elbows—but then it rested with her to make him rich. And he had a coronet in prospect; for would he not be Lord Penrith, when the present baron, his uncle and Maud's, should die? And Maud's dowry would be splendid, and her prospects grand.

'I will speak to dear Maud,' said the Dowager, after a brief consultation with her weighty brows. 'She is the best girl in the world, the dearest and truest. She knows I am her friend, and have her welfare at heart. Leave it all to me. Wait and hope, Lucius; wait and hope !'

CHAPTER XIX.—AS AMBASSADRESS EXTRAORDINARY.

It is curious how the matchmaking instinct can blind good women every day to the mischief they may do when they strive to join hands that are best unlinked, and to weld together hearts that have no single throb in common. Why did Mrs Perkins and her three good-natured daughters toil and slave and scheme, with such absolute abnegation of self, to wed Angelina Brown, the Manchester heiress, to young Edwin Fitzscamp? Mr Fitzscamp was legally and conventionally Honourable, it is true; but then he was over head and ears in debt, would have robbed his dearest friend any day for a ten-pound note, and was not on speaking terms with his father Lord Scampington. Poor Angelina was stupid perhaps, but innocent and honest, and she and her sixty thousand pounds deserved to fall into better hands than those spendthrift ones of Fitzscamp.

Lady Larpent was so shrewd, that her conscience was not quite comfortable as she set forth in

search of Maud her niece, to do her son's errand. But she lulled it to sleep with those moral anodynes of which, it is to be feared, we most of us keep a stock in store; and by the time the interview began had almost persuaded herself that the most proper arrangement in the world would be a matrimonial alliance between Miss Stanhope and her kinsman Sir Lucius. She thought, as has been previously said, ill of her son, and well of Maud. But then her son was her son, and blood is thicker than water, and it would steady Lucius to be tied for life to such a consort as sweet Maud. And without stopping to consider whether the possible advantage to be gained was worth the price to be paid for it, Lady Larpent buckled to her work.

'Maud, my dearest, you have made your old aunt very, very unhappy,' said the Dowager feelingly. This was not quite a true statement. Lady Larpent was not unhappy; but only bent on bringing about a match between two persons remarkably ill suited to one another; yet Maud was touched. Her aunt had been very kind to her since the unforgotten days of her childhood. To make her aunt unhappy, even in theory, was distressing to her.

'I mean—about Lucius,' said the Dowager, by way of explanation.

'Has he—spoken to you, then?' asked Maud.

'Yes, my dear, he has indeed,' replied the Dowager; 'and I can tell you that he has taken very much to heart the answer you gave him. You know, my pet, how much I love you both. He is my own son, and you have always been as dear to me as a daughter. Why cannot you two understand each other, and learn to be happy together?'

Maud did not reply save by a gesture of negation.

'Lucius really loves you,' pursued the Dowager, warning to her work, exactly as a barrister forces on himself a sort of mock-belief in the client whom he knows to be a rascal. 'I have never seen him so earnest before—never. His sincere wish is to make you happy. Your love, my dear, is all he wants to steady him for ever, and to give him a purpose in life and an object for exertion. He is clever, you know.'

'I always thought so. I always thought he could make a name in the world, if he pleased,' returned Miss Stanhope, glad to gratify her kind aunt by some safe praise, as she considered, of her son. Indeed, that Lucius had abilities fitted to win distinction, if only he would condescend to use them, was a cardinal article of faith in the family. Many a languid coxcomb other than he is similarly credited by admiring aunts and sympathetic sisters with the power to become Premier or Lord Chancellor, if he would but take the preliminary trouble.

'He could—he could!' repeated Lady Larpent, mentally scoring a point in the game; 'and it only rests with you, my own Maud, to make him what you will, and to be proud of his success. I'd take care he had a seat in parliament,' added the Dowager, as confidently as she would have pledged herself that he should have a carriage or a service of plate; 'and then, you know, he must be in the House of Lords some day. It would be a good thing for you, love. It would be a good thing for him. Money, title, connection, just as

they should be. Let me go and tell him, from you'—

'Tell him nothing from me, dear Aunt Larpent,' said Maud gently but resolutely, 'except what I have told him already. I am sorry to give him pain, and doubly sorry to vex you, but what he wishes can never, never be!'

'Why not?' asked the Dowager, her expressive brows beginning to quiver and dilate at this unexpected opposition. People accustomed continually to have their own way get to consider any check or thwarting as a sort of *lèse-majesté* or petty treason.

'Because,' said Maud simply, 'I do not love Lucius—not, I mean, as I ought to love my husband.'

'Of course not,' said Lady Larpent cheerfully. 'Of course you have not been used to think of him in that way. He spoke to you suddenly, and with nothing to lead up to it, and the whole thing was a surprise. But Maud, my own pet, that is a matter which might be trusted to right itself, and which every day will improve. I am an old woman, and have seen a good deal of the world, and I can assure you that love comes quite as often after marriage as before it.'

It may be that Maud Stanhope was of a more romantic temperament than Sophia Lady Larpent had been gifted withal. Or it may be that the advice to take Sir Lucius her cousin for better or worse, in the hope that it might be for better, savoured too much of the hazardous to be congenial to her taste. She merely shook her head sadly, and again intrenched herself in what she felt to be a strong position. 'I am sure I do not love him as I should like to love my husband, if I had one.'

And for the moment Lady Larpent was puzzled. She returned to the charge however, with new arguments.

'You see, my dearest Maud,' said the lady-paramount of Llosthuel, 'we ought not to live entirely to please ourselves. I am sure you will agree with me there. Now, both your dear mother and your uncle Lord Penrith, have, as I happen to know, looked with favourable eyes upon this marriage; and would be sadly disappointed if they thought it was never to be. It would keep the property and the ancient title from going asunder.—Ah, you shake your pretty head, my dear; but there cannot be a doubt that my lord will leave you every acre he has to leave. Poor Lucius will have but the bare rank of Lord Penrith. Not but that I should do something for him at once,' she hastened to add, 'if he married a wife of whom I could approve.'

'Then I hope,' said Maud pertinaciously, 'that he will find—find some one to love him and to make him happy, whom you too would like, aunt. But it cannot be Maud Stanhope!'

'Pray, may I ask, are you in love with anybody else?' demanded the Dowager abruptly.

Maud grew crimson. 'I—no—no—I do not love anybody—at least I think not,' she answered confusedly; and the quaint simplicity of the reply reassured the old lady.

'I think not too, my child,' she said, kissing Maud on the forehead. 'And I ought not to have made you blush by such a question. But why not make my boy happy, and myself happy

too, for that matter, by one little word, and that is, "Yes!" It would be such a pleasure to me to have you both to stay with me here at Llosthuel; and I shall feel so lonely when you leave me Maud, now that Edgar and Willie are gone to school; for of course I cannot keep Lucius always at my apron-strings here in Cornwall. Or, if you would like London better, we could live there for half the year at least. Do think better of it, Maud.'

'Give me a little time,' pleaded Maud, staggered but not convinced; and the Dowager, who had perhaps heard of the old French adage as to fortresses that parley and women who listen, purred contentedly as her ears drank in the welcome sound. Of course Maud should not be hurried—no, no. It had all been so very sudden, and she needed not to give her answer that day, or the next, or next week even. Let her think it over; and in the meantime, might not Lucius, poor fellow, be comforted by a scintilla of hope? 'It would make him so happy, Maud.' But Maud, though she had been weak enough to plead for delay, could not be brought to send any sort of message to Sir Lucius. She would think it over, she said; and with this Lady Larpent, after a good deal of kissing and many affectionate expressions had been employed, was fain to be content.

LAND TELEGRAPH LINES.

THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

IN our country at the present day, land telegraph lines are a feature of the landscape as well known as roads or railways. They are to be found intersecting it in all directions. From the metropolis as a central ganglion, they spread over the land like a great system of nerves, ramifying to all places of human activity, even to the most remote Highland villages. Yet only forty years ago there was not a single line in the British Isles, or even in Europe, if we except a short experimental arrangement at Göttingen. A person who died forty years ago, if suddenly called to life in our day, would regard the operations of our telegraphs as little short of the miraculous. In the first place, he would be hopelessly puzzled to account at all for the wires which met him everywhere, and it would be amusing to hear him conjecture their purpose. On being told that they were electric telegraph lines, he would most likely be as ignorant as before; for although in his time the telegraph was foreseen by leading scientists as a great result of the future, the general public had no knowledge of its importance. If he were a ghost of an inquiring disposition, he would wish to know the *rationale* of electrical communication, and the name, use, and nature of the lines he saw before him; and, indeed, it may fairly be asked whether his informer thus far would not then be himself puzzled in turn.

The rapidity of growth of the electric telegraph, and its own occult nature, combine to render its mode of action, to say the least, but vaguely understood by the people at large. The notion that the electric power is very mysterious, has

prevented many from trying to get clear ideas upon the subject. Yet it is only when we attempt to probe its molecular processes that electricity is occult. It is an agency that can neither be seen nor handled of itself; but its observed effects are plain and striking. When we look only at the manifest effects of electricity, the operation of the telegraph becomes exceedingly simple to comprehend. In the present paper we wish to explain as clearly as possible the *rationale* and construction of land-lines, in the same way as we have in former papers explained that of submarine cables; and in doing so, we shall do our best to make ourselves intelligible to all.

Every telegraphic circuit is made up of the battery, the key or sending instrument, the wire, the receiving instrument, and the earth itself. The battery generates the electric current; the key admits it into the wire at the will of the operator; the wire transmits it to the distant station, and the earth conveys it back again to the battery; while the receiving instrument at the distant station interprets its effects into intelligible signals. It thus completes the circuit from one pole or outlet of the battery to the other. There need be no limit to the extent of the circuit. The wire might be taken to the ends of the earth, and if led into the ground there, the current would find its way back to the battery, or at least it would seem to do so by its effects. This conducting power of the earth is a curious factor in all telegraph work, a message being as dependent upon it as it is upon the actual wire itself. Unless there be a complete circuit of wire and earth, the operations of the most expert clerk would be in vain.

By working the key according to a code of signals, the operator controls the currents he lets into the line; and their effects on the receiving instrument at the distant station are deciphered in terms of the same code. Since the current returns by the earth, it is necessary, in order to make the circuit complete, to keep the wire and the earth apart throughout the entire length of the line. Unless this be done, the current would escape to the earth at the point where they touch, and take the short-cut back to the battery. From end to end the line-wire must therefore be *insulated* or separated from the earth. Of all known substances the air itself is fortunately the best insulator. To insure therefore that the wire will be insulated from the earth, it is only necessary to support it properly in the air. But the ordinary materials of construction, wood, iron, and stone, are not sufficiently good insulators themselves; therefore if the wire were simply supported in the air by these substances, the electricity would escape by them to earth, and no messages could be transmitted or received. To overcome this difficulty, and thus prevent the electricity from leaking from the wire to the ground, a specially good and rigid non-conducting substance must be interposed between the wire and its supports. These *insulators* seen on every telegraph post, are knobs of glass or stone-ware. The wire is attached to them, and they support and insulate it from the post; and by these and by the air, an overhead line is insulated from the earth.

There are many interesting facts connected with those who first endeavoured to turn the subtle fluid to practical account.

After various scientists had made experiments with outgoing and incoming wires, Steinheil of Munich made the valuable discovery that the earth itself might advantageously form the return part of the circuit, and take the place of the incoming wire. In 1839 the first line was made in England, from Paddington Station, London, to West Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles. It was formed of six copper wires insulated by hemp, and inclosed for protection in iron tubing, which was buried in the ground along the railway. It was thus an underground line, but was improperly insulated. In 1842 Messrs Fothergill and Cooke first supported the wire on poles, properly insulated from it by conical props or insulators of earthenware; a practice destined to universal extension. In 1844 the first line in America was erected from New York to Washington. There are now several million miles of land-lines in the civilised world, similar throughout except in points of mere detail. The largest single line is the great Indo-European which stretches from Thorn in Prussia, *via* Warsaw, Odessa, and Tiflis, to Teheran in Persia, a distance of two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles.

In the early days of telegraphs the wire was of copper; but for certain important reasons it was soon found better to employ iron wire instead. Iron wire is now used everywhere. The best is drawn from rods of the purest Swedish charcoal iron. To prevent it from rusting, the wire was formerly dipped when red-hot into linseed oil; but it is now *galvanised*, that is to say coated with zinc by being dipped in the molten metal.

Telegraph posts are usually of wood. In Europe, larch and red-fir spars are employed; in America, chestnut and cedar. To prevent decay, larch posts are impregnated with sulphate of copper in all their pores, and those of red fir with oil of creosote. The butt-end which enters the ground is likewise often charred. In America, timber is so rife that the poles are never so prepared. They range from twenty to sixty feet long in England; but in India, where broad rivers have to be spanned, masts of a hundred feet are sometimes used. There are usually about thirty posts to the mile of wire. In countries like Canada, where the range of temperature is from 90° Fahrenheit in summer to 20° below zero in winter, the lines will expand and contract four or five feet in the mile; and therefore the posts are placed nearer to each other than in more equable climes.

Formerly telegraph wires and poles were subject to much damage from lightning. Now however, each pole is protected by an iron wire from the ground to a few inches above the top, where it ends in a point. By this apparatus lightning is conveyed harmlessly to the ground, in the same manner that it is conveyed down steeples and chimney-stalks. Iron posts are coming more and more into use, especially in Asia and parts of Africa and South America, where good timber is scarce and the climate trying to wood. Iron poles are five times more costly than wooden ones, but they last at least ten times longer, so they may be a gain in the end. They are certainly the more elegant, light, and manageable of the two kinds. The insulators are fixed to iron brackets bolted to the top portion of the pole. Poles entirely of wrought-iron are coming into use in Germany. They are light, cheap, and durable, and are

founded on granite blocks. In some forest regions of Switzerland, India, and Texas the wires are supported from living trees by swinging insulators, which keep their position when the trees sway in the wind, and do not strain the wires. In cities, posts are inconvenient, and the wires are simply fixed to walls, as in the Catacombs of Paris and under railway bridges, or supported on house-tops by short poles and brackets.

The insulators are the most important point in the construction of a line. In Europe, porcelain or earthenware insulators are almost everywhere in use; whereas in America glass is preferred, although Europe long ago abandoned it. Not only must the material of the insulator be an excellent non-conductor, but its shape must be such that dust will not lodge on it, and it should be repellant of moisture. Water is a good conductor, and a film of rain or dew on the surface of the insulator acts as a conductor. It should therefore dry quickly in the sun; its surface should be rounded, glazed, and without flaw. In England, brown earthenware insulators are more common than those of white porcelain, because cheaper. All insulators, whether of glass or clay, or other substance, have generally the shape of an inverted cup. The under hollow is sheltered from rain, while the outside may be wet. An iron shank fitted into the hollow serves to fix the insulator to the bracket or cross-arm carrying it on the pole; and the wire is attached to a groove in the knob or top. Between the wire and the bracket of the pole there is therefore interposed the full thickness of the insulator, and the whole outer and inner surface. Any leakage of electricity from wire to pole must therefore either find its way through the body of the substance, or over that length of surface. In Varley's insulator, which is one of the best of its kind, the hollow is shaped like a double cup, so as to double the interposed surface. In wild countries, insulators are often hooded with iron for protection against injury.

In constructing a line, the ground is first surveyed and the mechanical details settled. The site of each post is then marked out by a peg driven into the ground, and the work of construction begins. A gang of men dig or blast out the post-holes in advance; another gang fix the insulators to the posts, and erect them in the holes. The wire is uncoiled from a drum alongside, and strained to deaden or *kill* its excessive springiness. It is then drawn tight between two poles, and bound to the insulator. The different lengths of wire are jointed together by a peculiar twist called the Britannia Joint, which is overrun with solder. In this way the work proceeds. When broad rivers have to be crossed, the wire is floated over on a raft, and strained between tall posts called masts. If the river is too wide for a single air-span, recourse is had to an under-river cable. In parts where the posts are exposed to strong gales, or at sharp turns where the pulls of the wires on the post do not balance each other, the posts require to be stayed with iron wires or wooden struts founded in the earth; and sometimes double or triple posts braced together are adopted. A land-line requires very little testing in the course of its erection; but all the materials are carefully tested before beginning; the posts and the wires for strength;

and the insulators one by one, for electric insulation.

In many respects, iron air-lines are unsuitable to cities; they rapidly deteriorate in the acid atmosphere; they are often faulty, and are moreover very unsightly. Underground lines have therefore taken their place; and in London alone there are some three thousand miles of these subterranean nerves. A line buried in the earth is safe from the dangers of the upper air; but it is not so easy to get at when repairs are needed, as an air-line. The earliest experimental underground line in England was laid in 1839. It was of copper wire insulated by a covering of hemp, and inclosed for protection in iron and lead tubing. Like all the other earliest attempts elsewhere, it failed through insufficient insulation. In 1845 a Royal Commission was appointed in Prussia to consider the advisability of laying a system of underground lines. Gutta-percha as an insulator was then receiving attention in England, and Dr Werner Siemens recommended its adoption to the Prussian government. Three thousand miles of gutta-percha-covered wire was accordingly laid; but failed entirely after a few years; and underground lines were abandoned in Prussia in favour of air-lines. Similarly in England, the Magnetic Telegraph Company laid gutta-percha-covered wires between Liverpool and Manchester; but had to replace them piecemeal by air-lines. Now however, that technical experience has accumulated, subterranean lines are taking a useful place in telegraphy. The German government has various underground lines of communication between Berlin and the western frontier; and there is now a postal telegraph line of conductors, inclosed in stoneware pipes, between Liverpool and Manchester.

The subterranean wires are without exception of copper, covered with gutta-percha, laid on in several coatings; and sometimes tape, soaked in Stockholm tar as a preservative, is bound over all. They are inclosed for safety and cleanliness in pipes of iron, lead, or stoneware, and buried a foot or two underground. There is no objection to water entering the pipes—it is rather preservative of gutta-percha—but sand and dirt must be kept out. In London the pipes are of iron, and of various diameters, according to the number of wires they have to contain. A four-inch pipe holds one hundred and twenty wires. They are laid under the pavement twenty inches deep, and near the curb, so as to be out of the way of passengers when being repaired. Along the line there are *draw-boxes* and *joint-boxes* alternately, two hundred yards apart, each having a cast-iron lid flush with the pavement. The wires are drawn together through the pipes from the draw-boxes in lengths of four hundred yards, each end of the bundle of lengths being drawn two hundred yards in an opposite direction to the other end, from the draw-box as a centre. The London wayfarer sees almost daily, as he hurries along the pavement, the drawing in or out of the wires, the open joint-box and the joiner at work with his spirit-lamps for soldering, and for softening the gutta-percha; while a light van stands by with the battery and electrical apparatus for testing the work as it proceeds. Each section of four hundred yards is tested for insulation, resistance, and for conductivity of the copper wire; and after it is jointed on to the rest of the line, these tests are repeated for the whole line.

If the result is as it should be, the next section is then joined on.

Subterranean wires are little subject to faults or leakages as compared with air-lines. A number of spare wires are usually drawn into the tubes along with the others, to supply the place of those becoming defective. When these are used up and a wire breaks down, it is necessary to draw out the lot in order to repair it, and as this frays the gutta-percha, it becomes needful sometimes to renew the whole. While the sudden atmospheric changes, so frequent in England, cause the insulation of our land-lines to vary very irregularly, subterranean, like submarine lines, are tolerably exempt from this disturbance, being in general uniformly surrounded with water.

Though every care is taken to prevent the electricity from leaving its legitimate path the wire, the leakage is nevertheless more or less constant, even in the weather most propitious for its transit. Thus on a line from London to Edinburgh not more than three-fourths of the current sent out reaches its destination. The remaining fourth has oozed out in some mysterious way. In wet or foggy weather not more than a fourth will escape leakage. The resistance of a well-dried insulator is equal to about a million miles of what is termed 'number eight' line-wire; but a shower of rain may suddenly diminish this a hundredfold, and when the sun shines out again it rapidly recovers its old value. We thus see how the insulation of an air-line may be subject to sudden fluctuations; and as every insulator steals away a portion of the current, the signalling instrument requires to be adjusted to suit the altered conditions of the line.

To maintain the lines, both overhead and underground, in efficient working order, regular periodical tests are taken of the resistance of the wires to the passage of the current, and the amount of leakage to earth. When faults occur, they are localised by proper tests, like the faults in submarine cables, and the lines inspected for their discovery and removal. In another paper we shall describe the *working* of land telegraph lines.

AUNT BARBARA'S PRESENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE following afternoon brought Mrs Mortimer; a note being despatched to ask her husband to join the party at dinner. He proved a very agreeable companion to Mr Forrester; and both husband and wife were considered great acquisitions to the circle. In the course of the evening Mrs Mortimer gratified them by relating the simple story which led to their acquaintance.

'To plead my excuse,' she began, 'for such a marriage as ours, I must try to explain the misery of my position in my father's house before I consented to it. I was the only daughter of Mr Wyndham of Rosemere in Shropshire, a fact which in itself prejudiced my father against me. The estate had for so many generations, though not entailed, descended in a direct line from father to son, that he could not endure the idea

of not having a male heir; and as time rolled on without the fulfilment of his wishes, his temper became almost unbearable to my dear mother and myself. Still we were happy in each other's society, till, to my inexpressible grief, her death separated us for ever in this world! For long after my bereavement I was perfectly inconsolable; and it was some relief to my sorrow when my father announced his intention of sending me to school at Cheltenham. The new life, occupation, and the society of young companions helped to restore my spirits; but when at the approach of the summer vacation others were rejoicing, I alone dreaded my return to my desolate home. Still I looked forward hopefully to the time when I should take my place as mistress of my father's house, and supply as far as possible my dear mother's place to him. Judge then of my bitter disappointment when I received a letter from him to inform me of his approaching marriage, and giving me leave to be present at the ceremony or not as I might feel disposed.

'In a passion of grief I declined the cold invitation, and gladly accepted one from my most intimate friend at school, Miss Mortimer, to pass a few weeks with her in London. In this friend's brother I saw my future husband. At this time I was not quite seventeen, George nearly seven years older, but still too young to have had much experience of the world. I had none whatever; and I had no doubt that his income, derived from a government office, was quite sufficient to warrant an engagement. But love and prudence seldom go hand in hand; in our case the former triumphed, and we parted with mutual vows of eternal fidelity.

'On my return to Rosemere I found my position in my father's house almost intolerable. Mrs Wyndham's temper was not only a violent but a jealous one. The most ordinary demonstrations of affection between my father and myself were sure to incur her displeasure; and if I ventured to give the slightest order to the servants, who were wont to fly at my bidding, she would remind me that she, not I, was their mistress. At last so miserable was my existence, that I believe I should have accepted an offer I received from a rich old friend of my father's, had my affections been disengaged. As it was, when Mrs Wyndham discovered that I had actually declined this advantageous offer, her anger knew no bounds, and she worried my poor father into the extreme measure of insisting upon its acceptance. In terror I wrote to George, under cover to his sister, to acquaint him with my position, and at the same time confided my trouble to one whose fidelity to me was greater than her prudence. This person had been my nurse, and then lived in a cottage on the estate. From mistaken affection for her young mistress, she proposed that George and I should meet there and discuss our future plans. He was overjoyed to accept old Martha Blake's offer, and soon arrived from London in high spirits. His presence revived mine; and the meeting ended with my consent, given in fear and trembling, to an elopement, all necessary arrangements being made with Martha's help then and there. Pray remember,' said Mrs Mortimer to her newly found friends, 'that I was but a school-

girl, and in mortal fear of being forced into a detested marriage. Never was poor girl more sorely tempted to escape from a cruel sentence, though I confess the mode of doing so was rash. Martha's first step in the plan was to give out to her neighbours that she was going to visit some friends in the North. This excited no suspicion, as she was known to have relations in Scotland; so she made her own preparations openly, taking by degrees all that was necessary of my wardrobe to pack with her own clothes; and the same day on which my nurse left her cottage with the good wishes of all her humble friends and neighbours, I fled from my father's house alone, half repenting of the step I was about to take, but never to return. Once I nearly turned back; but as if divining my thoughts, George at that moment emerged from the plantation which bounds the Park, and hurried me into a conveyance which was waiting beyond it. In a few minutes I was seated by his side, and rapidly driven towards the first stage on the road to Gretna. Here, as previously arranged, we were joined by old Martha, who was delighted with the success of her plans, and honestly thought she was doing me a great service by accompanying us to the abode of the far-famed "priest" of Gretna Green, where she witnessed our marriage. Had either of these persons been now living, the loss of the certificate would not have been important.

'Was the person who married you really a blacksmith, Mrs Mortimer?' asked Dora.

'No,' she replied. 'The person who officiated in our case was an innkeeper; and strange to say no one belonging to that calling had ever been known to act as priest. It is merely a popular error, probably originating or rather derived from the classical story of Vulcan being employed to forge hymeneal chains. But I assure you the ceremony as performed at Gretna was calculated to dispel all classical or even romantic ideas. I need scarcely say that the religious element was altogether ignored.'

'Were there no other witnesses to the marriage?' inquired Mrs Forrester.

'There were two,' replied Mrs Mortimer, smiling. 'The post-boys were called for that purpose; but one could not write; and the other was so tipsy that it was necessary to turn him out of the room. Thus it happened that my faithful Martha was the only person capable of signing, except the so-called priest, who gave me the paper with strict injunctions to keep it myself; but I handed it to George directly, and have never seen it since that hour, till you, dear Lady Davenant, put it into my hands yesterday.'

'After the ceremony, Martha proceeded alone to Kelso, where her friends resided, and there took a charming cottage for us, which we made our headquarters for a month out of George's six weeks' leave from his office. Thence we made excursions to every place of note within reasonable distance, or spent the day on the banks of the lovely Tweed, sometimes fishing for trout, sometimes wandering amid the surrounding pastoral scenery. We finished our little tour at the beautiful city which so well deserves the name of "Modern Athens." All this was very delightful, but very expensive; and there was one serious drawback to my happiness, which did not much affect George. My father refused to hold any

communication with us, and all my letters were returned unopened. Time softened this distress; but with all my dear husband's affection, I could never feel completely happy.

'The last fortnight of George's vacation was devoted to taking and furnishing our home. It was a pretty villa at Putney, with a large garden, all being laid out in lawn, shrubbery, and flower-beds, which especially pleased us; but far too expensive for our income, which was not more than two hundred and fifty pounds a year. He had about one thousand pounds from his father, out of which small capital he had spent quite one hundred pounds upon our marriage, and a considerable sum upon furniture, to which was added a splendid grand-pianoforte by Broadwood, as a surprise for me. I was so delighted with this present, that George was tempted to repeat the pleasure by the purchase of an Erard harp. Then for the first time I began to think that we might be spending too much money; but George always reasoned away my fears, expressing his conviction that my father would relent, and at least never allow us to want. With this hope our faithful Martha, who was our only servant, proposed going to Rosemere. She wished to sell her effects there, as she was determined to remain with me, she said, until she could be of no further use to me. Dear old friend! for so I may indeed call her; her usefulness ended only with her death.

'When she arrived at my father's house, she begged in vain to see him. The housekeeper declared that it was more than her place was worth even to take in her name, particularly at that time. "Miss Helena's chance is worse than ever," she said. "Madam is in her trouble up-stairs, and the master in his study a-praying for a boy. There'll be news for your young mistress, Mrs Blake, before morning."

'The news did reach Martha just before she left the village; and she brought us the intelligence that a son and heir was born to Rosemere but a few hours earlier than it appeared in the papers, which would otherwise have been our only intimation of the event. From this time there was a perceptible difference in George's spirits; he was even more affectionate if possible, but grave and abstracted; our musical evenings were at an end, as he no longer appeared to care for music; nor did he care to talk of the fond hope now drawing near its fulfilment; so my only confidant was my dear old nurse, who helped me with my pretty needle-work; and being thus occupied, at length consented to have the assistance of another servant. Up to this time her admirable management had kept the mere household expenses in tolerable order; but alas! after the birth of my little Helena and all the consequent outlay, George could no longer conceal from me that he was in pecuniary difficulties. At first I was angry at not having been trusted at once; but his great distress soon disarmed me, and I entreated him to tell me the worst, that I might know how to act. George then did what he ought to have done at first; he informed me that the great increase in our expenses during the past year had involved him seriously, and that the dread of depriving me of the comforts to which I had been accustomed when I was least able to bear their loss, had alone prevented him making me acquainted with our position. I deeply regretted that my want of

experience should have blinded me to the truth ; but I at once determined that at least the evil should not increase.

'In the evening after his confession, I met George with as much cheerfulness as I could command, and told him I had a proposal to make to him. He looked at me listlessly, as if thinking that no proposal of mine could be of much use ; but I pointed to a pile of unpaid bills on my writing-table, and said with as little effort as possible : "The harp and piano must pay these. They ought to realise one hundred pounds, having cost more than double."

'There was a deep groan from poor George, who tried to interrupt me ; but I continued : "When that is settled, you will be able to meet other debts by degrees ; and as baby is three months old, I can leave her part of the day and take an engagement as daily governess."

"Daily what?" exclaimed George. "You had better apply for a clerkship in the Admiralty!"

'I desired him not to talk nonsense, as I was quite serious ; but for some days he declared he would never consent to such a thing ; however, eventually I gained my point.

'After many fruitless expeditions in answer to advertisements, it occurred to me that Mr Kelly, my father's solicitor, might help me in the matter. I had not seen him since I was a school-girl ; but I thought, from his knowledge of my family, that he might feel some interest in me. I determined therefore to call upon him, and without consulting George, who rejoiced in every failure I met with, so great was his repugnance to the plan.

'When Mr Kelly understood who I was, he expressed himself very willing to assist me, on the one condition, that he might write to my father on the subject first. Of course I consented ; and was not surprised to hear that a formal answer was the result, stating that "all communications between Mr Wyndham and his daughter, were henceforth at an end." Mr Kelly had no further scruple in acting for me. He questioned me pretty closely as to my acquirements, and then drew up a suitable advertisement, salary to be one hundred pounds per annum ; reference to himself. I did not expect so much ; but I left his chambers in good spirits.

'A week having elapsed and no application yet made in reference to the advertisement, I began to feel very uneasy as to its success, when one evening we were startled by the now unusual sound of the visitors' bell ; and Mr Kelly was announced. I saw at once by his countenance that he had brought me good news, which he soon confirmed by informing me that he had an engagement to offer me. A client of his had seen the advertisement, and considering Mr Kelly's recommendation sufficient, had requested him to secure my services at once. How grateful I felt ! No suspense ; no trouble but to convince my husband that I ought to accept it.

'Mr Kelly said there was but one objection—he thought I looked too young. "Perhaps you could wear a cap, or do something to your hair to make you look older," said this business-like gentleman ; but George, starting up, declared his wife should not make a guy of herself to please any one.

'We both laughed at him ; and Mr Kelly proceeded to tell me that this friend of his was the

wife of General Dalrymple, then in India, who had brought her three daughters to England for the completion of their education. "She has taken a house in Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place ; so I should suggest," said our kind friend, "your removal to some small street in that locality."

'George and I listened in perplexed silence. We knew to do this we must hasten the sale of the harp and piano. Mr Kelly saw our hesitation, and by degrees drew from us a full statement of our difficulties. The kind-hearted old gentleman absolutely refused to allow such a sacrifice as we proposed, and finally insisted upon lending us a sufficient sum to meet existing demands and move to this neighbourhood, from which we could both walk to our respective avocations.

'Our last evening in our pretty villa was of course a sorrowful one ; and the small house at Pimlico looked gloomy compared with our first home with its fragrant garden, always bright with flowers in summer and verdant with evergreens in winter. Still we were determined to make the best of everything ; and as soon as we were settled in our new home I was installed in my engagement. Mrs Dalrymple and I were mutually satisfied, and I was soon much interested in my three docile pupils. My duties and my husband's being over at the same hour, we made a point of meeting in the Park and walking home together. Again we enjoyed our music of an evening, and rejoiced in the growth and beauty of our dear little Helena ; so that we became quite reconciled to the change in our habits of life.

'Thus happily passed three years of my engagement with the Dalrymples. But clouds were again gathering over our heads. My poor old nurse was seized with a kind of fit, from which her age made recovery doubtful, though every care was bestowed upon her ; and I confess my courage was shaken to the utmost at the prospect of my second confinement without her motherly care and devoted attention. About the same time Mrs Dalrymple informed me that the General had written to hasten her departure for Calcutta ; and the family was soon plunged into all the bustle of preparation for their voyage. Studies were at an end ; but I continued my daily visits, generally accompanied by my little Helena, thus relieving poor Martha of her greatest anxiety. At length all was prepared for their departure. The last packing-case had been sent to the ship, and the day was fixed for the Dalrymples to go on board. I spent the last evening with them, and received many pretty keepsakes from my affectionate pupils. Their mother gratified me extremely by expressing her entire satisfaction at the result of my labours in her family ; and as a parting gift, begged my acceptance of the *jewel casket which has fallen into your hands*. As I thanked her, I think I must have looked my surprise at the costliness as well as the apparent uselessness of such a present to me ; for Mrs Dalrymple quickly added : "It is much too large for my own use ; so I intended, if I had not been so pressed for time, to have it altered for you into a work-table, which would be easily effected by having it placed upon a pedestal. And I also intended to have the painting taken from the lid, and framed for your husband, as it is an exact likeness of yourself."

'She interrupted my thanks by telling me that I should find within the casket the wherewithal to make these alterations, should I wish it; and further, that I should not hesitate even to dispose of the casket, should necessity compel.'

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA. ✓

VERY varied have been the methods adopted by the passengers and crew of the outward or homeward bound vessel to vary the monotony of a long sea-voyage. Besides indulging in fishing, shooting, and seal-catching where practicable, the Arctic voyager when imprisoned in the ice has relieved the tedium by inditing Arctic Miscellanies in newspaper form, and in indulging in wonderfully comic private theatricals, all of which recreations have been duly chronicled in various books of adventure, as well as by the newspapers.

The following unusual incident was witnessed by those on board a ship bound from England to Madras when about five degrees north of the equator. On the evening of a lovely day, large numbers of flying-fish had been playing round the vessel, when their deadly enemy the bonito appeared. In turn, the bonito were attacked by the barracuta, which leaped high out of the water as they caught their victims. Four large barracuta came dashing along, seemingly all in chase of one bonito. When within a few yards of the ship, all four made a leap; the successful captor springing high out of the water, prey in mouth, and falling crash on the poop-deck within three feet of the man at the wheel. The force with which it fell, besides making a hole in the deck half an inch deep, severed its head from the snout, eighteen inches inwards on the body. The fish measured five feet long, and weighed about forty-five pounds. Although incidents like the above, from their uncommon nature, do not come within the scope of amusements at sea, yet they are worthy of record, from their unusual character and the interest they excite at the time.

A common plan for fishing at sea is to pay the line over the stern as far as required, making it fast to the quarter-boat's davits or other convenient part. When a vessel is becalmed, the towing-line becomes of no use, and a shorter line will answer the purpose. After a long calm, the flying-fish, getting accustomed to the presence of the vessel, play around in large numbers. A small piece of dough on the hook serves as a bait, but you must not give him time to open his wings; if you do so, he commences his flight off at a right angle, and his mouth being very tender, having no teeth like the herring, he instantly tears himself away from the hook and is lost. Some naturalists have maintained the flight of these fish to be nothing more than a leap sustained by the spread of their wings or pectoral fins, and that the true cause of their movements through the air are the spring-movements which they impart to their body by means of their very strong side muscles, just as other fish propel themselves through water. Driven from the sea by their voracious enemies, or attracted by a light on board, they become an easy prey without the trouble of catching. They

are sweet eating, and are therefore greatly prized; and when the captain's wife is on board, a glass of grog to Jack is not unfrequently the reward for a fair-sized fish. A large flying-fish has been known to leap on board and strike a passenger violently on the forehead, very much to his surprise.

The presence of a shark in the neighbourhood of the vessel is sufficient to cause considerable excitement on board. Work is generally suspended until the capture is made. If the shark is hungry, he soon bites; there is a quick turn over, shewing his big mouth and white belly, a sharp tug, and he is fast. When landed on deck, he will swing his tail about in fine style, until he receives his quietus by several raps over the head with the capstan bar; then the tail is cut off, and probably nailed as a trophy to the jib-boom. The jaws will be secured by some one as an ornament, and the backbone for making a walking-stick. Shark's skin when dried makes a good substitute for sand-paper; tobacco-pouches and needle-bags are also made from it. The voracity of the shark is sufficiently apparent from the fact that it has been known to swallow nearly the whole of another one as it was thrown piece by piece overboard.

When the turtle is taken, as sometimes happens, in any quantity, there is usually a surfeit of it for some time afterwards—turtle-soup being at a discount! Occasionally a porpoise is caught, but they swim so fast that it requires a sure hand and a steady eye to drive home the harpoon. Fishing for gulf-weed in the Sargasso Sea on a homeward journey, is a favourite amusement. The practice of catching Cape pigeons, gulls, the albatross, and numberless other sea-birds, with a string and baited hook, is one which is cruel in the extreme, and ought to be sternly discountenanced.

All the Cunard and other large steam-ships possess a good library for light reading; besides which there are usually many little solacements for relieving the tedium of the first-class passengers. When the weather is fine there are games of shovel-board on the deck, that draw a number of players and onlookers. The pieces of wood are flat discs easily handled in shoving them along to a goal, as in the case of bowls. This forms an agreeable recreation and affords good exercise. When outdoor amusement is impracticable, the saloon has its clusters of passengers, busy at something or other. One party will be playing whist; another is eagerly watching a game at chess; a third party will be listening to a thrilling tale of the sea by an old salt; a fourth party is attending to a game at backgammon. In the evening, when lamps are lit, there is sometimes a kind of musical concert, for which an obliging young lady, or perhaps a musically inclined purser, presides at the piano. Often in ships of this description there is a good deal of heavy betting. The bets will be as to the day and hour of arrival at port, what will be the number of the first pilot-boat that presents itself, and so on; some of the bets being sufficiently ridiculous and the cause of much fun, but also the loss of a good deal of money. In all the well-regulated vessels, the ship-officers are strictly excluded from gaming or betting.

The youngsters who happen to be on board

have their own amusement in the games and sports of children. To these juveniles, the cow is an object of much interest. The poor animal, which is required for the sake of its milk, occupies (as we have seen it) a booth at the corner of one of the paddle-boxes. There, well bedded, and tied up cowhouse fashion, it is observed munching its food with the most perfect placidity; although a thousand miles from home, and the sea all around with long sweeping waves, might be supposed to disturb its equanimity. For air, it has a door, with the upper part left open. Stretching over the lower half-door, the children look in and make their comments on the comfortable quarters, speak of the nice smell of hay, and wonder if the cow is ever sea-sick. We have seldom seen a fractious child in arms who has not been soothed by being treated to a look at the cow. This practice of taking cows to sea is one of the luxuries of modern travelling. A concern such as the Cunard has an establishment of cows at Liverpool and New York, and there is a change of animals each voyage. A curious life that for a cow. Twelve days browsing in a field and stretching its legs, and the next twelve crossing the Atlantic. If one of these cows could write the story of its life, it might tell of having crossed the Atlantic a hundred and fifty times, and seen a good deal of the world.

Shut out from the ordinary cares which vex the landsman, it does not require much to provoke excitement and fun at sea. A passing ship, the glimpse of distant land, or anything in the slightest degree out of the usual course, will be provocative of conversation. When a dirty night is coming on, sailors will be bothered with questions as to whether it will be very bad weather, if it will last long, and such-like. Sunday at sea is generally well observed. Hid away however, in some quiet corner may perhaps be seen a squad playing at cards; while within a dozen yards of them another group will be singing hymns, with a considerable crowd around them, a few of whom are joining. Service on that day is held once at least on deck, and is very impressive in fine weather. Nothing is heard to break the silence but the soft gush of the wind through the rigging, and the gentle ripple of the waves as the vessel quietly ploughs its way onward. It has been no uncommon thing in passenger-ships to have a weekly paper, all sorts of possible and impossible nonsense finding its way into its columns. One might read that a frightful murder had been committed at some early hour in the morning on board, which resolved itself into the fact of a sheep or a pig having had its throat cut. When a serial tale is attempted, it sometimes proves specially interesting, as embracing the life-history of some one on board. In one vessel, each man of the crew was presented with a bound copy of the paper printed during the voyage. Quoits made from rope are sometimes used by those who are fond of the game; and kite-flying is indulged in by others, when the kite very often gets lost.

A ludicrous incident occurred to the crew of a vessel lying in the Bitter Lakes, while they were engaged in bathing. By some accident, the signal to start was made, and the vessel darted forward, leaving them sputtering in the water far behind. On board the same vessel the heat was felt to be

most intense in passing through the Suez Canal, so that many of the passengers slept beneath some slight shelter on deck. The pigs, sheep, and poultry taking unwonted liberties one night, had escaped from their usual imprisonment. A vagrant pig smelling at the foot of one of the sleepers on deck received an hysterical kick, which drove it in a promiscuous manner amongst the other sleepers. The captain, roused by the unwonted noise on deck, blew up everybody from his cabin window, without appearing on the scene. It turned out that he had been sleeping in his bath for coolness, hence his hesitation to appear at once on deck. The presence of a parrot or a monkey on board is a source of unfailing amusement. A black monkey on board this same vessel frequently made a black kitten a martyr to its attentions. Seizing the kitten by the tail, it would drag its unwilling form along the deck, till mounting a coil of rope, still pulling stoutly by the tail, its further progress would be prevented, as the animal dug its claws into the coil of rope. Several hens in the hen-coop were remarked to be entirely bare of feathers round the neck. The explanation was, that the monkey would perch on the hen-coop, and seizing the head of any of the hens when extended beyond the bars, pulled out the feathers, and then sucked the oil from the quills.

The leisure time which Jack possesses, commonly after 5.30 or 6 o'clock P.M., is sometimes utilised in such thrifty work as the manufacture of mats and hearth-rugs, from cuttings obtained from the carpet-weavers, for friends or family at home. A pastime like that formerly indulged in when crossing the Line, seems also like it to have fallen into disuse, and as it has not been so often described, we give a brief account of it here. It is called throwing the dead-horse overboard. Sailors when joining a ship generally receive a month's pay in advance; this they call the *dead-horse*. At the close of the month, weather permitting, the effigy of a horse, life-size, is made, and stuffed with straw, rags, or anything else handy. The mane and tail are made of oakum; and in the dark this strange piece of handiwork somewhat resembles a dead horse. This they lay on deck on its side; one man sits upon it; the rest pulling at a rope made fast to the manufactured animal, and keeping time to the song given out by the sailor who sits upon it. The doggerel is something to this effect:

'Poor old man, your horse will die.
(Chorus) And I say so, and I hope so.
Poor old man, your horse will die.
(Chorus) Oh! poor old man.'

And so the song proceeds according to the talent of the singer, only the chorus remains the same; and at the utterance of the words in italics, the rope is pulled. Passengers on board to whom the thing is a novelty crowd around; within half an hour it is dragged to the quarter-deck. A line is ready from the lee-side of the main-yard, which is attached to the horse, with the man still upon it, only fastened in such a manner that he shall be secure when it drops away. Horse and man are hoisted to the yard-arm; after a few seconds, with a blue light burning, and the men still singing, the horse is cut away, and drops into the water. The rider throwing the light after the horse, comes on

deck. On such an occasion the captain, as well as the passengers, treats the sailors.

But how many hours are passed away at sea in watching the long regular swell, the beautiful tropical skies, the noble vessel gliding along with such unceasing motion, and in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy! The truth of the Psalmist's words comes home then in all its reality: 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.' On quiet moonlight nights, a walk on deck is helpful to the reflective powers. As you see passengers lying over the rail by themselves long after the usual time for turning in, and ask what they are doing, very likely the reply will be: 'Only thinking.' Much of this 'thinking' may be idle reverie, but much of it also may be profitable, soothing, and restful. A regular bustling excitement sets in, as the vessel nears the end of the voyage. Nothing else is talked of; plans are laid, and changed a dozen times over. When the haven is reached, a sigh seems to rise from each heart, a load seems lifted off each mind, and tears well up in the eyes of many in spite of all efforts to keep them down. Some seem sorry to leave the vessel which has been their home for so long a time; but the final parting comes; promises are made, tokens of remembrance are exchanged—then each goes his own way, to forget everything, perhaps, save the principal events of the voyage.

BY SWIFT TUGÈLA.

'*Igama laké ubùni na?*' was my observation to Ikanda the old Kaffir who was sitting on his heels in front of me watching me cleaning my gun. In plain English I asked him: 'What is his name?' This referred to a white man who, the old Zulu said, had been a sojourner for some time across the Tugèla, on whose banks I had been for a couple of weeks. (Here—being two days' journey from its mouth—it is about the breadth of the Thames at Richmond.) In response, the old fellow simply answered in liquid tone and deep voice: 'Umhlopé.' This did not much enlighten me. I had forgotten for the moment that Kaffirs never know our *proper* designations, but name us according to some habit or peculiarity; and some of these names are very ludicrous. I remember one man whose Kaffirs called him 'hot-water,' and for a long time the origin of this was buried in mystery, until I discovered while staying with him, that every morning he shouted for 'hot water' to shave with. 'Lungs' was a name given to a consumptive master who coughed much. Among themselves are such names as Ijuba, the 'wild dove'; Utangofola, the 'fence-breaker,' &c. Now when the old hunter, whose own name was Ikanda, the 'egg,' told me that the name of the wanderer was Umhlopé or 'White,' it shewed a peculiarity there could be no mistaking. The 'Thames at Richmond' suggests irresistibly the vast difference there is between that homely river and the startling Tugèla in the far-off African land; just the difference there is between the prim, trim sojourner on the banks of the former, and the naked, bronze-

skinned, irresponsible savage bounding over the rocks of the latter. The one river somewhat meekly and respectably plying its 'watery task' by villas where 'retired Leisure within trim gardens takes his pleasure'; the other headlong, foam-flecked, at times with uprooted trees whirling like straws on its bosom, driven from the dark kloofs of the Drakensberg with a mighty impetuosity, to find at last peace and eternity in the vast ocean beyond.

Three motives had impelled me to this lonely land—which recent tragic events have rendered famous. First, an innate love of solitude; then a love for science—botanic, geologic, or otherwise. And lastly, I was impelled by that hunting instinct which no doubt has descended from our flint-arrow and stone-hatchet-using ancestors. But apart from mere sport, I had to obtain food daily for myself and my Cingalese servant; all I had with me being a sack of biscuits and a bottle of curry-powder! I had plenty of variety: fish from the river, birds from the woodlands; where also could be found the tiny Ipiti antelope, and the larger Umkonka. In addition, Ikanda's daughters brought me daily a huge bowl of milk, for which a little present was only necessary. Very shapely were the two young damsels, yet in their 'teens'; and kindly and pleasant their soft brown eyes. Their sole clothing consisted of a little apron of beads, unless the brightly burnished brass anklets, armbands, and necklaces glittering on their brown limbs, can be counted articles of clothing. They were innocent, merry, unembarrassed; and devoid of shyness or vulgarity—that is, pretension.

Here in this sunny valley with its wealth of sub-tropical foliage, its glorious river, its stern precipices, its exuberant animal life, I lived remote from jostling crowds of congregated men, from letters by post, and such civilised nuisances. From early dawn till night I was ever in the full glory of the life-giving sun. It may be seen then that—for a time at least—I was unwilling to mix with my fellow-men. I wished to be alone, and felt somewhat annoyed when I recollected that I had given Ikanda permission to bring the white man to see me. Eventually this came about. Upon a hot mid-day—a breathlessly hot day, I was dozing in my tent—indeed had fallen asleep; when gradually I became aware of some one speaking to my Cingalese. Strange! That voice produced a sensation akin to the wakening of a note, some string long silent and disused in the inmost recesses of memory. In an instant the Tugèla was gone—gone the hot African valley—and gone the huge precipices! A duller light illumined all—a grayer sky and grayer scene uprose. I became dimly conscious of being by a far different river; dimly conscious of a steep town rising from its banks, above which loomed a huge castle. On the river were boats or shadows of boats floating. Once again the voice spoke; when like some dissolving view there grew out of the last vision an old school-yard, sunny, surrounded by cloisters now only half-remembered. There was an old square chapel too, about which and in and out of which, were shadows of many boys moving; all in dreamland or dozeland—that twilight, no-man's-land which separates the sleeping from the waking state. Then a figure darkened the tent-door, and I roused myself. It was Umhlopé the Englishman!

'I hope I don't disturb you,' he said in a gentleman's unmistakable voice. 'Some Kaffirs told me you were here; and as I have been living alone for some time past, I thought I would refresh myself by the sight of a white man, and the sound of an English voice once more; so I just forded the river and came here.'

'Come in by all means,' said I, 'and sit down.'

I saw now why he was called by his singular name. He was very fair, with an immense blonde beard and very light-coloured hair. His eyes, which might once have possessed great vivacity, were light blue; but now seemed sad and forlorn. He was thin to emaciation; as gaunt as a young Quixote. His clothes were patched in all directions, and his foot-gear was mended with antelope skin. Hopelessness and disappointment were in all about him; and though without any trace of disease, the first shadow of the eclipse of death was visible in his eyes. Once or twice some tone, some inflection of voice seemed familiar to me, seemed an echo of the past; but the impression vanished instantly.

'You seem comfortable here,' he said with a graceful wave of his hand, which included myself, my tent, my Cingalese servant, well-kept rifles, and scientific paraphernalia. 'I see you are a naturalist too. Permit me to look at this charming little microscope. How neatly you have got these specimens dried.'

This put me at my ease, for I was staring at him in a puzzled manner, being mentally swayed two different ways; I was attempting to piece together the curious involuntary cerebration during my half-dream of river, town, and castle, with this man before me. We chatted long and pleasantly; he was well informed; his conversation interested me. But how came he here? He was not a sheep-farmer, nor a coffee-planter, nor a transport-driver, nor a missionary. What was he? My Cingalese gave us an excellent supper and coffee, which latter was in honour of my guest, water being my general drink out there. We smoked and talked till nearly sundown; and then begging a little gunpowder of me, with cordial farewells he departed.

Next morning something stroking my camp-bed coverings awoke me at sunrise. I opened my eyes and saw the two bronze Hebes, Ikanda's daughters, standing there; they had brought my milk, and were waiting for me to wake. Umnandi (which means 'sweet'), the elder one, smiled pleasantly as she said: '*Sa ku bona, 'nkosi*' (I have seen thee, O chief)—the customary salutation. She went on to tell me that her father would not be able to come to hunt with me that day, as there was a meeting at a kraal some way off; so I resolved to have a quiet day arranging specimens and fishing. To accomplish this latter I went to a quiet pool I knew well, about a mile away; there was here a quiet back eddy in a sort of bay overshadowed by mighty trees. Here, reclining on the bank in the drowsy portion of the day, the shade, the monotonous hum of insects, the distant murmur of the rapids, soon lulled me to sleep rod in hand. How long I remained thus I know not; but once again before me, sleeping by swift Tugela, uprose the dim, mystic outline of town, river, and castle—once more I seemed to tread a well-known old school-yard, among the shadows of many boys—

once more I entered the deep gloom of cloisters—and—

'I saw you asleep here from the other side,' were the words which woke me, 'and I came across.'

It was Umhlopé! Perhaps you may say: 'Why did I not ask his name?' Well, the reason was partly because it does not always do in a colony to ask much about a man, and partly because he seemed to dread any scrutiny. I could see that while he longed to be with me, he had some reason to dread it. And so it was with him to-day. However, feeling but little reserve myself, I was glad to see him because I wanted a companion in a matter I had in view, and for which to-day would suit me. I wanted to get eight or ten beaters in a projected raid after game from a neighbouring *inkôsi* or chief. There was one who had what is called a 'location,' or small principality on the woody banks of the Umfula, about two hours' walk hence. I proposed to my friend Umhlopé to go over there and visit the old gentleman in his *umisi*, as Kaffirs call a kraal. To this he assented after a few moments of hesitation and silence.

[Short as the time seems since we two paced along those sleepy hot valleys together, yet as I look back it seems difficult to realise that they have been awakened from their Rip-van-Winkle dreaminess by hordes of warriors white and black. It seems hard to realise, that before the tramp of armed men the timid antelope is seeking the inmost night of the mimosa thicket; that swarms of birds are wheeling and shrieking in dismay over white helmets and gleaming bayonets; that the small leopard lying purring on his back in a sunny nook, slinks off at the unaccustomed rumble of artillery-wagons; and that the sharp English word of command scares the *iguana* in his lair, and drives the deadly *imamba* to hide his poisonous head and glittering scales in the clefts of the rocks. For those mountains and rivers are associated in my mind with a repose such as the lotus-eaters might have revelled in, or the gods of Epicurus loved. It is however, just possible that a Scotsman or Yankee will soon come and build water-power mills along those river-banks.]

After passing through a grove of enormous aloes, we arrived at the *inkôsi's* kraal. This consisted as usual of a circular inclosure, formed of wattles, about a hundred yards in diameter, within the inner edge of which were probably fifty huts made of framework, with giant grass interlaced, resembling huge beehives, eight feet high and thirty in circumference at the base. A cloud of savage dogs rushed out at us, which caused me to full-cock my breech-loader. A Kaffir then approached and demanded: '*U funani na?*' (What do you seek?) Upon being told we wanted the *inkôsi*, he left us in charge of another man, and retired to give our message. Presently an old fellow came out with a mat of plaited grass, and put it down without a word; then came about twenty or thirty fine-looking young men; and lastly came the *inkôsi* himself, who took up his station on the mat, followed by his cup-bearer with a huge bowl of *utywala* or native beer. This individual was older than the chief; his aged head was covered with what resembled cotton-wool; he was adorned, regardless of expense, with an old infantry greatcoat, and wore besides a bead neck-

lace with a teaspoon attached to it. (This is a fact.) The chief shook hands with us. The cup-bearer took a pull at the beer and handed it to his master, who took a pull and passed it to us. It is etiquette for cup-bearer and host to drink first. Then our conference began. For reasons unnecessary to mention, we could not have the men I required until the next moon—*inyanga* in Kaffir, which, curious to say, means both a moon and witchcraft. A dirk given me by a naval cousin, and which had been through the Crimean war, attracted the chief's attention. The brass lion's head on the handle delighted him, and he perfectly understood what it represented. The crown and anchor in the blade were mystic emblems of unknown import to him, and he regarded them with considerable awe. He begged hard for the dirk; but it was explained to him that it could not be given away. However, I consoled him by giving him a good dose of Cognac, which he gloated over like Caliban over Trinculo's bottle.

It was a lovely evening as my companion and I sauntered back to my tent, which was about six miles away perhaps. After a considerable time we came round a turn of rocks upon two Kaffirs standing motionless like two bronze statues, each with his *umkonto* in his hand. (The Kaffirs call any spear *umkonto*, and I think our word *assegai* is derived from a kind of spear which they call *isijula*, for they themselves have no word *assegai*.) Catching sight of us, they shouted '*Imamba!*' And there, sure enough, was the long thin snake, whose fangs bring death in twenty minutes, hanging among the branches of a tree. In a moment Umhlopé had slipped a small-shot cartridge into his gun, fired, and the wounded snake slid harmlessly to the earth. Leaving the Kaffirs to do what they pleased with him, we went on.

At length we reached my tent. We were standing outside silently watching the moon rising over the Zulu mountains, when my companion said: 'Which part of England do you say you come from?'

'The west; at least Gloucestershire,' I answered.

'Ah!' said he, pointing to three bars of gold hanging over where the sun had vanished, 'I often think of my old home at this time. Don't you?'

'Yes,' I replied; and found myself muttering Dante's well-known lines: 'Twas now the hour when thoughts of home melt through men's hearts afar.'

'I even at times,' he added meditatively, 'seem conscious of certain old chimes which I remember so well as a boy—but it's no use thinking of them.' As he spoke, the old strange feeling passed through me when I listened to, and looked at this singular man; it was like a half-remembered dream, but all too evanescent to fix or retain.

Then he said abruptly: 'I must go! Good-night!'

In vain I asked him to stay the night and try for *Reit bok* (a small antelope) next day; but he would not be tempted, wished me 'good-bye,' and soon I saw him at a distance fording the river, feeling his way over the rocks with a long pole.

On the following day I had been alone after guinea-fowl, and at about an hour or so before sunset I was standing on the edge of a precipitous

cliff above where my tents were pitched, when, on looking down, I became aware of a small crowd of Kaffirs who were mostly strange to me. They appeared very much excited, and were gesticulating and shouting violently at my Cingalese servant. Among them was the old hunter Ikanda. I hurried down at the risk of my neck; and when they saw me coming, received me with cries, among which I could only distinguish the words Umhlopé and bulâwa (killed). So I concluded that some accident had happened.

First shouting out 'Tula!' (Be silent!) I then got Ikanda to tell me with tolerable clearness what all this was about. It turned out that the Englishman had in some way been injured. Taking hurriedly a roll of lint and a flask of Cognac reserved for such occasions, I bade Ikanda lead across the ford, and followed with a 'tail' of about twenty Zulus behind me. We soon forded the river, climbed the precipitous bank opposite, and after an hour's walking, arrived at a little grove with a clearing in the midst of it. The Kaffirs pointed to a hut standing alone, and said the injured man was inside. It was a regular native hut, like an enormous beehive, but had a little square window cut in one side of it. I entered. The setting sun's rays streamed through the window on to where lay my mysterious friend on a little couch.

'Fynes, old fellow!' he commenced.

In an instant the whole mystery became clear. The river, castle, clump of trees, old school-yard, long room—these were the Thames, Windsor, Brocas clump, and dear old Eton of years ago! He who now lay before me was Algy Herbert, at once my rival and friend on the river or in school. All this rushed through my mind in a second.

'Fynes, old fellow, I think the end is not far off,' he said slowly; 'I have no feeling below my waist, and my hand is shattered.'

I mixed some brandy-and-water, gave him some, and unwound the bandage on his hand. It had been shattered by the bursting of a gun. I placed cool moist bandages on it, and raised his head. And was this—*this*, the bright, dainty Algy Herbert of Eton days!

'I have much to say to you, old friend,' he said; 'I must husband my strength to say it. I missed my footing on a precipice and fell to the bottom; my gun exploded in the fall, shattering my hand. I lay helpless for hours until I was accidentally discovered by a Kaffir girl. She got some men, who brought me here.'

I moistened his lips again.

'I knew you the instant I saw you, Fynes; but my life has been such a disgrace and misery to myself and all belonging to me, that I dared not disclose myself. When I left Eton, I went into the — Regiment. This was against my father's wish. He was Canon of W— Cathedral, and wished me to go into the Church. He was a stern man, but I believe loved me very much, for I was his only son. Ah me! his only son. I was quartered in India at first, and there was a good deal of high play in the regiment, and I was unlucky. But my father was liberal, and never stinted me. When we came home we went to the Curragh. I ran one of my horses in some steeple-chases and lost heavily on him. I am not one who wishes to

make out other men to be knaves because I am afraid of admitting myself to be a fool, so I own candidly that in betting matters and such transactions I went from bad to worse, until I became seriously involved and hampered. I must tell you that about this time we had a regimental ball. Ours was a rich regiment, and we could afford to do the thing well. Unluckily for me, I had been appointed treasurer, and received subscriptions. At this time also I was hampered by other debts besides those incurred by play. I had received some rather strong hints that creditors were growing impatient; and in an evil hour I misappropriated the funds I held in virtue of my treasurership; I used them to liquidate one or two pressing debts, feeling sure that my father would refund, if the worst came to the worst. As ill-luck would have it, one of the tradesmen who had supplied things for the ball, &c., went to the colonel and asked him why payment was delayed; who, knowing that I had received the moneys, sent for me, and asked how this was. I told him I would arrange about it all next day. I was desperate—driven into a corner—and I forged my father's name for a considerable sum. Here he stopped, quite overcome. I gave him some stimulant, and he resumed in a broken voice: 'I believe my father would have paid the money and so saved me from disgrace; but I had been a thorn in his side for a long time past, and alas! I had been secretly married. Of this fact some kind friend had found it "his duty" to apprise my father; and this filled the cup of my ill-doing to overflowing. This so-called "disgraceful" marriage and the forgery were together too much for the old Canon. Blanche was a dear little thing; but she was only the daughter of a Dublin tradesman. The storm burst on me. I learnt that my father had sworn he would never forgive me. There was nothing for it but to go into hiding somewhere; I let only one friend know where. Three days after this I received fifty pounds by his hand, anonymously sent. This enabled me eventually to reach Natal. Here I was soon out of funds; but I managed to eke out a livelihood as a billiard-marker at D'Urban. Then I sank so low as to sew up bursted grain-sacks at "the Point." Finally, a man who had been up on the Diamond Fields and made a good deal there, took pity on me, and as he was returning to England, gave me his gun, an order for powder, and a small kit. I came here, and for five years I have lived among these people.'

He ceased speaking, and placed two packets, directed and carefully secured, in my hands; one for his wife, the other for his father. I told him that I was shortly returning to England, and promised faithfully to carry out his wishes. There remains but little more to be said. I stayed with him all night. At dawn he breathed his last.

The body of my unfortunate old friend rests undisturbed deep under the shade of mighty trees in that far-off land. When my arrangements for quitting the colony were completed, I stood for the last time one evening by his grave. There was a deep silence around, only broken by the scarce perceived hum of insects in the leafy canopy overhead, the occasional cry of the wild-dove, and the murmur, as it rolled on its way to the Indian Ocean, of the 'swift Tugela.'

'DRAWING OUT THE FEAR.'

'I witnessed a beautiful and touching incident illustrative of the early lessons which make the peril of the future occupation familiar to a child from his cradle, in a little scene on the banks of the Douro. A fisherman and his wife stood at the water-side, opposite to a deep and dangerous spot. Their child, a boy of about a year old, was already habited in the costume of his future life, that of a sailor, the trousers tucked up above the child's knees. Leading him towards the river's brink, the mother purposely wetted his tiny feet; he was alarmed, and clung to her. With soft and affectionate caresses, again and again she led him to the water, until the little imp, emboldened by her encouragement, ventured down alone, and, only just able to walk, tottered unsteadily to the stream. I trembled at the risk; a few feet farther, and the water deepened dangerously. But there was no cause for fear. Guided by a watchful eye, the mother's hand was over ready to catch the little scrap of infant humanity, just in time to save it, and to render my half-uttered exclamation unnecessary: "Que está fazendo?" (What is she doing?) "Está lhe tirando o medo" (She is drawing out his fear), was the reply.'—OWEN'S *Here and There in Portugal*.

A FISHER'S wife to Douro's side
Guided her infant's feet,
While to persuade him oft she tried
Its golden waves to meet:
At first he eyed them with delight,
Then to her hand he clung in fright.

'Nay, shrink not so, my bonny boy;
That stream thy home will be,
Where thou wilt earn, in glad employ,
Food for thyself and me.
Merrily rocks thy father's boat
On yonder golden waves afloat.'

One baby foot the urchin dips,
Then, gathering more and more
New courage from her loving lips,
Speeds boldly down the shore,
And feels, by its warm clasp beguiled,
The river's welcome to its child.

E'en thus a tenderer Hand, methought,
Guiding my earthly way,
Thus far my lingering steps hath brought,
And led me every day
To face by slow degrees the stream
Which did at first so dangerous seem.

His gentle voice my fear hath quelled,
And bid me bravely go;
My shrinking feet His clasp upheld
'Nay, child! why tremble so?
Thy Father still shall be thy Guide,
And bear thee o'er the surging tide.

'Before thee lies thy daily task;
There too thy joy shall be;
Thy work for Me I deign to ask,
For those thou lov'st and thee.
Thy Father's love, the perils o'er,
Shall give thee welcome on the shore.'

Oporto.

T. S. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 799.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

SEEMING ODDITIES IN NATURE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN a former paper we pointed out that in the profusion of animated nature, there were tribes of animals of a half-and-half character, neither exactly birds nor beasts, but part of both, without mixture or monstrosity. That, as explained, is one of the means which nature adopts seemingly to economise the work of creation, and is most effectual. There are many examples of this system of economising, if we may call it so.

Take as a remarkable instance the transformations of certain insects. An animal is wanted for the special purpose of destroying carrion, so as to prevent it becoming a nuisance. The creature appropriate for this purpose is a small worm, known as a maggot. But how are such worms to be exterminated, when a mass of putrid meat is to be disposed of? The difficulty is beautifully got over by sending a particular kind of big fly called a blue-bottle that is entitled to rank as a scavenger-general. Instinctively, the blue-bottle discovers where its services are required. There it deposits eggs; the eggs very speedily become maggots, and the maggots make short work of eating up every scrap of the putrid mass. When that is done, they cannot fly away. This, however, is provided for. They undergo a transformation into flies, and they set off in a flight for new substances requiring their attention. This is but a brief explanation of the process of transformation, which is various according to circumstances. It is sufficient to impress us with the fact that the creature referred to is in a sense two distinct animals. It has a flying life and a crawling life; or more correctly, while in its flying state, it can originate a host of crawling creatures admirably adapted for the design in view.

In pursuing its professional avocations, the blue-bottle is far from being particular. It will as readily attack a joint of meat as a dead horse. Cooks, of course, have a detestation of blue-bottles, which they think are created only

to torment them, and they would be glad to hear that they were exterminated off the face of the earth. This is being a little unreasonable. Blue-bottles have a right to live, if they can. No doubt, they make themselves very troublesome when by accident they find their way into a room, and keep buzzing on the window-panes. On these occasions they are to be pitied. They are trying to get out, with the view of performing their proper functions, and they should be let out accordingly. If they wish to go about their business, why not let them go by all means, and be thankful for the riddance. In short, though apt to be an annoyance, blue-bottles are sent for a good purpose. They have their appointed uses in creation, and for these uses, their structure, while not displeasing to the eye, is admirably adapted. Look at their alacrity, their swiftness on the wing. Bees are very properly applauded for their industry. But we doubt if they are a whit more industrious than blue-bottles, for they are ever actively roaming about to 'improve each shining hour,' on their own proper mission, which is to remove what is unwholesome and unsightly. The merits of blue-bottles have been a little overlooked in literature. Heraldry has strangely neglected them. Should the fraternity of scavengers think of getting up a coat of arms, they might with great propriety adopt the blue-bottle as a crest. We know that cooks will never be reconciled to blue-bottles. All they have to do is to keep joints out of their reach.

Leaving insect transformations, about which many amusing volumes have been written, one or two other transformations are quite as remarkable. In the first place is that shewn in certain amphibious reptiles. Here, the object in view is to produce an animal which can live in or out of water, according to the period of its existence. Toads and frogs, as is well known, begin active life as tadpoles, which are seen swimming in ponds and ditches. The tadpole is a kind of fish; it breathes by means of gills. When the time comes for dropping its fish character, its tail, which had been the means of propulsion, drops off, its four

legs make their appearance, its gills are absorbed, and it begins to breathe by means of lungs. This is surely a very interesting metamorphosis. Just as blue-bottles have their assigned purpose in creation, so have toads and frogs. It is to clear the fields and gardens of beetles, moths, and other insects, also worms that are apt to be troublesome. Why there should be such a dislike, almost a horror of toads and frogs, is not easily explained. To man they are harmless, besides being useful creatures. A correspondent who possesses an affection for these animals, gives the following experiences.

'I never went so far as to tame toads and frogs, but I used to watch them with some interest. One specimen used to live in an old hollow tree-root which formed part of some rock-work. On the way up from his haunt to the open air, which he visited about dusk for the purpose of feeding, was a small hole in this root, through which he occasionally poked his head when on his way out. It seemed to be a sort of observatory window, from which he noted the weather, and by which he sat to philosophise. When he reached the open air, he would sit bolt upright and wait patiently. Now is the interesting time to watch him; but there is difficulty in doing this, as it is nearly dark. Creep up very slowly and quietly. Toadie is very trustful and unsuspicious, and you may steal your head within half a yard of him, then wait quietly. A moth flutters by, or a beetle creeps up. He gets within a distance of about two or three inches, and you hear a snap; the insect has vanished, and the toad gives a self-satisfied hitch and a gulp. If the moth is very big, you will see the ends of its wings sticking out of his mouth, so you know where the moth is. But how did it get there? The toad has a very long tongue, which is fastened down close to the lips, and stretches towards the back of the mouth. When an insect passes, the tongue is darted out, extended; and the slimy tip catches and drags in the poor insect in less time than I can tell this. The action is so instantaneous that the eye cannot follow it.

'My sisters and brothers set up a colony of tame frogs and toads in a greenhouse at home; and very interesting and intelligent the poor things proved to be. One very large frog would answer to his name Jack, and come tumbling out for worms. He croaked with delight when a friend scratched his back. He knew and avoided strangers; and feared very much an inquisitive terrier which sniffed suspiciously at his mistress's new pets. The toads were almost as tame; and all united in giving reliable weather indications. In dry weather they were all stowed away out of sight. If it was damp or wet, they were easily to be seen, retiring only to the shelter of an upturned box, and nestling in shallow holes they worked in the soil. One way of winning Jack's favour—I think his mistress gained his favour in this way—was to give him a liberal share of the water used for the plants. Another pet was a three-legged toad, the fourth leg having probably been taken off by a careless gardener. The hurt was new when he was taken in; but he soon recovered, and was quite happy in this species of hospital; he only stumbled along as lame pensioners usually do, and was quiet and grateful.'

The friend who sends us these remarks does not in his love of frogs foresee that when these animals become a superfluity they require to be kept down. If you happen to have a pond to which frogs resort for spawning, the likelihood is that in a single season, if no repressive measures are adopted, you will have the whole neighbourhood full of frogs. They will be seen sitting complacently in every pathway and looking about them. This may be called the plague of frogs. Too much of a good thing. It is our belief that if let alone, frogs and rabbits would soon cover the habitable globe. A human being would scarcely have standing-room, or anything left to eat. In cases of this sort, man with his superior intelligence and responsibilities needs to take restrictive measures in hand. If you will have a pond and its colony of frogs, you must keep ducks, who not being oppressed with a sense of delicacy or humanity, will gobble up every young frog within reach of their bills, and so, like a detachment of policemen, keep things in order. Snakes would do as well as ducks, but some might think that the cure was worse than the disease. A few years ago, when we were at Wiesbaden, the plague of frogs was awful, and it would have been far worse, not enduring, but for officials constantly dragging the pond behind the Kursaal for tadpoles, and carrying them away in barrowfuls. Considerations of this kind must temper notions of cruelty to animals. With every respect for frogs, and likewise for blue-bottles, as being useful in the scavenging line, we admit that both classes of animals may be overdone, and that active measures of limitation may reasonably be resorted to.

Before dismissing tadpoles, it is proper to say that their change to the frog condition depends on the sun's light. If kept in the dark, they will till their dying day remain tadpoles. They will grow larger, but never become frogs. Could we say anything more emphatic of the advantages of sunlight as concerns health and development? What cruelties are committed in keeping horses and other domestic animals in whole or semi-darkness! It is not allowing fair-play to nature. Every living creature, human beings included, ought to have a thorough allowance of daylight. Stinted in this respect, they grow up in an imperfect tadpole condition.

While toads, frogs, and newts left to the operations of nature, dismiss their gills in early life, some others of the amphibia retain their gills on growing up, and according to pleasure, breathe either through these organs or by their lungs. This must be considered a great convenience. Tired of one way of breathing, they can try another. The best example we can offer of an animal so highly favoured is that of the axolotl, a fine specimen of which, about a foot in length, we had an opportunity of seeing in the Aquarium at Brighton. An esteemed and travelled correspondent gave in these pages, August 1875, a good account of the axolotl, and we are not going to repeat the description. All that need now be done is to revive recollections, adding such fresh information as has appeared. The axolotl is a lizard-like animal with four feet. It is an inhabitant of a shallow salt lake in Mexico, in which it walks along the bottom, using its gills for breathing. When disposed to take the air, it goes off on an excursion on dry ground, making use of its lungs, and trying to catch worms for

food. There is something more curious than this. Twelve years ago, the fact was mentioned in the French Academy of Sciences that thirty axolotls had taken permanently to the land, cast their gills, and assumed the character of American land-newts. A lady, *Fräulein Marie von Chauvin*, as we understand, has actually succeeded in making the axolotl a land-animal. The account of the transformation is given as follows by Dr Andrew Wilson, in his instructive volume, 'Leisure-Time Studies.'

'*Fräulein von Chauvin*, by dint of care and patience, succeeded in enticing five specimens from their native waters by gradually inuring them to a terrestrial existence. The animals were highly refractory as far as their feeding was concerned; but their objections to diet when under experimentation were overcome by the ingenious method of thrusting a live worm into the mouth; whilst by pinching the tail of the worm, it was made to wriggle so far down the amphibian's throat, that the animal was compelled to swallow the morsel. Of the five subjects on which the patience of *Fräulein von Chauvin* was exercised, three died, after a life of nearly fifty days on land. At the period of their death, however, their gills and tail-fins were much reduced as compared with the normal state of these organs. The two surviving axolotls, however, behaved in the most satisfactory manner. Gills and tail-fins grew "small by degrees and beautifully less," and apparently by an actual process of drying and shrivelling through contact with the outer air, as opposed to any internal or absorptive action. The animals moulted or shed their skins several times; and finally, as time passed, the gills and tail-fin wholly disappeared; the gill-openings became closed; the flattened tail of the axolotls was replaced by a rounded appendage; the eyes became large; and ultimately, with the development of a beautiful brownish-black hue and gloss on the skin, varied with yellow spots on the under parts, the axolotls assumed the garb and guise of the land-amblystomas or land-newt. It was thus clearly proved that a change of surroundings—represented by the removal of the axolotls from the water, and by their being gradually inured to a terrestrial existence—has the effect of metamorphosing them into not merely a new species, but apparently an entirely different genus of animals.'

In this account there is something very suggestive. Under an overpowering creative law, animals assume a character according, less or more, to external conditions. For anything that is known, the axolotl may have hitherto been an imperfectly developed land animal, still somehow struggling with its rudimentary tadpolism. We should like much to hear how the respected *Fräulein von Chauvin* succeeded with her axolotls, and if they shewed no disposition to go back to gills. Naturalists in all parts of the world cannot fail to be interested in so extraordinary a transformation. Could a change of character be effected in any other animal that dabbles in the water and recreates itself on dry land? Take the case of the *Ornithorhynchus*, a native of New South Wales, with the body of a water-rat, the bill of a duck, and web-feet. In swimming about, the bill answers the purpose of an awger, to bore holes in the muddy banks of rivers in search of its food, and so far it

emulates the ordinary water-rat. Round the inner end of the bill of this strange creature, there is a projecting rim or flange, which keeps the fur of the head clean during the process of boring—a fine instance of a useful provision of nature.

Suppose that some enthusiast like *Fräulein von Chauvin* were to gather a few specimens of this half-duck and half-rat, and keep them entirely aloof from water, would the bills gradually drop off, and regularly constituted mouths make their appearance? We venture the question for what it is worth. Naturalists apparently have yet a great deal to learn by practical experiments in changing the conditions which to so large a degree have influenced the character of animals.

Obviously, the primary conditions of animal existence are sunlight, air, temperature, and moisture. On the apportionment of these the character and forms of animals are regulated. Where an animal has to live in the dark, it does not need eyes; its eyes therefore disappear, while some other sense, as a compensation, is quickened. The creature becomes tadpolitic. This is observable in the case of certain fishes that are found in the underground river which flows through the caves of Kentucky, and in similar situations. Their eyes are gone, leaving only a speck on the skin where they once were. These eyeless fish, which were described in our pages three years ago, afford a striking example of the power which conditions exert over faculties and organs. Though these poor fish cannot see, they possess extraordinary acuteness in hearing, and are able to pursue and overcome fish provided with eyes. There is another curiosity in their structure. As their prey swim near the surface of the water, their mouth is towards the crown of the head, an arrangement which saves them a great deal of trouble. There have been numerous speculations on the history of these fish. Were they created without eyes, in adaptation to dark underground rivers, or have the eyes disappeared in the course of ages to suit new conditions? Would the eyes return if they were placed in sun-lit waters? These are vastly interesting questions, which nobody can answer. A consideration of them fills us with perplexity and amazement. W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XX.—ON THE BEACH.

To walk on the beach is a simple sea-side recreation, which in different localities means something very various. At Brighton or Scarborough, such a stroll may be diversified and enlivened by the crack of whips and roll of wheels over sand or shingle, the music of organ-boys and grotesque Ethiopians, and the solicitations of mercenary boatmen to have a 'splendid sail,' or to woo sea-sickness in a more seductive form by the intellectual pursuit of whiting-fishing. Elsewhere, a dabbler in the ologies may fill books with weed, or store a can with crabs and molluscs for future transfer to the aquarium or the object-glass of the microscope. But, at Treport, the solitary strip of beach, if sought at all, had to be chosen out for its own sake.

Maud Stanhope was walking on the beach alone. There was little or no risk in being thus

unprotected, for in Cornwall, as in America, a lady who is quite alone is as safe from molestation as Una attended by her lion. And in case of the appearance of greedy snatchers from afar, such as Ghost Nan, or of tramps ready to exchange the beggar's whine for the growl of intimidation, any of the black-bearded giants engaged in tinkering up leaky boats or mending nets on the bank above would have been prompt to hurry to the rescue. So Maud had the gleaming cliffs, and the strip of shingle, and the jutting rocks all to herself, as she walked within a stone's throw of the slumbering sea.

Presently the shingle crackled beneath a man's heavier tread, and Maud, who had been walking deep in thought, lifted her eyes and saw Hugh Ashton standing before her. He raised his cap of course, and she returned his bow, saying: 'I was surprised to see you, Captain Ashton. I thought you had been still in London.' For Hugh's gallant conduct on the night of the wreck was matter of habitual discussion at Llosthuel Court, as under less pretentious roof-trees, and Maud was perfectly well aware of the finding of the purple bag, and that Hugh had undertaken a journey to London to restore the documents it had contained to their proprietor, Mr Dicker.

'I did not stay long, Miss Stanhope,' answered Hugh. 'I merely went, as you have perhaps heard, to give back some papers, which it was my good luck to save, to their owner—nothing more.'

He saw that she had been weeping, that the traces of tears were still visible about her beautiful eyes; but he did not dare to ask a question that might have been deemed impertinent, still less to offer consolation. And the knowledge of this imparted somewhat of awkwardness to his manner, which Maud had never noticed before. She did not like him the worse for it, however, partly divining the cause, and with a woman's ready tact, began to speak of indifferent subjects—of the shining sea, so calm and peaceful; the varying tints of the cliff-wall towering so majestically above the narrow strip of pebbly strand; and the contrast between Ocean dressed in smiles and the furious sea of that tempestuous night on which Hugh Ashton had last taken out the *Western Maid* to do her errand of mercy.

'I have not seen you, Captain Ashton, since that night,' said Maud presently; 'but you will believe me when I tell you how, when the news of your going out to the aid of that unfortunate ship reached Llosthuel, and we heard the terrible wind, and the awful sound of the angry sea—awful even there—we quite trembled for you and for the brave men who went with you, to help.'

Again the shingle crackled, but this time under the heels of a dainty pair of varnished boots, for it was Sir Lucius Larpent who, turning the angle of a rock, suddenly entered on the scene. He had an angry spot of red on each cheekbone, such as irritation calls up in some men, and there was anger in his eyes too.

'Mr Ashton again, hey?' he said peevishly, and favouring Hugh with a look of the coolest insolence.—'Upon my soul, cousin, I am made to feel myself almost an intruder when, in the course of my rambles, I stumble upon you in company with—Good-morning to you, Mr Ashton. I did not expect to see you here. You appear to have

plenty of time on your hands; quite the gentleman at large.'

'I have time on my hands, it so happens, just now, my vessel being under repairs,' answered Hugh quietly.

'Oh, don't take the trouble to excuse yourself to me. It is my mother whose underling you are, not mine!' said the baronet coarsely.

'Lucius!' exclaimed Maud; and the reproach in her voice seemed to exasperate her kinsman, who said, more snappishly than before: 'I must request you, Maud, to be good enough to accept my escort home to the Court. It is not seemly that you should be out walking so near my mother's house with this—Mr Ashton.'

'I was not walking with him!' exclaimed Maud, in indignant astonishment. 'I met him, as I met you just now, by the merest accident, and stopped to say one word, that is all. Your language is unjust, Lucius!'

'Accident indeed!' muttered the baronet. 'There are accidents, cousin, of very frequent occurrence, it appears, and which a little friendly interference ought to prevent. I must ask of you to let me bear you company so far as Llosthuel; indeed I must. My presence may be unwelcome, but it may be serviceable in putting an end to—accidents which repeat themselves so often.' This was a very rude speech, and one which Miss Stanhope, had she been quite calm and collected, would have perceived that Sir Lucius had not the slightest right to make. He was her cousin, not her uncle or her guardian, and even to a male cousin a young lady surely owes, by the very strictest canons of Mrs Grundy's unwritten law, no sort of obedience. But she was unaccountably agitated by the baronet's artful insinuation—it did not amount to a direct charge—that she had visited the beach for the purpose of meeting Hugh, and she forgot to resent this usurpation of authority on the part of her kinsman.

Hugh did what, perhaps, was the very wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances of the case. The hot blood rose mantling in his cheeks, and his lip quivered; but he kept the rising anger down, and bore the baronet's almost open insults with Spartan patience. There was evidently nothing which would better have suited Sir Lucius than a quarrel, which Maud Stanhope's presence must of necessity confine within the limits of a verbal encounter, between the young captain of the *Western Maid* and himself. Such an altercation must result in closing the doors of Llosthuel Court against the promoted fisherman, and might bring about the total withdrawal of Lady Larpent's favour from her former protégé. As it was, Hugh Ashton silently raised his cap, made a low salutation to Miss Stanhope, and walked away. 'I never was so sorely tried before,' he murmured to himself, as he scaled the bank, and gained the coast-road that led into the town, 'never so sorely tempted, as when yonder coxcomb made me the butt of his ill-humour. And to remember that one word from me!'

He said no more; but a deeper shade came over his brow, and he went upon his way without further soliloquy. Meanwhile Maud Stanhope, escorted by Sir Lucius, was slowly walking back towards Llosthuel, and the baronet was doing his best to improve the opportunity of pressing his suit upon his beautiful kinswoman. It might

seem at first sight a difficult and awkward task, that of passing from the character of the reproving relative to that of the enamoured admirer; but Sir Lucius, whose effrontery was equal to the assumption of almost any part, neither felt nor exhibited the slightest embarrassment at the abruptness of the transition.

'It is because I love you so, dearest Maud,' he said with an easy assurance which gave him almost an air of sincerity, 'that it maddens me to think that you could stoop, out of pure thoughtlessness, I am sure, to encourage the impertinent advances of such a fellow as that—not fit to black my boots, by Jove—and'—

'Stop, Lucius, or you will say what you will be sorry for afterwards, and which I can never forgive!' said Maud, interrupting her cousin in a voice that trembled indeed, but not with fear. The insulting imputation which her kinsman had let fall had stung her to the quick; and Sir Lucius, who felt that he had made a mistake, was prompt in rectifying it. 'I beg pardon,' he said, with well-acted humility, 'beg your pardon, Maud, with all my heart, I am sure. Yes, I forgot myself. I was rude to you unwittingly, in my very anxiety to shield you from—— But I cannot trust myself to speak of that fisher-fellow. The very thought of his vulgar presumption makes my blood boil!'

'Sir Lucius,' said Maud coldly, 'you are very much in error, or much misinformed, respecting the absent person of whom it pleases you to use such bitter words. He has been guilty of neither vulgarity nor presumption. I believe him to be incapable of both. Humble as his station may be, I never saw a truer gentleman.'

'After that!' exclaimed Sir Lucius, with a burst of laughter that sounded actually good-humoured—'after that, Maud, the less I say of this amphibious Paladin the better! But come, cousin; do not let us quarrel. If I hurt your feelings, I am sincerely sorry for it. It was only my love for yourself that caused me to lose my temper—not a very good one at any time, I am afraid.'

'If it were only that, Lucius!' said Maud more softly. Women do not always dislike a confession of trifling faults from a man's lips; and will condone much more than we really deserve!

'Well, it is only that,' replied Sir Lucius. 'I am a hot tempered man by nature, and I have much to worry and vex me. And, Maud dear, there is something anomalous in my position, which would try the patience of a better-tempered man. I am a baronet. I'm sure I wish I wasn't one, and that my father had been content to remain the Honourable Wilfred Beville, and leave me to be simply Lucius Beville. But he took my mother's name and arms—what on earth were the Larpent arms?—and would have a title for both. It costs me dear. Every fellow who would be happy with a shilling wants half-a-crown from me, because I have that ridiculous handle to my name. You might pity me, Maud.'

'I do pity you, Lucius; from my heart I do,' said Maud Stanhope in her sweet gentle way. She had just been afforded a glimpse of her kinsman's inner nature, and although she was sorry for him, it was as we are sorry for a fly that falls into the milk-jug. He was her cousin, and as a child, she had clung to the bold boy's hand when games of

snagdragon and so forth were going on; but between her and Sir Lucius there could be no real sympathy. The very hereditary rank which he bemoaned as an injury and an encumbrance, she knew to be dear to him as the apple of his eye. A cheque would make all the difference to him between exultation and despondency. And, knowing this, she could not pity Sir Lucius otherwise than as we extend our compassion to creatures below ourselves in the world's great scale of precedence.

'Will you not do more than pity me? Will you love me, will you marry me, Maud?' said or sighed the baronet as they reached the gravelled carriage-ring, the sun-dial, and the porch of Llosthuel Court.

'Never, Lucius!' answered Miss Stanhope firmly. 'The sooner this subject ceases to be mooted between us, the better for both.'

There must have been some manliness about Sir Lucius Larpent. Sullenly, but with courteous politeness, he took off his hat, and without a word left her. Maud gave one glance as he turned away, and then passed sadly on into the house.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE BLACK MILLER.

Far inland, and some eighteen miles as the crow flies from Treport and its bay and harbour, lies a region little visited by tourists, to whom indeed it presents scanty attractions, being a lofty and stony tableland, thinly peopled, with no romantic scenery, and, owing to its bleak situation and considerable elevation above the sea, having a climate far colder than that of the extreme south-western coast, beloved of the myrtle and the scarlet-blossomed oleander. That sterile district could never have been, from an agricultural stand-point, very prosperous; yet it was once the centre of an industry over which our Plantagenet, and still more our Tudor king, watched with jealous care, and which had drawn Phœnician barks across the mysterious sea that girdled misty Britain in the gray dawn of history. All around Pen Mawth and its circumjacent moorlands the ground was honeycombed with shafts, adits, and galleries of abandoned mines, opened at all sorts of dates, from the time when Gaul was free and Rome a village of mud-huts, down to the speculative epoch that succeeded the Peace of 1814.

All was over now. The mines, in the working of which it was said generations of adventurers, lured by the hopes of gain, had spent far more than ever the niggard earth had yielded in return, were closed at last. Wheal Betty and Wheal Fortunatus and Wheal Prosperous, famous in their day for the tin they gave and the copper they promised, had long since been hateful to the ears of London brokers, and could not have been nursed into popularity again by the most fluent of promoters. The pick and shovel had long since ceased to tinkle among gossam and schorl, schist and mica; or the human ants to swarm forth at dusk from those narrow holes that gave access to the upper galleries that tunneled the hillside. Emigration had swept off the people, and there were left now but barely the hands that were needed to wrest subsistence from the barren soil.

In the heart of this uninviting tract of country stands its one considerable hill, which in Ireland

would take rank as a mountain, and the exact height of which is duly set down in the county hand-books and Engineers' Survey, Pen Mawth. The spelling, so antiquarian purists declare, should be Pen Mauth, and means, in the ancient Cornish tongue, the Hill of Death. There can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the translation, at any rate, since the Norman barons who reared their own castle, the ruined towers of which still stand at the foot of the eminence, called their fortress and themselves by the name of Montmort. The Montmort family has been extinct long since, the Montmort keep is a nesting-place for owl and jackdaw, and the acres of the fief have been sold and resold, and parcelled out, as often happens in Cornwall, among a score or two of yeomen. But still the Hill of Death, brown with heather, gray with rocks, rises as old, uncouth in shape, a sullen tarn of peat-stained water near its summit, a noisy brook descending the narrow glen that scores its stony flank the deepest; and in that glen lies, half-hidden by beetling crags that threaten to fall and crush it, the Mawth Mill, solidly built of yore by the feudal barons of Montmort, and which has survived the castle of which it formed an adjunct.

Mill and Miller were well matched. The Mill of Death had borne but a bad name in that countryside ever since those early days when Justice was hard to find, and far to seek, along miry roads and past flooded fords, and the hard heart and the heavy hand had practically more to do with settling matters of everyday life than had the judges of Our Lord the King who came to hold assize in Exeter. There were stories yet current around cottage hearths of cruel vengeance exercised against vassals who had refused to have their corn ground at the lord's mill, or who had boggled at the toll levied by the lord's miller. And the present occupant of the mill—although he had no unscrupulous archers or roistering men-at-arms to back him in wrong-doing, as when the black and silver banner of Montmort waved, threatening, over the battlements of the now dilapidated castle—was yet the terror of the neighbourhood for miles around.

Ralph Swart—such was the name by which it pleased him to be called—was no Cornishman born, though long a dweller in the district. He had taken the mill on lease from the London Hospital—hospitals grant leases on easy terms—to which it had come to belong, had repaired it, and put it in working order. People called him the Black Miller, most likely on account of his complexion, which was strangely dark; perhaps also on account of the gloomy aspect of the old masonry and timber darkened by age until the oak resembled ebony, of which his mill was constructed.

Well known at every market for miles around was the Black Miller. Keen and hard at a bargain, never seeming to lack the ready cash wherewith to seal and clench it, he bought grain, when a profit could be made by buying it, to a much larger extent than the mere needs of his mill demanded. And, curiously enough, though the man was regarded with fear and aversion, more grist came to his grindstones in the legitimate way of business, than to those of pleasant-spoken competitors who had a merry look and a kind word for all customers. 'Mustn't anger Master

Swart!' was said in many a homestead, when it was a question of what should be done with the good wheat in the granary; and it might have been thought that some shadow of the feudal privilege departed yet clung to the Black Miller and his ill-omened abode, so faithful was the patronage of those who dealt with him.

It has been mentioned that Ralph Swart was the terror of the neighbourhood. He was well qualified to keep up such a character. Fierce and forbidding of aspect, morose and churlish in manners, his herculean strength and savage temper made him doubly formidable. There had been those who disputed his right, tacitly acknowledged by most, to have the lion's share in every bargain, and they had generally had the worst of it in law proceedings, and always in a personal encounter. But very few, after a second glance at the mould in which the Black Miller was cast, would have cared to measure themselves against him.

Ralph Swart lived all alone. A farming-man from the village came up daily to tend his horse and small garden, and to do such rough housekeeping tasks as the Black Miller required and permitted. When evening came, this man was carefully locked and bolted out of the house, and trudged home, nothing loath, to his own cottage at some distance. No wages would have tempted any native of the hamlet to sleep beneath the roof of the Black Miller. It was not only that the master of the house was an object of fear and dislike, but that the house itself was reputed to be haunted. A pale face, it was said, was seen on moonlight nights peering from the upper windows, all cobwebbed and befringed with dust—a woman's face, the gos-ups said below their breath. Yet no woman dwelt there. The Black Miller's wife slept sound, poor thing, in Tregunnow Churchyard. She had died, years and years ago, of a broken heart—so rumour told. Ralph Swart had had a daughter; but he had driven her forth from his doors when she was sixteen; and where the poor scared child had wandered to, or whether she were alive or dead, none knew. See him as he comes now, slowly riding, with a lack rein and a thoughtful brow, up the rocky road that leads to his mill. At a glance it can be seen that the alarm which he inspires, and in which he takes a perverse pride, is well warranted. He is not tall, certainly, but rather resembles a giant cut short; yet, if only of middle height, the vast breadth of chest and the great strength of the limbs render him more than a match for any chance customer. He rides ungracefully, as he does everything, indeed, but so firmly that the most vicious horse cannot unseat him. The lean, well-bred, ill-groomed steed he rides is vicious, and was bought cheaply at the Tregunnow fair on that account. A vicious horse is apt to have sound legs and a game spirit, and to be sold at a low price, and the Black Miller has a preference for vicious horses. As the man rides on, defiant even now that there is none to look at him, now that he is climbing the steep path which leads up his own ghostly ravine, towards his own melancholy home, it must be owned that there is a rugged grandeur about him, as there is about the shaggy red-eyed bison and the grisly bear. Ugly enough he is; but that high forehead ought to have brains behind it, as surely as that tremendous jaw bespeaks tenacity of pur-

pose. The swarthy skin is darker and more sallow than that of a Spaniard or Neapolitan, and the eyes, though small, are as piercing as those of a bird of prey. The man is close shaven. You see the blue stubbly mark of his steel-hard beard quite distinctly, just as you see his iron-gray hair, that age cannot as yet turn to silver. He is not slovenly, in farmer fashion, as to his clothes, and wears high black boots, that reach the knee, and spurs which have no sinecure, as his horse's bleeding sides attest. Slowly he rides on, deep in thought, a bold bad man, unless Lavater's science and the voice of fame be alike untrue, but one shrewd enough to avoid certain unpleasant contingencies, and to keep to windward of the law.

Ralph Swart, thus riding homeward, his wiry horse picking its way well among the loose stones and shale that strewed the ill-kept road, would have presented, had any one with competent intelligence been there to watch him, a curious social puzzle. He was rough in word and deed, repulsive to look upon, hateful in every relation of life; yet it was impossible not to recognise a certain power and originality about the man. The very fact that he was neat as to his clothes and person, leading the queer life he did, like a volunteer Robinson Crusoe, spoke well for his strength of purpose. To lapse into squalor and eccentric negligence of costume is for the solitary so easy a descent into Avernus, that the recluse who conforms outwardly to the fashions of the world shews some merit *per se*. And the few educated persons who had conversed with the Black Miller were compelled to own that Mr Swart was something more than the mere sharp-witted rustic that he appeared. The indefinable freemasonry which exists among the cultured aroused in the minds of parson and doctor a suspicion that the Black Miller had more booklore than falls to the lot of those who live by the hopper and the mill-wheel.

As he jogged on, Ralph Swart drew from an inner pocket of his coat three or four old letters, tied together with string, and all of which, save one, bore postmarks that did not indicate any place in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. He drew forth first one and then another of these epistles, stained and tattered with frequent handling, and glanced them over, quickly but not hastily, and then replaced them within the belt of string. Then he put up the packet again, saying to himself in a harsh grating voice: 'Ay, ay! that would be about his age now; and like his father—yes! I'd pick him out then, among a thousand; and if what they said of him out there be true'—He paused a little, as if in doubt, and then drawing from another pocket a hunting-flask, unscrewed the top, and swallowed a draught of the fiery spirit which it contained. Then he replaced the flask in his pocket. 'Ho, ho! let him try,' he exclaimed boastfully. 'Old Ralph Swart—Ralph Swart—ha, ha!—is a tough nut for a stripling to crack. Let him try, if he can. I was fool enough, for a day, to be scared when first that gipsy hag told me that he was so near—it did seem as if Providence—But enough of that. Ho, ho! let him try.'

He rode on in silence now, and dismounting at his own door, relieved his troubled mind in hearty curses on his serving-man, who was used to his moods, and cared little when strong measures did

not follow the strong language; and then leaving his tired horse to be led to the shed that did duty for a stable, and receiving the comfortable assurance that the place was 'redded up' and the pork and greens boiling for his dinner, walked heavily into the cheerless dwelling-place, and closed the door behind him with a bang.

FRUIT-FARMING AND THE FRUIT-TRADE.

THE chief fruit-growing counties of England are Hereford, Devon, Somerset, Worcester, and Gloucester, shires, which take up in orchards, mostly planted on grass-lands, over ninety-seven thousand acres of ground. About twenty-one thousand acres are also devoted to fruit-growing in Kent, Cornwall, Surrey, and Lancashire, on what may be called the market-garden system; and there are over nine thousand acres of the whole laid out in apple and pear orchards. Fruit-farming is largely on the increase both in England and Scotland, the novelty of strawberry-farming on an extensive scale having been going on for some time in the latter country. On the Muir of Blair, an extensive tract of land lying between Blair-Gowrie and Cupar-Angus, there is a community of about twenty-five strawberry-farmers who earn a living for themselves and families at the business of strawberry-growing. The fruit is usually sold *en masse* to the preservers; and in some years as much as forty-six pounds an acre has been realised by the sale; but the average income from a Scottish strawberry-farm is seldom more than twenty-seven pounds an acre.

Leaving out of view in the meantime any reference to grape-growing or peach-culture, except to say that very large quantities of these fruits are grown at remunerative prices for the London markets, we shall endeavour to give a brief account of what has been accomplished with more hardy fruits. The apples and pears of the five counties already enumerated are chiefly converted into cider and perry, which are cheap and wholesome beverages when carefully prepared. Apple and pear orchards for the growth of cider and perry fruit are not so carefully cultivated as those which are devoted to the production of the finer kinds of these fruits required for dessert or other table uses. The ground is economised as much as possible, and in forming an orchard, the trees are very often planted in the hop-fields; but when the fruit-trees grow so large as to demand greater nutriment, the hop-vines are removed, and the ground at once sown down with grass, which by-and-by affords feeding for sheep and cattle. As a general rule, the formation and planting of an orchard costs twelve or fourteen pounds an acre; the kind of apples preferred for cider being Codlin, Red Cowarne, Cockagee, and French Upright. These are grafted on stocks chiefly raised from seed or from crab or wild-apple stocks. About forty trees on the average are set in each acre of ground, about ten or twelve yards apart, each tree being protected by an inclosure, to save it from being injured by the cattle. The cost of manure, maintenance, and pruning may be put down at about three pounds ten shillings per acre; whilst rents in the counties named run from forty shillings to ten pounds per acre.

Large sums are occasionally obtained for superior eating-apples, such as Ribston, Golden, Orange, and King Pippins, as also for the best varieties of baking-apples. In good apple seasons, from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds per acre have been obtained, and on rare occasions as much as fifty pounds, for the finest dessert fruit; but as a rule the fruit itself does not return more than ten pounds per acre over all the ground. Cider-fruit yields about eight hogsheads per acre, the price ranging from two to three pounds per hogshead, the cider made in Devonshire being esteemed the best in the market. The expense of manufacture must, of course, be deducted from the price quoted; whilst there falls to the credit of the fruit-farmer the grass-feeding for cattle, which is worth a considerable sum per acre every season; so that the profits of fruit-growing in these counties are upon the whole so good that a large number of grain and root growers are taking up orchard-ground; while some capitalists have of late been keeping an eye on the business, with a view to the formation of one or two fruit-farming Companies on a large scale.

Fruit-farmers, however large their profits may be, are not without their troubles; they suffer greatly from the uncertainty of the climate, their hopes of a remunerative crop being occasionally blasted by one night's frost. Their orchards are often attacked by the larvæ of various insects, and by one in particular, which speedily divests the trees of every vestige of their foliage. Happily for the public, the prices of the finer sorts of apples are kept under by the constant importation of large quantities from America, so that English fruit-farmers often enough find that when their crops are at their best they can be undersold by Canadian importers. Thousands of barrels of apples arrive in Liverpool, Glasgow, and London every season from the other side of the Atlantic, the fruit being sold at auction for what it will bring. The prices range from eight to thirty shillings for one hundred and twenty pounds of fruit; or from about three farthings to threepence per pound-weight. Another grievance of the English apple-farmer is, that he is not always sure of obtaining compensation from his landlord in the event of his having to leave his orchard before his trees arrive at maturity. Of late years, in some orchards, the proprietor of the ground has furnished it with the necessary trees, so that they belong to him of right in the event of the tenant leaving. This mode of letting what may be called 'furnished orchards' is a fair way of avoiding any collision of interests, because three or four years must necessarily elapse before the trees attain the full vigour of their fruit-bearing power. In the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, the planting of orchards is placed in the scale of first-class improvements, for which the tenant *may* be remunerated by compensation at the hands of his landlord for his outlay; and as a rule, the best landlords when they resume possession of orchard-ground, esteem it a matter of honour to compensate the outgoing tenant, to some extent at least, for what he has done in the way of planting the land with fine fruit-yielding trees.

The plumeries of Worcestershire and the cherry-orchards of Kent may now be noticed. Persons who have had occasion to visit Covent Garden

Market early in the morning must have been struck with the vast quantities of plums and cherries which in the season are daily brought there for sale. The total cherry-crop of England seems to be forwarded to London, whence the fruit, purchased by active buyers, is despatched with railway rapidity to all parts of the kingdom. By assiduous personal inquiry at Covent Garden Market, we endeavoured on a recent occasion to ascertain the extent of the trade in cherries, plums, and other fruits; but with only partial success, as each person engaged in the trade knows the extent of his own business only, and no official statistics are taken of the individual goods coming to market, as in Paris. The salesman whom we interviewed was very civil, and very willing to tell us all he knew about the trade. 'Yes,' said he, 'there are tons upon tons of cherries here every day in the season; and there are tons more come in every day to London that never get this length at all, because they are sent off by railway to Liverpool and a hundred other places, where in some seasons there is such a demand, that they never can get enough. As to the coster-men, they take enormous quantities, which they sell in the streets. In some good seasons, when the fruit is plentiful and, in consequence, cheap, a clever coster will dispose of ten or twelve sieves in no time. The poor people who deal with the fruit-hawkers like to get a big handful, and they think when they can buy twenty or thirty cherries for a penny or twopence, that they have got quite a bargain. In my young days—say forty years ago—cherries could be bought over all London in plentiful seasons at a penny the pound. At that time the provincial demands were not so great as they are now. I cannot figure the quantities of cherries that pass through the hands of us salesmen in a season; but I believe as many are sold for eating in London as would fill the *Great Eastern* steamship!'

Thousands of acres are devoted to cherry-growing in Kent, and the cherry-farmers it is said 'make a good thing of it.' But we fancy there is sometimes more glitter than gold in the business, so much of their success being dependent on sunshine and fine weather. Fruit-farmers say that one bad season in the course of four years affects them materially. The rent of the Kent cherry-orchards varies according as they are favourably situated: some farmers pay five pounds an acre, some pay double that sum; and for very good cherry-land as much as twelve pounds is sometimes exacted. The average of the cherry-rents of Kent may be set down at about seven pounds ten shillings per acre. In addition to the rent, there is the expense of cultivation, which is very considerable—seldom indeed less than ten pounds per acre. There are other charges which vary with the extent of the crop, such as those for picking, packing, and marketing; but in a great number of instances the cherry-grower sells his fruit as it is ripening upon the trees, which frees him from further trouble. There are a set of brokers who purchase the fruit just as they see it upon the trees, and take their chance of making a profit out of it. In some cases the crop is put to auction, in others the sale is effected by private contract. It is the varying fortune of the cherry-farmer that in good seasons his fruit is so plentiful that the price falls to a very low figure;

whilst in bad seasons the fruit is so scarce that the total crop does not sum up to a respectable amount. It has been given out that cherry-farmers occasionally get as much as seventy pounds an acre; but the profit on an average is not perhaps a fourth of that sum, which, when the amount of capital invested in the business is considered and the worry which attends it, is not after all more than a fair return. Plums and greengages are largely grown in Kent, as also damsons, and these form a profitable crop. Sometimes however, a late frost will kill the bloom in a single night and leave the trees barren.

In the vale of Evesham in Worcestershire plum-culture is actively carried on, the bulk of the fruit finding a ready market in the populous midland towns of England. The small white plum known as 'the Pershore' is largely grown, and yields a handsome profit per acre—as much sometimes as a hundred pounds. The expenses of plum-culture are—first, the rent charges, usually about seven pounds ten shillings an acre on the average; second, the cost of culture, which as a rule is about twelve pounds ten shillings per acre; or twenty pounds in all, exclusive of the wages paid for gathering and packing the fruit, which in some cases are paid by the purchaser.

Immense quantities of cherries and plums are imported to this country from various parts of the continent; pears of a particularly fine kind, and other dessert fruits as well, are brought over from France and also from Jersey. California too pays us tribute of this kind; but some of the finer fruits of California, such as the best specimens of the Chaumontelle pear, are sent to St Petersburg. Large quantities of rennets still reach Covent Garden from the orchards of Normandy and other parts of France. The Clyde orchards have lost their fame and their name. Twenty-five years ago, the apples, pears, and plums of Lanarkshire were famous throughout Great Britain and Ireland; now they have no separate quotation in the fruit-markets. We never hear of them in fact, although about five hundred acres of land are laid down in orchards in Scotland, chiefly in Lanarkshire.

Bush-fruits—as gooseberries, currants, and raspberries—are always largely in demand for preserving. There are now a great number of preserving-works in the country, and jams and jellies of every kind can be readily purchased in large or small pots in every town and village of the United Kingdom. We frequently hear complaints from economic housewives about the dearness of berries; but they will never become cheaper, because whenever they fall to a certain figure, they are at once secured in quantity by the preservers. Ladies used, five-and-twenty years ago, to say they would make more jam and jelly than they did were it not for the cost of the sugar; now they complain, and with some reason, of the price of the fruit. There are now fruit-preserving works working on a large scale in nearly every considerable town of England and Scotland; and the trade which was begun in Dundee on a small scale has become a feature of our British commerce. Some of the jam and jelly makers turn out from one to twelve tons a day of the various preserves now on sale, and which are extensively used in the manufacturing districts in place of butter. The fruit-bushes in Kent are largely planted in the plum and damson

grounds, as many as twelve hundred bushes to the acre.

In Cambridgeshire, large quantities of black currants are grown for the London market; whilst the red currants are chiefly raised in Kent and Worcester and Gloucester shires. These fruits require a considerable amount of working. In order to have a thick display of good quality, the land requires to be well manured with old woollen rags of all kinds, and the bushes must be regularly and carefully trimmed to keep them fruitful. An idea of the profit will be obtained if we put down a sum of thirty-five pounds per acre as the return, and deduct about twenty-two pounds ten shillings for the expenses of cultivation and gathering. Raspberries are extensively grown in Cornwall, and are packed in tubs or casks before being sent to market. In Cornwall, the bushes will yield over one and a half tons per acre, and the price obtained is usually about thirty shillings per hundredweight. Strawberries as well as rasps are indigenous to Cornwall, and are successfully cultivated. Near London, on its various sides, extensive tracts of land are devoted to the cultivation of this fine fruit. In the early mornings of June and July, hundreds of men, women, and children may be seen at work gathering the fruit for the London market. In the earlier days of the season, two shillings per pound will be readily given in the West End of London for carefully picked fruit. The second-rate fruit is sold for making jam. As many as ten thousand strawberry plants may be found on an acre of ground; it is three years before the plants begin to be very fruitful, after which they will continue to bear for a period of five or six years. Whilst growing to maturity, various kinds of vegetables are reared on the same ground.

It has been shewn by keen economists that we might easily grow strawberries all the year round; but it should not be forgotten that the greatest dainty may become too common, and that a blank in the supply adds zest to the flavour of the fruit when it again comes into season. We shall never forget the delight of a London musician on a concert-giving tour, who found delicious strawberries in the Aberdeen fruit-market at the end of September. 'They give me new life,' he said. Strawberries are a late crop in some northern parts of Scotland. An acre of strawberries will sometimes yield the splendid return of one hundred pounds! Apropos of the Perthshire strawberry-farms, to which allusion has already been made, it was reported two years ago that one of the growers had been offered over two thousand pounds for his lot of twenty-seven acres just as it stood.

Readers jumping to conclusions from what we have said, must not run away with the idea that fruit-farming is a royal road to wealth. The most successful fruit-farmers are those who have been longest at the business and have devoted to it the greatest amount of attention. There are books we know that teach the art of fortune-making by means of fruit-culture; but these works are not unlike the productions of 'guides' which profess to shew how fortunes can at once be won on the turf; and we are always apt to put the question: 'If it be so easy to make a fortune, where is yours?' There is growing competition in the fruit-trade, and it must be borne in mind

that fruits are tender and of a perishable nature; so perishable indeed that many tons are in the course of a season wasted and sold for manure, which, as the saying goes, 'makes a sad hole in the profits.' In the preceding remarks we have confined ourselves to our home-grown fruits; but enormous quantities of grapes, figs, prunes, raisins, and other dried kinds, are imported in the course of a year; and as for our orange supply, who shall put it in figures? In 1877, the money value of the oranges and lemons which came to us from the groves of Spain, Portugal, and other places was stated as being £1,549,765. Counting each orange as being of the value of one halfpenny, the number represented is 743,887,200!

AUNT BARBARA'S PRESENT.

CONCLUSION.

'On my return home I found the sum of twenty-five pounds in the beautiful box. But alas! subsequent events prevented me applying any part of it to the purpose suggested by my kind friend and benefactress. Martha's illness was now daily becoming more serious, and I suppose I overtaxed my own strength in nursing her, for there were soon two invalids in the house; and the faithful creature only lived to take my baby boy in her arms and see me out of danger. How I missed her I need not say—she who used to take every household care upon herself, and had been a second mother to little Helena.

'The management of a very delicate infant now entirely devolved on me, and unfortunately I was as inexperienced as ever in domestic duties. George never could understand my preference for the employment I had quitted; but I knew nothing of the one, and my education had made me feel capable of the other. Poor Martha often regretted during her illness that she had never taught me some of what she called her "poor ways;" for she said: "These London servants will worry the life out of my poor dear." And so they nearly did. This tried George's temper too; for he naturally missed Martha's never-failing attention to his particular requirements; and I became really disheartened at my own failures. The climax was however, at hand in a form quite unforeseen by me. One day when I had been tried to the utmost by what I may call my petty domestic miseries, a very peremptory letter was put into my hands from our landlord, demanding the immediate settlement of his claim for half a year's rent. I knew that my recent confinement and poor Martha's illness had exhausted all my resources; but I hoped that George might see his way to meet the demand. To my great consternation, he declared he could not; and that without some help, we should have to break up our home. I tried to comfort him in vain. And I forgot my previous troubles in trying to think of a remedy for this more serious one. George gave way to a despondency which alarmed me. Suddenly the idea of parting with Mrs Dalrymple's present flashed upon my mind. Of course it was with extreme reluctance that I entertained the idea, particularly as George valued the painting very much; but the circumstances seemed sufficiently urgent to justify the surprise; so the following morning, after my poor husband had gone to the office more depressed than I had ever yet seen

him, I sent for a cab, and took the casket to the shop from which Lady Davenant purchased it. Within a week I triumphantly presented the sum it had realised to George, at the same time telling him how I had obtained it.

'For a moment he looked relieved and happy; but suddenly asked me if I had emptied the box before parting with it.

"Certainly," I replied very confidently. "There was scarcely anything in it; merely a few of my father's old letters."

"Did you," he said still more eagerly, "take out a small piece of folded paper from the secret panel in the lid?"

"No," I replied. "I never put any paper there. But why do you ask so strangely?"

"Because," he exclaimed, looking wildly at me, "I put a document of the greatest consequence there for safety. Ah! wife, you have no idea what mischief you have done!"

'I was lost in amazement. I really thought my husband was losing his senses with his troubles, and implored him to explain himself. At length he informed me that in a recent interview with Mr Kelly that gentleman had warned him to take special care of our marriage certificate, and that he had placed it in the safest receptacle he could think of. I tried to comfort him by suggesting that no doubt the purchaser would be known at the shop to which I had taken it. But on inquiry I found, unfortunately, that they had no clue whatever to their customer.

'When Mr Kelly heard of the loss, he hardly knew which to blame the most; George for concealing the paper without mentioning it to me; or me for parting with my property without consulting him.

"I am not married myself, thank God!" he piously remarked; "but in the course of my professional experience, I have observed that many of the worst troubles of married people are caused by their singular want of confidence in each other."

'His displeasure reached its climax when he was told in reply to his searching inquiries, that two very young ladies had purchased the casket. "Ah then, madam," he exclaimed, turning almost fiercely to me, "then there is indeed little hope. They have probably curled their hair with your marriage-lines long ago."

'I could scarcely refrain from laughing at his vehemence, and ventured to observe that even if they were lost, no one was likely to doubt our marriage.

"What! another concealment?"—this time addressing George. "You are very much to blame Mortimer, for not telling her the truth." Then taking my hand, Mr Kelly said kindly: "Do not frighten yourself, my dear girl; but you must now be told that your father's amiable wife has given him to understand that you are not married. I have written to him to assure him of the fact; but I have no confidence that he will see my letter, as I regret to say he is very ill, and Mrs Wyndham no doubt can intercept any she does not wish him to read."

"Why," I asked, trembling from head to foot, "does she wish my father to think me so wicked?"

"My poor girl," replied Mr Kelly, "do you not see that by traducing you, she may induce him to leave every shilling of his property to her son?"

"I do not care for the property," I passionately exclaimed; "but I will see my father myself, to convince him of the truth, if I walk every step of the way." Then I angrily told George that I should never forgive him, if my father died in the belief of my unworthiness; and insisted upon going to Rosemere immediately.

Mr Kelly had some difficulty in persuading me of the futility of such a step, and tried to console me by proposing his own plan. He had, he said, fully intended going himself to Rosemere to take the certificate, not daring to trust it to a letter, when he heard of my father's illness. "Now, I can still, I hope, carry out my intention, so far as seeing him. In a few days, my dear, he shall know all."

Sorrowfully we left Mr Kelly's office, I counting the hours to the time he had named, and thinking how slowly they would pass. But I was not destined to wait so long. The very next day Mr Kelly was summoned to Rosemere, my father having become suddenly worse. Always prompt, his friend and solicitor lost no time on this occasion, as the letter written by our family doctor described his patient's state as—most critical.

Mrs Mortimer's emotion was at this point of her narrative so evident, that her considerate auditors begged her to defer the sequel to another opportunity, and for the rest of the evening they tried to cheer her by every means in their power.

The whole story was afterwards written by Dora for 'Aunt Barbara,' and may be repeated here in her words from the point at which Mrs Mortimer seemed unable to proceed.

On Mr Kelly's arrival at Rosemere he was ushered at once into the invalid's room. Mr Wyndham had been seized with paralysis, and was fearfully altered, though perfectly sensible, and a look of indescribable relief passed over his countenance at the sight of the lawyer. Mrs Wyndham, on the contrary, could hardly conceal her annoyance, and received him with the utmost coldness. But her husband at once requested her to leave the room; and as the doctor was about to follow, asked him to remain, as he felt unequal himself to explain his wishes. Upon this, the good doctor, delicately avoiding names, stated that in consequence of very painful information which had reached Mr Wyndham, he had unfortunately been induced to disinherit his daughter; but having since had reason to doubt its accuracy, he wished the necessary steps to be immediately taken to secure to her the provision originally intended for her. Mr Kelly then heard that a will had been prepared by a friend of Mrs Wyndham's; and suggested a codicil to be added, as the readiest way of carrying out the dying father's wishes.

A restorative having been administered by the doctor, the sufferer in broken accents made known his intentions. First, he left his daughter his entire forgiveness, as he hoped for forgiveness from her and from his Maker; and on the production of 'legal proof' of her marriage within three months of his decease, she was to be entitled to receive twenty thousand pounds. Mr Kelly would have made an objection to the words 'legal proof'; but a significant glance from the doctor warned him to hasten to the completion of his task. Even then they thought all was lost, as Mr Wyndham

was sinking fast, and made many ineffectual attempts to attach his signature to this important document. When at length he had accomplished it, his trembling fingers pointed to the words to which Mr Kelly had objected. 'Not for my own satisfaction,' he gasped. 'I am convinced; but—for—others. The cruel slander—has spread far—and wide. My poor Helena's fame must be cleared—the world—God forgive—the person who deceived'—He could say no more.

When Mrs Wyndham was recalled to the room, she returned leading her little son. The dying man was much affected at the sight of this child of his fondest hopes, but passed away without noticing the presence of his wife.

When all was over, Mr Kelly asked the doctor by what means the happy change towards his daughter had been effected.

'Your own letter was the cause,' he replied. 'I happened to be present when it arrived, and being on my way to my patient's room, offered to convey it to him. Mrs Wyndham had no excuse to offer for retaining it; and it was fortunate I had done so, as he much required my professional care for some hours after reading it.'

A few hours later, Mr Kelly returned to town, and lost no time in acquainting Mrs Mortimer with her father's death, feeling very thankful that he had some comfort to convey to her with the melancholy intelligence.

The following week Mr Kelly again went to Rosemere to attend his friend's funeral and read the will; his one hope with regard to Helena's interest being that Mrs Wyndham would not insist upon the production of legal proof of a marriage which she was well convinced had taken place. But this vindictive woman, probably instigated by her own solicitor, would not sanction the payment of Mrs Mortimer's legacy until the terms of the bequest were literally complied with.

The suspense of the next three months was trying beyond description to the young couple. Advertisements for the recovery of the lost certificate—a course which Mr Kelly had hitherto avoided—were now inserted in the leading papers; yet it was only when the stipulated time had nearly expired that the last attracted notice.

It may be imagined from the great interest and anxiety felt by Mr Kelly for his very interesting client, with what pleasure he brought her affairs to a successful issue.

'We have since been introduced to this dear friend of the Mortimers,' added Dora to Aunt Barbara, 'and he says that Mrs Wyndham is the only discontented person at Rosemere. The foolish woman laments over her son as if he had been robbed of his inheritance, though the young gentleman succeeds to an estate of ten thousand a year.'

A year later, Mrs Wyndham had indeed real cause for grief. The young heir of Rosemere, always a delicate child, was lying beside his father in the family mausoleum. The bereaved mother resisted all Helena's efforts to console her, and coldly refused her cordial invitation to remain at the Hall. She declared that she could no longer endure the place, and that she should live abroad for the rest of her miserable life.

Events have thus brought Helena back to the home of her childhood, now her own property.

She is a thoroughly happy wife and mother, a benefactress to the poor, and an admirable hostess, as her friends the Forresters and Davenants can testify; for they have all met at her hospitable mansion, and the families have promised to exchange visits every year.

Lady Davenant and Mrs Mortimer have had one dispute—it related to the jewel casket which was the first cause of their friendship. Each declared that the other had the greater claim to it. At length Helena conquered, insisting that her friend would no doubt give serious offence by parting with Aunt Barbara's Present.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN this *Journal* for October 1878, under the heading 'Nearly Buried Alive,' are narrated two or three instances of narrow escapes from interment before the proper time, and which occurred on the continent. 'Such occurrences,' says a correspondent to whom we are indebted for the following experiences, 'are by no means unknown in this country, even though burial seldom follows closely upon death; for in my limited circle in a comparatively obscure country town, I have met with several such, and I doubt not that other cases could be adduced which should at least teach that special care should be taken to prove that the supposed corpse is really dead.'

'The following account was given me by the son of a lady, who was within a few hours of being consigned to the grave, upon the supposition that she was dead. This lady, the wife of a captain in the royal navy, and in the middle of life, had for a considerable time been a source of great anxiety to her husband and family from failing health, and the household had removed from the neighbourhood of London into a notably salubrious part of Devonshire, hoping that a milder climate would have a beneficial effect upon the invalid. Their hopes were however, disappointed, as no improvement in the health of the patient took place; and both husband and family felt that in a very short time their house would be invaded by death, and they would have to mourn the loss of the beloved one. The decline of the patient was gradual in the extreme: one stage of weakness after another was reached, till at last the apparent transition came, and Mrs —, to all appearance, died. It was midwinter when this happened, the weather very cold; and as the house occupied by the family was remote from some of the friends and relatives who were invited to attend the funeral, which was to take place about a week after the supposed death, these were requested, or found it necessary to reach Captain —'s residence the evening before the day appointed for the interment of the lady. Having reached the house of mourning, they adjourned to the chamber of death, and gazed upon the lifeless form of her whom they had so long revered and loved.

'Dinner was served, and a sad doleful meal it was. As usual they went to the drawing-room after dinner, the bereaved father and husband accompanying them, and there they occupied themselves in recalling the various traits and excellencies of the departed. Whilst engaged in this manner, the room door was violently opened, and

the footman, apparently as horror-stricken as man could be, entered, exclaiming: "If you please sir, Missus' ghost is walking!"

'Captain — immediately left the room, taking the footman, very much against his will, with him. Shutting the door, and enjoining the occupants not to follow him, as he would be back quickly, he at once crossed the hall and ascended the stairs, with the intention of going to the room where his deceased wife, as he supposed, was lying in her coffin; but on turning into the corridor or passage at the top of the stairs, his courage was severely tested, for in his way there stood a figure clad in the habiliments of the grave; yet although much startled, he was equal to the occasion, and addressing the figure, said: "God bless me, Mary" [his wife's name], "what are you doing here?"

'His wife—for it was his wife, and no ghost—answered very faintly: "Oh, take me to the fire. I am frozen."

'He immediately got a blanket, wrapped it around her, and to the consternation of the servants, took her into the kitchen, where there was a large fire burning; and soon with warmth, assisted by a very sparing administration of warm liquid, vital heat was restored.

'When Captain — returned to the drawing-room, it must be supposed he found the company in a great state of excitement, which was not at all diminished by his statement of what had happened; and nothing but an interview with the supposed deceased lady would convince them that they had not a very few hours before seen her actually a corpse. And she, strange to say, despite the shock caused by her finding herself where she was and arrayed for the grave (for she was conscious of having clambered out of the coffin), and the full narration of particulars by her husband, and the consequent knowledge of the very narrow escape from premature burial she had experienced—she very quickly recovered much of her lost health and strength, and lived on several years before she really died.

'It is scarcely necessary to add that the mourning friends were soon changed into joyful ones, and that the attendance of the undertaker, with his funereal appliances, was dispensed with.

'I was not told what was the opinion of the medical attendant upon this extraordinary occurrence; but as the son of the lady who, as I stated before, told me of the circumstance, is now in England, and I hope to see him, I intend to take the opportunity of making full inquiries on this head. I may add that the mention of the matter was most repugnant to the lady in question, and any allusion to it was carefully checked by every member of the family.

'The preceding account was narrated to me as I have described, after I had been telling my friend of the case which I now proceed to state, and as corroborative of the opinion I then expressed to him that many persons were really buried alive. This occurrence, the subject of which approached a step nearer the grave than the one just recited, happened to a man whom I well know, and who was in business for several years in the town in which I reside; after which he left my neighbourhood, and took a business in a town in the west of England, and for some months I heard nothing concerning him—in fact he had passed from my mind. But I chanced to be spending my annual

holiday on the South Devon coast, and one day had arranged to proceed to Dartmouth, in order to go up the Dart to Totness and view, as I have done several times before, the beautiful scenery which opens up to the traveller as he journeys the whole of the way between the two before-named places.

‘Having accomplished so much of the programme marked out, I determined to return to my seaside lodgings by the railway instead of going over the same course I had travelled in the morning; and to do this I went to the Totness station of the South Devon line, and whilst waiting there for a train to take me to my destination, the down-train from London arrived; and upon looking across the line, I recognised as one of the passengers, as the train drew up, a lady from my own town, and who when at home lived exactly opposite to me. She was an intimate friend of the wife of the person to whom I have alluded. I went to the back of the train, crossed the line on to the other platform, and introduced myself to the lady, of course remarking how strange it was that two neighbours, without any arrangement for the purpose, should meet two hundred miles away from their respective homes. She told me the occasion of her taking this long journey was a painful one, and that she was going to the house of her friend Mrs —, the wife of our late fellow-townsmen. He was very seriously ill; and his wife, her friend, had written that she was nearly exhausted by anxiety and the fatigues of nursing, and that she, my neighbour, was proceeding to assist as well as she could by her presence and help in the sick household. This was the explanation of our meeting so long a distance from home.

‘The train moved on; and I heard nothing more of any of the persons alluded to until I reached my own home at the expiration of my holiday, when upon inquiry I found that Mr — was still very ill, that indeed there was no reasonable hope of his recovery, and that in all probability a few days must bring about a conclusion of the matter by the death of the sufferer. I then for a week or two lost sight of the circumstance, having business calls away from home to attend to; but upon my second return I saw the father of the lady whom I had met in the train at Totness, and who had so generously gone to help her friend in her trouble; and upon asking him what news of Mr —, he told me his daughter was still there, and that Mr —, although still alive and fast recovering his usual health, had to all appearance died; that a coffin was made, and the supposed corpse placed in it; and that upon the arrival of the day appointed for the funeral, and at the time for making the latest preparations for removing the bier, the undertaker’s man proceeded to screw the lid upon the coffin, when to the great consternation of the workman he saw the body move and attempt to turn over. After his first fright, the man saw that he was in the presence of life and not death, and rendered what assistance was necessary to enable the prisoner to escape from his very perilous position. The supposed dead man gradually recovered consciousness; but his surprise and horror were great, as he was fully sensible before the habiliments of death could be removed from his person.

‘The crisis being past, comparative health and

strength soon came; and much to the joy of wife and friends, he was able to again enter into active life and its concerns. Since the event just described, Mr — has thoroughly recovered, but has no remembrance whatever of the intervening days between his supposed death and resuscitation.

[The practical application of the foregoing cases is that every one should learn to know how to distinguish actual from supposed death; and that where in certain cases there lingers doubt as to the final release from life, the apparently dead should have the benefit of the doubt. The following are the chief signs of *actual* death.

The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. These stoppages of pulse and breath may however, under certain conditions be reduced to so low an ebb, that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are *completely* annihilated. Cases too have been known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or of the breath.

The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death. When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body, the edges of the wound close, while a similar cut made during life presents an open or gaping appearance.

An important change termed the *rigor mortis* takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half-an-hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must however, be borne in mind that *rigor mortis* is not a continuous condition; it lasts for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. It commences in the head and trunk, and then in the lower extremities, and disappears in the same order.

One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered colour of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers. These facts, which we have gleaned from the best authorities, may perhaps be at some time or other of practical use to our readers.—Ed.]

IRISH TRAITS.

BLACKROCK CASTLE—AN OLD SAILOR’S YARN.

THERE are not many now extant who remember the old castle of Blackrock, near Cork; and few doubtless who do so with the same tender and pleasant associations as myself—the home of early days being within a stone’s-throw of the edifice. A curious-looking building it was, standing on the site of the present Blackrock Castle, its modern successor; the rocky promontory on which it was built jutting out where the Lee—that loveliest of

rivers—makes a bend in its course; looking up towards Cork on the one side, and on the other commanding a view down the river and around, the like of which for beauty of scenery it would be hard to match.

The castle itself was a round tower, with a circular chamber at top having large windows all round it, which had served to all appearance, as a lighthouse in the olden time; and the roof was a dome-shaped cupola of lead, surmounted by a large ball. It was rather quaint-looking than picturesque, though the graceful pencil of Crofton Croker, to whom the old castle, standing within view of his birthplace, was a dear and familiar object, contrived to render it with charming fidelity. In the first edition of his *Fairy Legends*, upon the page bearing the lines dedicating the book to Lady Chatterton, there was an exquisite vignette of the old castle, from an etching by himself. Pleasant it was on a summer's day, sheltered from the sun by the projecting shadow of the lofty tower, to sit among the rocks at its base and watch the vessels as they appeared rounding the promontory. The channel was so near the castle and so deep, that they passed quite close to it. The trim pleasure-boat, and yacht with snow-white sails; the stately brig; the Portuguese schooner with its curious sloping masts; the collier clumsily built and grimy; the picturesque lighter, its sails deep red and glowing in the sun. And anon, all bustle, noise, and foam, would come the steamer, lashing the waves with busy paddles, and panting off on its tumultuous course, leaving far behind a heaving track of yeasty water.

There was a sort of quiet excitement, so to speak, in watching for the ships while lazily lying among the rocks; the castle preventing their approach from being seen until they suddenly appeared so close as to seem almost within reach of arm and voice. And then, when the tide was making, how soothing was the measured musical plash of the little waves as they came lap-lap over the stones in fairy circles; stealing in with gentle murmuring sound and almost imperceptible advance.

In the early mornings, when the fishing-craft were astir, the scene was a busy one. A boat with two men in it, one to row, the other to pay out the salmon-net piled up in the stern, would put out. A semicircle would be described by the rower, his comrade vigorously flinging out the net. Then would begin the hauling-in by the fishermen, in tucked-up trousers and bare legs, stationed on the beach at each end of the semicircle. How anxiously they pulled, and how excited the groups of women and lads, looking on with creels and baskets, ready to receive the prize! What exultation and what bustle when a fine haul of fish—splendid silvery salmon leaping in the nets—gladdened their expectant eyes; and how blank the disappointment if nothing were taken, and women and boys had to shoulder their baskets and march in dudgeon home! Sometimes if their husbands were fishing elsewhere, a passing boat would be hailed by the basket-women standing at the castle steps. It would put in to the little creek, a bargain be struck, and a pile of just-caught sprats be showered from it on the beach.

One of the rooms in the lower part of the tower was tenanted by an old crone, who would certainly have been burned for a witch had she lived in earlier times. Not that there was anything malevolent or witch-like in her face, which must have once been comely; but her habits were strange and mysterious, and she was regarded with superstitious awe as something weird and uncanny. She spoke to no one, and would sit for days, and sometimes nights, motionless on a rock, looking down into the water. There was a talk of some tragedy in her early life connected with the river; of all she loved having been swallowed up in its depths, their boat going down before her eyes. But the popular belief was that her real self had been carried off by the fairies in her youth, and this strange silent being left in her place. On stormy nights or in rough weather, when the waves were dashing up wildly against the tower, she never would remain inside, but might be seen on her accustomed rock, the red handkerchief—her usual head-covering—blown back, and her long gray hair streaming in the wind. Age and exposure to the elements had made her face a network of wrinkles, and the colour of a walnut shell. She would have been a grand model for a Herkomer, whose genius, leaving youth and freshness to other pencils, elects to depict humanity in its sere decay. This strange woman lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and the night she died Blackrock Castle was burned to the ground!

The wake was an orgie surpassing what will often take place when, as in the present instance, death has caused neither grief nor sympathy, and there are no feelings to be hurt by untimely mirth. It would have been rank heresy to insinuate that some spark unnoticed during the drinking, smoking, dancing, flirting, and general revelry, had caused the catastrophe; the deed was of course attributed to the fairies. As long as 'one of their own' was its inhabitant, the 'good people' protected the place; but they could not suffer it to become, after her, the dwelling of an ordinary mortal; so destroyed the castle to prevent its being thus desecrated.

The scene of the conflagration was one to be remembered by those who, like myself, witnessed it. Glammire and the opposite banks of the river lit up by the burning glow, which brought out in strong relief villas and trees and every object along the shore. The roar of the flames, leaping fiercely upwards, their crimson glare reflected blood-like in the dancing waves and on the excited up-turned faces of the crowds surging inside the castle-yard. The rescued coffin, with its silent tenant, laid on the turf, awe-stricken groups surrounding it. The crash of falling timbers, and every now and then a shower of molten lead from the cupola plashing down and plunging with angry hiss into the waters.

Among the dismayed lookers-on at the destruction of the time-honoured building was an old sailor who loved Blackrock Castle well; a native of the village, who had come to end his days in the place that gave him birth. He was a bit of a character in his way, full of wise saws and stories of adventures that had happened during his voyages; and these yarns he loved to tell as he leaned over the low wall of the castle-yard, or lounged about among the rocks and fishing-boats on the beach, where every day he was to be found.

Many of his stories live in my memory still, and one I will repeat now as nearly as possible in his own words.

"'Twas in the last voyage I ever made before coming to lay up my old bones ashore for good, that what I am going to tell your honours happened. *Nancy* our ship was called, hailing from Cork, bound for Van Diemen's Land; and we were lying in the Mersey, waiting for our passengers. The captain was short of hands, and we got two or three aboard before we sailed. Among them was a young fellow who gave his name as Bruce; nigh upon twenty-four years of age or thereabouts, seemingly. He shipped as an ordinary seaman; but it was easy to see there was a difference betune himself and the others, from the talk and the ways of him. A fine-looking young fellow too as eyes could wish to see; tall and broad-shouldered. Well, your honours, we weren't very long after leaving port, and the *Nancy* getting well out to sea, when there was the world's commotion on board. And what was it but a poor little stowaway they had discovered crouched up hiding under the fore-hatch, and were hauling out to bring him to the captain. A bit of a chap he was, with rings of golden hair curling all round his head, a purty oval face, an' the great large blue eyes lifted up pitiful an' swimming in tears; for he was frightened out of his seven senses, the cr'ature, when he was caught, and the rough fellows pulling at him. Before you could turn about Bruce was alongside; and "Boys," sez he, "lave go of the child; there's no harm in him. Don't drag him. I know who he is, and will make it straight with the captain."

'A bright handy little fellow he was; active as a bee, and willing an' ready to do any odd job that turned up on board. The men would have liked nothing better than to make a pet and a play-toy of him; but he was as shy as a bird, and made no freedom with any one, keeping hisself to hisself. The captain took to the young un wonderful. He was a family man, you see, with a wife and childer in the Cove of Cork; and he'd have little George in his cabin painting, and colouring picters and such-like. The boy could do 'em beautiful! Helping the steward was what they kep him to chiefly; but for rough work on deck, or anything o' that kind, he was too tendther entirely. 'Twasn't fit for the donny little white hands of him, bless you! Bruce, it seems, had known the lad afore, and used to have an eye on him constant, to see he got good treatment; not that many on board the *Nancy* would have harmed little George. One day a big surly brute of a boy we had in the ship told him to do something that was beyond his strength, and was going to kick him because he wasn't able. Bruce, who was never very far off somehow, rushed at the fellow, his face afire with rage. "You cowardly rascal," he cried, grabbing him by the collar and shaking him till you'd think the teeth would be shook out of his head, "you offer to do that again—you dare to lay a finger on that child—and I'll break every bone in your body." There were a good many jeers among the men at the way Bruce watched and spied after his "little brother," as they nicknamed him; but they said nought to his face. There was something about the young man that made folks keep their distance. 'Twasn't for any likeness betune 'em they

were called "brothers." The young one was as fair as a lily and bright and smiling; with hair that, when the sun was upon it, looked for all the world like shining gold; and Bruce was dark-complexioned, with black locks and a grave countenance.

'The voyage was a fair one. Nothing to make a remark upon till it was well nigh over; and then a sudden squall came on. Ugly customers they are, them squalls; and you're never safe from them in those latitudes. They'll spring up upon you so suddent and with such violence, that if you're not as quick as thought, "Davy's locker" would be the word for the ship and every soul aboard. In a minute all hands were turned up, and orders sung out to shorten sail. It was no end of a hurry. In less than no time the royals and top-gallant sails were furled, and a reef taken in the topsails; every man at his best along the yards. Little George—always ready to help—jumped into the fore-rigging to get aloft and stow the fore-royal. Bruce was after him like a shot. Too late! Whether the child missed his footing or got giddy, none could know; down he fell, on to the deck. There wasn't stir or sound—his neck was broken!

Here the old man paused and took off his hat. Extracting from it a cotton handkerchief rolled in a wisp inside, he passed it across his brows before he resumed his story.

'I'm an aged man, your honours, and I've seen, I daresay, as much trouble an' grief an' heart-scauld as any one else in this sorrowful world; but never, before or since, did I meet the equal of Bruce's despair when he seen the "little brother" lying dead forenent him. He flung hisself down on the deck, convulsed-like with agony; and when he come to, he wound his arms about the corpse, and keeping every one off, and not letting man or mortal touch it but hisself, lifted it up and staggered off like one that was drunk.

'And then it all came out. Little George was Bruce's wife. They had known each other from childhood, and had been promised to one another and hand-fasted from since they were boy and girl. Both belonged to the best of families; and the parents and friends on all sides were agreeable to the marriage; but the young man's father got into money troubles by reason of a bank that broke; and her people seeing he had no means of supporting her, wouldn't hear of their marrying. All was forbid betune them, and they were parted from one another. But they couldn't live asunder; so, like a pair of young fools, as they were—God help 'em!—they ran away and got spliced unknown. Bruce, as I call him still—though that wasn't his right name—thought if they could only get to Van Diemen's Land, he'd easy make out a living there for the both of them; and she too with such good hands for picter-drawing and the like. So they came in the manner I've told you aboard of the *Nancy*; for there was no other way they could sail together, not having a penny in the world. The young man had their marriage lines, which he shewed the captain; and her weddin' ring, that she wore round her neck, the cr'ature! tied with a blue ribbon. And he had papers and letters and docyments proving the birth and station of him and herself, and the grand folks they come of. He was twenty-three years of age, he said; and

she coming up for eighteen; though you'd never think but what she was much younger than that, by reason of being so fair and innocent-looking, and seeming small and slender in boy's clothes.

'It was a sorrowful sight when, the day after the accident, the remains of the poor young thing were brought on deck sewed up in a hammock; and we were all gathered round to hear the funeral service read over them. There wasn't one of the crew that wasn't grieved to the heart for our little comrade that had made the voyage with us, and brightened up the old ship with purty ways—blithesome as a robin and sperrity. Even the big lubberly boy, that no one thought had a soft spot about him, was crying like rain, skulked behind the rest; and there was moisture in the eyes of many a rough old salt, and brown hands brushed across them.

'But never a tear, good or bad, did Bruce shed. He stood beside the corpse, the living image of despair, with gray haggard face and parched lips; his eyes wild and bloodshot, with a kind of stony glare in them that wasn't natural. We none of us liked his looks. The captain took hold of him by the sleeve and spoke some pitiful words, trying to rouse him a bit; but lord! you might as well talk to the dead in their graves. He didn't hear or notice anything.

'At last the part of the service was come to when the remains are slipped off into the sea; and at that he gave a great start; and setting his teeth, with one leap he was over the side, reaching the water a'most as soon as the corpse. Down to the bottom they sank both together—the living and the dead—and disappeared! God pardon him, poor fellow! he didn't know what he was doing.

'Yes, your honours, twas a sad occurrence; but there's an old saying, that no good comes of going again' the will of them that reared us. It brings, sure enough, neither luck nor grace.'

I'SANDŪLA!

Oh, I'sandŭla! ever mournful name!
At once our glory and our lasting shame;
For where thy rugged hills o'er shade the plain—
By thy dark warriors pitilessly slain—
Nine hundred Britons for their country bled,
To helpless slaughter by some blunder led!
For this our tearful cheeks should blush in shame,
O'er the dimmed 'scutcheon of our tarnished fame;
For this the fire should flash from out our eyes,
Our bosoms heave, upborne by 'vengeful sighs.

Yet while our hearts deplore their hapless doom,
A glorious halo rises through the gloom—
Gilding our sorrow with its gen'rous light—
For ev'ry soldier in that fearful fight,
Whose bravery redeems a blund'ring crime,
Stands out a hero to the end of time!

Oh, mourn, ye mothers! tender maidens, weep!
For those who 'neath that rocky mountain sleep,
Where Britain's sons in all their manly pride,
For you, for us, for Britain's glory died!
Where noble Youth and humbler Manhood stood,
And sealed their patriotism with their blood,
Where Smith his silent cannon spiked and fell,
With Pulleine, Durnford, in that wild pell-mell;
Where Coghill, Melvill, their loved colours bore
Till Death o'ertook them on Tugela's shore!

Dark was that day, though Afric's burning sun
Beamed fiercely where the bloody deed was done.
With lightsome hearts, too careless of their fate,
With cheerful eye and bosoms all elate,
On went those Britons in their serried rows,
With high contempt to seek their dusky foes.
With martial fire each eager bosom burns,
And tame precaution each disdainful, spurns!
Now with swift suddenness, from right, from left,
From o'er the hills, from ev'ry rocky cleft—
In countless hordes—the dusky warriors swarm,
Each with his spear and shield upon his arm.
No shout of triumph rends the startled air,
But stealthy as a tiger from his lair—
And just as pitiless—on, on, they sweep,
In silence dread and ominously deep!

Now sound the trumpets with their loud alarms,
And leaden hail pours forth from British arms!
Each murd'rous volley breaks that living wall,
A hundred Zulus at each volley fall!
Yet as their comrades drop, the savage foes
Step o'er the dying, and their ranks re-close;
And still they come, like locusts o'er the plain,
And gun and rifle mow their ranks in vain.

What could they do, each gallant British son,
By savages outnumbered twelve to one?
What could they do, but as they did—right well—
And precious English lives right dearly sell?
Giants not Britons, now could only boast
The dire defeat of that exhaustless host!
Not Englishmen, but demi-gods were meet
To cause those countless myriads retreat!

Now with a cry the smoky air is rent,
An awful cry—'The ammunition's spent!'
Yet on, those legions swarm—on ev'ry hand
They fall o'erwhelming on that fated land.
With bayonets fixed, Britannia's sons engage
Those barb'rous hosts with patriotic rage,
In fierce contention, and with murd'rous toil,
Disputing inch by inch th' ensanguined soil;
Hurling them back like rock-besattered waves,
But still the fight with new-born vigour raves,
For like the ocean, with redoubled force,
They still advance upon their fateful course.

Now faint and weary wax those British hearts,
And weakly ward the ever-show'ring darts.
The foe increasing, mingling hand to hand,
In one broad belt inclose the sinking band!
Now with huge strength they hurl their slaughtered

friends,
As ghastly missiles on our bayonet-ends!
Then closing round their thus encumbered foes,
They aim their weapons, and direct their blows!
See in one mass, in dire confusion blent,
Briton and Zulu!—while the air is rent
With horrid sounds, as with discordant cries
A conqueror triumphs, or the vanquished dies!
But now the end is near. From ev'ry side
The foemen surge—an e'er increasing tide—
Like Titans fight the now exhausted few;
What courage can—those fainting Britons do.
Till pressed by 'whelming numbers on each hand,
Each hero sinks upon the blood-stained sand;
Then—as the foe regains his frowning hills,
And Dingan's song the dark'ning welkin fills—
Breathes out his life beneath the crimson sun,
And I'sandŭla's massacre is done!

HARDING LAWRENCE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 800.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE SUBSIDENCE OF LAND IN THE SALT DISTRICTS OF CHESHIRE

It may not be very generally known, that most of the salt which comes to our table, or which is used for cookery and endless other purposes, is obtained not from the sea, but from extensive mines of the solid material. The working and the subsequent processes of refining salt give occupation to numbers of workpeople in various parts of England, but more especially in Cheshire, which may be termed the headquarters of the industry. Wherever these operations are carried on, the surface of the ground is continually subsiding, to an extent that necessitates a constant system of propping up and repairing of houses situated in the vicinity; not the mere ordinary sinking that occasionally occurs in the coal-mining districts, but one of a much more formidable description, as we shall proceed to explain.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in visiting either Northwich or Winsford—the two great centres of the salt-trade—is the dilapidated appearance of many of the houses and the uneven surface of the streets and roads. As he walks down the main street of Northwich, a number of miniature valleys seem to cross the road, and in their immediate neighbourhood the houses are many of them far out of the perpendicular. Some overhang the street as much as two feet; whilst others lean on their neighbours and push them over. Chimney-stacks lean and become dangerous; whilst doors and windows refuse to open and close properly. Many panes of glass are broken in the windows; the walls exhibit cracks from the smallest size up to a width of three or four inches; and in the case of brick arches over doors and passages, the key brick has either fallen out or is about to do so, and in many cases short beams have been substituted for the usual arch. In the inside, things are not much better. The ceilings are cracked and the cornices fall down; whilst the plaster on the walls and the paper covering it, exhibit manifold chinks and crevices. The doors either refuse to open without being

continually altered by the joiner, or they swing back into the room the moment they are unlatched. The floors cannot be kept level; and frequently a billiard-table will require packing at one end some two or three inches, to keep it level. Many of the houses are bolted and tied together, but even then they cannot be kept right.

This is not merely an odd case, or here and there a house; but for sometimes twenty, sometimes fifty, and occasionally a hundred yards each way from the little valleys crossing the streets, the houses are affected in this manner. If it were no worse, it would be bad enough; but unfortunately the bolting and tying of the houses cannot prevent their destruction. The time comes when they are declared unfit for human habitation and must be taken down. Property in the main street being valuable for business purposes, the houses and shops must be rebuilt.

Within the last few years a special plan of building allowed by the Local Government Board has been adopted. This system is one that allows a strong wooden carrying-beam, with a framework bolted and tied together, and the spaces filled in with light brickwork, to be used. Buildings under the new system—which is somewhat similar to that which has been so successfully adopted in America—can be raised by means of screw-jacks. Either the whole house or shop, with all in it, can be raised bodily, or if the back sinks and not the front, or one side or corner more than another, the affected portion can be raised. Until this system was adopted, a house so far gone as to be dangerous was considered past redemption, and was in consequence pulled down. Indeed, within the last three years more than five thousand pounds has been spent in the neighbourhood of one of these sinkings in rebuilding property, and as much more will soon be necessary. Many houses have been taken down and not rebuilt in consequence of the very treacherous nature of the ground.

Owing to constant watchfulness, very few accidents occur. Now and then a gable falls; but, considering the extremely dangerous-looking buildings that are to be constantly met with, the

wonder is, that many lives are not lost. Thus much for the sinkings that so seriously affect house-property and the streets and roads, as well as the gas and water pipes.

In the neighbourhood of both Northwich and Winsford, and in immediate connection with the river Weaver, are immense lakes or bodies of water of many hundreds of acres in total extent. These are locally called 'Flashes,' and the most important near Northwich is called the 'Top of the Brook.' These Flashes were at one time the flat meadows, bordering the Weaver or some of its tributary brooks. This land has sunk until it has become covered with water. It must not however, be supposed that the Flashes are mere shallow swamps. They vary in depth from a few feet to fifty, and over many acres vary from thirty to forty feet in depth. The largest man-of-war could swim safely in the Top of the Brook; and as this piece of water—nearly of the shape of the letter L—has a length in each arm of about half a mile, with a breadth averaging fully one quarter of a mile, some idea may be obtained of the nature and extent of the sinking. The whole of the surrounding neighbourhood still sinks rapidly, and year by year the water covers more ground. The land subsides gradually here; but when we go a quarter of a mile to the north-east of the Top of the Brook, we come across a subsidence of a still more alarming character. Here the ground sinks bodily in immense masses to a great depth. A tiny brook or ditch that a child could skip across, passed over flat fields some five years ago. Gradually the land began to sink, and cracks opened in the surface right across the course of the brook. The water went down the crevices. The land immediately sank more rapidly; huge cracks wide enough for a man to slip down, formed, and very soon a district extending fully one thousand feet in length by as many in breadth, sank rapidly to a depth of forty or fifty feet in the centre, and was filled up to a certain height with water, which covered the hedges and trees. At times cracks opened in the bottom of this lake, and the whole of the water rushed rapidly below, causing still more extensive sinking. A row of cottages in the neighbourhood has recently been taken down, the cracks reaching and running through the midst of them.

Besides the gradual subsidences just mentioned, there are others of a sudden character. The ground commences to sink in a circular form about the size of a well. Suddenly it falls in, and the sides rapidly spread outwards, the circle widening as the hole deepens. Whilst we are writing, this has occurred, and a hole of only eight yards in diameter and four or five yards deep, of a crater-like shape, has formed. This is a miniature hole. One in its immediate neighbourhood is a hundred yards in diameter. These holes, many of them forty or fifty feet deep, in time become filled with water, forming small deep lakes. In one district there are eight of these lakes in immediate proximity, and signs that others will soon be formed.

We will now say a few words as to the cause of this serious sinking of land in the salt districts.

Underneath the whole of the town of Northwich, and extending on the north and east for some considerable distance, are beds of rock-salt. The same is the case with Winsford and neighbourhood; and the description we shall now give

of Northwich salt-beds will exactly apply to those of Winsford, except that the latter lie rather deeper from the surface and are thicker.

The upper clays, sands, and gravels met with immediately under the surface-soil belong to the 'drift.' Under these we meet with clays and marls, with thin layers of gypsum; these belong to the Trias or New Red Sandstone formation, in which rock-salt is very largely found. At a depth of about forty yards we meet with the first bed of rock-salt. This is on the average seventy-five feet thick. Below this there is a stratum of indurated clay about thirty feet thick, interpenetrated by thin veins of pink rock-salt. Below this again we find the second bed of rock-salt. This is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet thick. Lower still, as far as tested, there are thin beds of salt and clay. But we have only to deal with the two beds of rock-salt just mentioned, and locally known as Top Rock-salt and Bottom Rock-salt.

The county of Chester presents a peculiar formation. The rocks on all sides dip towards the centre. Northwich and Winsford lie in this centre, and the drainage naturally tends towards the salt-beds which occupy the place of large salt lakes of a former geological period. When the surface-water which percolates through the soil, reaches the upper salt-rock, it commences at once to feed upon it, and does so until the water has taken up salt enough to become what is scientifically termed saturated. It then forms what is called brine; and if we take one hundred gallons of this saturated brine we shall find it contains about twenty-seven gallons of salt and seventy-three gallons of water. As soon as saturation takes place no further 'taking-up' of the salt occurs; and were the brine to remain below, no mischief would happen; but it is so much cheaper and better to make white salt from brine than from rock-salt, that the brine is not allowed to remain below, but is pumped up, and the water, or at least a portion of it, evaporated; and so the twenty-seven per cent. of salt contained in it is abstracted and sold. As the pumping of this brine is continuous, constant streams of it must run to the pumping-place. These streams commence as fresh water, which, reaching the rock-salt, eats it away on its course to the pumping centres. Day by day, the stream by taking up the salt widens and deepens its bed, until the upper portion of the rock-salt is covered by innumerable valleys of greater or less width and depth. The superincumbent clays and soils gradually sink into these brine valleys, and form subsidences on the surface of the soil corresponding with the valleys in the rock-salt below. We now see how the sinkings, so destructive to house-property and to the streets and roads, are formed. Where numbers of these streams meet in a partially saturated condition they form literally an underground river of great depth and width, and cause the subsidences called the Flashes; although, in some of these cases, the causes which have produced the more sudden subsidences have also operated. The fresh water below—like the rain above—is distributed tolerably fairly over the whole surface of the rock-salt, so that there is a general subsidence of the greater portion of the salt district; yet the most rapid sinkings occur in the courses of what we may call the underground rivulets and streams.

The quantity of white salt manufactured yearly in Cheshire is about a million and a half tons. And if we take the amount manufactured in 1878 as one million three hundred and sixty-six thousand tons, and reckon thirty-two cwt. of salt to represent a cubic yard, we find no less than 853,750 cubic yards of rock-salt abstracted in brine in one year. This represents fully one hundred and seventy-six and a half acres of rock-salt one yard thick. Imagine this going on from year to year, and there can be no difficulty in seeing that an immense subsidence of the overlying clays and marls must take place to supply the vacancy created, and the consequences before described must inevitably follow.

A few words more may be added in explanation of sudden subsidences. We have spoken only of the manufacture of white salt from the brine. Beside this, every year there are about one hundred and fifty thousand tons of rock-salt mined. The upper bed of rock-salt was discovered in 1670, and for a century no other mine but it was wrought; and the neighbourhood of Northwich to the east and north-east is literally honey-combed with these 'top mines.' In 1780 the bottom rock-salt was discovered, and now all the mines are worked in the lower bed, it being purer, that is freer from clay. Large pillars varying from five yards square in the top mines to eight, ten, and even twelve yards square in the bottom mines, are left to support the roof. No fresh water ever reaches the surface of the bottom bed of rock-salt, but as we have before said, nearly every portion of the surface of the upper rock-salt is eaten away by it. Now when this fresh water runs over the rock-salt forming the roof of an old mine, it eats it away and thins it. It first finds its way to the old shaft, and destroys the salt in its immediate neighbourhood; which goes on until the salt supporting the upper clays is eaten away, then the shaft commences to collapse, and falling rapidly, to the mine below, causes the funnel-shaped holes locally called 'rock pit holes.' When the roof of the mine gives way also, then the land above not only sinks and forms a gigantic funnel, but slips in and forms huge cracks and steps. When again a large body of perfectly fresh water finds a vent into these old abandoned top mines, it proceeds to attack roof and sides and pillars, and soon there is a general collapse similar to the one we have described. When the water is saturated, little damage is done. Hence the mines abandoned in the lower rock-salt are used as reservoirs for brine, and form the chief source of supply to Northwich. But should the time come when the water reaching these reservoirs is *not* saturated, there will then be subsidences of a more gigantic and fearful character than those we have been describing.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXII.—RALPH SWART'S HOME.

THE large apartment, kitchen, or house-place, which occupied nearly the whole of the ground floor of the Black Miller's dwelling, had originally been divided by a wooden partition into two rooms of unequal size. But one half of the partition had been roughly hewn away, to serve for firewood it might be conjectured by the splintered condition of such scraps of planking as still clung to the discoloured wall; while the door had been wrenched

from its hinges, perhaps to be utilised in a similar way. The ceiling was dark with smoke and green with damp; and the floor consisted partly of brick, and partly of boards to whose grimy surface the wholesome friction of soap and scrubbing-brush was unknown. Two or three tables, a battered dresser, a scanty supply of crockery and kitchen utensils, a plate-rack, and a few rush-bottomed chairs and wooden stools, completed the furniture of this uninviting interior.

On a movable hook above the fire of mingled peat and coal swung the iron pot wherein the dinner of the master of the house was cooking. And in front of the fire, basking in the welcome warmth, and fixing hungry eyes upon the iron vessel whence proceeded hissing sounds and the steam of hot meat, had been, when the Black Miller entered, a lean cat, which slunk away like a guilty thing, when it recognised its amiable proprietor, into a dismal back-kitchen that led into a yet more dismal yard. On a round table, undecorated by any cloth, stood two blue willow-pattern plates, a deep dish of coarse yellow earthenware, a jug, a mug, and a black-handled knife and fork, and long spoon of tarnished pewter. There were also the luxuries, in cracked teacups, of salt and mustard, in the way of preparations for the Black Miller's mid-day meal.

Ralph Swart, as he stood, booted and spurred, his broad-brimmed napless hat pulled down over his massive brows, and his loaded horse-whip still in his ungloved hand, every finger of which, like the paws of a bear, was hairy almost to the nail, amidst his hideous Lares and Penates, might at first sight have been taken for some grim survival of the grand old Puritan type. It would have been easy to imagine him, in sad-coloured raiment and falling bands, busy among the fierce zealots employed in chopping down Maypoles, smashing the painted windows of cathedrals, and burning witches. But one glance at his keen, cruel eye—the eye, as has been already mentioned, of a bird of prey, by turns dull and piercing, but never softening, as human eyes should do, under the influence of human sympathy—would have dispelled the idea.

The Black Miller's first act, on entering his cheerless abode, had been to lock and bolt the outer door—a door of sound oak, clamped with iron on the inside, and provided with more and stronger fastenings—bar and bolt and chain—than are commonly seen in a farmhouse. His next, after a brief survey of the familiar objects around him, was to draw near to the smoky fire, and with a long trident-shaped iron fork that hung on a nail beside a rusty ladle, to test the degree of tenderness to which the contents of the steaming iron pot had attained in the course of their preparation. Apparently he was satisfied with the result; for his next act was to unlock a cupboard and to take out from it some cheese and the remains of a loaf, as well as a stoneware bottle, tightly corked. Then he flung, rather than placed, the boiled pork and greens within the dish of yellow earthenware, laid aside his hat, and drawing, or rather dragging, one of the rush-bottomed chairs nearer to the table, began his meal.

There are diners and diners, as there are dinners and dinners. Ralph Swart ate like a wolf, wolfishly. There are men who, dining alone, which few of us care to do, eat carelessly or

coarsely, and others who in solitude are nice about the niceties of table etiquette, and eat as though they were stage banqueters feasting in presence of a critical audience. But the savage master of the Mill of Death seemed to take a perverse pleasure in the barbaric simplicity of his rude repast. He was hungry after his early hours and his long ride, and he seemed never weary of devouring pork and cabbage. He was thirsty too. The jug held water, and the stone bottle, gin. He mixed the two liquids together with a careless hand—a little more, a little less—what mattered it to the robust constitution and the seasoned head of the Black Miller! He drank, and freely; but the liquor had no apparent effect on nerves or brain. Then, as he replaced the cork in the stoneware bottle, and surveyed the table equipage and the scraps of meat in the yellow dish, he laughed hoarsely as he said: 'Lucullus dines with Lucullus! I forget my Juvenal now—Martial too; but there is something Roman, after all, about my simple fare. The masters of the world loved pork—not in this shape though, I fancy, and they drank Falernian, where I drink—gin.'

At this moment the lean cat, stimulated by the clatter of knife and fork, and rendered hungrier by the scent of meat, thrust its anxious head past the door-jamb of the back-kitchen, and mewed appealingly.

'Be off, you brute!' thundered the Black Miller, making a feint of hurling the stoneware bottle at the feline suppliant, and again the cat slunk off like a guilty thing. Then Ralph Swart filled and lit a pipe which he took from the broad wooden kitchen mantel-piece, and for a brief space was lost in the curling smoke-wreaths and meditative joys of the strongest shag tobacco. After a time he rose, knocked out the ashes of his pipe, and heedfully replaced the pipe itself in its former position; then locking up the stoneware bottle and the remains of his meal, he went up-stairs, his steel spurs clanking on the bare boards at every step.

The Black Miller's bedroom was by no means what such a person's sleeping-apartment might be expected to be. We are all however, inconsistent, perhaps happily so, and Ralph Swart's chamber presented some evidences of civilisation that seemed strangely out of place in that gaunt ill-omened house. The floor was carpeted. The brass bedstead and bedding were clean and trim. The furniture was old but good, of walnut chiefly; there were shelves on which stood some thirty volumes, old as to their shabby bindings, and dusty as to their neglected leaves, but neatly ranged in rows; the brushes and razors on the massy dressing-table of black oak were plain enough, but in good condition. On the chimney-piece stood, between two tall pewter candlesticks, an alarum clock, loud enough to have broken the rest of the Seven Sleepers.

One other object hung on brass hooks above the chimney-piece. It was a gun. Now, that a farmer or miller should have a gun in his house is the merest matter of course; but it is seldom that the firearm in question is so handsome a weapon as that one, with its barrels of damascened steel and stock of well-carved and highly polished wood, suspended above the Black Miller's fireless grate. There was a silver plate let into the stock, which once perhaps had borne the inscrip-

tion of a name. But if so, the file had effectually obliterated the letters of the name. Ralph Swart took down the gun—it was a breechloader—and examined the cartridges—for the piece was loaded—with the nicest care. Then he replaced them in their chambers, reclosed the mechanism, and hung up the gun again upon its brass hooks. 'This was a novelty, then!' muttered the Black Miller. 'How little the old fool knew'—He said no more, but turning away, opened a bureau or escritoire in dark wood, with a key of curious and delicate make, which he took from an inner pocket.

The sight which met the eyes of the Black Miller was that of several bundles of papers tied with red tape, as in a lawyer's office; and certain ledgers and day-books methodically piled, from which Ralph Swart, after a careful study of the lettering on their marbled backs, selected one, undid the brass clasps, and opened the volume. Now there is no reason of course why a rustic miller, like any other trader in town or country, should not be punctilious as to his accounts and accurate as to his memoranda. But very few men of the mill, whether that mill turn out flour or yarn or long-cloth or carpetings, would trouble themselves to keep such books as those of the Black Miller, carefully indexed, tabulated, and compiled with a patient ingenuity that would have been creditable to a prefect of police. Turning over the leaves, Ralph Swart read attentively numerous paragraphs written in a clerkly hand, and giving marginal references to documents regularly registered. Then, with something between a laugh and a groan, he reclosed the volume, and locked it up once more in the bureau.

'Posted up!' said the Black Miller sneeringly—'posted up to the last available moment. No general should neglect the Intelligence Department.' He said no more; but pushing the piece of furniture aside—no easy task even for him, on account of its bulk and weight—satisfied himself that a blackened cobweb, which chance or design had placed across a scarcely perceptible keyhole belonging to some closet or cupboard in the wall, remained in precisely its former position. But at that instant the smothered sound of a loud and continuous knocking re-echoed from below.

'Ah! At last then!' muttered Ralph Swart, a sickly pallor coming over his dark face. 'At last!' Then he pushed back the heavy bureau as if it had been but a featherweight, and with despair written in his countenance, walked slowly, but with no faltering tread, step by step down the narrow and creaking stairs. The knocking had been manifestly at the front-door. The Black Miller went scowling down, resolute, but with the stubborn resolution of one who for years has expected the worst, and now fears that the worst has come.

(To be continued.)

CORNISH CUSTOMS IN MAY.

VERY few tourists are likely to see the Helston 'furry-dance,' one of the old May-time customs which have mostly died out elsewhere, but which are not quite dead in Cornwall. What the fells are like in May—when the mealy primrose, the globe-flower, the grass of Parnassus, and other

flowers never seen at other times clothe the waste places, and when the freshness of the budding trees is like a dream—can only be dimly guessed at by those who never think of travelling till excursion-time.

Cornwall is certainly at its best in May. In autumn the light granite-sand soil is apt to be parched; and there is but little heather in the mining parts, so industriously is the surface-soil 'skimmed' for fuel. The furze mostly blooms twice a year; but its autumn blossoms are few indeed compared with the abundant glory with which it clothes all wild places in spring-time. Then again, the hedges in autumn are dry and brown; while in spring a Cornish hedge—a stone wall generally with a good core of earth—is not only a botanical study, but is something for a painter to pore over. In some of those hedges you may count a score of different kinds of wild-flowers. Sometimes for miles they are covered not only on the sides but along the tops with primroses set so thickly that the leaves are scarcely seen. Sometimes they are ablaze with foxgloves and red campion. The flowers are not of rare kinds. You look in vain for any orchis except the commonest, or for the large vetch and purple-flag which now and then light up the gloom of a deep Devonshire lane. But what with patches of lichen, and three or four varieties of hawkweeds, and ferns small and big, and flesh-coloured stone-crop, and wild-thyme so abundant as to colour the whole face of the stone for many yards, a Cornish hedge in late spring is something not to be seen elsewhere. And all this, combined with a sense of freshness unattainable at any other season, you lose if you put off your Cornish trip till the usual time. You don't even have the compensation of better weather; for mostly—though last year was an exception—May in Cornwall is often drier than July. After the long wet of winter there comes a month or more of steady sunshine, when you may be sure of smiling seas and warm sea-side nooks day after day. And if you miss the great catches of pilchard, you come in for mackerel whiffing, work in which you may take a personal share instead of only looking on.

Of course the cliffs are the same in autumn, and the stone circles and cromlechs, of which West Cornwall above all has so many. Kynance Cove is always beautiful—a haunt of fairies, if you can see it by moonlight when the tide is out. The Lizard cliffs too, are grand; and almost every one who 'does' the Land's End tries to get a couple of days for the Lizard, so as to be able to contrast the granite of the former with the darker clay-slate and serpentine of the latter. Of Kynance Cove it may still be said, in the quaint words of Charles Littleton, Dean of Exeter, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, friend of Dr Borlase the Cornish antiquary: 'It is one of the finest pieces of Scenery that sportive Nature ever produced. On one hand you have the boldest Rocky shore glistening with spars and mundicks, and enamelled with a thousand different hues. Under these Rocks the Sea has formed Cavities large enough to admit of twenty People commodiously in each Cave, from which you see a little arm of the Sea which at low Water comes within less than twenty Yards of you, dashing its waves against a vast Rock that stands entirely detached from any other. . . . The excessive shining Whiteness of the Sand, and several small

Basons full of Limpid Sea Water which the Tide leaves behind when the Sea is out, the various Windings and Turnings which the different Groups of Rocks oblige you to make in traversing this splendid Court of Neptune, ought all to be taken into the Description; and there are a Thousand Beautys still to be described which a dull narration will give you no Idea of.' And therefore we shall not add a word to the Dean's narrative, so quaintly emphasised with unaccountable capitals, but simply advise all who go into West Cornwall to see Kynance at anyrate, both at high and low water.

Helston too, on the way to the Lizard, is a quaint old town; just the place for an old custom like the 'furry-dance' to be kept up in. The Cornish 'guise-dancers' are not (as some guide-books say) 'something distinctively Celtic'; they are just the old morris-dancers who have disappeared elsewhere; and the 'furry-day' is not, as some fond local antiquaries would persuade themselves, a Druidical observance, or a ceremony bequeathed by the Romans to a district with which, by the way, they had less to do than with most other parts of the island, but simply the old English 'Maying' kept up in this remote corner of the land. Polwhele speaks of a Penryn 'furry-day' on the 3d May; and the Padstow 'furry' on May-day, with its hobby-horse and its song about the French invasion, is still kept up after a fashion. But the 8th of May at Helston is still the 'furry-day' par excellence. There the celebration is not left to children nor to 'lewd fellows of the baser sort'; but high and low, rich and poor, join together just as they are supposed to have done in 'merrie England in the olden time.' Helston, in fact, is a bit of old England preserved by the accident of its position, lying as it does off the main roads and having no trade by land or sea. 'Inhabited too,' says Davies Gilbert, 'by ancient, respectable, and wealthy families, it has ever been celebrated for the superior quality of its social manners, and at the same time for an easy and familiar intercourse between all the people in their various stations. . . . While, therefore, in other towns practices similar to the Roman Saturnalia descended to the vulgar and the vicious, in Helston an ancient observance of this kind, refining with the refinement of the age, still continues in activity.'

At daybreak then on the 8th of May, the young lads and lasses meet and dance over the country round, making a 'foray' into farm-houses and cottages, and seizing with show of violence the food and drink that are always set ready for them. On their way back they load themselves with green boughs and blossoms so industriously that an ungathered flower is a rarity in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile, the townsfolk have been ringing the church bells, calling for the customary holiday at the grammar-school (Charles Kingsley must have seen it all, for he was at school there), and making the day a general holiday by the effectual method of horsing on a pole and carrying down to the river, to commute his ducking for a fine, any one who persists in working. The general dancing begins at one o'clock. A fiddler plays the old 'furry tune,' which Davies Gilbert calls 'a remnant of British music, found in Ireland too, and according to report in Scotland.' The song, which is sung at intervals, and which, like the Padstow song, contains a refer-

ence to the French, is to a very doleful air. Its chorus is:

And we were up as soon as any day O!
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May O!
For summer is a come, and winter is agone O!

First the dancers move on in a double row, and then wheel round in couples, dancing not up and down the street, but in at the front and out at the back door of one house; then in at the back and out at the front of the next; and so on, in a serpentine fashion, all of every degree with flowers in their dresses. The effect, as they move through the gardens of which Helston is full, is very pretty. In the evening there is a public ball, to which, not many years ago, the beaux and belles used to walk through the streets in full ball-dress. But though the walking part of the ceremony has died out, the rest of the 'furry' flourishes, and is likely to flourish for many a year to come.

As to the meaning of 'furry,' we learn from Hone that the word has nothing to do with Flora, though the local newspapers call it 'Flora-day.' Of course the observances are much like some of those belonging to the Floralia, but so must all spring festivals have a certain resemblance. Polwhele gives *feria*, and does not condescend to notice any other interpretation; and no doubt our word *fair* is most probably altered from *feria* and not from *forum*. But whatever the derivation of the word, the custom tells its own origin; it is the feast of spring-time; and at Helston it is kept up on the 8th instead of the 1st of May, because the 8th is the feast of the apparition of St Michael the archangel, who is patron of the town, and whose contest with the Fiend appears in the town arms.

The distinctive feature of the 'furry' is the genial mixture of ranks which it brings with it. This is not, like the May-day festivities of last year so gracefully got up at Worsley by Countess Ellesmere, something to 'order,' but belongs to the custom itself, and like it, dates from time immemorial. This is why we hope that the 'furry' will long last in its present form, and will not, as Davies Gilbert feared, degenerate into a mere ball. We have too few of such things left in our islands nowadays.

We would advise all to 'see the Lizard country whenever they go to the Land's End. Its cliffs are not so striking as those of the more western promontory; there is something in the look of the granite which makes you at once understand the legends about giants' castles; very often it assumes such 'quasi-architectural forms, that it is hard at first glance not to suspect that man has had a hand in the arrangement. But Kynance is better in its way than anything at the Land's End; and the lonely little church of Gunwalloe, nestling under the landward side of a bare promontory, is quite worth a visit; so too is Looe Pool, close to Helston, separated from the sea by a bar which has to be cut through every year, on which occasion another old-world custom goes on of handing silver pennies in a new leathern purse to the lord of the manor. Altogether, Helston is a good centre for walking over a very interesting district, full of evidences of the close connection between Breton and Cornu-Briton. Landewednec, for instance,

one of the many Lizard churches, is the namesake of the most famous abbey in Brittany. Don't, therefore, leave West Wales without stopping at Helston and taking a round of the Lizard country; and if you can time your visit early in May, you'll find the "furry-dance" gives additional zest to what cannot at any time fail to be a very pleasant trip.' With which moral, courteous reader, we bid you farewell.

HUMAN CURIOSITIES.

It is a well-known fact that in certain instances Nature is unusually lavish in her physical endowments, while in other instances she stints her favours. In the former case she develops giants; in the latter, dwarfs. Of such burlesques we would speak a few words. Of giants we may fitly begin with the 'Largest of English Subjects,' who until his death in May of last year latterly exhibited his huge proportions to Egyptian Hall audiences in London. This latest of Daniel Lamberts, Mr William Campbell, was a native of Glasgow, and was the second son of a family of seven children, who with the exception of himself, shewed nothing remarkable in their growth. He came of a fine race by the male side, his grandfather having been about seven feet high. His own stature lacked eight inches of that height; but his weight was over fifty-two stone; and he measured ninety-six inches round the shoulders, eighty-five inches round the waist, and thirty-five inches round the calf. At the age of nine months he is said to have weighed four stone; at fourteen, twenty-three stone; and at eighteen, thirty-two stone; and so he progressed proportionally up to the date of his death, which occurred when he was twenty-two years of age. His coffin was seven feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet ten inches in depth. The window and brickwork to the level of the floor had to be taken out, and the coffin lowered by a block-and-tackle to a trolley from the third-floor story. The coffin, lined with lead, weighed with the body in it one ton. Some ten thousand persons attended the funeral.

This burly Scotchman was however, completely thrown in the shade by the Chinese giant known as Yano-Shan, who although not yet twenty years of age, already overtops his predecessor Chang, and is said to be still growing. Another wonderful point about him being that his head does not increase in size. His history has a considerable smack of the marvellous, and reads like a page from the *Arabian Nights*. He relates that when he was about eighteen he was no taller than other youths of the same age; but one day when fishing, he caught a strange-looking smooth-skinned fish, which he cooked and ate, but shortly afterwards fell seriously ill. It was after this malady—of which the fish was supposed to be the primary cause—that Yano took to shooting upwards, his inches increasing the more rapidly in proportion as he regained his health. He was three inches over eight feet when last measured; and when asked how he accounted for his head not having grown in proportion to the rest of his bulk, the giant's ready answer was: 'I only ate the body of the fish; a dog snapped up the head which I threw away, and his head grew to such an enormous size that they were obliged to shoot him.'

From the east and west arrive simultaneous reports of other prodigies of a like nature. A native giant has been exhibited in Calcutta, round whom flocked crowds of his countrymen to do him honour. In the west, Florida claims the distinction of possessing the tallest family in the country, all the members of which cut out the above-named eastern in stature. The father is represented to be seven feet four inches, and the mother six feet eight inches. Of their children, two sons are said to be above seven feet; while their daughters have attained the extraordinary height of seven feet nine inches. Our old friend Chang, even with his seven feet eight inches, will surely hide his diminished head among so many rivals now turning up on all sides. He too comes of a giant race, his parents and four brothers rivalling him in height, while his sister is said to be some inches taller than himself. Many who saw him will doubtless recollect his good-humoured appearance, and the readiness with which he traced on the back of his photographs the seeming quotation from a tea-chest which we treasure as his autograph.

Worthy to bring up the rear of these giants of our own day is Captain Bates, formerly of the Confederate Army, his height being seven feet eight inches. He hails from Kentucky, a place famous for tall men, and has brothers upwards of seven feet in stature. The Captain's wife was formerly Miss Swan, a lady of colossal proportions, whom a few years since we saw exhibited at the same time—an unmistakable *rara avis*. It is worthy of remark that the respective heights of Chang and the just-mentioned gallant captain tally exactly with the dimensions recorded of the Irish giant Magrath at his decease. When but sixteen, Magrath attained a stature of six feet; and is said to have died of what in his case was called old age, only three years later. His skeleton we believe is preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

The Emerald Isle has long been famous for producing giants. The most celebrated of these was the well-known O'Brien, whom we first hear of as a great raw youth crying in a public-house because unable to pay the bill, having been left penniless through a quarrel with his exhibitor. A gentleman taking compassion on him, paid his debt, and advised the young giant to set up on his own account. Acting on this recommendation, O'Brien started a public-house in Bristol, long known by the sign of the *Giant's Castle*. A memorial tablet in Trenchard Street Roman Catholic Chapel records his stature as having been eight feet three inches. He was very anxious that his remains should not fall into the hands of the anatomists, and gave directions for securing his grave against desecration from body-snatchers. It has however, been disputed whether the giant's bones still rest in his grave, or form one of the curiosities of the Hunterian Museum, though we believe that they still lie undisturbed in a deep-sunk grave. Poor O'Brien had to take his constitutionals under cover of darkness, to avoid being mobbed by the curious, and like most big fellows proved himself a simple and inoffensive man; though once he inadvertently terrified a watchman almost to death by lighting his pipe at a street lamp, the sudden appearance of which strange apparition threw the watchman into a fit.

His colossal proportions once saved the giant from being robbed, the highwayman who stopped his carriage riding away in terror at the sight of O'Brien's huge face thrust through the window to see what was the matter.

Of nearly the same proportions was Charles Byrne, who died in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, at the age of twenty-two, his death being accelerated by intemperate habits, said to be caused by sorrow at the loss of all his property. Like O'Brien, he had a great horror of dissection, and is said in his last moments to have requested that his remains might be thrown into the sea, so as to be out of reach of the surgical fraternity. But caricatures of humanity such as these must not expect the treatment of ordinary individuals either in life or death. How his last wishes were attended to may be learned by visitors to a certain London museum where the skeleton of Byrne occupies a place of honour. There is an account of another Irish giant, Edward Malone, who is asserted on good authority to have been seven feet seven inches in his stockings when he was only nineteen years of age.

England may boast of having produced the well-known Lancashire prodigy called the 'Child of Hale,' noted for his great stature and remarkable strength. Then there was Thomas Hall, known as the giant of Willingham, who was more than three feet nine inches high when not quite three years old, his growth progressing afterwards at the rate of an inch per month. Before he was three years old the calf of his leg we are told was above ten inches round; and his weight two years later was upwards of six stone. His strength was in proportion to his size. When less than four years old he is said to have thrown a hammer weighing seventeen pounds a considerable distance; and when some months younger could place a large Cheshire cheese on his head. He appears to have been equally precocious in his tastes, for at the same age it seems he could lift two gallons of ale to his mouth and drink freely. At an early age his voice was like a man's, and when only five years old he had all the bearing of an adult person. In appearance he was serious and sedate, and though not violent or cruel, had little love or fear in his disposition. He died of consumption, and shortly before his decease developed a thick pair of whiskers and a beard. Then there was the Cornish giant Chilcott, who measured round the chest six feet nine inches, and weighed four hundred and sixty pounds. When it is stated that one of his stockings held six gallons of wheat, we are sure of the reader's sympathy with the woman who may have had to knit or darn a pair of such dimensions.

As regards dwarfs, many curiosities have been noted. Old writers were fond of relating instances of court dwarfs, when taken into the king's council, cutting out all the royal advisers by their shrewd observations and ingenious suggestions. As an example of their combativeness, we recollect hearing how some dwarfs in a showman's caravan asserted their mental superiority over the good-natured simple giants in such a manner that the poor bullied monsters actually stood in awe of their fiery little travelling companions. 'I have seen some men of very small stature,' says an old writer. 'Of this number was John de Estrix of Mechlen, who was

thirty-five years of age, had a long beard, and was no more than three feet high. He could not go up-stairs or climb upon a form, but had to be assisted by a servant. He was skilled in three tongues, and proved himself ingenious and industrious.' Almost as interesting a manikin was Jeffery Hudson, who at a feast given by the Duke of Buckingham, started up in complete armour from a cold pie on its being cut open. How also, at a court masque, Evans, the king's gigantic porter, pulled out of one pocket a long loaf, and little Jeffery, instead of a piece of cheese, out of the other, is well known, and will recall somewhat similar incidents mentioned by Ainsworth in one of his historical novels. It was this pigmy's capture by a Flemish pirate that was celebrated in a poem by Sir William Davenant. Gibson, a page to Charles I., was another curious specimen of diminutive humanity. That must have been an interesting wedding for the spectators, when at the dwarf-marriage the king gave away Anne Shepherd, a bride as small as Gibson himself. The five of their nine children who arrived at maturity were of the usual stature.

A celebrated dwarf-wedding was once brought about by Peter the Great. All the courtiers were ordered to be present at the marriage of a Lilliputian man and woman, which was conducted with great ceremony, the most curious feature being the enforced attendance of some seventy dwarfs attired in the extreme of fashion, who all meeting reluctantly, apprehensive of ridicule, ended in enjoying themselves heartily with the diversions prepared for them. Most of us have heard of the Aztec children, a boy and girl who were not three feet high; but a more uncouth mortal was the Welshman Hopkins, who never weighed more than seventeen pounds, and died of gradual decay and old age after living only seventeen years.

Human phenomena of our own day, such as Tom Thumb and his little wife, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, sometimes all exhibited together, will suggest themselves to the reader as further illustrations of our subject. As curious a specimen of miniature humanity must be the mite of four years old described, in 1878, as living in Norwich, New York. This child, it appears, had not grown since he was twelve months old, and in size he was compared to a good-sized cat. Tom Thumb's arm-chair would be far too large for this little man, and he would be quite lost in the General's carriage. Even when wearing two pair of socks, the smallest sized baby's shoes were too large for him. He was said to be twenty-three inches in his shoes, twelve pounds in weight, and withal very lively and active.

But there are other curious freaks of nature, serving perhaps more completely as illustrations of her burlesques than those already referred to. Such, without being included in the category either of giants or dwarfs, present some monstrous peculiarities, marked by deformity, superfluity, or incompleteness of corporeal members. An old manuscript in the collection of Sir Hans Sloane records a number of curious monstrosities. These were compiled by a Frenchman who, judging by his notes and illustrations therein, has carried out what was evidently his hobby with great gusto. This catalogue of curiosities contains, as may be expected, pig-faced ladies, dwarfs, two-headed children, hairy specimens of humanity, and

so forth, most of which are supposed to have come under the observation of the Frenchman himself.

But there are other more 'mounstrous' cases, as he calls them, recorded by him. For example: The well-known Siamese Twins; a Spotted Negro, who was exhibited in London; Two Brothers Born Conjoined (a kind of Siamese Twins); children minus arms and legs; a Second Samson; a Frog-faced Child; Wild Men; a Tartar Giant; and many other burlesques of Dame Nature. The well-known case of Matthew Buckinger bears out the probability of many of the aforesaid examples being really genuine. Nature was indeed in a parsimonious mood when she introduced poor Buckinger into the world. Though described as little more than the trunk of a man, he was in some measure compensated for physical defects by more than common endowments, which enabled him to master many accomplishments, including even that of drawing. As singular a case was that of the man Kingston of Somersetshire, who was born without arms or shoulders, yet possessed all the strength and dexterity of the ablest ordinary men. He followed all the usual occupations of a farmer, fed his cattle, cut his hay, and caught and saddled his horse. We are further told he could lift ten pecks of beans, and throw a sledge-hammer a greater distance than any other man; that he had fought a stout battle and come off victorious; and yet his feet, toes, and teeth were his only helps in these various operations; which speaks much for his ingenuity in adapting such inadequate means to such ends. Many will have seen, like the writer, instances of men born without hands obtaining a living by playing on the violin. The feet in these cases acquire all the dexterity of more fortunate people's hands; but it is an odd sight to see such performers calmly taking a handkerchief from the breast-pocket with the toes of one foot and passing it over the face with apparent ease. Which of us likewise has not seen some unfortunate creature born with stumps instead of arms earning his living by spinning tops in the street or otherwise exhibiting surprising dexterity?

But a curiosity at present existing in Mexico eclipses all the preceding ones. From *The Mazatlan Occidental* we learn that the mother of this living curiosity is named Antonia Garcia, and that she resides in Resario, state of Sinaloa. This boy, her sixth son, the others all reaching a natural state, was born about two years ago at Copala; and as soon as the phenomenon was known to exist, the parents having good grounds to believe that it would be stolen, moved to Resario. The child, according to the story of its progenitors, was born without any other defect than having an indentation on its skull in the shape of a cross. But in a little while the head commenced to grow enormously, and at the end of one year was from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. The indentation in another sense may be said to resemble a hand-grenade in the form of a cross commencing at the forehead and running back to the nape of the neck. The other part of the cross extends from ear to ear. The indentations are from two to three inches in width, and slightly covered with hair. In the night-time, by putting a light across the head, the brains and other material may plainly be seen. The eyelids

of this creature, instead of being above the eye, are below, and almost encircling it, growing upward. The forehead has almost disappeared, on account of the deformity of the head. The whole body is extremely rickety, and the skin appears to stick to the dry bones. The monstrosity weighed last year a little over ten pounds, was healthy, promising to live many years, and beloved by its parents. It is said that a doctor offered to make a scientific study of the phenomenon; and that the result—which has not reached us—of his investigations was promised to the public.

SWANSDOWN VILLA.

WE are not rich, but we are better off than people think us, which is my idea of comfort. Live in a somewhat quieter style than your income might fairly allow, and you have a margin. Ostentation is a very nice thing for people who like it, but it necessitates pulling at your expenditure to make ends meet; and then if the income tax is doubled or another child comes, you are worried and perplexed. We have two children and an aunt, and desire no increase to our family. On the aunt-side we are pretty safe; on the child-side we hope for the best, but there is no knowing. The rising generation is very perverse, and crops up occasionally in the most unexpected way.

Aunt Sarah has lived with us ever since the second year of our marriage, when she had the misfortune to lose her *Fido*; and being of an affectionate disposition, bound to love something, she fixed on our baby as a fit object for attachment. She has her two rooms and her own maid, and can be as independent as she pleases. Of course the fact makes no difference in our feelings towards her or in our desire for her comfort, but I may mention incidentally that her money is entirely at her own disposal, and that she has a good deal of it. She is only my aunt by marriage; but I am quite as fond of her as I could be of a blood-relation, perhaps more so; for since it is notorious that a man loves his wife better than himself (or ought to), it seems to follow by analogy that he must also prefer her family to his own, especially any member of it to whom he feels grateful for what she will very probably do for him, or for his children, some day.

Aunt Sarah liked our home. It was close to London; yet a park where fresh almost country air could be breathed was within a short walk. Water too was visible from the drawing-room windows; and as the happiest portion of her life had been spent on the banks of the Severn, she was partial to water and liked to watch the vessels passing to and fro. It is true that our substitute for a river was but the Canal in Regent's Park, but still it pleased her; and probably we should never have left the suburb of Art if we had not been pretty nearly blown out of it by the famous gunpowder explosion which created such a panic early one morning a few years ago. When the powder-barge blew up, it shattered our windows and Aunt Sarah's nerves.

When my wife had assured herself that the children were safe, she went to Aunt Sarah's room, and presently her voice rose in wild alarm: 'Charles, Charles! Aunt Sarah's gone!' I was much shocked, thinking she alluded to a fatal effect. 'And you must go after her directly.'

This was even a harder blow, for I fancied my spouse had been frightened out of her wits. 'Go after her!' I exclaimed.

'Yes; the hall-door is open; she must have run out into the road. Oh, do follow her at once!'

I obeyed without delay, though my costume was grotesque and insufficient; and taking fortunately the right turning, came presently upon the poor old lady, who was standing bewildered at a street corner, with a bed-candle in her hand. I knew her by instinct, or I should never have recognised her in her night-attire, which consisted of a variety of wraps and the most portentous night-cap that imagination can conjure up. It was some minutes before I could coax her back; and when at length she took my arm and allowed me to lead her away, the spectacle we presented must have been curious.

The effect of this event upon Aunt Sarah's nerves was so serious that she could not bear to remain in the same neighbourhood. It was in vain that I related to her the precaution of that legendary mathematician who, happening to be on board a frigate during a naval action, thrust his head into the first shot-hole, and remained in that position, like a nautical ostrich, till the firing was over; having made a rapid calculation of the enormous odds against two balls striking the hull in precisely the same spot. She only replied that he was a very wicked man to tempt Providence, and for her part she would stay with the Weadles at Tunbridge Wells until we could get settled in a less explosive neighbourhood.

Now Mrs Weadle was another niece, an innocent woman enough by nature, but married to a designing husband, who moulded her plastic character as he willed. They had often invited Aunt Sarah to stay with them, and professed a strong attachment to her; but it is my sad suspicion that they were actuated by mercenary motives alone. It was much to be feared that they might ingratiate themselves unduly in the course of a very long visit, and their son might be foisted into that place held by our little Sarah in the will and affections of her elderly relative. It was true that Aunt Sarah preferred girls to boys; that the only child the Weadles had was masculine, while both of ours were feminine; and that she had taken a particular fancy to the little girl, who was named after her. But history, biography, and experience combine to teach us that ladies are occasionally fickle; Aunt Sarah might be converted to boys in general, and the Weadle youth in particular.

'It will not do to leave dear aunty long with the Weadles,' said my wife. 'I fear that they will not make her comfortable.'

She would have expressed her meaning more clearly if she had left out the *not*, but I understood her, and acquiesced. 'We will look out for a house in a neighbourhood she will like, at once,' I replied.

'Let it be on the banks of the Thames; she likes water, and there is none at Tunbridge Wells,' continued my better-half innocently. 'I will write an account of our prospects of succeeding in finding a place to suit her, every other day.'

We had gone to Hastings directly after the explosion, which took place late in the autumn, and had spent the winter there. It was in March that Aunt Sarah went to stay with the Weadles,

and that the above conversation was held. It is my firm opinion, derived from experiences in house-hunting at that time, that if a gold medal were offered for the most ingenious perversion of facts, a house-agent would win it. A desirable mansion or a picturesque villa described by one of these gentry, resembles the real article about as much as a theatrical castle seen from the pit does the same erection viewed from the wings. As for suppression of truth, that I suppose is to be expected, since the law which exonerates a man from criminating himself may be inferred to extend to his property, and therefore to the property of other people intrusted to his disposal. But the general result of all this positive and negative deception is to give the house-hunter an immense amount of trouble and anxiety, and to cure him of any blind confidence in his fellow-men for ever. For three consecutive weeks my wife and I saw over twenty houses per week, so we ought to know. It is true that the great majority of these tenements, which promised well upon paper, were so obviously unsuitable to us that a glance sufficed to shew they would not do. When the spacious apartments proved to be seven feet high, or the eight good bedrooms resolved themselves into five, with three cupboards, we did not waste much time, beyond that taken up by the journey to and fro. But the disadvantages of other houses were not so immediately obvious. It was only during spring-tides that the cellars and kitchens of Fluvial Lodge were under water. The faint smell which floated about Upas Villa could not be detected when windows and doors were open; and inquiries in the neighbourhood alone brought out the remarkable susceptibility of a long succession of tenants to fevers of a typhoid character. It was only when the wind lay in a southerly or easterly direction that the near neighbourhood of The Golden Gnano Company's Works to The Lilacs became obvious; and we should have committed ourselves irrecoverably to five years of that unique residence if a breeze had not sprung up in the quarter named, on the occasion of our third visit. We were likewise very nearly fixing ourselves in The Hermitage, so little perceptible was the throb of the water-works' engine hard by while you were moving about, talking, and interested in other matters. Yet from what we learned afterwards we might just as well have taken up our abode on board a screw-steamer. Port-wine could not deposit its beeswing or ceilings retain their plaster, so earnest and unceasing was the vibration. At last, when we were well nigh in despair, the very place we wanted turned up. My wife and I—we generally hunted in couples—were walking disconsolately, not to say sulkily along a quiet road, on our way back to the railway station after an unsatisfactory inspection of an incipient ruin which might have been rendered habitable by the outlay of a couple of thousand pounds or so, when we came to a high dirty white wall with a door in it, and on the door there was nailed a notice-board: 'To Let. Inquire within.'

'Why, here is a house in Eyotham which we have not seen!' exclaimed my wife.

'It was not down in any agent's book,' said I. 'I wonder what it is like?'

'A jail or a convent, to judge from this side of it, which is all wall.'

'Never mind; let us look at it.'

So we stopped and pulled at a bell-handle at intervals, until a deaf charwoman let us in to very pleasant-looking premises. All the gloom was confined to the side facing the road; once through the door, all was bright and cheerful enough, especially when the shutters were opened. The rooms were of good size and height, the kitchen dry, the roof and floors apparently sound, the cupboards deep and plentiful, the fixtures convenient. A pretty lawn, shaded by handsome trees, sloped down to the banks of the Thames, where there was a picturesque boat-house. The kitchen garden was ample, with good store of fruit-trees in it; the stabling sufficient for our modest wants. We certainly saw all this under favourable auspices. It was the first really balmy day of early spring; the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the river sparkling, and the buds on the trees seemed to be growing greener every minute. We really thought that we had at length hit upon the very thing. Not that we were over-sanguine as we rode back to town; we had been too often disappointed not to fear some hitch or some fatal drawback.

The more we saw of Swansdown Villa however, the better we liked it. The only reason for its being empty was the exorbitant rent demanded by the proprietor; but since that would be divided between Aunt Sarah and myself, it was not so serious an obstacle in our case. As for that estimable relative, when she saw the place she was charmed; and to cut a long story short, we happily rescued her out of the designing hands of the Weadles, and established her comfortably in her new home. Not too soon; for Weadle had gained a certain ascendancy over her, and a correspondence has been kept up with that branch of the family ever since.

For a time we were in constant expectation of some unthought-of defect coming to light in our new home; but weeks passed on without smells cropping up, or kitchen boilers bursting, or any other domestic calamities occurring, and we gradually grew easy. We boated, we fished, we made pleasant acquaintances amongst our neighbours, we picnicked, we practised lawn tennis, and thoroughly enjoyed the summer, which extended itself into October; Aunt Sarah being as happy as any one in a quiet sort of way, and recovering in a great measure from the shock she had received; for though I have spoken of that explosion in a somewhat light tone, the poor old lady's nerves were seriously jarred by it.

The pleasant weather died off very suddenly at last. A fog, a frost, and three days' perpetual rain closed the season effectually. The boat was hauled up into its dry-dock; the garden games were packed away carefully; and my wife and I, who are partial to theatrical entertainments, began somewhat to regret our distance from town.

At breakfast on the 3d of November, Aunt Sarah said: 'If you are thinking of having any fireworks to amuse the children on the 5th (Guy Fawkes' Day), Charles, I should like to contribute.' I left an egg half-decapitated, like a victim in the hands of an unskilful executioner, so astounded was I. We had been devising how we should keep the flare of squibs and the banging of maroons in the distance from the eyes and ears of our relative, and had arranged to have all the

shutters in the house closed, and all the curtains drawn at a very early hour on the eventful evening, dreading lest any such sight or sound should recall the alarming episode of the year before.

'Why, you look quite scared, my dear,' she added to my wife; 'it does not do to give way to unreasonable nervousness. We are many miles away from that dreadful canal now.'

I have often observed that invalids and nervous people defeat all calculation of their likes and dislikes in this way, and yet I was surprised. Not wishing Aunt Sarah to see that I thought her weaker than she was however, I entered with alacrity into the scheme, went to London and purchased a neat assortment of pretty combustibles that very afternoon, and spent the fourth and the morning of the fifth in making arrangements for their effective display. The fussiness of these preparations was absurd enough, I have no doubt, for I had not launched out into anything elaborate, but had contented myself with very simple and familiar pieces. Still it required some thought and study to find out how to let off even these with advantage, so inexperienced was I. However, there were printed directions in my box, and by following these carefully I hoped to please my not too critical spectators. These were posted at the drawing-room window, which looked out upon the lawn where the exhibition was to take place; and soon after dinner on a most favourable evening, dark, dry, and still, I sallied out with a box of vesuvians in my hand, and opened the entertainment by lighting the touch-paper of a neat case, which presently began to burn with intense brightness, causing the trees, the river, and all other objects to appear blue, then green, then rosy, then intensely dark; quite an allegorical representation of a human life. Next came a cluster of Roman candles, which fizzed and threw up coloured balls in a satisfactory manner enough. Then I let off a fire-work which was to run backwards and forwards along a string which I had fastened for the purpose between two trees. It started fairly enough, but stuck at the further end, and had to be stirred up with a hoe before it would fly back again. However I alone knew that it was intended to act otherwise. Next we had a Jack-in-the-box, which terminated in a volcanic eruption of crackers darting and banging into the air.

I was most doubtful about the success of the rockets. I had collected all the big door-keys in the house, and had tied them firmly to the sides of chairs, so that the rocket-sticks might be supported in them comfortably, like canes and umbrellas in a stand. But when the box of fire-works came down no sticks were sent with it, so I had to fit and regulate them by my own private judgment, which had no experience to guide it; only a vague impression that the rocket when fixed to the stick should balance an inch or two below the head. Our neighbour on the right was curious in vegetables, and glass frames were spread all over his grounds, so that it would never do to incline the missiles in that direction. In front however, was the river, into which the sticks would fall harmlessly; and on the right was a wharf, for the lading and unlading of what merchandise, I did not know—our shrubbery was planted out too thickly to get a glimpse at it; coal probably, I conjectured. At anyrate it might fairly be sup-

posed that an empty case with a light lath attached to it would do no harm if it fell within the precincts or on to one of the barges moored off it. So I fixed the rockets with a slight inclination to the left, to make sure of avoiding the cucumber and melon frames.

It was with some doubt as to how the thing would behave, that I applied a sputtering vesuvian to the touch-paper of the first. It smouldered so long that I feared it had gone out, and was just about to apply a second match, when a stream of fire shot out with a suddenness which made me jump a yard back, and away soared the fire-work in the most satisfactory manner high into the air, where it burst, well over the river, and coloured stars floated away from it. There was a tapping at the window, to which I went. 'It's beautiful!' said a voice through the glass; 'but we could not see it burst well. The large willow-tree was in the way.' To avoid this, I directed the other rockets more to the left. Some behaved as satisfactorily as the first; others, in consequence probably of insufficient sticks, not quite so well, as they reached their apogee, and turned to come back before they exploded. One indeed, which took a most erratic course, and fell in the direction of the wharf, must have been very near the earth, or water, when it burst, for I heard the bang, but could see nothing but a reflection above the trees on the left.

I had just despatched two more rockets skywards, when I heard a rattling and a kicking against the paling, and a deep and agitated voice called out: 'Hi! For goodness' sake, stop those fire-works! Do you want to murder the whole parish at one go?'

'They are nearly over now,' said I. 'I am sorry that rocket fell in your premises; but these two are directed more to the front.' Whish, whish! they went as I spoke.

The man's voice rose to a howl: 'Are you mad, to send those things flying about next door to a powder-wharf? Light another, and I'll have the law of you.'

'Powder-wharf!' I cried aghast.

'Ay, powder-wharf, as you must have known; and a barge three parts laden lying off it, which your rocket only missed by about a yard.'

'I did not know it!' cried I; 'and it was an abominable shame not to tell me. Is it likely I would have taken the house if I had known that such a thing was in the neighbourhood?'

'P'raps that's why they didn't tell ye; though there's no possible danger unless people play such mad pranks as yours.'

A violent tapping at the drawing-room window was followed by its being opened, and my wife's voice inquired whether anything was the matter.

'Nothing,' said I; 'only it is all over. I was looking to see if I had forgotten anything.'

'But I heard voices.'

'O yes; a neighbour. Afraid, you know, that the falling rocket-sticks might damage his premises. Shut the window; the children will catch cold. I shall be in directly.' Then rushing back to the paling, I implored the powder-man not to say anything about the erratic rocket; and fearing lest the alarm should have made him thirsty, pressed a sovereign upon him to moisten his throat with. He accepted it, observed mystically that mum was the word, and retired.

Whether in the interest of his employers or in mine, I know not, but the powder-man has been faithful. Mum *has* been the word ever since. Yet I feel like the character in a modern novel who has committed the crime, and lives for three mortal volumes in constant dread of exposure. It is not that I apprehend any positive danger of being levitated together with my family, for I have made inquiries, and the precautions taken at the wharf render an accident well-nigh impossible. But supposing Aunt Sarah were to discover that the barges she admires so much on a summer's evening are akin to the one which blew her into the street (as she firmly believes was the case) on a former occasion! I have got a lease of Swansdown Villa for seven years; I have underlet the other house at a loss. The Weadles have been asked to stay with us, and cannot be put off. If they learn the character of the trade carried on next door, the game will be up, and Aunt Sarah lost to us for ever!

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In experiments with the microphone, the disturbing effect of local sounds is so great as in many instances to obscure the result. In a paper read some months ago at the Physical Society, Professor Hughes stated that he had spoken to forty microphones at once; and they all seemed to respond with equal force. And on examining every portion of his room—wood, stone, metal, in fact all parts—and even a piece of india-rubber: all were in molecular movement whenever he spoke. As yet he has found no such insulator for sound as gutta-percha is for electricity. Caoutchouc seems to be the best; but whatever the quantity made use of in the experiment, the microphone still reported all it heard.

On this Professor Hughes remarks: 'The question of insulation has now become one of necessity, as the microphone has opened to us a world of sounds, of the existence of which we were unaware. If we can insulate the instrument so as to direct its powers on any single object, as at present I am able to do on a moving fly, it will be possible to investigate that object undisturbed by the pandemonium of sounds which at present the microphone reveals where we thought complete silence prevailed.'

Professor Palmieri of Naples has found that by connecting a microphone and telephone with a seismograph—instrument for recording earthquake shocks—he can hear even the slightest manifestations of underground disturbance, and detect the earliest grumbings of Vesuvius.

The Council of the Royal Astronomical Society in their Report on work done at the Liverpool Observatory, state that a large amount of information is now being collected with regard to the performance of chronometers at sea. And, proceeding to particulars, they remark: 'Probably but few persons are aware of the degree of accuracy which may be attained in the determination of the longitude of a ship at sea by the application of corrections due to change of temperature to the rates of chronometers.' In other words, make proper allowance for the influence of heat and cold on the going of the instrument, and the ship's position can be determined to a nicety. In

one instance the error was not more than 9·3 seconds, or under two and a half geographical miles on the equator after a voyage of nearly four months.

Mr Otto Struve, astronomer at the Imperial Observatory of St Petersburg, has discovered that in all his observations of stars carried on during thirty-five years there is a systematic error. He has ascertained the amount of error by measurements of artificial stars, and can therefore make the necessary correction to his long series of observations. He supposes that the error has a physiological origin dependent on certain peculiarities of the eyes; and he suggests that all observers should test themselves rigorously with a view to accuracy in comparison of observations. For years past astronomers have been accustomed to allow for what they call the 'personal equation,' in reconciling discrepancies of observation.

The President of the Odontological Society in an introductory address referred to recent scientific discoveries in which electricity plays an important part, and implied that it might in course of time be made available in dentistry. He believes that the date is not distant when dentists will have the 'means at hand of directing a beam of electric light into the oral cavity.' And, considering the potentialities of electricity, he remarks: 'Is it forbidden to hope that the nerves of sensation may be so acted upon by a continuous current with or without local narcotisation, as to be for the time deprived of sensibility without permanent damage? May we not look,' he continues, 'for the good time when the work of the drill and of the excavator in the preparation of the cavity, always irksome, but amounting to torture in persons of delicate and sensitive organisation, may come to be regarded with indifference? . . . Should it be thought incredible that this subtle force may come to the aid of the physician, and in the most literal sense throw a new light on disease—that the electric light may ultimately be made available for rendering the living body or parts of it luminous, so that morbid changes in important organs may be detected at a very early stage, and with the certainty of ocular demonstration?'

In a communication recently made to the Entomological Society, it was stated that the corn-crops in Southern Russia to the value of two million roubles had been destroyed by two species of beetles; and a Committee was appointed to draw up observations on those beetles for the use of Her Majesty's Consul at Taganrog. The observations in the form of a Report, will perhaps be useful to other persons as well as the far distant consul. The beetles are described as allies of our English cockchafer, smaller in size, and always present in the south of Europe, though fortunately, not always in countless swarms. In 1867, nearly seven millions were destroyed by the peasants in a single province in Hungary. 'It is impossible,' say the Committee, 'in the present state of entomological science, to account accurately for visitations like this. It may be that the pupal condition is prolonged indefinitely, or until circumstances favour its determination; by this reasoning—which is warranted by what we know to be the case in some other insects—the pupæ might be accumulated from year to year, and the perfect insects from these accumulations burst forth simultaneously.'

At one of the meetings of the Society, a lady present as a visitor exhibited a specimen of *Zopherus Brêmei*, from Yucatan, which had been worn by her many months as an ornament, during which time the insect, as was stated, had taken no food.

Specimens of 'Kungu cake' were also exhibited, composed of insects which fly in enormous clouds, and are collected and compressed in masses, and used as food by the natives of Central Africa. So far as could be ascertained, the fragments shewn were made up of the species known to entomologists as *Culicidæ*.

At another meeting, a question was raised as to the chemical composition of the bodies of insects; for, considering that these bodies furnish all the materials necessary for the food of those birds that, like swallows, feed on the wing, they must contain, in addition to carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the requisite nitrogen and phosphates. To which answer was made, that it has been ascertained chemically that the horny external portions of the bodies of insects do contain about six per cent. of nitrogen, and an appreciable quantity of phosphoric acid.

'The Prevention of Insect Injury by the Use of Phenol Preparations' is the title of a paper communicated to the same Society by another lady, who states that her plot of carrots being seriously affected by what is known as 'rust' (*Psila rosæ*), an insect that in the larval condition works underground, she had them moistened with a mixture of water and the preparation sold as Little's Soluble Phenyle. This had been previously proved to be fatal to insect life, and at the same time favourable to vegetation; and it did not fail in the case of the carrots. To quote the lady's words: 'In less than a fortnight the attack had ceased spreading, and some of the infested plants shewed signs of recovery; in another week healthy foliage was shewing; and from that time till the 12th of August, when they were raised for examination, they continued to grow luxuriantly with no return of attack of the rust-fly.'

Plants and roots watered with the dilute solution have a tarry smell, which is however, removed by cooking; and the writer concludes by stating that she has found the phenyle beneficial in all cases; and 'looking at the degree to which larval health is affected in many cases merely by the difference in the watery or condensed state of the sap, and the general refusal of larvae to feed at all unless the food is to their taste, it appears that a fluid so thoroughly distasteful as this—not simply soddening from the outside, but circulated by the vegetative action exactly in the young and growing tissues most liable to insect attack—might be of much service at hardly appreciable cost, except the wages of a labourer for occasional application, and might even be brought to bear on the *Phylloxera*.'

Whence come the white stripes and veins mingled with the leaves of certain plants? Professor Church, formerly of the Agricultural College, Cirencester, has sought to answer the question in a 'Chemical Study of Vegetable Albinism.' His analyses shew that the green leaves contain more lime than the white, which is accounted for by the fact that the white leaves are less active in their functions than the green; and he is led 'to affirm generally that white leaves are related to green

pretty much as immature leaves to mature, tubers to foliage, petals to green bracts, vegetable parasites to their hosts. The white leaf may in fact be said to be parasitic on the green: it may be a warehouse, but it is not a factory. There seem to be present therein all the materials by the aid of which the organic compounds of the leaf should be constructed; but the constructive faculty or impetus is lacking.' Gardeners have long known that an albino cutting cannot be struck.

Professor Church has tried the effect of injecting chemical solutions into the leaves of plants, and with success to a certain extent. He hopes to carry these experiments further during the sunshine of the coming summer, so that we must wait some months for further particulars. Meanwhile, readers who desire more information on the present subject will find it in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society.

Attempts have been made from time to time to make use of the nettle *Urtica utilis* in spinning and weaving. The plant grows largely in India; but the difficulty of separating the fibre from the tough outer skin has hitherto prevented its introduction as an article of commerce. The Indian government, with a view to encourage invention, offered a prize of five thousand pounds (which we believe has not yet been taken up) for an efficient nettle-fibre cleaning-machine.

The nettle in question grows in Algeria, and there a retired French officer of engineers has constructed a rough-and-ready machine, which partially dresses the stalks in the field as they are cut, and leaves the fibre in a crude condition, but easy to pack in bales ready for further treatment, which may stop at the manufacture of coarse cloths, or, as the Chinese have shewn, be carried on to textures that rival silk in fineness and appearance.

Dr E. J. Mills, of Anderson's College, Glasgow, has published what he calls a *Manualette* on Destructive Distillation, in which, under the article Bone Oil, he states that bones comprise about two-thirds mineral ingredients, which are not altered by heat, and one-third osseine, which when freed from the lime salts, becomes flexible, and will dissolve in boiling-water into an equal weight of gelatine. A ton of bones yields from ten to twelve gallons of oil, and a large quantity of gas which can be used only in open spaces or burned under boilers. The animal charcoal into which the bones are converted is used ton for ton in the refining of sugar. 'The charcoal is then reburned, and used again; thus undergoing a loss of value to the amount of forty per cent. per annum. A single firm receives daily, from Glasgow, ten tons of bones for conversion into animal charcoal.'

Projectors in Naples are planning a railway to the summit of Vesuvius, for the convenience of tourists who wish to look into the crater. Will the sightseers be sufficiently numerous to make it pay? Statements were made not long ago that the Righi Railway had become bankrupt.

Operations of a different kind are to be undertaken on Mount Etna—namely the building of an observatory, and equipping it for astronomical observations, at a height of nearly ten thousand feet. A hut known as the *Casa Inglese*, standing at the foot of the cone, will be covered by the proposed structure, which is to be furnished with a large equatorial telescope and other instruments,

for the observation of physical phenomena. Astronomers have long been crying out for an observatory at a high elevation, for they think that in a very transparent atmosphere it will be possible to see and study the corona without the intervention of an eclipse. The cost of this undertaking is to be defrayed by the Italian government, who, as we are informed, will appoint the eminent astronomer Tacchini to carry on the observations.

Projects for a railway from Algeria to Soudan across the Great Sahara have been brought forward at scientific meetings in Paris. The preliminary surveys, which would have to be accompanied by a military escort, would cost eight hundred thousand francs to penetrate as far as the Niger; and the estimated cost of the railway is four hundred million francs. This is a grand scheme; but we can hardly hope to see trains running from Algiers to Timbuctoo within the present generation.

The question of a canal across the American Isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific reappears from time to time in the United States, and has recently been discussed at a meeting of the American Geographical Society at New York. Preference is given to the Nicaragua route, one hundred and eighty-one miles, because of the unfavourable climate and enormous rainfall of the Panama route. It would be difficult to maintain deep cuttings in a country where the yearly rain amounts to one hundred and twenty-four inches, and swamps cover a broad expanse. Starting from Greytown on the Atlantic side, the route would stretch up the San Juan River to Lake Nicaragua, which has an area of two thousand eight hundred square miles, large enough to provide a constant outflow and neutralise floods. There would be fifty-six miles of navigation in crossing the lake, and then a cutting of sixteen miles down to the port of Brito on the Pacific. The cost is estimated at 52,577,718 dollars; and according to calculation, the annual tonnage of British and American vessels through the canal would be more than three million tons. The saving of time in voyages to the Pacific would be very great.

The paper on 'The Connection between Ancient Art and the Ancient Geometry as illustrated by Works of the Age of Pericles,' read before the Institute of British Architects, is well worth study by those who wish to acquaint themselves with the principles on which architecture as a progressive science is based. The examples are taken from the buildings now standing in ruin on the Acropolis of Athens. The builders thereof, says the author of the paper, Mr Pennethorne, had 'a few elementary proportions, and four or five distinct forms of curved lines, and with these simple materials, combined perspectively, works of art were produced that are quite worthy of a place along with the Greek works of geometry and literature.' . . . The arts were then united with the geometry, and with the highest intellectual culture; whereas we find in India, in Assyria, and, in the middle ages, in Europe, that architecture everywhere attained a certain degree of excellence, suited to the climate and to the wants of society, and then became stationary and decayed; for without the geometry it could not advance beyond the first elementary state, and there was no power to refine and perfect the first

ideas. It was not until the European mind in the fifteenth century was linked again to the ancient stream of geometry and philosophy, that a real advance was made in any branch of modern science; and probably no real progress will be made in architecture until we can completely recover and freely use the accumulated knowledge of the ancient world in all that relates to the science of art, and make it a basis and a starting-point.'

TRAVELLING IN SICILY.

WE have on several occasions called attention to the danger of travelling in Sicily, which, from all that transpires, is the worst governed part of Europe, not even excepting Turkey. We would not say the Italian government has not at times exerted itself to put down brigandage and to strengthen the police; nor has it always been unsuccessful. The fact, however, remains that no Englishman who values his personal safety can venture off the beaten track. The character of the armed police seems to be positively disgraceful. The last outrage reported is that of a correspondent of *The Times*, who under the signature of H. W. P., and dating from the *Victoria Hotel*, Messina, March 1, tells the following tale of his misusage while quietly travelling through the island. We are glad to give it such additional publicity as is in our power.

'Ten days ago I left my luggage at Catania, intending to make an excursion on foot round the base of Mount Etna. On Sunday afternoon, February 23, I reached a small town called Regalbuto, where the entire population were assembled in the Piazza celebrating with great festivities the last Sunday of Carnival. I was of course an object of much curiosity to the inhabitants, who stared at me with true Italian politeness, as if they had never seen an Englishman before. A *carabiniere* presently came up and asked the usual questions—who I was, where I had come from, and where I meant to go next day. Fifty persons at least surrounded us immediately, and I, knowing the insecure state of the country, thought it highly imprudent to announce to a mob of Sicilians the precise road on which I might be met, alone and unarmed, on the following morning. With the utmost courtesy, therefore, I declined to answer any questions in so public a place, but begged the gendarme to come with me to the inn, where I would tell him anything he pleased. This he refused to do, and beckoned me to follow him down a by-street. After walking some distance we reached a building which proved eventually to be a guard-house, but which looked to me so extremely like a prison, that I begged my conductor to tell me, before I entered it, where it was that he had brought me. He then came suddenly behind me, pushed me with great violence through the doorway, and amid a volley of oaths, dealt me four blows with his fist as hard as he knew how, hitting me twice on the back and twice on the head. In the dark and taken quite by surprise, I could scarcely fight a man who was armed to the teeth, even if the last blow I received—a nasty thump behind the ear—had not almost stunned me. I was then led up-stairs into the presence of a superior officer, who, I believe, was a sergeant, and who demanded my documents. Luckily I had

my passport with me, and after some pretence of finding fault with it, he was obliged to pronounce it satisfactory. I then made my complaint against the carabinieri who had struck me, and begged the sergeant to take a note of my statement and to give me the name of the offender. He flatly refused to do either, and declared that he did not believe a word of my story. I appealed to the man himself and to his comrade who had opened the door for us to enter; but the sergeant cut me short and would not hear me. When I pressed my point he became very insolent and angry, and seeing that I was for the present absolutely in the man's power and without witnesses, I forbore to irritate him any further, and was glad enough to make my escape and get back to my inn.

'An outrage of this description, committed upon an unoffending traveller, appears to me so gross, that I hope, sir, you will do me the favour to publish it for the benefit of others. I have of course laid the case before Her Majesty's vice-consul here, who has kindly promised to deal with it on my behalf.'

THE DOMESTIC KITCHENER.

THERE is much aggravating nonsense talked and written about the claim of women to be the equals of men physically as well as mentally; but to an unprejudiced mind, not swayed by passionate desire for the unattainable, the dissimilarity is too palpable to need or admit of argument. If a woman have the instincts of a man, she is a 'freak of nature;' and may take the freedom of her abnormal condition and resign her privileges and exemptions. There is no reason why such a woman should not follow the capabilities of her mind or body, and be a surgeon, or a butcher, or a sailor, or a coalheaver; but let her not attempt to combine these occupations with the duties incidental to the life of a wife and mother. We want a few intelligent women to head a counter-movement, and hold up to admiration the beauty of woman's work for women. High cultivation is not incompatible with knowledge of and attention to the home-work of wholesome cookery and useful needlework; and a woman's intellectual head and accomplished mind will not be less but more appreciated by her husband after he has had the bodily comfort of enjoying the work of her hands in the shape of a well-cooked dinner.

It is unfortunate that the distaste for useful household occupation has increased while the need of it has become greater; but when driven to the extremity that appears imminent, and which chiefly arises from the difficulty of obtaining good domestic servants, we shall perhaps be glad to avail ourselves of certain contrivances which may enable us to do the work for ourselves. The British mind clings tenaciously to what always has been, and does not like to be deprived of even a good old grievance. It is made a positive reproach that such a person is always trying 'some new-fangled thing or other.' That person is regarded with a sort of impatient contempt, as one who is wanting in the steady balance of mind appertaining to those who consistently keep on grumbling at that which is imperfect, but decorously, almost religiously abstain from any innovation. The distrust with which novelties for domestic use are regarded is in this progressive

age astonishing, but characteristic of the national temperament. If an ingenious article is introduced, it does not from most people meet with a fair chance. It is prejudged as being 'all rubbish,' tried with apathy and without attention to the given instructions. The natural result is that it does not act as it should do, and in the end is cast aside as a failure. Even among those who give some attention to housekeeping, and try a novelty occasionally, we shall probably hear that it has been condemned by the cook as an innovation not to be put up with. We wish to try and dispel these prejudices, and induce a more general and thorough trial of some modern improvements; and for the following hints we are indebted to a correspondent who has put them to a practical test.

She says: 'The first that claims attention is the gas-cooking stove; and in houses where an early breakfast is necessary its usefulness will be found important. I purchased a small one more than a year ago for ten shillings and sixpence, and it has been regularly used since then in the breakfast-room to toast bread, muffins, cakes; cook bacon, kidneys, chops, fish, mushrooms, &c.; all of which it does in a most perfect manner; and a kettle of water can be kept boiling on the top while the cooking goes on inside. Having found the great convenience of this little family friend, I purchased a larger one from the same satisfactory maker, H. T. Fisher, 211 Strand, London. Its perfect working and the comfort derived from it are matter of everyday congratulation. Let no one be deterred from using gas-stoves by any fear that taste or smell is communicated to the edibles. A long time has elapsed since the clever Scotchman sitting by the fire watched the flame igniting the gas as it forced its way out of the heated coal, and after some thought exclaimed: "We must catch that." Gas has overcome the prejudices it had to encounter, and has established itself among us as a necessity.

'Gas offers immense advantages over most other sources of heat for cooking purposes, and is gaining ground among large public establishments where numbers have daily to be fed. There was some truth at first in the complaint that the food had a flavour of gas, and the roasting process was not satisfactory; but all appliances are so improved, I may almost say perfected, that the charge no longer holds good. The joints, poultry, &c. are not now shut up with the gas, but are placed in an open compartment allowing perfect ventilation and the escape of all vapour that would otherwise sicken the meat. The stove I have in use gives all the brown crispness produced by an open fire. It is twenty inches high, twelve wide, nine deep, and cost two pounds eighteen shillings. It has a roasting compartment that will hold a small joint, an oven over that (quite shut off, so that a cake or tart may be baked while a roast joint is going on below, without contracting the slightest flavour from it), and space at the top where two or even three saucepans may boil.

'As exemplification usually produces more effect than mere generalities, I will just mention a few dinners that have been satisfactorily cooked, as everything indeed is in this Lilliputian kitchen. The first time it was tried the performance was limited to a small joint of pork, and apple-

sauce, turnip-tops, and potatoes. The second time—roast fowl and sausages, potatoes and bread-sauce. The third time—a tart was baked, and a perfectly cooked steak, potatoes, and oyster-sauce made the dinner. On another occasion the fare was a sole *au gratin*, a splendid Irish stew, and an apple charlotte. In fact, on a small scale every description of cooking that can be done with the largest range can be accomplished with a small gas-stove.

'The economy of gas is beyond dispute. Certainty and regularity of heat may always be depended on; and so great is its advantage in point of cleanliness, that a lady by its aid can prepare a dinner without soiling hands or dress, or becoming overheated by exposure to the fierce heat of an ordinary range. The high temperature of the kitchen is often a serious trial; and from the facility with which gas is lighted, and turned off when no longer needed, a stove such as the one mentioned will be found an indescribable relief during the summer months, even where the ordinary range is preferred for the winter.

'Reiteration will have an effect on some people who do not at first accept a thing on its own merits, and we cannot too frequently assert the desirability of giving fair-play to the various domestic mitigations that will enable a gentlewoman, compelled to attend to household duties, to perform them with as little fatigue and trouble as possible.'

'YORKSHIRE ODDITIES.'

In a recent article entitled 'Yorkshire Oddities'—founded upon Mr Baring Gould's amusing work—it was mentioned that with a view to raising money, for the replenishment of his wine-cellar, a former Dean of Ripon (Dr Waddilove) removed the bell from the Chapel of St Mary Magdalen, and sold it; and that a wooden bell painted to represent a metal one, was secretly placed in its stead. This story we are happy to say is untrue, the facts of the case being that the bell was taken down because mischievous boys used to throw stones at it, and in so doing often broke the adjoining windows of the chapel. A wooden bell was put up by the authorities, simply to preserve the 'meaning' of the turret. And to further prove that the late Dean could not have been guilty of the transaction ascribed to him, the metal bell, said to have been sold by him, is at the present day lying in the crypt of the cathedral of Ripon. We gladly take this opportunity of offering the *amende honorable* to the late Dean.

X SULPHUR AS A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

The *Ceylon Observer*, in copying the following paragraph from the *Colonies and India*, says: 'We cannot help noticing the curious coincidence that sulphur should come prominently into notice at once as the most potent remedy for fungi which affect the higher vegetation and those which, engendered in dirt, prove so fatal to human life.'

'The loss which the nation has sustained in the affecting death of Her Royal Highness Princess Alice has caused more than ordinary interest to attach to the nature of the terrible disease to which she has succumbed, and to the possible

remedies for it. In Canada, and we believe also in Ceylon, the following simple remedy has been adopted with successful results; and we have the less hesitation in giving publicity to the alleged mode of cure since it has already been tried on a small scale in this country, under the advice of an English surgeon, and because a few simple experiments conducted with proper precautions, would speedily demonstrate its value. A tea-spoonful of "flour of brimstone" in a wine-glassful of water, carefully mixed till it is completely amalgamated, may be used as a gargle if the patient is strong enough to adopt this remedy. In extreme cases, where the disease has extended too far to admit of the use of the gargle, the inhalation of the fumes of burning brimstone, or holding the head in such a way as to allow them to penetrate to the throat, is recommended. A Canadian surgeon indeed has adopted the extreme course of taking a small quantity of the powdered sulphur in a quill and puffing it into the throat. The effect of the sulphur is to kill the fungus, which by spreading over the throat, would eventually suffocate the patient. No harm can result from swallowing a small quantity of the sulphur, which if applied at the first symptoms of diphtheria, might arrest the spread, and effect the early cure of the disease. The danger of inducing irritation in the throat, and consequent coughing, must of course be guarded against, especially when administering the dry powder; but there is less likelihood of this when the remedy is applied in an early stage of the disease. In this as in all other cases of disease, "prevention is better than cure." Diphtheria is generally directly traceable to organic poisoning from sewers or drains or similar sources; and the avoidance of these fertile sources of evil is one of the principal problems of the age in all countries and climes; but where the infection is unhappily contracted, the adoption of a simple remedy like that above described is worthy the attention of the medical profession.'

HUTTON, THE BONE-SETTER—AN EXPLANATION.

In an article on the Bone-setter's Mystery, February 22, an allusion was made to 'Mr Hutton, the now deceased bone-setter in London.' In making that remark, we were not aware that Mr Hutton, who died about ten years ago, was succeeded by his nephew, Mr R. H. Hutton, who now follows the bone-setting profession that had been pursued by his uncle. As it seems our remark has led to injurious misconceptions, we embrace the earliest opportunity of making the present explanation.

THE HEARTLESS ONE.

UPON my darling's beaming eyes
I plied my rhyming trade;
Upon my darling's cherry lips
An epigram I made;
My darling has a blooming cheek,
I penned a song upon it;
And if she had but had a heart,
Her heart had had a sonnet.

EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47, Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 792.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

OLD FAMILIES.

FAMILIES which by record and tradition can trace their descent through a line of ancestors for eight hundred years, that is to say from the Norman Conquest, are not very numerous; still there are some, chiefly connected with the older English peerage. In Scotland, there are likewise families which boast of an antiquity quite as great, and always in the same spot. Considering the vicissitudes through which the country has gone, the existence of these old Scottish families for such a length of time is certainly remarkable. They have had to battle or manœuvre their way amidst contending dynasties and rulers. Sometimes they were overcome, and had to flee for their lives, but did not fail to cast up again when matters were smoothed over, and were able to settle down once more in the old battered keep which had sheltered their predecessors. Of all the troubles they went through, none equalled that caused by the dislocation of the monarchy in the seventeenth century, followed by the confiscations of the Commonwealth. Yet, even out of these disasters, many struggled successfully, and resumed inheritances which have pertained to their descendants till the present day.

One might moralise at some length on the resolute adhesion of old families generation after generation to properties that are possibly of no great value, and which for various reasons it might perhaps be better for them to quit. But the matter will not endure argument. There is a pride of place and of ancestry which overmasters reasoning. It is thought to be a fine thing to be rich; but where is the money that can buy the privilege of long-inherited distinction? A man who can say: 'My ancestor fought in one of the great battles which secured the liberties of the country'—or that 'he was a statesman of note in very trying times'—or that 'after fighting bravely at Pinkie, he lived to enjoy the honour of dancing a measure with Queen Mary at Holyrood'—an appeal is made to feelings that are imbedded in human nature. Even in new coun-

tries entering on an historical career, there cannot fail to grow up cherished feelings of this kind. The descendants of the men who were prominent in achieving American Independence would be entitled to speak with pride of their ancestry. We remember being introduced to an aged gentleman at Boston, Massachusetts, who spoke of having, when a boy, witnessed the famous emptying of the tea-chests into the harbour, and of having accompanied his father to the lines on Bunker's Hill. We looked on him with veneration, as a living relic of one of the greatest events in modern history. And will not his descendants feel happy in the thought of having him for an ancestor? As America grows old, it will doubtless fall into trains of feeling not unlike those we see demonstrated in Great Britain.

In the south of Scotland, following the course of the Tweed, there are still sprinkled about families of land-proprietors boasting an old line of succession. The oldest, as far as we are able to discover, is that of Horsburgh of Horsburgh, the date of whose settlement is lost in the mists of antiquity. The first of the race was an Anglo-Saxon chief, designated Horse or Orse, who, settling on lands on the north bank of the Tweed, Peeblesshire, there reared the castle or burg, which communicated the present surname to his descendants. We have no doubt that this family (whose writs have been through our hands) is at least eight or nine hundred—it may be a thousand—years old, and till this day it retains the original property. All the other families in this part of the country are modern in comparison.

The Horsburghs are a kind of wonder. It will at least appear remarkable that a family which may almost be traced to the days of Hengist and Horsa should have drawn out existence unchanged for such a long period of time. We are not aware that anything ever interposed to improve their position, unless it was a fortunate marriage in the seventeenth century, between the Laird and the heiress of Pirn, when their possessions were advantageously extended, and they were able to take up their residence in a plain modern mansion

at Pirn, instead of the old castle of Horsburgh, of which only some fragments now remain. Surviving the fighting times, they have still more strangely survived the desperately hard-drinking times in the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, when the landed gentry were apt to be noted for convivialities which seriously ate into their estates. As the rent-roll of the Horsburghs has latterly been improved by feu-duties (rents in perpetuity) for patches of land for manufactories along the Tweed, we are permitted to hope that this ancient and respectable family will be found flourishing in their own quiet way for centuries to come. Any one curious about the Horsburghs, may consult the present writer's 'History of Peeblesshire,' where a number of additional particulars are given.

The adjoining county, Selkirkshire, at one time known as 'Ettrick Forest,' has several old families of note, including the well-known Scotts of Buccleuch. We might here particularise the Lords Napier of Merchiston and Ettrick, whose first ancestor of distinction perished at Flodden, 1513, leaving a son, whose grandson was John Napier of Merchiston, the renowned inventor of Logarithms. Another of the old Selkirkshire families is that of the Murrays of Philiphaugh. Of them Sir Walter Scott observes: 'It is certain that during the wars of Bruce and Baliol, the family existed and was powerful; for their ancestor, Archibald de Moravia, subscribed the oath of fealty to Edward I., 1296.' The circumstance of the name being inscribed in the roll as 'de Moravia' does not infer a French origin, for it was not unusual in state papers of the thirteenth century to translate names into Norman-French. A transaction supposed to have taken place between a Scottish monarch—probably James V.—and one of the Murrays of Philiphaugh, has been commemorated in the ballad, known as the 'Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.'

In Roxburghshire, the next county, there are some very old families; but our space permits us to notice only three. One of these, are the Scotts, baronets, of Ancrum, who in a clear line trace their descent from Richard, who assumed the surname of Scott, and having founded the Priory of St Andrews, died in 1158—a most respectable antiquity. A descendant of this personage was the famous Sir Michael Scott, a man of learning and extraordinary abilities, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and possessed the unenviable reputation of being a wizard. Another old family well worthy of notice is that of the Douglasses of Cavers, whose last male descendant was Mr James Douglas of Cavers, who died towards the end of July 1878. Mr Douglas was the twentieth in descent from Archibald, illegitimate son of James, second Earl of Douglas, who was killed at Chevy Chase, or battle of Otterburn, in 1388. The mansion of Cavers is situated in the vale of Teviot, in the neighbourhood of Hawick, and in it have been preserved some valuable memorials of a long distant past. Among these is the Douglas banner that was displayed at Otterburn, also certain Percy relics, consisting of a pair of gauntlets bearing the white lion of the Percies, embroidered in pearls, and fringed with filigree-work of silver. These

gauntlets, evidently the work of a lady, were attached to the handle of Percy's lance, and with it were captured by Douglas in single combat under the walls of Newcastle. A family that can point to such veracious testimonies of ancestral renown, is something not heard of every day!

We now have to make some mention of a Roxburghshire family, about which there clusters a more than usual degree of interest, namely the Haigs of Bemersyde. A few miles below Melrose, on a rocky bluff overhanging the Tweed on its north side, and environed by some old trees, there stands a tall, narrow, castellated tower, much resembling the old castles on the Border, and which is pointed out as the ancient stronghold of the Haigs of Bemersyde, one of the oldest families in Scotland. Near the old keep, a modern mansion has been erected. The situation is beautiful and picturesque. Near at hand are spots rendered classic by associations with ballad poetry and stirring historical events. A native versifier has grouped some of the salient features in the scenery near to Bemersyde—

'Ercildoun and Cowdenknowes,
Where Homes had once commanding;
And Drygrange, with its milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing;
The bird that flees through Redpath trees,
And Gladswood banks each morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader haugh,
And bonnie knowes of Yarrow.'

In various old records the family name is written De Haga, which gives a colour to the idea that the Haigs were of Norman origin; but, as already stated, the translating of names into Norman-French was far from uncommon in ancient writs. All that is distinctly known of the Haigs is that they were a sturdy fighting family in the wars of the succession, and that at least dates them from the thirteenth century. The length of time that the Haigs had been in Bemersyde in an unbroken line, gave rise to a superstitious legend that the family would never die out. We learn this from the alleged prophecy of Thomas of Ercildoun, ordinarily remembered as Thomas the Rhymer. The prophecy is not always repeated in the same way. The version most approved of is—

Tyde, tyde, what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

Admitting that the so-called prophecy is nothing more than a myth, there can be no doubt of the fact, as ascertained from an ancient and still existing deed, to the effect that 'Petrus de Haga, the fourth baron, engages to pay to the church of Old Melrose, on St Cuthbert's day annually, half a stone of wax, or thirty pence instead, to light the said chapel, as compensation for the transgressions of him and his.' Among the witnesses to the deed is the name Thomas Rhymer of Ercildoun. This, at all events, substantiates the existence of Thomas the Rhymer, which has been occasionally doubted. According to tradition, the Rhymer flourished about 1250. He reputedly wrote 'Sir Tristrem,' a metrical romance, which was edited by Sir Walter Scott. Petrus de Haga made other donations for religious purposes beside that just mentioned; and there are various stories told of him which we have not room to specify.

The family papers of the Haigs have fortunately been preserved, and have been assiduously examined by Mr John Russell, editor of the 'Border Advertiser,' to whom we have been indebted for some notes on the subject. In the present limited sketch of the Haigs, we pass on to James, the seventeenth representative of the family name, who succeeded his father about 1602, and who married Elizabeth M'Dougall of Stodrig, by whom he had a large family. James appears to have been somewhat of a Torturation. In many ways, he miscondacted himself, got into scrapes and difficulties, fled from the country, and died in Germany. According to the customary practice of ne'er-do-weels, who make a point of considering themselves ill-used, he left his numerous progeny to be brought up and cared for by his relatives.

His brother William, by whom he was succeeded, was a man of considerable ability, and rose to fill the office of Solicitor-general to James VI., as also the collectorship of the taxes due by burghs to the Crown. He is invariably spoken of as the 'benefactor' of the family; which would indicate that he had generously assumed the place of a father in the upbringing of the large family of eight sons which Elizabeth M'Dougall bore to her ill-fated husband. But his religious zeal brought him into difficulties. He took an active part in remonstrating against the prelatie measures of Charles I., and apprehensive of his personal safety, he took refuge in Holland, where he died.

Shortly after her husband's death, Elizabeth M'Dougall, the widow of James Haig, married a second time; and this so much against the wishes of her family, that the whole of her sons, with the exception of the fifth, who had died young, left Bemersyde, and never returned to it during her lifetime. A very interesting event now occurred in connection with the present representative of the family. Elizabeth M'Dougall had in former years nursed the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James VI., who afterwards married the Prince Palatine, and became Queen of Bohemia. When, therefore, her surviving sons left Bemersyde on account of their mother's marriage, they proceeded to Holland, whence the youngest went to the East Indies, and was never again heard of. The others, in hopes of preferment from the queen, whom their mother had nursed, took military service under the Prince Palatine, and are all entered in the family genealogy as 'supposed to have been lost in the Bohemian wars of 1630.' This, however, is a mistake. One of them, George, the third son, lived to return to Scotland, where he settled down in the county of Clackmannan, and there founded a family which, as far as the public are concerned, has only been heard of recently.

The prophecy of the Rhymer, that whatever might happen, there would still be Haigs in Bemersyde, seems to have acted as a kind of palladium, which tended to insure its own accuracy. Impressed with the importance of the Haigs, one of them drew up a genealogy of the House, in 1699, and everything promised a due succession, until Zerubabel became the twenty-first laird. Zerubabel was a family man, but to the consternation of the Haigs, he had twelve daughters, one after the other, and no son. Was the prophecy now to fail? Much excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood. At length, when

hope had almost died out, a son was born, and the general belief, as Sir Walter Scott says, in the favourite soothsayer was 'confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.' The son, James Anthony Haig, who thus saved the reputation of the prophet, grew up to inherit the family name and possessions. The public faith was destined to a still severer trial when James's grandson, the twenty-fourth Laird of Bemersyde, died unmarried in 1854, leaving only three sisters behind him. The prophecy had hitherto been narrowly interpreted to refer only to male heirs in direct descent; and now it was clear that some other interpretation must be adopted.

After all, one is happy to know, things came right at last, and in a very unforeseen manner. The family of Haig which branched off and settled in Clackmannanshire was still to the fore, and could be called in to take the place of the main line. This was managed very adroitly. The estates of Bemersyde were never entailed, so that they passed, on the death of James, the last male representative, into the possession of Miss Barbara Haig, the eldest of the three sisters whom he left behind him. Twelve years ago, and while all three sisters were alive, a mutual will was executed by them in favour of their relative, Captain Haig, by which he became heir to the whole estates and possessions of the family of Bemersyde. On the recent decease of the last of the three sisters, he entered into possession of the property. Arthur Balfour Haig, Captain R.E., and equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, is accordingly now Laird of Bemersyde. A new lease of life has thus been given to this ancient House, and fresh confirmation given to that weird prophecy which is associated with its existence.

We congratulate Captain Haig on his acquisition to a property so long possessed by his ancestors and relatives. It is to be hoped that under his auspices we shall ere long have a regular history of the HAIGS OF BEMERSYDE.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XII.—IN QUEST.

CAPTAIN JOB TRAWL, like most retired master-mariners of modest means and simple habits, dined early; and Hugh, who, it had been arranged, was to board as well as lodge with the old skipper's family, had to postpone the inquiries which he purposed making until the one o'clock dinner hour should be fairly sped. Then indeed he sallied forth, bent upon tracking down the half-crazed gipsy whose greed and violence had affrighted Miss Stanhope in the course of her morning ramble on the Treport road. At dinner, he had been silent and thoughtful, and scarcely able to preserve an appearance of intelligent interest in old Captain Trawl's unfailing supply of salt-water stories. The woman's strange words seemed ever to ring, with provoking dissonance, in his ears. 'Mr George!' There could be no doubt that, insane or not, the crone's terror at the sight of him, Hugh Ashton, was genuine enough. 'Mr George!' Hugh knew that he had been reckoned like his father. Perhaps the likeness was still more striking to one who had probably not seen that father since the days of his youth.

'Mr George!' The tone in which that name

had been uttered seemed to ring in Hugh's ears, until he blamed himself for having allowed the weird, wild creature who uttered them to escape his questioning. At the time, it had appeared as if his duty were to see Miss Stanhope safely home. Now, the young man's conscience began to reproach him for his neglect of a deeper and a holier purpose. His father's image rose before him, and all things else were forgotten for the moment. He went out into the town. And now Hugh Ashton began to realise to himself what many a professional detective has felt, and which chills the ardour of the most impetuous amateurs—the very great difficulty which attends the discovery of a needle in a bundle of hay. To follow a thief or other criminal red-handed and on the impulse of the moment, is remarkably easy work. That was the use of the old hue and cry, which, enlisting as it did in the hunt all who listened to the shouts of the pursuers, proved fatal, for several centuries, to all but the best-mounted highwaymen. When one man runs and another pursues, the instinct of our common humanity is to side with him who gives chase. But it is quite otherwise when the scent is cold, and by-standers are lukewarm or sceptical, and the burden of identification is tacitly thrown upon the seeker.

Treport was not the sort of town for such a search as that which Hugh contemplated. It was small certainly, and could by the exhaustive process be easily explored. But it was oddly built, its four or five streets being intersected by straggling lanes and blind alleys, whence again there branched off courts and stairs, wynds and closes, giving the small seaport the aspect, when minutely examined, of a sort of warren. Then too, the inquisitiveness of the natives was calculated to waste the time and chafe the temper of one in Hugh's position. The worthy Cornish housewives who stood at their respective doors, making the broom an excuse for a little neighbourly gossip with such of their acquaintance as were similarly engaged, proved themselves much readier to ask questions than to answer them, and manifested a pardonable feminine curiosity as to what Hugh Ashton's ultimate errand might be, or what he could possibly want with low lodging-houses and the dens where travellers with dusty feet and sticks and bundles were wont to take shelter.

'Trapezing foreigners o' that sort,' said one tall matron, as she intermitted the operation of stringing pilchards and haddocks alternately to dry on a clothes-line stretched from wall to wall of her back-yard; 'I say, foreign vermin o' that sort don't get overmuch encouragement here, young man. There's Halket's, corner of Mill Lane, takes in trdgers. And there's another tramps' house o' call, Treloar's. Thet one will be harder for a stranger to find. Ye mun just gramp up Holloway, and ask any maid or brat ye see where old Giles Treloar lives. Take my advice though, my lad, and the less ye has to do wi' such as they wanderers, the better for thee!'

This was valuable information, and Hugh hastened to avail himself of it. It was easy to find Mill Lane, and not difficult to discover Halket's. A red-eyed middle-aged woman with fluffy hair seemed the representative of that hospitable house of call for beggars. 'Not a gipsy,' she said, staring at Hugh's dark suit and

gold-banded cap, as she would have done at the wings of an angel. 'That kind of customer don't come here. We've nobody, for trade be mortal slack, 'cept two singing sailors; and a blind; and a clarionet and his daughter; and the Mopus. That be all.'

But Hugh quite forfeited all claim to respectful consideration by inquiring whether the Mopus were a man or a woman; in answer to which preposterous demand Mrs Halket said sharply: 'The Mopus, out o' Devonshire!' and went off, growling about greenhorns, to her mop and pail, much needed within her grimy dwelling.

Holloway—there are Holloways elsewhere than in North London—proved to be a deep lane, between banks of crumbling earth, where gardens were many, pig-sties plentiful, and cow-houses and cart-stables redundant, but where human habitations were sparse and unsavoury. Persistent questioning did at last produce the knowledge that a certain tumble-down house within a dilapidated paling, and standing amidst a congeries of distorted cabbages and seedling onions, was the residence of 'Muster Treloar.' On approaching this delectable house of entertainment, over the door of which a tolerant magistracy had permitted to subsist, in thin black letters, the inscription, 'Licensed to'—here followed an elision—'drunk on the premises,' Hugh thought to himself that he had never seen a place so desolate. Very few of the windows were thoroughly glazed, but either had had their panes stoned out, perhaps by recalcitrant lodgers resenting their expulsion from a place of rest, and so blinked blankly, or else had the missing glass supplied by slates, old hats, or bits of board, anything that would keep out the cold wind from indwellers more solicitous as to warmth than as to light or ventilation.

Out rushed the landlord, blatant and belligerent, angry as some huge hairy spider, a thread of whose web has been touched, as Hugh questioned a slipshod urchin at the door. 'My name's Giles Treloar, young chap!' exclaimed the proprietor vehemently; 'and I'm not ashamed of it. And I'll put a stop to your swaggerings about my place. And I'm ready for a round with you, for a fipun note, and let the best man win; I am, my buck! That for your gas!' he added, snapping his fingers and clumsily imitating the crow of a cock; 'and that for your Company, young feller! Come on!'

Hugh laughed good-humouredly at the bulky, beery Mr Treloar, who wore a white apron much besmirched, and who certainly seemed to have availed himself of his dubious license 'to be drunk on the premises,' lifted his puffy fists in pugilistic fashion. 'I think,' he said quietly but firmly, as with his own powerful arms he pushed the puffy fists aside, 'that you have mistaken me for somebody else, Mr Treloar.'

The beer-shop keeper, whose name was Cornish, but whose accent and gestures were of Cockaigne, Cockney, stared at the stalwart young man in the nautical cap. 'I thought you were Gas Company,' he said with a sulky sort of half-apology; 'and they have riled me, they have, till I'm a baited bull with 'em. They talk of cutting and County Courting! Let them County Court, and let them cut,' he added, in the attitude of 'Ajax defying the Lightning;' 'but if they send a paltry clerk or turncock round here any more, if I don't punch his head'—

'But you must not punch mine, you know,' said Hugh, for the second time repressing Mr Treloar's warlike demonstrations. 'And now, if you please, I want you to tell me whether you have a person with whom I particularly wish to have a word or two, as a lodger in your house. I don't know her name'—

'Then if you don't know her name,' retorted Mr Treloar with considerable asperity, 'what the dickens do you mean by prying about my place, asking for her?' And the beer-shop keeper added some exceedingly strong language regarding 'spies' and 'pryers,' and a forcible description of the usage to which he would himself subject the eyes and limbs of such objectionable persons as should dare to come worrying after his lady and gentleman lodgers. 'I'll have a round with you, young feller—five pounds a side, or twenty—I'm your man, when you like!' hiccupped Mr Treloar, who was quarrelsome in his cups, and up went the puffy fists again. But Hugh Ashton caught the half-drunken bully in his strong grasp, swung him off his unsteady feet, and shook him until he saw dancing before his muddled eyes half-a-dozen young merchant captains and half-a-dozen gold-banded caps, such as that which he had erroneously supposed to indicate an employé of the detested Gas Company.

Hugh Ashton propped the drunkard up against his rickety porch. 'Come, Mr Treloar,' he said, in the frank, ringing voice to which even a besotted creature like that before him could not be wholly insensible, 'we need not quarrel. All I want of you is to know whether a certain person, whom I can describe, but whose name I do not know, is now beneath your roof. I mean you no harm, and her no harm. But I do wish to speak to her, and I ask you to lend a hand to help me.'

Mr Giles Treloar shook himself into his ruffled garments, as a frightened fowl adjusts its disturbed plumage, and stared in a dill way at his conqueror. He was not angry. People whose brains swim with drugged beer are seldom angry, but often cross and sullen. The shaking seemed to have done the brute good, for it was in a milder tone that he said: 'You're a plucky one! If you'll tell me what sort of customer you're looking for, I'll do what I can for you.'

Hugh described the grim gaunt gipsy as best he could, omitting all details as to her exploit of the morning.

'That's Ghost Nan!' replied the man, without hesitation. 'They call her Ghost because of the way she has of popping up in her wanderings, sudden, at folks' elbows. She goes off, just so. Three nights she's slept here. To-day, before the dinner frying-pan's cold, she packs her bundle and off she starts, looking as if she'd seen the dead! I know she was going North, because'—

'Because?' echoed Hugh eagerly. At that instant, up marched the stolid superintendent of the Treport police, red-faced, tight-stocked, buttoned up to the throat in his dark-blue surtout, stupid embodiment of Law and Order.

'You, Giles Treloar,' he said, 'you've got a female waggabone here, one Gipsy Nan or Ghost Nan, which my Lady Larpent has complained of, as threatening to rob a young lady at the Court. If you don't give her up immediate'—

'What!' screamed Mr Treloar, with a reproach-

ful look at Hugh. 'A spy of the police be you, my smooth chap? Take that, ye curs!' And pushing into his house, he slapped to the door, and drew the heavy bolts inside.

ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL.

IN 1876 the President of the late Transvaal Republic of South Africa established a Volunteer corps as a protection against the inroads of the Kaffirs upon the frontier farmers. This corps consisted principally of men of European birth, and was the first body of foreign troops ever employed by the Republic. The corps, which has since been disbanded, went under the name of the Lydenberg Volunteers, and its first leader was a Captain Von Schlieckman, a young and brave German, who had formerly been in the Prussian army. The book which we are about to notice, and which is entitled *The Transvaal of To-day* (Blackwood and Sons), is by the captain of this corps, Mr Alfred Aylward, who succeeded to the command on the death of Captain Von Schlieckman, an event which happened very shortly after the formation of the company. Our author is a decided partisan of the Boers, as he has no wish to conceal; and that he understands the people, no one who reads his book can fail to admit.

The Boers of South Africa, a Dutch colony, may be styled the largest land-owning peasantry in the world. Travellers in the Transvaal who expect to find wealthy proprietary farmers and high farming, are certain to be disappointed. The Boers have been a people continually on 'trek' or travel since the beginning of their settlement in Africa. This 'trek,' the marching out in search of new territory, was in a great degree the result of circumstances; but it was not favourable to an advanced method of farming. Considering the difficulties which the Dutch farmers had to contend with—the continual wanderings, the fights with natives, the sickness and the suffering which they have passed through, we should rather commend the progress they have made, than blame and chide them, as has been done, for such of their ways of life as seem primitive and behind the times.

A Boer's homestead in respect of neatness and general appearance, would not satisfy an Englishman's ideas; but the farmers of the Transvaal have had much to overcome in the construction of their houses and steadings, and are now making great improvements in these matters. There are some twenty-five thousand farms in the territory; but a great deal of the land included in this computation is barren and irreclaimable. Wheat is an uncertain crop in the Transvaal, being subject to rust in the summer season, and only profitably cultivated as a winter-crop under irrigation. It must be borne in mind that the summer is the rainy season. A large proportion of the land will produce Kaffir-corn, maize, pumpkins, mealies, inphi—a species of sorghum or sugar-cane—potatoes, and the like, in abundance.

Our author tells us that the Boers are in many respects a fine race. Tall and stalwart in appearance, simple in their manners, and domesticated and home-loving in their affections, they have clung steadfastly to the old ways and the old fashions of the people from which they are sprung. For a long period brought into continual contact with a surrounding and ever-present barbarism, it speaks much for them that they have retained their adherence to morality and virtue. They are law-loving and law-abiding, faithful husbands and kind fathers. Travellers in the Transvaal, so long as they carry with them the evidence that they are not worthless tramps and adventurers—a somewhat numerous class in the country—are sure of a kindly welcome at the home of a Boer farmer, with entertainment in proportion to the host's condition and means.

The Boers have been fortunate in their conjugal relations. Captain Aylward speaks in terms of high praise of the women, and justly. Throughout all the toils, perils, and privations of the Transvaal settlement, when the great 'trek' commenced from the Cape Colony, the women were the faithful and devoted companions of their husbands. At this period, many of them performed deeds of true courage, 'carrying the bullet-bags, replenishing the powder-flasks, removing the wounded, bringing water to the thirsty, and food to the hungry, in many desperate and fatal engagements.' Faithful wives, gentle nurses, and prudent counsellors, it is not surprising that the Boers' wives attained great influence with their husbands, an influence which has had grand effects.

As many of our readers will remember, the charge was frequently brought against the Boers, at the time of our annexation of the Transvaal Republic, that slavery was practised among them. This accusation Captain Aylward denies; and it must be admitted, does much to refute. When so grave a charge is made against a people, it is but justice to hear their defence. During his residence of ten years in South Africa, our author heard of but one case of slavery, and that was in British territory; and Mr Froude in his *Leaves from a South African Diary* gives it as his opinion that 'the whites (Boers) were much more in the position of slaves to the Kaffirs, than the blacks were to them.' The truth in this matter seems to be that in the earlier days, numbers of the natives came of their own free-will among the Boers, or placed their children under their care in seasons of war and famine. Thus many blacks grew up from childhood among Boers' families, to whom they rendered free and willing service. There are few farmers' houses without coloured servants acting in some capacity or other, the women as indoor domestics, the men as wagon-drivers, ploughmen, and herds. The men have bits of land of their own, often with houses and orchards on them, are entirely free to come and go as they please, are industrious, and well-behaved; and often so attached to the families they serve,

that they are prepared at any moment to fight in defence of their flocks and herds. It is a curious circumstance also that, while such are the relations between the Boers and the peaceful native population, the condition of matters between the blacks and the English colonists is by no means so satisfactory. The latter do not yet seem to have learned the knack of propitiating and winning the confidence of the people, and yet it is by the English chiefly that the charges of slavery and cruelty have been brought against the Boers.

Living in a country in which game is plentiful, the Boer farmer is usually a sportsman. For big game, the low country and Bushveld is that part of the Transvaal which the hunter must seek. Lions are still plentiful; but elephants and buffaloes are rapidly becoming scarce. Indeed, as the country has become more settled, a great diminution in almost all varieties of game has occurred, and still continues. This seems to be due not entirely to the gun and other modes of destroying wild creatures. Birds are seldom shot, and yet all kinds of birds are disappearing as fast as the larger animals. A very remarkable change in the seasons has been going on in the country; and as a result of this climatic change, the springs, rivers, and water-pools have become much smaller, in some cases failing altogether. To this cause the decrease in the animals of the country may be in part attributable. Captain Aylward advises all sportsmen purposing to make South Africa their field of operations, to lose no time; for at the present rate of decrease, wild animals, with the exception of springboks and blesboks, will have ceased to exist. Sportsmen will find much useful information and suggestion in regard to sport in South Africa in this book.

Snakes are among the pests of South Africa, being frequently the cause of unpleasant excitement; for though usually shy and retiring, they are apt to retire into inconvenient places. A stranger may lie down on the grass for a few moments, and rise up to discover a snake reposing on his shirt. The most deadly is the inamba; but there are several other species which, though of smaller size, are not less dangerous.

Captain Aylward tells a droll story of a rencontre between a Bushman and a lion. The narrator was acquainted with the man, and has no doubt of the truth of the story. The Bushman while a long way from his home was met by a lion. The animal, assured that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport and dally with him with a feline jocosity which the poor little Bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little farther on. But the Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a device by which he might possibly outwit his foe. This plan was suggested by the lion's own conduct. Aware that the brute was ahead of him, he dodged to the right, and feeling pretty sure of the lion's whereabouts, resorted to the course of quietly watching his movements. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path, he was a good deal perplexed. He roared with mortification; when he espied the Bushman peeping at him over the grass. The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the

path, following with his eye the shifting black man. In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and shewed again at another point. The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters, and that he was the hunted party. The Bushman, who clearly recognised what was passing in his enemy's mind, did not pause to let the lion recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually towards the foe, who now in a complete state of doubt and fear, fairly turned tail and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little Bushman master of the situation.

A reference to a map of Southern Africa will shew that the Transvaal territory is flanked by a range of mountains known as the Drakensberg and Lobembo Mountains. The whole country to the right of these ranges and north of Natal is Kaffirland. To the east and south-east of the Transvaal lies the territory of the Zulus, or Kaffirs proper; while north, west, and east is the country of the Bechuana race. The Transvaal is thus hemmed in on all sides by Kaffir tribes.

The name of Zulus has recently become sufficiently familiar to us. They are credited with being an extremely brave and formidable race of savages. They are, while we write, united under one king, and have a settled government, which Captain Aylward says may be best described as 'a despotism tempered by polygamy.' He asserts that both their numbers and their military prowess have been greatly exaggerated; that, contrary to common report, they have been almost invariably vanquished by the Boers whenever the two have met on equal terms, and that far too much stress has been laid upon the importance and influence of the Zulu nation in South African affairs. He describes them as an utterly impracticable, polygamous, and pagan race, which, while other Kaffir peoples have been civilised and Christianised, have resisted all attempts in this direction. No authenticated instance did Captain Aylward ever meet with of a genuinely converted Zulu, and his assertion on this point he supports by the testimony of more than one missionary, both Protestant and Catholic. The Zulus stand much lower in his opinion, in every respect, than in that of some who have written on South African subjects, but with less practical experience than our author. He styles the Zulu the 'bogy' in South African affairs.

According to Mr Froude, 'the Transvaal Republic is the Alsatia of Africa, where every runaway from justice, every broken-down speculator, every reckless adventurer finds an asylum.' There certainly exists in the Transvaal a large class of needy and unscrupulous persons who are a plague to the land—loafers, penniless speculators, land-jobbers, and others of that unprofitable and mischievous genus who are in a chronic state of 'waiting for something to turn up,' except when they are engaged in some scheme more actively prejudicial to their neighbours.

In regard to the resources of our late annexation in Africa, Captain Aylward's declaration is that they have been greatly overstated. Farming does not hold out promises of either large or rapidly amassed fortunes; but the industrious man who possesses energy and habits of thrift may fairly expect to leave to his family the

means of keeping themselves in comfort and plenty, as prosperous peasant-proprietors or second-class graziers. If the settler be an Englishman, he must be prepared to regard himself as a Boer, to live the life which Boers live, to look upon the country as his home, as they do, and to cherish no desire of ultimately returning to England with a large fortune. Himself and his children may have health and happiness, lands to hold and till, horses to ride, plenty to occupy their hands, and not much of an exciting kind to exercise their minds; a life quiet to monotony, but cheerful enough for all that, in which it is possible to live a good, useful, and contented life. This is a general outline of the condition of a farmer in the Transvaal; and with this the intending settler must rest satisfied. In regard to pastoral pursuits, there are fair openings for sheep-farmers on the Transvaal Highveld and on the plains of the Free State. As compared with the large sheep-farming districts of our Australian colonies, the African sheep-runs must take a decidedly second place. And as a grazing country, the Transvaal is passable and no more.

Much exaggeration has been indulged in on the subject of the mineral resources of South Africa. Nothing that should legitimately have been called gold 'fields' have existed there. Small 'diggings' there have been, meriting no bigger name than 'placers' or 'pockets,' each of which could be worked out by properly organised companies in a short space. Iron, coal, and copper have all been found in the Transvaal, but are not at present of the least practical value, nor can be until the country is opened up by railways—if that ever comes about. The conclusion of the whole question of the Transvaal's resources seems to be what has been already indicated—namely, that for a long time to come at least, this region of South Africa must be 'the mother of flocks and herds,' a land nourishing and producing a respectable and well-to-do race of peasant-farmers, owning the fields they occupy. This is a statement which ought to be reiterated, as it must be borne in mind by all intending settlers in the territory, and all interested in the future of the Transvaal.

The subject of our recent annexations in South Africa is of great importance; but without entering further into the question of the attitude which Great Britain has thought fit to assume, we are doubtful if the annexation has met with the approval of the Boers themselves. It is certain that to a very large proportion of them the step has brought nothing but bitterness and discontent.

The book which we have had under notice, and which, it will be gathered, touches on a large variety of South African questions, puts strongly before the reader the grounds which the Boers have for complaint and dissatisfaction. Much has been written on the other side of the question, and it is therefore but justice that the Boers should have secured an advocate. The present volume is full of information and interest, and though avowedly championing our new subjects against the several charges from time to time brought against them, is written in the main in a fair and impartial spirit. As it is the work of one long and closely acquainted with his subject, it

is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of South Africa and South African affairs, and we shall be prepared to hear that it has met with considerable attention.

THAT DAY ON INNISMORE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MIRAGE.

THE story I have to tell about myself is indeed an old story now, and both for the scenes and events of that day on Innismore, memory must reach back half-way across a century. And yet, even as I put these words on paper, I seem to see the island as clearly as I actually beheld it, fifty years ago, on the eve of what proved to be the most eventful day of my life.

Any one who has a sufficiently good map of Ireland, and casts his eye down along the northern coast of Connaught, will perhaps be able to find a small island which bears the name of Innismore. On the map before me it seems nothing but a sea-girt rock; yet it is in fact an island of more than two miles in length, and in one place almost a mile in breadth, and contains some two hundred inhabitants.

The distance of Innismore from the nearest point of the mainland is about six miles; and as there are no other islands in its immediate neighbourhood, it stands out bold and solitary and grand, exposed to the whole force of the western gales and the fierce billows of the restless Atlantic. The island, independently of its situation, is of an exceedingly picturesque character. On the north and east sides the cliffs rise to a height of five hundred feet; in some places forming perpendicular walls of inky basalt, whose smooth faces—almost unbroken by any irregularity—look as if they had been planed by some giant hand; in other places, being eaten away at the base, ponderous and overhanging masses of red and gray granite seem ever on the point of toppling down into the water below. These sides of the island are moreover very irregular in their formation, and much indented. Bays, creeks, and gullies, made by gaps and fissures in the cliffs, abound everywhere. Here and there, some rocky peak, higher than its neighbours, has thrust itself far out into the sea, while a narrow and serrated ridge still keeps it connected with the cliffs behind. Then down below, along the water's edge, the fretting sea has worked and worn and cut its way for ages. The softer portions of the rock have been scooped and hollowed out, the harder rounded off and polished smooth as glass. Innumerable caves and strangely fashioned arches are the result.

The west side of the island is tamer than the east. It has no bay or deep indentation. The rocks on this side are low, but go down with a rapid slope into the sea. In the few places where the water is not deep close to the rocks, the shore is formed of huge boulders of granite, and banks of large stones ground into giant marbles by the action of the waves.

The inhabitants of Innismore differ considerably from their neighbours on the mainland. They are said to be of Spanish origin; and certainly the regular features and tall figures of many of the men, and the oval faces, large dark eyes, jetty hair, and dark complexions of the women shew that they are not of pure Celtic descent. The industries

of the islanders are fishing and illicit distillation; for the latter of which the island afforded peculiar advantages, as, except in fine and settled weather, no troublesome visitors from the mainland could effect a landing. These however, I should perhaps say, *were* the industries of the people; for the time I speak of is long past, and many changes have taken place. And now for my story.

It was on a summer's evening in the month of June that I, in no enviable frame of mind, and wishing to be alone, had left Killalla Castle, had wandered along the shore of the bay before the house, and had climbed up the steep cliff which on the right-hand side shelters the Bay of Killalla, and makes it, once you are in it, one of the safest little harbours on the coast of Connaught. I had lately heard that the regiment I belonged to had been ordered abroad; and almost immediately I should have to leave a place which, for certain reasons, was at that time dearer to me than home, and to leave it under circumstances that were particularly irritating. Yet when I reached the summit of the cliff, the view before me for a moment entirely occupied my thoughts. It was about sunset. The sun itself could not be seen, on account of some low-lying clouds or haze on the horizon; but all around there was a mingled flood of gold and crimson light. The water below, from the base of the cliff, and far out until it became a line against the sky, was without a ripple on its surface, and gently heaving in its sleep, glanced and shone like burnished metal. The sky was without a cloud, except where here or there some fleecy cirrus, gilded by the setting rays, seemed motionless in the clear blue.

These things were so, I suppose, for I can hardly say I saw them, one object engrossing all my attention. It was the island of Innismore. By some strange atmospheric illusion, it seemed no longer to be standing in the sea—it was floating in mid-air, and bathed in rosy light, like the enchanted castle of some eastern tale; for the ocean out there could not be distinguished from the sky, and was reflecting only the golden rays of the sunset; and the island's strange and fantastic cliffs stood out like towers and lines of wall and lofty battlements against the golden light behind. So I beheld the island on that summer evening—a golden picture. And the fifty years of life that have since passed by, so far from obscuring the glory of that strange sight, have in my mind ever seemed to be themselves brightened by its splendour.

And now I must explain the circumstances which led to the events I am about to relate. My uncle, John Vance of Killalla, had been married twice. His first wife, having given birth to a daughter, died within a year of her marriage. After remaining a widower ten years, my uncle married again. His second wife was one of the Barretts of the County Clare, an old Roman Catholic family. At the time I speak of, Mr Vance had himself been dead about two years, leaving my cousin Clara, his only child, in the guardianship of her step-mother. Clara Vance was now in her nineteenth year. I was a few years her senior, and we had known one another from our childhood. Clara was moreover a beautiful girl, rather tall, with a lithe and graceful figure; her large deep-blue eyes were fringed with long silky eyelashes, her features regular, and her complexion exceedingly fair, in

spite of frequent exposure to the salt breezes, which only indeed seemed to heighten slightly the delicate glow upon her cheeks. Her hair, which used to fall in glossy brown waves over her shoulders, and reached down below her waist, was now that she was grown up, kept decorously confined, after the fashion, in as small space as its profusion would permit. Is it necessary for me to say that I was in love with Clara Vance?

I had not fallen in love with her; there had been nothing sudden in the matter; I could not say when I had begun to love her. I had always loved her, only the feeling in me had grown and strengthened as I became capable of deeper emotion.

I believed too that Clara cared for me in return, though she had never given me any very special grounds for thinking so; and if she had divined the nature of my regard for her, it was only because the object of so deep a passion cannot remain ignorant of its existence; for as yet that little sentence, so sweet once in life to whisper or to hear, remained unspoken between us.

Now however, I was going abroad. Could I say farewell to my cousin without coming to some understanding with her? And even were I able to do so, would it be prudent? What interpretation would she put upon my silence, and what might happen during the years of my absence?

What would happen so far as others were concerned, was plain enough. There was already a rival in the field. Major Barrett, a relation of my aunt's, was at the present moment a visitor at the castle. For a month past his schooner-yacht had been lying in the bay, and as yet there was not a word said of his departure. He seemed quite at home; and I could see plainly enough that my aunt was entirely favourable to his suit. Mrs Vance was a woman whose character presented that strange mixture of worldly-mindedness and religion which is sometimes to be met with. Though my uncle had been a Protestant, she had remained a devout Roman Catholic; and was of a prudent and calculating turn of mind. Mr Vance had been well on in years and very much older than herself, when she had married him; and she had always, but especially since his death, taken a warmer interest in the affairs of her own family than in those of his. And indeed a match between Major Barrett and Clara would have been in many ways not an undesirable one. He was a handsome man, a little old perhaps for my cousin, being forty I should say, but looking ten years younger, and without a sign of gray in his black hair or whiskers. He was well off too, having lately inherited the Barrett estates, encumbered indeed—as old properties very often were in those days in Ireland—and it was whispered, with heavy debts of his own in addition. But Clara would have, besides the Killalla estates, her mother's large fortune and a considerable sum of money in the funds left by my uncle.

Major Barrett too had the power of making himself exceedingly agreeable whenever he pleased. To me indeed he made himself very much the reverse, but somehow contrived that all the blame and awkwardness should be mine. A fortnight previously I had come to Killalla Castle to spend a few weeks before sailing for India. The place had almost been a home to me; for my

parents had been long dead, and I had been a favourite with my uncle; and so school holidays and college vacations had been spent with him. But now here was this Major Barrett, whom I had never seen before, and everything was changed by his presence. The delightful rambles which I used to have with my cousin by the sea-shore or along the cliffs, and the boating-excursions in which she kept me company, were at an end. I had not been a day in the Major's company before I felt convinced that he perceived the nature of my regard for my cousin. I thought also that he must have spoken to my aunt on the subject; for somehow it came to pass that I never got an opportunity of being alone with Clara. True indeed that going out early the first morning after my arrival, I found my cousin at work as usual among her flowers; but not dreaming that it was to be my only opportunity of seeing her alone, I let it pass. The next morning I met Major Barrett on the walk leading to my cousin's garden, and he remained with me till breakfast-time. Throughout the day, he was always at Clara's side; and when after dinner, leaving the gentlemen in the dining-room over their wine, I followed my cousin down the sea-walk, we were at once joined by Mrs Vance. And so each day passed by with riding-parties and boating-parties and the like; but things were always so managed that Clara and I should never have a moment *tête-à-tête* together. And I could not help perceiving that my aunt had become weary at my presence, and was looking forward to the time when my leave should expire.

Somehow too Major Barrett contrived always, while keeping perfectly cool himself, to irritate and ruffle my temper, and make me appear to disadvantage in my cousin's eyes. He had a way of talking at me and of me as if I were a mere lad. Let me give an instance. I had hoped that the fact that I was going on foreign service would heighten perhaps whatever interest my cousin might take in me. I was, I suppose, a little proud of my profession, as indeed I think, to say the very least, every soldier ought to be. I had been talking to Clara about my regiment, telling her something of its history and doings in bygone times. As I observed that she was much interested in what I was saying, I had proceeded to express my hope that should occasion offer, the regiment would act in the future as it had done in the past; adding that, to be remembered and thought well of at home, must be, I felt sure, a soldier's best reward for undergoing difficulties and dangers. I can recall the, to me, very annoying manner in which Major Barrett, who had overheard our conversation, turned into ridicule what he styled a young gentleman's hopes of glory. 'It is all stuff, Miss Vance,' he said, 'about dangers and difficulties, as Master Harry here will have to confess when he comes home again—without his enthusiasm. A lad has little to do in India except to shew off his uniform, when the heat will let him. If there is any real work for him to do, it's a policeman's work, when some row has got up. Only out there, the soldiers are allowed to shoot the unfortunate people, and police at home as a rule are not. Ha, ha!' he continued, laughing; 'fancy, Miss Vance, a young gentleman expecting to cover himself with glory in the police force!'

It was after this conversation that I wandered out alone on the cliffs that summer evening, feeling angry and dispirited enough. I hoped, as I have said, that my cousin cared for me. She had smiled, it is true, at Major Barrett's raillery; still I imagined that she was hurt at the way I had been treated. At any rate I could not endure to be pitied by her, and I then and there determined that I would have an explanation with her—and with the Major too by-and-by—and tell her all that was in my heart, let what might come of it. Having formed this resolution, I looked up. The sun had set, the gold and crimson hues had faded from both sea and sky, the mirage had vanished, and Innismore was disenchanted, standing far out in the sea and with a blue haze floating round it. It was time to return; so retracing my steps, I went down the steep hill-side and through the oak-wood to the castle.

There were some other visitors beside Major Barrett staying with my aunt at this time. Two cousins of Clara's and a few other friends. Clara and one or two of the girls were walking on the terrace as I approached; she left them and came quickly across the grass to meet me.

'Why did you leave us that way, Harry?' she said. 'I saw that you were annoyed; and it's too bad that you should be vexed, now that you have to go from us so soon.' I looked into her face as she spoke, and saw a soft kind light in her blue eyes as she continued: 'Please—please don't mind what Major Barrett says.' And then with a slight hesitation she added: 'I don't;' and at the same moment one bright glance met mine, as if to shew that she intended her words to have some meaning; and then, as she turned her face away, she asked quickly: 'But where did you go to? Mamma has been making ever so many inquiries.'

'I have been,' I answered, 'looking at Innismore, and I never saw it appear so strange and beautiful as it did this evening. And do you know, it has reminded me of an old engagement between us. But I begin to fear that perhaps a girl's memory is rather a fickle thing, and that old engagements won't be much regarded.'

'I, at least,' she replied quickly, 'have given you no reason to say that.'

'No; you have not,' I said; 'and fulfil this one. I may never have the right to ask such a favour of you again, who knows! It concerns Innismore, which I have just been looking at. Don't you remember you promised to come with me to see the Giant's Cave? Will you come?'

'Yes,' she said; 'I will. When?'

'To-morrow,' I replied, 'if possible; the sooner the better.'

At this point we were joined by some others of the party, and soon by Mrs Vance and the Major. As I tried to convey to Clara some idea of the strange view I had just had of Innismore, a conversation about the island arose, which resulted in Major Barrett offering to take us out to it in his yacht the *Vampire* on the morrow, should the weather continue fine.

And now, before I go further, let me say this. I am quite aware that what I am about to relate may seem to some persons unworthy of credit. I shall be thought by them to be not merely relating a fiction, but such a fiction as lies beyond the bounds of reasonable probability. If any one is

disposed so to think, let me ask him to bear in mind the supreme importance which Roman Catholics attach to the sacraments of their Church, an importance so high, that in the matter of marriages, for example, they refuse to be fettered, like other denominations, by laws of the state's devising; and that at the present day in Ireland marriages are celebrated by the Roman Catholic clergy at any time of the day or night, and in any place and manner that they please. And also let me say, that if blame is thought to attach to me for the part I took in the doings which I relate, I would ask the reader to bear in mind the circumstances in which I was placed; that the greatness of the interest at stake is considered in love as well as in war to justify extreme measures; and, lastly, that it is not so very long ago since Gretna Green was an institution across the Irish Channel.

CHAPTER II.—OFF TO INNISMORE.

The morning of Thursday the 20th of June in the year 1827 was as fair a morning as ever ushered in a summer day. The sun had risen up in an almost cloudless sky. Here and there, a few light white streaks of vapour, like shreds of cotton wool, floated in the blue expanse, but these feathery clouds were all far away down toward the southern horizon. The sea outside the harbour was brightly blue; even the gentle undulations of the previous evening had ceased, and nothing moved the surface of the water but the laughing ripple that a light easterly breeze was printing on it. The mercury in the barometer stood very high, and everything betokened a fine day. There was just breeze enough, if it lasted, to take us out in about a couple of hours to Innismore, and no sea to prevent a landing there or make it dangerous to enter the caves.

The painful and feverish anxiety I was in had not suffered me to close my eyes during the past night, and at the first faint streak of light in the east I had risen and wandered out to the sea-shore. There, in the fresh cool dawn, I had endeavoured to think calmly over the circumstances of my case and consider what I should do. One thing I was determined on, namely to make a full confession of my feelings to Clara, and to make it if possible that very day. Her kind manner to me, the few words she had spoken, above all that one momentary glance the evening before, encouraged me to hope that she was on my side. But certainly I had no other friend. It was quite clear what was Major Barrett's errand here. And it was equally clear that he was receiving and would receive all the assistance my aunt had it in her power to give. And how was Clara, even if she did love me, to stand out against the pressure that would be brought to bear upon her during the years of my absence, unless before parting I should assure her of my unalterable attachment? I was prepared therefore to seize the very first opportunity of being alone with her that might occur, and to do my utmost to create such an opportunity. Another thing I had determined on was this: that I could not and would not set my foot on board the *Vampire*. I hated the owner. I knew his object in coming to Killalla. I was going to do my best to thwart him, and I could not have my hands tied, as it were, by accepting any favour from him, however trifling. I was however, in no

difficulty here. A little ten-ton yacht of my own, the *Fairy*, was lying at her moorings in the bay; I had settled to go in her, and if possible to arrange that Clara should accompany me, though in this I did not much expect to succeed.

I gave orders therefore the first thing in the morning that the *Fairy* should be ready to start at the time appointed; and so when we met at breakfast, an hour earlier than usual, the little yacht, with her white sails set, could be seen from the windows of the castle. I had not much difficulty in declining Major Barrett's invitation to go with the rest of the party in the *Vampire*. But the moment I asked Clara to accompany me in what I pleaded might be my last excursion in the *Fairy*, I was met, as I expected, by a multitude of objections from my aunt and the Major. Miss Vance had promised, it was said, to go in the *Vampire*. The *Fairy* would not get to Innismore for hours after the large yacht; the party would be broken up. 'And worst of all,' added Major Barrett; 'not only should we be deprived of the pleasure of Miss Vance's company, but she will miss her luncheon, which is to be ready on the island at two o'clock sharp.'

To persevere in my request would have been useless, and could only have done harm; so merely saying to Clara that as it was Major Barrett's turn this time, it ought in fairness to be mine the next, I hurried down to the beach and went on board the *Fairy*. Besides any occasion that accident might afford during the day, there was one plan that I purposed to try in order to obtain the desired interview with my cousin. But to succeed in this, it was in the first place necessary for me to reach the island as soon as the *Vampire*; and though the *Fairy* was a fast little boat, I could not hope to keep up with a yacht ten times her size; however, with half-an-hour's start and with my knowledge of the locality, I did not despair.

The morning was, as I have said, beautiful; a light breeze was blowing from the north-east. The island, though but six or seven miles from Termon Head, the nearest point of the mainland, was some fourteen miles from us, and to windward, the breeze coming almost right down the Sound of Innismore. Having failed in my attempt to have Clara with me, I was now most eager to reach Innismore in time. The breeze was so light that the half-hour I had gained in starting had taken me but a little way; and as I stood in towards the shore, it was with considerable anxiety that I watched for the *Vampire* to make her appearance from behind Killalla Head. At length her bowsprit's point was seen just shewing round the rock, and in a moment the *Fairy* was about and standing off the land on the starboard tack. And now all depended—yes, far more than at the moment I even imagined—upon what the *Vampire* would do. Neither Major Barrett nor his crew knew our coast. In-shore the breeze was certainly very light. Would he continue his course, in hopes of finding the wind better outside, or would he hug the land to escape the strength of the tide? He did the former. There was one person on board who could have told him better, but who did not wish to see the little craft she had so often sailed in, or perhaps its owner either, left behind. And so the *Vampire* sped onward, her cloud of snowy canvas carrying her far out

across the Sound; and it seemed clear that her owner had no intention of putting her about until he could fetch the island.

A glance at the map will shew that the land trends away for some distance on each side of Termon Head, forming on the south-east side with Killalla Head the shallow indentation named Termon Bay. Running out from Termon Head for some distance is a long low reef of rocks, covered several feet even at low-water. A rapid tide runs through Innismore Sound. There had been still half an hour of flood when the *Fairy* rounded Killalla Head; but that was over now. The ebb was beginning to set strongly, and was carrying the *Vampire*, now far out and still on the starboard tack, swiftly away upon its surface. Meanwhile the *Fairy* having stood in, was now close to the shore, and again upon the starboard tack; but getting the wind more off the land, and with the strong eddy tide that runs up Termon Bay on her lee-bow, and setting her well to windward, was likely to fetch Termon Head without having to go about again. Once there with the wind abaft the beam, she would quickly cross the Sound, and might still let go her anchor off Innismore as soon as the *Vampire*.

LIFE AT A 'CRAMMER'S.'

As is pretty generally known, the competitive examinations which now bar the entrance to every department of the public service, have given rise to a separate and lucrative profession, that of the 'crammer,' whose duty it is to prepare for their business, and superintend the studies of, the future servants of Her Majesty. It was the writer's fortune to spend some time in the establishment of one of these; and as life there had its peculiar aspects, its own pleasures and drawbacks, he proposes to sketch one or two of its sides.

So to our particular 'crammer,' 'coach,' or wholesale private tutor, as it may seem more proper to style him. His establishment was a rather large one of its kind, embracing as many as fifteen pupils; large, that is, considering that it was situated in the country, and in a part of the country where, though the scenery was very fine, the roads were far from being first-rate. Our Principal, or chief crammer, was a personage whose other employments qualified him fully for the posts of squire, clergyman, and schoolmaster. In the last-named capacity he employed four tutors, generally Oxford or Cambridge men, who being little older than their pupils, were out of work-hours, as our 'head' would gleefully say, the noisiest and most mischievous of the batch. So that, what with himself, his wife and children, their governess, the four tutors and fifteen pupils, and his numerous staff of servants, we really, as far as numbers went, did not ill deserve the name of a colony.

Our position too, in a rather remote part of the country was capitally adapted to the circumstances. The ages of the pupils varied from seventeen to twenty-two, and a more pleasant though rather noisy and reckless set was never

gathered together. In some things they were peculiarly boyish; at all times they were easily amused. Young fellows preparing for the army are not naturally the most careful, and thoughtful of youths, and wherever placed, would be pretty sure to get into scrapes of a more or less serious kind. But at Honeythwaite such scrapes were of the less serious kind. Their chances of getting into debt were not frequent or extensive, while our head was much more easily able to keep a friendly eye over their doings. Scrapes of course they got into, but these chiefly consisted of setting their terriers at the squire's rabbits on week-days, and making eyes too openly at the farmers' daughters on Sundays; or of perhaps poaching a little on neighbours' fisheries. And in getting them out of such scrapes, whether by bribery or persuasion, our head, taught by long experience, notoriously excelled. They always knew that however he might 'jaw' them afterwards, he would stand by them while the danger lasted. Sometimes of course a dun from the county town would find his way to Honeythwaite to look up some customer whose visits to the said county town had latterly ceased; but the sums were small, and our colony was always ready to help its members in such difficulties. So that if we sometimes could not get our supplies, neither could we so easily get into mischief, owing to our distance from civilisation.

But as to the serious business of our lives there. The majority of the pupils, say twelve out of fifteen, were preparing for the army; the other three aspired to matriculation at one of the universities at some future day. Of the army pupils, some were preparing for the preliminary, some for the intermediate examination, which if I remember rightly—and such details are very confusing—could be passed a few months after the other, and success in which opened the immediate road to Sandhurst. At the time I was there the majority of them were preparing for the first, and several of them held commissions in the militia; a fact which renders the later examinations a little more easy, but which did not seem to add much dignity to those gallant officers. For this preliminary, the subjects they were getting up were chiefly Dictation, Geography, Arithmetic, French, and one or two other elementary ones. Dictation, as I had often heard, was certainly the subject which was at once the most practised and most dreaded. At certain times, morning and evening, the monotonous voice of the reader could be heard through the open windows of Honeythwaite, dictating to some of the pupils who wrote for nearly three hours a day. Their ideas of spelling followed the phonetic system so nearly, that I avoid giving examples, lest I should be credited with nothing save a fertile invention. But with all their practice on paper and aloud, the spelling was often too much for them. First the paper was looked over; and often a 'blue-pill'—as the fatal bit of paper that announced failure was termed—put an end all

too early to suspense. And then for another three months the dreary round had to be gone through, terminating very probably in another failure; and so on until the fiat came forth from home that the governor's patience or pocket had failed; or equally fatal, that the candidate had passed the limit of age. Geography too seemed to be another well-nigh insurmountable obstacle; but I believe that the paper set was often really difficult.

We used to get up very early in the morning, much to the annoyance of our officials, who were not themselves always punctual. Work began at seven o'clock; but in winter the attendance was irregular, the men dropping in in skirmishing order, few and far between. At eight we had breakfast; and work, resumed at nine, lasted until a little before one, more or less at the discretion of the tutors. Then came lunch; and in the afternoon two hours' work, at which however, all did not attend. At night also two hours more, besides the private work which was expected, but seldom was done. In fact, at a private tutor's the pupils rarely do anything unless the tutor is looking over their shoulders, and even then the labour all falls upon him.

When I first became acquainted with this cramming system, the number of hours devoted to work made me marvel. I found that nine hours were not thought too many for the business of the day; and when we consider that a senior classic, or rather an aspirant to such honours, would not consider that he was wanting in industry if he did seven hours' work every day, and that at Oxford he who gives four hours or so a day to his books is considered a reading-man, this nine hours' work does seem prodigious to devote daily to the acquisition of purely elementary knowledge. Consumed too with so little result, for these men are often rejected again and again. The reason of course is plain. The fault lies not with the crammer, but with the material on which he has to work. Boys of ability are not sent to a private tutor's, but as a rule manage to pass such examinations as lie in their way, by their own efforts directed by school-training. The private tutor only gets those of duller capacity, whom it is his duty to struggle to polish into something like fitness. Sometimes of course he gets brighter specimens to polish; but that is in cases of defective early education, and with these it is that dictation proves such a stumbling-block. I have even heard of a crammer's where, if report was to be believed, eleven hours' work was done daily. Such an amount, according to old 'varsity tradition, was impossible, and so it probably would be if men were to work all the time they sat before their books. But at a crammer's, the younger fellows give but half their attention; being of course free from all fear of corporal punishment, and controlled by moral influence alone. Some of the older ones see their own interest better. It was a great credit nevertheless to our 'head' that he had so much control over his rather obstreperous pupils; they had one and all a very considerable dread of being privately interviewed by him.

For the intermediate examination for the army, a good deal of English had to be read in a

desultory manner. Men in for it, usually worked much harder than the younger ones, having Sandhurst and a commission in full view, and encouraged by their success in the preliminary. They had too no spelling, a name which seemed to cause the cheek of every army candidate to grow pale. From wheresoever they came, from Harrow, or Winchester, or Charterhouse, or Cheltenham, or from private tuition, this weary spelling seemed more or less defective; nor need I say how easy it is to unlearn your orthography in such company, for in spelling, more than in other things, to hesitate is to be lost.

At least one afternoon in the week was a half-holiday, and did not we enjoy it! If we did not do much work in school-hours, we certainly played thoroughly out of school. Our 'head' had some very fair shooting in autumn, and rabbits in plenty when that was done. Several of the pupils had horses of their own, and occasionally hunted; while all had dogs, white fox-terriers of course being the favourites. We formed too a capital cricket eleven; and the vicarage-grounds contained some good lawn-tennis courts.

On the half-holiday many would drive into the county town, their elaborate personal display ill suiting the primitive Honeythwaite vehicle, which strongly resembled what in more fashionable districts would be styled a 'butcher's cart.' But no vagaries of the young gentlemen at the vicarage would have betrayed the neighbourhood into the weakness of surprise; they had lost that faculty. The rules of discipline were not of course anything like so strict as those of school-life, even during our school-time. The elder pupils, if being taken together, were often allowed to smoke as a little relaxation in the middle of the long morning hours, a few minutes being granted for the circle to solemnly fill and light their pipes. But this was an irregularity winked at rather than allowed by our 'head,' whose manifold employments did not allow him to take more than a small share in the actual teaching. One of our most pleasant times was the dinner-hour in the evening; and it would have been more pleasant still could we have shaken off the consciousness of the two hours' work yet to be done. However, we made the most of it, all meeting there upon an equality round the cheerful table. Many were the wonderful exploits that the terriers seemed to have performed that day amongst the rabbits and other small game. Then we all took a real interest in the doings of the farm and poultry-yard of our host and hostess; and we knew all about the sick old women in the parish, and the needs of the choir, and the prospects of the bazaar; and endless chaff passed between tutors and pupils on the subject of early rising. Then we wrangled over the chances of war, all our candidates being selfishly interested in that, hoping that hostilities would open the gates of Sandhurst even to him whose spelling had its weak moments. Occasionally too, perhaps, some of us had been to London and back, and were enthusiastic about this or that play, about the Academy or the Aquarium. So that our dinner-table, with its happy mixture of local and general topics of interest, formed so cheerful a scene that I would fain leave it in your mind's eye, without hinting at the cold, bleak class-rooms at seven A.M.; were it not that you might carry away but a partial view of that

life at a country crammer's, which so strikingly unites many of the features at once of the public school and the university, the mess-room and the country-house.

THE BROADS OF EAST ANGLIA.

THE term 'Broads' is entirely provincial, and its application appears to be confined to Suffolk and Norfolk. They are extensive sheets of water for the most part, and are supposed to be feeders of the three main rivers of the two counties—the Bure or North River, the Yare, and the Waveney—and take either the form of vast expansions of the river proper, or of lakes or lagoons in connection therewith. Yet as they differ from lakes or lagoons in some essential characteristic, the term 'Broad' appears more appropriate. They have in general flat and marshy borders; but many of them are richly wooded to the water's edge, giving them a peculiarly picturesque beauty; the more appreciated from the contrast they afford to the extensive flat or slightly undulating fens by which they are surrounded. Of these Broads there are no fewer than fourteen in one group; and when smaller ones are included, nearly fifty may be counted in a comparatively circumscribed radius.

All these Broads, excepting Filbey, are open to fair angling; and boats at a remarkably small charge are obtainable at water-side inns, such for instance as the *Eel's Foot*. Trending towards the north-east and passing under Acle Bridge, the Bure receives by far its most important tributary the Thurn; and the latter takes the superfluous flow of water from no less than five Broads—Hickling Great Broad, five hundred acres; Horsey Mere, one hundred and twenty acres; Martham Broad, rapidly filling in with decayed vegetation, seventy acres; Heigham Sounds, one hundred and fifty acres; and Whittlesea Broad, fifteen acres. Returning to the main river, we find the Bure at the confluence of the Thurn, turning to the north-west; and at about the distance of two miles, it receives the drainage of the South Walsham and Upton Broads; and on the other side, near St Bennet's Abbey, the river Ant flows in. The Ant drains Barton Broad, a noble sheet of water, and several small Broads, altogether over three hundred acres. As the river Bure turns still farther north-west we arrive at the outlet of the Ranworth Broad, one hundred and fifty acres; while farther north are the Hoveton Small Broads, about eighty acres; and then Hoveton and other Broads of greater or lesser extent.

Without entering into further details connected with these fine sheets of water, we will proceed to offer our readers a few words regarding their attractions to the angler, the naturalist, and the yachtsman.

It is within the memory of middle-aged men that these Broads were looked upon as an angler's paradise, notwithstanding the many illegitimate methods of fish-capture practised by others. The waters literally teemed with fish. Then cart or wherry loads of roach and bream, which went daily off to the coast as bait for deep-sea fishing, were said only to leave the necessary room to the remaining fish! Fishing for pike and perch was pursued with 'liggers,' 'trimmers,' 'night-lines,' and every conceivable engine of destruction, it

being idly supposed that no known means that man could devise could reduce the presumed inexhaustible piscatorial resources of these extensive water-sheds. But such wholesale destruction could not last; the Broads were becoming rapidly depopulated; and it was in vain that one indefatigable writer, season after season sounded the tocsin of alarm. He pointed out that as the depth of these Broads was but on an average of from four to six feet, with a hard marly even bottom, the shoals of fish had no escape or harbour of refuge from the net, and were gradually and surely being depleted towards almost total annihilation. Added to which, the poacher, knowing the habits of the various fish, and their seasons for passing to spawn, to and fro from river to Broad, could, with his nets, intercept and clear out in a single day enough to fill the hold of a barge waiting in some neighbouring creek to take the ill-gotten freight on board. When the destructive nature of this traffic became known, the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway, greatly to their credit, issued an order that no fresh-water fish would in future be conveyed over their line *in bulk* from these districts; and then, and not until then was legislative interference sought for, to preserve the few straggling undersized fish that remained in these once world-famed fresh-water fisheries.

In the emergency, Mr Frank Buckland, the well-known naturalist, had his attention drawn to these Broads; and we cannot do better here than quote one single passage from his very exhaustive Report. He says: 'I observed in these Broads where no netting was (supposed) to be allowed, an immense number of small fry. In the rivers and Broads infested by the poachers I did not see a single fish.' From this it will be evident that the passing of the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act, by which these once famous fisheries are now placed under the control of a Board of Conservators, who have power to make regulations as to the fisheries in their counties, was not passed a day too soon.

Besides their reviving attractions for the legitimate angler, some of the Broads are utilised as decoys for ducks or harbours for game, their quietness being seldom disturbed; and the reed, bulrush, and moss having been permitted to grow, to die, and to fall undisturbed for years out of mind, the consequence is that the watery boundary is gradually getting more and more circumscribed. In most of the Broads however, there is no great anticipation of such filling in. In them the reed and the rush are found to be of too great consequence to permit of their neglect and waste; and from them—such has been the increase of the demand since railways could be reached with facility—the aquatic vegetation is regularly cut, and the proceeds sent to far-distant counties for roofing, hurdle-making, bottle envelopes, baskets, &c. It is therefore the belief of intelligent natives that the mere fact of the decay and subsidence of vegetable matter will not for centuries have an injurious effect in those Broads in which Nature is left to herself. The *sphagnum* or bog-moss and the tussock (*Carex paniculata*) when left undisturbed, play important parts in the natural reclamation of the Broads; and if assisted by art, it is surprising how rapidly the silting up may be effected. The tussock or hassock—for

they are still cut for and used in some of the Norfolk churches as cushions whereon to kneel—grows to four or five feet in height in some of these places, and is continually adding to its bulk and its height by the fall of its own dead and long grassy leaves. These tussocks cut down and severed laterally with a hay-knife, and their halves placed close together with their convex side downwards, soon grow, adhere together, and make excellent and safe roads across the most boggy and treacherous land, bearing after a season or two even the weight of a loaded cart with no more deflection than would be caused by the same vehicle passing over a slight suspension-bridge. It will be therefore apparent that no fear need exist that the larger and more important acreages of water will—at least for ages to come—be lost to the angler, naturalist, or sportsman; that indeed on the contrary, whilst turf is being cut for fuel, thus increasing the extent of water, such cannot be the case. Moreover there is, since the passing of the Act referred to, an earnest desire on the part of most of their owners to preserve these splendid water-sheds, as they are the peculiar feature of East Anglia, and constitute its principal piscatorial attraction.

No one who is acquainted with the eastern counties can help being struck with what the *Live Stock Journal* has graphically if paradoxically described as 'the oases of waste land' to be found there. In oriental countries the traveller journeys wearily through vast deserts, and is presently gladdened by the appearance of a green spot, which lies like an island in the midst of an ocean of sand. In our eastern counties the precisely opposite is the case; one passes over highly cultivated lands mile after mile, and presently finds a space, inclosed on all sides by stubble or roots, quite bare of any useful product. It is an oasis, an island of waste in the midst of a sea of plenty. And yet such places might be well and profitably utilised for rabbit-breeding, provided that precautionary means could be devised to prevent the animals from intruding upon the cultivated lands. The demand for variety of food in our great cities is now so pressing, that it is hardly possible to bring an overplus of rabbits into the market; and the prices are sufficiently high to remunerate the wholesale breeder. If it would not pay a man to embark in such a speculation entirely, perhaps it might pay a neighbouring agriculturist to add a large warren to his farm. Indeed the suggestion is applicable not only in the eastern counties but in other localities where hundreds of acres are permitted to remain unproductive, when they may be so readily colonised.

We cannot promise the naturalist that ornithological banquet which awaited him in these regions as late as 1848, when Lubbock, in his *Fauna of Norfolk*, prepared us for the disappearance of many birds then not uncommon. Amongst other birds that once frequented those districts were the white-tailed eagle—three of which Mr Lubbock has seen in flight at once—and the golden eagle. Falcons of the buzzard tribe still frequent the district; but a deadly war is waged against them by throwing up small mounds of earth about a yard in height, and taking them with an unbaited trap fixed upon the apex, as they prefer to alight upon these hillocks

rather than the flat ground. It is to be deplored that the cruel and foolish system of killing off our noble birds of prey should be so persistently followed not only in Norfolk but everywhere throughout Great Britain. The damage done on the moor or in the coverts by hawks and falcons—which is after all but nominal—is, in our opinion, quite insufficient to warrant their wholesale destruction; which, besides depriving us of the most beautiful of our feathered tribes, is a wilful violation of the laws that govern Nature's own balance. The great bustard formerly bred in the vicinity of the Broads, and now and then we hear of one being shot. Their nest was made in the depression of the hillocks, or between the rows of spring corn; but the size of the bird rendering it a conspicuous object from a distance, it was seldom allowed to breed. Again it lays but three eggs at most; and as these eggs are becoming of more and more value to the collector, the doom of the bird in its wild state, like that of the falcons, would appear to be sealed. Mr J. E. Harting, in a letter to the writer, says: 'I enjoyed a rare treat in watching the movements of the last great bustard that was seen in Norfolk, of which I gave an account in the *Field* of April 8, 1876 (p. 413).'

The most facile and cheapest way to see the Norfolk rivers and villages on their banks, is to get on board the sailing barges (here locally termed wherries) when leaving any of their extreme destinations on the Bure, Yare, or Waveney; which may be done at a very trifling expense; and then if the master is in a communicative mood, you may learn from him all the history of the waters and of the land as far as the eye can reach. They are usually navigated by two hands, a man and a boy or the wife of the wherryman. For those however, who would be their own masters, there is no difficulty in hiring a lug-sail boat suitable for sailing, fishing, and water-fowling, which could be taken anywhere on these rivers or any of the Broads; there are no locks or impediments, and the tide as far as it runs is very gentle.

Accommodation of a humble and cleanly kind can be obtained at inns on the banks at convenient distances. The tourist might start from Norwich, and after a voyage of sixty miles by the Yare and Bure, visiting Great Yarmouth on the way, find himself on Wroxham Broad, now but a few minutes by rail from his point of departure. At Horning Ferry this class of boats are to be hired, and likewise at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norwich; and for the Waveney, at Beccles you may get a really clean and roomy boat of say five tons, with cabin and beds for four persons, at thirty shillings a week. The man who sails the boat will cook for you, if you do not prefer to do this part of the performance, and he will expect about fourteen or fifteen shillings a week for himself. If this man knows his business—which most of them do thoroughly—you will have but to tell him what extent of time you purpose devoting to the cruise, and he will so apportion the time that your lines shall be cast in pleasant waters, and the greatest repose and leisure passed in the best of the scenery. Those who have gone out in such trips expecting to find all 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' have returned to tell in glowing terms the pleasure and health they have derived from the excursion, and

how they long for a second enjoyment of a like nature. Indeed many gentlemen of fortune keep such yachts purposely for these summer treats alone, and it is surprising the amount of instructive and varied delight they get out of them year after year.

Nothing has been said here of the rich stores which await the archæological student in the various churches, most of which in Norfolk and Suffolk are built in a style of grandeur and amplitude more fitted for cities and towns than villages and hamlets. Well does *Murray* say: 'A tour for the sake of these churches alone will prove one of great interest and enjoyment.' Nor have we made allusion to the folk-lore which is ready to cheer many a winter's evening, if the pike-fisher or fowler has the tact to draw forth the endless supplies with which almost every intelligent native is furnished. Sufficient however, has, it is hoped, been given to induce those who would make themselves better acquainted with their own country, and for whom angling has attractions, to pay a visit to the Broads of East Anglia.

THE COFFEE PUBLIC-HOUSE MOVEMENT.

THE design of the Coffee Public-house movement on the part of an Association is to establish on self-supporting principles public-houses without the sale of intoxicating drinks. With a view to the extension of this movement, a Conference was held on the 21st of June 1877, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster. Papers were read shewing that Coffee Public-houses, when opened in suitable districts and conducted on sound principles, were largely used by working-people, and proved financially successful. The result of the Conference was the formation of the Coffee Public-house Association, the object of which is 'to promote the establishment on self-supporting principles, of public-houses without the sale of intoxicating drinks.' This is now being done by drawing public attention to the subject, by the collection and diffusion of detailed information, and by the formation of a fund to be applied to the establishment and improvement of coffee public-houses, either by making loans upon security at moderate rates of interest, by grants, or by other methods.

The Association aims at making coffee public-houses financially successful. When once it becomes known that these establishments under proper management may and do yield—in every place where they are well conducted—a fair return for the capital invested in them, funds will be forthcoming for the extension of the movement. Besides, money success is a very good test of the amount of benefit conferred on the people who have used coffee public-houses. That the houses pay, is a sign that they are supported; and they are supported because they supply a want in our social system. Coffee public-houses have been established both by individuals and by Companies such as the Coffee Tavern Company, the People's Café Company. The latter appears to be the better of the two plans. A Company if successful, may readily extend its operations, and will not lack funds for the purpose; and it affords an opportunity of aiding this movement to

many persons who would be unable or unwilling to contribute money to a purely charitable undertaking. It is estimated that a coffee public-house consisting of three small floors and kitchens can be established for about three hundred pounds.

In order to appreciate the boon that these institutions might confer on unmarried working-men were lodgings attached to them, we have only to read the words which Miss Nightingale says unmarried men constantly use when speaking to her in workhouse infirmaries. 'I live,' they say, 'in a miserable lodging, where I am not wanted, and may not poke the fire—the definition of a comfortable lodging is to be allowed to poke the fire—or even sit by the fire. I have nowhere to go but to the public-house, nowhere to sit down, often nowhere to take my meals. We young-men lodgers often sleep in one room with two or even three generations of the same family, including young women and girls, unless indeed we can get into the model lodging-houses. Coffee-houses might save us; model lodging-houses might make model men of us; nothing else would. As it is, here we are; and here we shall be, in and out of this same sick ward, "every man-Jack of us," till the last time when we come to die in it.' Comparatively few coffee public-houses yet established contain lodging-rooms; but where this has been done the profit is considerable.

In some London houses, including those of the Coffee Tavern Company, the customers are allowed to bring their own chop or piece of meat to be cooked, and are provided with plate, knife and fork, salt and pepper, for a charge of a halfpenny. Hitherto this accommodation has been provided for working-men only at public-houses; and it is greatly to be desired that coffee public-houses should adopt it. If they do so, they will do much towards stopping a fertile source of intemperance.

Great are the temptations to drink when artisans, whose work is at a distance from home, have no better dining-place than the bar of a gin-palace. They should be encouraged by all means to dine at coffee public-houses, and the provisions sold at these places should be of the best quality, and the prices charged should be as low as is consistent with making the business pay. This is especially the case as regards coffee, tea, and cocoa. It is possible that many of the customers who enter a coffee public-house for the first time may never have tasted a cup of really good coffee in their lives; yet nothing short of thoroughly good coffee or tea will furnish a satisfactory substitute for beer. In the usual run of coffee-houses the coffee, tea, and cocoa are of such poor quality as to contain scarcely any stimulating or nourishing properties. Where this is the case, men crave a stronger liquor, believing they can only get it at the public-house; and women soon find that the weak washy fluid sold under the name of tea, or the weak and rather thick decoction called 'coffee,' does not allay the 'sinking' of which they complain. Yet coffee and tea of excellent quality, good enough to compete with beer or gin, may be sold with a profit at a penny per cup, holding half a pint. In large towns, hot dinners from the joint may be served with advantage where facilities for the purpose exist. The profit directly realised does not correspond with the increase of working expenses, and there is some risk of loss, especially until the trade has

been fully established; but on the other hand, customers are attracted to the house. Cold beef and ham are more easily served, and should, as a general rule, be provided. In some houses, small plates covered with thin slices of beef or ham are sold for from twopence to fourpence, and are largely in demand. In some of the Liverpool coffee public-houses, a room is set apart for women. Men accompanied by their wives may use the women's room, and every encouragement is given to men who may be disposed to bring their wives and children.

Information on this important subject may be obtained from the Coffee Public-house Association, 40 Charing Cross, London. From this source we have ourselves been instructed. The Association has lately offered a prize of two hundred pounds on the following subject: 'The providing of halls or other places of resort and recreation for the working-classes on a scale adequate to their wants; such halls to be freely opened to the public, and the arrangements to include the sale of refreshments, but not of intoxicating drinks, so as to supply the requirements of the people in that respect, and to realise a profit to meet at least the current expenses. By whom may an undertaking of this magnitude be most suitably and effectively carried out, and upon what principle? Can the work best be done by private enterprise or benevolence, or by trustees of a public subscription? Or would it be practicable for municipal or other public funds to be applied to the purpose, either by adaptation of any system now in operation at home or abroad, or otherwise?'

We have quoted from the prospectus of this prize essay, as it well sets forth the problem to be solved by those who aim at establishing houses that shall be 'public-houses' in the best sense of the term. Beer-shops and gin-palaces should generally be called 'publicans' houses, rather than 'public-houses,' for they do not serve the public, but only the pockets of their owners. Let coffee-houses be places where the public may be served instead of hindered, benefited rather than ruined, and let them be established throughout the country. 'One way,' it has been said, 'of getting an idea of our fellow-countrymen's miseries is to go and look at their pleasures.' And indeed our working-people must take their pleasure sally so long as they have no better club-houses than those supplied by the beer-shop.

SONNET.

O NOBLE maid! When daylight sinks to sleep,
And weary waiting bids me close my eyes,
I fear lest gloomy visions may arise,
And drag me down to that unhappy deep
Where Love despairs, and Hopes and Longings weep;
But, ere they come, I reach a land of sighs,
Where sights and sounds are clad in quaintest guise,
And where I hear soft strains of music sweep
Among the shadows to my open ears,
When, out of loving lips I cannot see,
Float tender harmonies to dry my tears—
With wondrous melody which comforts me,
Destroying all the ruins of my fears,
And lulling me to happy dreams of thee.

WM. LAIRD-CLOWES.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 793.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE BANK FAILURES.

THE time has come when some calm consideration can be given to the trial of the directors and manager of the City of Glasgow Bank. The first thing that occurs to us to say is that general dissatisfaction has been expressed regarding the leniency of the sentence, which certainly seems disproportionate to the magnitude of the calamity caused in some shape or other by the wrong-doing of these officials. We were hopeful that on the occasion of the trial, explanations would be offered sufficient to give a connected history of the frauds that had been perpetrated; but in this we were disappointed. We were likewise not without a hope that the panels at the bar would have signified marks of contrition for having contributed to the ruin and misery of thousands of too trustful individuals. Yet, neither from themselves nor by their counsel, was there any such demonstration of feeling. From anything by which an opinion could be formed, they considered themselves to be ill-used. They had no knowledge of the issue of false balance-sheets. The accusation came upon them with surprise. Friends whom they produced to speak as to their character represented them as highly honourable and estimable beings. They were unhappily martyred by a course of events, over which they were powerless. To believe all that was averred, we should be driven to the conclusion that the deceptive documents in question were fabricated by some supernatural agency, of which no proper account could be given. That was very like the general bearing of the defence in this extraordinary trial. Even as regards the prosecution and the summing up of the presiding judge there appeared a singular want of grasp—we might almost say an apologetic tone, strikingly at variance with the crime in which the panels were implicated, and its consequent sorrows and sufferings. The jury took a more rational view of matters. Two of the panels were convicted of fabricating and issuing false balance-sheets, and were condemned to eighteen months' imprison-

ment; the others, five in number, were found guilty of issuing the balance-sheets with a knowledge that they were false, and received sentence of eight months' imprisonment.

The sentence pronounced on the culprits bore little reference, as has been said, to the tremendous catastrophe which they had less or more produced. The argument employed in justification of the amazingly lenient sentence was that the men at the bar had derived no personal benefit from the falsifications; what they did was assumedly for the benefit of the bank—that is, to maintain its credit. The public sense of justice cannot recognise this extenuation. All the persons implicated knew that by the disclosure of the truth, the bank would instantly collapse, and bring ruin upon them individually. Hence, there was a distinct selfishness in keeping up the delusion till the very last. Perhaps a better explanation of the seemingly inadequate sentence would be that the charge of 'falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition,' to which the indictment was ultimately restricted, was not an offence involving any very serious punishment by the law of Scotland—which law is of an old date, and perhaps never contemplated the commission of fraud on a scale so gigantic. If this be the true explanation, it is time the law was amended. Considering the enormity of the offence, we venture to think, that under the sanctions of English law and administration, the result of the trial would have commended itself more to public approbation.

Insufficient as the judgment of the court may appear, it will be enough to shew bank directors and managers in all time coming that something more is expected from them than a perfunctory discharge of their duties. As an example, therefore, the trial must do good. That men, advanced in years, who have hitherto lived in a position of ease and respectability, should be reduced to an utterly impoverished condition, should be marched about by police officers, seated in a dock like the vilest felons, immured in the convict cells of a prison, and consigned to the dishonour attending a decree of conviction before

a high criminal tribunal—are all circumstances which we can imagine will have a salutary effect as a deterrent. The plea of being ignorant of figures or that false balance-sheets were presented for signature will no longer answer. Negligence in the performance of assigned duties may become an unpardonable crime. When the commander of a valuable ship amuses himself playing cards in a dark night, and allows his vessel under imperfect management to drift ashore on a rock-bound coast, he renders himself amenable to justice, and must legally suffer the consequences, no matter what may be his private character. And so must it be when those whose duty it is to conduct a precious financial undertaking leave it, through selfish or fantastic indifference, to go to wreck amidst the breakers.

Such are the ideas which occur in thinking of this momentous trial. It is not for the first time that bank officials have been in the hands of justice, for in the case of the Royal British Bank, a number of years ago, the law was suitably vindicated. Scotland, however, which has naturally enough been proud of its banking system, has been once more reminded that amidst generally excellent management, there will occur, through an extraordinary neglect of correct principles, the most hideous disaster. To say so may be somewhat of a national downcome, but looking to what has taken place, it is best to speak plainly on the subject. In every notable case of bank failure, the ruin has been caused by making large advances of money on imperfect security to persons engaged in pretensions but wild speculations; in other words, the banks went beyond their means, were seduced by weak or evil-minded directors and managers to enter on a dangerous course of business.

In a previous article we specified the failure of the Western Bank, a Glasgow concern, in 1857, by which not only a capital of a million and a half was lost, but a call of fifty-two pounds per share was ultimately made on the unhappy shareholders. All creditors, as we said, were paid in full, but with ruin to hundreds. This was the first memorable break-down of the Scottish banks. Almost immediately, there was a fresh but not quite so serious a crash. It was the failure in 1858 of a concern called the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, which issued notes, and for a time had a lucrative business. The mismanagement was dreadful. The directors imprudently propped up some half-dozen customers of a commonplace description with enormous loans which absorbed available means; as an attempt to sustain the reputation of the bank, they spent nearly sixty-four thousand pounds in 'rigging the market'; they resorted to the practice of borrowing at a heavy percentage; and one way or other, they contrived to throw away upwards of a million of money. All their schemes came to nought. By the failure, when the doors were closed in the summer of 1858, every shilling of the capital was lost, and the only matter for thankfulness was that no call was made on the shareholders. The next formidable break-down, as previously explained, was that of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878. What havoc it has done is before the world; but the amount of private

suffering will never be fully estimated. Here, then, within a space of twenty years three Scottish banks have ignominiously failed, causing an aggregate loss of at least twelve millions of pounds, to say nothing of collateral bankruptcies and the shaking of public credit.

For many reasons, it is to be regretted that at the trial no explicit account was offered of the origin and growth of the difficulties into which the City of Glasgow Bank was irremediably plunged. How did the wrong-doing begin, how was it so long sustained? The final disaster is left without a history. We have only scraps of information, hints here and there. This sterility in the narrative is a serious misfortune, not only as concerns literature, but the public safety. Perhaps the truth may some day come out. Meanwhile, we have only the imperfectly stated fact that a number of years ago, the manager and directors of the bank at that period commenced to make large advances of money on interest, technically 'credits' to several real or pretended mercantile firms, of which Glasgow offers particularly 'smart' examples, who affected to carry on imposing 'transactions' with India, China, and elsewhere.

There can be no objections to any one carrying on what 'transactions' he pleases with his own money; but that simple straightforward way of doing business does not suit the grand order of financiers. Their plan is to depend wholly or nearly so on the loans which they can wheedle out of credulous bank officials, greedy of business which will make a good show of interest in the form of profits, even although the interest runs up beyond all bounds, and eventually becomes a bad debt. These mighty financiers are not your ordinary tribe of schemers. They live in capital style, and knowing what tells best in Glasgow circles, they assume an external garb of religiousness, which would be grotesque if it were not absolutely impious. Whatever be their actual character, they have slight scruple in emptying the coffers of any bank to which they pay their addresses. Possibly, they do not mean to cheat, in the vulgar sense of the word; but their proceedings are unmistakably vicious. Assisted by vast sums of borrowed money, they go like gamblers into the wildest enterprises; or quite as likely go into no enterprises at all, but deal with each other in accommodation bills, which the silly dupes at the bank discount for them. Such may be called the initial aspect of the City of Glasgow Bank frauds. Pursuing the career we have faintly pictured, these marvellous parasites, with their magniloquent talk of transactions, cleared out the bank. When the unfortunate establishment closed its doors, eight customers alone had, according to late accounts, obtained money belonging to the shareholders and depositors amounting to upwards of six millions; while all the other customers put together—men of 'small paper' with no brag about transactions—were indebted little more than two millions, the bulk of which we presume is in course of payment.

The story of ruination would be incomplete were we to omit the strangest fact of all. One or two of the firms that helped to finish the bank were so sated that they relented in their exactions. They intimated a wish to stop borrowing any more, for they felt themselves to be hopelessly

bankrupt. But the manager and directors insisted on their taking fresh credits. And so they were carried on, making the final catastrophe much the greater. There is nothing to match this in fiction. Neither novelists nor dramatists have ever conceived the idea of parasites being coaxed by those thus preyed on to increase the intensity of their onslaughts. The notion of tiding over matters in the hope of something 'turning up' that would set all to rights, may have influenced the credulous officials. If there was a notion of this kind, it was altogether visionary. Things only went from bad to worse.

From all the evidence produced, the impression left on the mind is that the directors and manager of the bank were very unfit for their position. Some of them avowed that they were bad at figures, did not understand accounts. If that be true, why were they there? With one or two exceptions, a maudering imbecility pervaded the lot. Doubtless they had inherited from predecessors a rotten state of affairs, but for insufficient reasons they had knowingly maintained and aggravated the fatal legacy of falsehood. The honest and only right course for them to pursue years ago would have been to close the doors and wind up the concern. The blundering weakness disclosed throughout, not alone in this case, but as regards the other two failures above specified, make it plain that men may be appointed as bank directors who are little better than fools. A more fitting designation for most of them might be ornamental lay-figures, dressed-up dummies. When exposed, as in Glasgow, to a social atmosphere compounded of a spirit of rash speculation along with pharisaic pretences, which seem to cover a multitude of moral imperfections, they serve as convenient instruments to ruin the best financial concerns that could be devised.

Banks conducted on the reckless scale of which there have been several examples, must be acknowledged to be exceedingly mischievous institutions. Having succeeded in establishing themselves, they operate on the capital stock, and then fall upon the deposits. Practically, they are a decoy for gathering money that may be squandered in large sums among a parcel of needy adventurers, who affect to carry on some kind of grand business with foreign parts, and require to be fostered with credits. It is trite to observe that the spending of other people's money on persons of this quality inflicts a serious damage on regular business, and materially aids in bringing on a commercial crisis such as that which the country is now helplessly passing through. In short, the over-inflation of trade through the agency of mis-conducted banks and discount houses, has become one of the notorious evils of the age, and calls for a peremptory check.

On other grounds, we protest with all our might against the scandalous practice of encouraging rash and penniless speculators with copious bank credits. It is a cruel wrong thus to bear down honestly acquired means through the sheer force of loaned capital. It is most unfair towards individuals who, by a course of thrift and industry, have toiled through long years to rear a business on a financially sound basis, and who in the end of the day find themselves outstripped by men who probably never earned a sixpence, but possessed the art of procuring advances of hundreds of thou-

sands of pounds from bankers. Against this miscellaneous tribe of pampered adventurers, the honest part of the business world has no chance. Obviously, crops of speculators are reared, who with nothing to lose, systematically batten on the means which the more soberly disposed in the general community have unsuspectingly placed within their reach. Of course, a time arrives when extravagant lenders and borrowers are overwhelmed in a common ruin. Propped-up firms which should have never been in existence, are seen to topple over by the dozen. Rumours of bankruptcy are heard of on all hands. A sombre feeling broods over the trade of the country. In every dwelling there is the sorrowful feeling of domestic calamity. Anything like festivity or amusement is proscribed as almost sinful, or at least greatly out of place. But what does all this signify to the speculators who have devoured millions of money in their mad or whimsical projects? They go coolly into liquidation, and not a pin the worse, they are ready for a fresh start. Deterioration of character does not count for much. One of Burns's heroes complacently sings: 'Let them prate about decorum who have characters to lose.' The only loss in these catastrophes falls crushingly on the shareholders and depositors whose cash was sunk in the vortex of credits which for a time maintained the deceptive glitter of general prosperity. Who will not say that for these depravities a certain order of bankers—fortunately, they are not all alike—have much to answer for?

By shaking public confidence, the discreditable break-down of the City of Glasgow Bank led to the stoppage of some other banks in Scotland and England. We need only particularise the Caledonian Bank at Inverness, Fenton's Bank at Rochdale, the West of England and South Wales Bank at Bristol, the Cornish Bank, and the Chesterfield and North Derbyshire Bank; the mismanagement of this last concern being on a miniature scale that of the City of Glasgow. Of these various disasters, the one which excited the most sympathy was the Caledonian Bank. Managed prudently, and justly appreciated within the sphere of its operations, it unfortunately possessed four shares in the City of Glasgow Bank, which it had indiscreetly accepted as security for an advance, and this imperilled its capital and resources. To what extent it may be called on as a contributory is not as yet ascertained. Meanwhile this respectable concern suffers a paralysis. We could mourn in agony over the misery which is experienced down into the depths of society by the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank and their families.

The calls made by the liquidators of the bank are unfortunately not limited to those who were shareholders on their own account and had participated in dividends, but have been extended to a large number of individuals who gratuitously acted as trustees for the benefit of widows and children under specific settlements. The extreme hardship of making trustees liable as contributories, has invoked much sympathy, and at once suggests the painful reflection, that in future few persons will accept the position of a trustee in administering the estate of a deceased friend. Certainly, it will henceforth behove trustees for their own safety to

see that none of the property placed under their charge consists of shares in banks of unlimited liability. In determining the degree of responsibility of trustees registered in the books of the City of Glasgow Bank, the First Division of the Court of Session has laboured with an energy and soundness of judgment that claim the highest praise. If the decisions have not in all cases commanded private or public approval, the state of the law is at fault, and will require attention. No *ex post facto* law, however, could mitigate the sufferings of those who by existing circumstances are liable as contributories.

The effects of the failure of the bank, whether as regards ordinary shareholders or representative trustees, can be but faintly pictured by persons at a distance. The Relief Fund formed by public subscription to succour the women, children, and others who have been stripped of their all, according to the latest reports amounts to about three hundred and seventy thousand pounds. It is to be regretted that some well-meaning but inconsiderate individuals projected the raising several millions by means of a lottery for the benefit of the shareholders. As might have been foreseen, this essentially demoralising project was so repugnant to public feeling, and so objectionable on the score of illegality, that it was very properly abandoned.* A more recent and more reputable project is that of a joint-stock company, entitled the 'City of Glasgow Bank Aid Association (Limited),' with a capital of a million in ten-pound shares, and whose object is to purchase the assets and obligations of the bank at a discount, with the view of dealing in them in such a way as to afford relief to the shareholders. Of the probable success of this benevolent scheme it would be premature to speak. Much information is yet required. Until the period we write (middle of February), no statement of any practical value has been offered respecting the varied assets of the bank, nor of the amount of shortcoming after payment of the first call. No one can tell who are the creditors or the precise nature of their claims; neither are there any trustworthy explanations concerning the parties who will be held legally responsible as debtors should the present contributories fail in discharging their obligations. For example, in such a contingency, what is to be the position of the shareholders of the Caledonian Bank, and also of those who held shares in the City of Glasgow Bank any time during the twelve months previous to its stoppage, but sold out before that event? On these and some other points, satisfactory information is required, and perhaps in due course it will be given by the liquidators, in whom every confidence is reposed.

In concluding our former article on the subject we pointed out that the blame of these terrible bank disasters rests primarily on the shareholders, who usually, so long as they are buoyed up with a good dividend, give themselves little trouble in looking into the proceedings of directors or in analysing balance-sheets. Yet, as matters exist, shareholders are awkwardly situated. Unless they were to take a stand *en masse*, which might

seriously injure or bring down the concern, they could perhaps be outvoted by proxies held by the directors, and any challenge of mismanagement would be unavailing. It is therefore important, as has been suggested, that shareholders and creditors generally ought in the first place to look carefully to the character and social surroundings of directors. If there be a suspicion of things being amiss in that quarter, let no one have anything to do with the bank, whether as shareholders or depositors. Let it be shunned as if it were the plague. We fear, however, on looking to the ignorance and carelessness that prevail in spite of all admonitions, and also to the easy way in which people are apt to be imposed on, that to put matters on a satisfactory footing, it will be necessary for legislation to interpose some decisive checks on the management of banks in every part of the United Kingdom; at least to the extent of authoritatively auditing balance-sheets, and ascertaining the actual amount of valid securities that are held. After what has taken place, and also after observing the unsatisfactory meagreness of detail in most annual bank-statements, such a degree of wholesome interference could hardly be complained of. The law appoints officers of health to prevent the adulteration of food, why may it not try to prevent the fraudulent adulteration of balance-sheets? The public, we think, are prepared to support any well-considered measure for effecting a comprehensive Reform in Banking.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XIII.—BAFFLED.

THE superintendent of the Treport police, tall, stolid, and angular, a man who was stiff enough of gait and bearing to have been mistaken for some curious automaton neatly turned by the lathe and animated by clock-work, looked at Hugh, and Hugh looked at him.

'This won't do, you know,' said the officer, with a shake of the head that was meant to be sagacious; and Hugh Ashton assented by a cordial nod, albeit he began to fear that the superintendent's inopportune appearance on the scene had for ever dried up the sluggishly flowing springs of Mr Treloar's communicativeness. He was himself half-inclined to be angry with this lineal descendant of Dogberry, whose starched manners and brusque address had checked the welcome revelation that had seemed to be trembling on the lips of Giles Treloar, licensed beer-seller. But after all, the wooden official was merely doing his duty in a wooden way, and it would be unreasonable to expect a tiny townette such as Treport to engage as the chief of its police a man of tact as well as energy.

'This won't do!' repeated the superintendent, encouraged by Hugh's nod; and then he marched double-quick to the door, as rigidly erect as though he had been a soldier advancing under fire, and knocked smartly on the blistered panels. 'This won't do, Mr Treloar!' he said in peremptory tones. 'It's the authorities; and you are a publican, you are, and I will come in.'

From the interior of the dismal dwelling, Mr Treloar, emboldened by the impregnability of his barred and bolted door, and fully imbued with the constitutional doctrine that an Englishman's house

* In a future paper, we shall more fully refer to this abortive proposal, and take the opportunity of offering some personal recollections of the State Lotteries in the earlier part of the present century, with their attendant domestic ruin and general demoralisation.

is his castle, was heard, like an imprisoned Titan the worse for liquor, to howl forth hideous imprecations on the besiegers, coupled with direful threats as to the anatomical inconveniences to which those misguided persons should be put, in case the baiting process were longer continued. And from broken casements above, grim heads, male and female, were thrust forth to peer at the intruders, and there were mutterings of bad language, as if all Alsatia were about to break loose.

'This won't do!' repeated the superintendent—repetition has been a trick of dull people from Queen Anne downwards; but when he had promulgated the opinion that it would not do, he was fairly at a nonplus. There are things unusual and things illegal, to which, at times and under the pressure of necessity, even a superintendent in braided surtout, and with eight helmeted constables and a bestriped sergeant at his orders, must submit. Giles Treloar was clearly in the wrong. He had that shadowy but formidable impersonation the Law against him. He could, by a competent authority, be fined all sorts of sums for all sorts of things—for profane swearing, which is an expensive vice, and costs the swearer five shillings, if strictly dealt with, per oath—for keeping a disorderly house, and for refusing admittance to the police.

But for the moment Giles Treloar, landlord of sturdy beggars and patron of mendicants, tramps, malingerers, impostors, and propping Abram-men, as the old statute used to call them, was practically victorious. His house *was* his castle. The superintendent, who had nothing but moral force to back him, turned with disgust to Hugh. 'He be a bitter bad one!' said the superintendent, sacrificing grammar for the sake of emphasis; 'that he be! But there's a Licensing Day!' he added triumphantly, as anticipating the happy moment when Giles Treloar's signboard should be wrenched from the rusty nails that held it, and one ruffian the less should sell adulterated beer to Her Majesty's liege subjects.

But this was cold comfort to Hugh Ashton, who had no insulted authority to vindicate, and who cared nothing as to the future chastisement that might await the gipsy's host, if once he himself could gain an inkling of the gipsy's whereabouts.

'I don't see,' said the superintendent, in dudgeon, 'what we have to stop for.' In his professional anger, he seemed to include Hugh with himself, probably considering the young commander of the *Western Maid* as a fellow-sufferer from the contumacy of Giles the mutineer. Hugh assented; and the two invaders of the blissful demesne of Mr Treloar retreated together from within the rotten paling, much derided by the squalid outlookers from the shattered windows.

'I'll draw up a proper statement; I'll punish him properly. Half their worships, anyhow, will back the police; and if Squire Robsart's gout'—

Thus much of the superintendent's speech Hugh did hear, but the rest was lost to him, and he had trouble enough to induce his irate companion to speak on any other subject than the misdeeds of peccant Giles Treloar.

'A tramps' house, that gives me more trouble than any crib in our limits,' said the fuming chief of the police. 'How the justices ever came to grant the beer license, I can't think, though they

did refuse the spirits. But he's a bad lot, that Treloar—a bad lot. Was up in London, and in the ring; no real prize-fighter, but one of those that sell a fight, drop at every blow, and betray the flats who bet upon them, for a brace of sovs, sometimes. Been for short terms maintained at Her Majesty's cost. Wish it had been for long terms.—You're no Cornishman, I see sir, any more than myself.'

'I have hardly been three days in Cornwall. I come from Wales, though not a Welshman born; and I command a steamer here, the *Western Maid*,' rejoined Hugh, smiling; 'thanks to my kind friend Lady Larpent.'

'Then, Captain, I have heard of you,' said the superintendent, putting, in military fashion, two stiff fingers stiffly up to his hard hat. 'And I wish to be civil, I am sure, to a friend of Lady Larpent's. She was sharp with me to-day, she was; but then my Lady—I don't mind saying in confidence to you—has a temper. And "dolt" is a strong expression. A lady of property and influence hasn't need to pick her words, of course, but "dolt" is a strong expression.'

Lady Larpent's vivacity of language evidently rankled in the policeman's mind, and the more so that he felt a sense of injury in the very fact that an inmate of Llosthuel Court should have been subjected to violence or threats.

'You see,' said the superintendent, becoming confidential, 'this is a queer county, and has got its ways. That people thieve a bit, I can't deny. But sober, that they are, right sober. A drink of milk, and a sermon in chapel, and a hymn, and there you have your Cornishman! He don't get intoxicated and obstruct thoroughfares, not he. The worst of the tramps don't go west of Plymouth. It's wonderful! violence on the Queen's high-road here; and it took Ghost Nan or Gipsy Nan to offer it.'

'I saw the person of whom you speak this morning. I interfered, indeed, to protect Miss Stanhope, Lady Larpent's niece as I understand, from her wild talk and furious gestures. Do you know where she comes from, or who she is, Mr Superintendent?'

'The police generally know something about these waggabones,' replied the official consequentially; 'but, Captain Ashton, I do not know as much as I could wish about the party in question, or she should see, not for the first time, what the inside of Bodmin Jail looks like. A previous conviction does tell, somehow, with the bench.'

There was not much that was definite to be extracted from the chief of the local constabulary with reference to the antecedents or habits of Ghost Nan. It was a year or more since she had visited Treport. She was justly regarded as a woman of desperate character, and if not mad, was at all events not far removed from the borderline of insanity. She had been in prisons and in asylums, and was rumoured to have been a thorn in the flesh and a vexation to the spirit of constituted authorities in every shire of the West. Where she came from, nobody knew. There were some who believed her not to be really a gipsy, though she gained her livelihood for the most part as gipsies do, by telling fortunes to silly servant-maids. Fortune-telling being too precarious a profession on which to rely alone, Ghost Nan was supposed to eke out the profits of her

pretended knowledge of the future by various light-fingered practices, such as the stealing of linen left to dry, the uttering of leaden shillings and bad half-crowns, and an occasional raid on a hen-roost.

Where the vagrant now was, the superintendent of the Treport police confessed to be a riddle beyond his solving. From information he had received, he said—employing the formula dear to the uniformed protectors of our social order—she had not left the town by the London Road, or the Land's End Road, or the road leading to Carstow Churchtown. Constables on their beats had been able to tell their superior that much. On the other hand, there were lanes, such as Holloway itself, by which the wanderer could easily have quitted Treport unseen and unchallenged. A person 'known to the police,' and whom uncharitable neighbours eyed askance and described as a common informer, whom the superintendent had consulted, and from whom he had learned that Ghost Nan was of late a guest at Mr Treloar's ill-savoured hostelry, had added the further tidings: 'She's flitted, though;' and the superintendent had scarcely expected to find the bird of prey he sought, still in its temporary nest at Giles Treloar's.

It was getting to be twilight when Hugh parted from his new acquaintance at the corner of the quay, and went on board his vessel, lying at her moorings. There was routine work to be done there, dull but necessary—the inspection of ropes and sails, of cables and coal-bunkers, the stowing away of stores, and a consultation with Long Michael as to the morrow's labours. Hugh had not come down to Treport to eat the bread of idleness, and he was anxious to be afloat and busy. 'Quite right, Cap.,' said the mate cheerfully. 'We're not likely to sit with our hands folded, not we, now there's a spell of calm, and lots of big ships waiting for a breeze until they're tired of it, and so signal for a tug. And when weather comes later, we'll have the salvage to keep us alive,' added the honest fellow, himself as soft-hearted as a woman, but who had learned from childhood to regard wrecks as a legitimate source of profit to those who toiled to save life gratis, and property for a reward. But all this time Hugh had an uneasy feeling that he had let slip an opportunity which might never recur, of effecting the object to which, beside his father's grave at Bala, he had vowed to devote the best energies of his life.

MONT DORE:

A FRENCH SANATORIUM.

To those who suffer from pulmonary complaints, the following article descriptive of a Sanatorium in France, will be of peculiar interest. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for the paper, is well known to us, and as he writes from personal experience, his statements may be relied on as authentic in every particular.

After suffering from a chest complaint for several years, and deriving little or no benefit from ordinary prescriptions, I went, by the advice of a Swiss physician, to the mineral springs of Mont Dore, in Auvergne, a central part of France, noted for its volcanic mountains, but from which all volcanic activity has long since ceased. Mont

Dore is situated some three thousand feet above the sea, in the highest part of the valley of the Dordogne. The Pic-de-Sancy, six thousand feet high, closes the valley to the south. There are other hardly less famous springs of a similar character in the neighbourhood, as those of Bourboule, lower down the valley, which are strongly arsenical, and are resorted to by scrofulous patients; and those of Royat, nearer to Clermont. The scenery of the district resembles that of Derbyshire, but is on a much larger scale, more picturesque, the mountains more peaked, and the ravines more precipitous. There is consequently abundant ground for the recreation of tourists and the more healthy companions of invalids who are unable to come here unattended. This is really an important consideration, as it would enable English patients to come here in the holiday month of August—one of the best for the cure—in company of friends to whom healthful out-of-door enjoyment at that season is indispensable.

The mineral waters are of very ancient celebrity. They were made use of by the Gauls many centuries before the coming of the Romans, as was demonstrated in 1823 by excavations made beneath the constructions of the latter. The Romans formed a considerable thermal establishment at Mont Dore; and the magnificence of some of their edifices is attested to this day by many fine architectural fragments collected in the little park of the village; nor did they leave their gods behind them, or fail to erect their altars and temples. That such constructions should have been made in a place which can be resorted to with safety only in the short interval between the middle of June and the middle of September, proves the high estimation in which the waters were held. In winter, the country is buried in snow for six months, and spring and autumn are little more than names. The waters rise from the basaltic rock, of which there are some splendid specimens in the vicinity. On the coach road from Clermont there is a specially fine mountain of pure basaltic columns from base to summit. It is by the angles of these columns that the water is supposed to rise in fine threads till it finds its way gradually to some freer outlet. There are in all eight sources, in two of which the water is cold, and is used for bottling for exportation; the others have a temperature of one hundred and three to one hundred and six degrees Fahrenheit. Of the warm springs, the Madeleine, or as it is also called the Bertrand—from the celebrated doctor of that name, whose investigations did so much to reduce to a scientific course the use of the waters—is the most important, from the quantity it discharges—not less than one hundred imperial quarts per minute. But the source that is for various reasons the most interesting is the Cæsar. You ascend to it from the top of the building under which the other springs issue, and you have before you, under the sloping columns of the projecting basalt, a small door in the rock surmounted by a cornice of Roman construction. On entering, you find yourself in a circular vaulted chamber some three paces in diameter, also of Roman architecture, of which the closely cemented stones are as perfect as on the day they were laid. Through a square opening in the floor the water bubbles up in a troubled manner into a small circular stone basin, now concealed below the pavement—the

very bath in which some Roman Cæsar may have bathed. A good deal of carbonic acid gas is given off in the steam of the water, and a lighted match is instantly extinguished by it.

Here at Mont Dore we have a perennial Bethesda Pool, which a beneficent Power has kept ever flowing two thousand years or more; and all that is wanted is, as in the original Bethesda, some one with knowledge to put the sufferers into it.

We will now pass on to the last and the really important part of this description, *the method of the cure*. It may be proper to observe here, that although the treatment of pulmonary affections is the only one described, the Mont Dore waters are not less efficacious for many others, such as rheumatism, paralysis, internal complaints, chlorosis, scrofula, anæmia, and affections of the joints. For the treatment of these there are, besides the baths, various kinds of douches. But how about that citadel of pulmonary disease, the secret cell of the lung itself, and the attenuated bronchial tube? How shall the healing properties of the water be made to enter these? Or as a preliminary question, it may be asked, have the waters really any properties that are healing when brought into contact by any contrivance with these diseased surfaces? The latter question is of course the one which we desire to have first answered; and the merit of first asking and then answering it is due to Dr Michel Bertrand (in 1823), after whom the principal spring is now gratefully surnamed. He answered it by the best of all answers, the practical one; he made the waters enter the lung-cells and the bronchial tubes by introducing the patients into a room filled with vapour from the waters artificially heated; and the results settled the question. And yet it was not thoroughly settled; the answer was an empirical one, and science requires something more. Patients were always grumbling and doubting, and they said: 'We don't believe there are any mineral properties in this steam; it is mere aqueous vapour.' But chemical analysis was equal to the occasion; and the labours of Dr Pierre Bertrand in 1850 and Dr Thenard in 1851 placed it beyond all further doubt that the vapour contains all the principal constituents of the water. These results were subsequently confirmed by Monsieur Lefort, who adds that the waters of Mont Dore are in conditions the most favourable for yielding up to the aqueous vapour the larger part of the arseniate of soda which constitutes the main element of their curative properties.

But no description of Mont Dore would be complete without some account of the actual process of the treatment. This, though relieved by a certain picturesqueness, is not a little fatiguing, and needs to be pursued under good advice and inspection. The patient is fetched out of bed at one of the small hours of the morning, as the doctor may advise, or as he may be fortunate in securing his turn for the use of the baths. For bathing, the establishment is open at two; and for inhalation and the use of pulverised water, at three o'clock. From this up to eight or nine, the little square of the village, of which the thermal establishments form two sides, is alive with small wooden boxes or sedans carried by two porters, and with the more hardy patients hurrying to and fro in the strange costume appropriate for the

purpose. This consists of flannel pantaloons with feet to them, which you thrust into wooden sabots; a flannel waistcoat, a flannel capote with a hood to it, and as many other external wraps as you may think necessary for the transit.

When brought out, you must not loiter to yawn or rub your eyes. The porters have no time to wait. It is their harvest season, and they have twenty other courses to run. You plunge into your pantaloons, then into your sabots, and then pitch on as well as you can your other wraps, tumble down the stairs, are slammed into your sedan, and are hurried off at a trot, like some horrid thing rapidly to be got rid of, to the bath-house. The early hour, the dim light, the smallness and roughness of the box which confines you, and the feeling that for the time you have lost all control over your own movements, give you at first a strange feeling, half awe half amusement. You are to undergo something you have never undergone before. You wonder perhaps if it was in this way *lettres de cachet* for the Bastille were served, or victims of the inquisition, or objects of suspicion in a Turkish seraglio on their way to the Bosphorus. But the hotels are all so closely clustered round the baths that you have but little time for such horrid dreams. Your sedan is stopped at the spring for your first draught of water; and then you are hurried to the Salle d'Aspiration, and let out into a sort of vestry or anteroom, where you leave your wraps, and at once enter the vapour-room. The iron door is slammed behind you with a jar which implies that it is to be kept shut, and that you are a prisoner.

A prisoner you are. You see yourself—and at first, for the steam, you see little else—in the company of some eighty or a hundred convicts, all in costume of flannel pantaloons, flannel waistcoat, and sabots. Each must undergo his allotted term, not, as under the beneficent arrangements of Portland or Dartmoor, with the pleasing prospect of its being shortened, but with the dismal certainty of its being gradually prolonged till it has reached the full stretch of endurance which your case requires. The temperature is about ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and the side-rooms are a trifle cooler. There are a few chairs down the centre of the rooms; but the majority of the patients walk round and round in twos and threes, all in one direction, as if this were part of their sentence, the space being too limited for erratic movements. The various physicians enter from time to time and exchange a few words with their patients. Through a small glazed aperture, the clock outside is visible; and from time to time as the patients tire, they consult it, and few care to prolong their appointed time. When it is up, you quickly change your wet flannel, put on your wraps—now more than ever necessary—seize the first empty sedan, take your second draught at the spring, and then home to bed.

Here follows the pleasantest part of the process. Jeanette stands ready by the chamber-door warming-pan in hand. Jeanette never fails. It is Jeanette's harvest-time also, poor thing! and her warming-pan would not, I hope, be too large for the sous that it brings her during the season. Do not laugh, reader, at my getting warm on the subject, or speak disrespectfully of warming-pans till you have tried the cure at Mont Dore; and then I am

sure you won't do so. The process at the baths, the temperature, the load of flannels, the din of voices, and the tramp of sabots on the stone pavement, and the final jolting home, with the pull up-stairs, to a person, remember, 'with bellows to mend,' leave barely strength enough to step into bed. But then, as your feet reach the warm place prepared for them by Jeanette, a new life seems to flow through your veins, and you feel very grateful. To return to the treatment yet to be undergone. After being thus made a muffin of for a time, longer or shorter according to your hour for being fetched out, you get up to a French déjeuner of six or seven courses at the early hour of ten or half-past, having, as I was nearly forgetting to say, drunk your third glass of water. After this, in the afternoon, still a little more water, and a foot-bath of six or seven minutes in the water of the spring, as it flows hot and fresh from the rock, and you are finished for the day.

The treatment, though fatiguing, is invigorating and appetising. You rise with fresh alacrity every morning till the twenty days, which is the extreme limit, or some shorter time, is completed, by which, if not 'cured,' you are at anyrate sufficiently 'pickled.'

For incipient stages of pulmonary disease there can be no doubt of perfect cures being frequently effected. For old and chronic cases, great and durable effects are produced, though in almost all a second or third visit is desirable. Many persons of both sexes who suffer from bronchial irritation visit the springs every year, finding it an agreeable way of spending a hot three weeks of the summer, whilst they lay up strength for the winter.

I have not pretended to speak of other than pulmonary affections; but for these I should be glad to make it known that at Mont Dore there is a perennial Pool of Bethesda.

THAT DAY ON INNISMORE.

CHAPTER III.—'THAT'S THE POLLEGLASHAN.'

AND now I had leisure to consider what I should say to Clara were I so fortunate as to be able to speak with her alone. At anyrate I would declare my love. A little while before, the very thought of making such a declaration would have filled me with trepidation; but somehow the last few days had wrought a change in me. I knew that now I should not hesitate or want for words to express my feelings. I should be eloquent enough; for was it not a matter to me of life and death—nay it was more. It was on the one hand a life of happiness the greatest that I could imagine, and on the other a life without a purpose or a hope—a life that seemed to be worse than death! But then would it be enough merely to confess my love and ask for Clara's in return? I was about to be absent for years; should I not therefore urge her to give me some pledge? Might I not ask her to kneel down with me under the open heaven and vow that while life lasted, we would be faithful to one another?

I knew Clara well. Soft and gentle as she was, she had a high spirit, with plenty of courage and determination when required. I had seen her tried more than once; and I felt sure that if she indeed cared for me, as I hoped, anything she thought right and for our happiness she would do.

And now another and a most painful thought began to occupy my mind. I had joined the regiment I was at present attached to about three months before. How a commission in it happened to be offered to me at the time, I had never clearly understood; but as I considered the matter, an unguarded expression of my aunt's that I chanced to recollect, gave me some ground to suspect that Major Barrett being aware that this regiment would be ordered for foreign service, had had some hand in arranging my appointment. And now his lengthened stay at Killalla Castle began to appear in a new light. Suppose that he had divined how matters stood between Clara and me, and that he considered me a rival worth removing, and so had contrived that I should join a regiment going to India; then certainly it was to be expected that he should do his best to prevent a declaration of love on my part, which he of course foresaw I should naturally under the circumstances desire to make, and which my aunt unaided would hardly be able to hinder.

It was with such thoughts in my mind that I steered the *Fairy* round the magnificent cliffs on the south-east extremity of Innismore, fully determined to do all that lay in my power to bring about an understanding with my cousin, to neglect no opportunity that should occur, and to push to the very utmost any advantage that fortune should offer.

We were first to go to see the caves by water, and then to lunch upon the island. My hope was that I should be able to get Clara to come with me in my boat, and then the rest would be easy. But to succeed in this I must reach the South Cove, the only anchorage, as soon as the *Vampire*. For the last hour I had seen nothing of Major Barrett's yacht, the island being between us. It was therefore with considerable suspense that I waited as the *Fairy* stole round Skart Head, the high point of rock that concealed the bay. The cliffs at each side of the little harbour, the only one, such as it is, which the island possesses, were too high to allow a yacht's masts to be seen above them. As I then rounded the point, I cast an anxious glance in front. No sign of the *Vampire*. 'Alas,' I thought, 'after all she must have beaten us, and be in the bay.' Another moment and the bay itself was opened out. But no! She was not there. And then as the helm was put down, and we glided up into the cove and the anchor was let go, I turned round just in time to see the *Vampire's* bowsprit appearing beyond the wall-like cliff on the left hand of the bay.

So far Fortune had stood my friend; and now a conjunction of circumstances very trifling in themselves, but, as it soon turned out, important enough in their consequences, gave me another advantage. The light breeze of the morning was dying away; for the last half-hour it had been fitful and uncertain, and now the water had become like glass, with here and there a ruffled patch upon its surface. The sea along the rocks was rising and falling with so gentle a motion that no white and broken water could be seen. It was a rare opportunity, and no time was to be lost.

I had pulled over to the *Vampire*, already surrounded by a number of *currachs*—light boats of wicker-work, which are common round the rocky coasts of the north and west of Ireland. Major

Barrett was generally, as I have said, courteous in his manner; but on this occasion something must have occurred to ruffle his temper. I imagine that he had during the morning perceived some slight change in my cousin's manner towards himself, or Clara's evident pleasure at the *Fairy's* success had annoyed him. Whatever might be the cause, he was now, in a rude and dictatorial manner, ordering the Innismore fishermen to begone about their business. Some of the party had already got into the boat at the schooner's side. Mrs Vance had gone down to the cabin, to give some direction, I believe, about having lunch ready for us on the island on our return. Seeing my opportunity, I stepped quickly into one of the *curraghs*, which belonged to a handsome white-haired old man, took the after-sculls, and called to Clara, who was looking over the yacht's side, to come with me.

'You know,' I said, 'that you promised it should be my turn next; and besides you will be able to see the caves much better in this than in an ordinary boat.'

Major Barrett attempted to interfere.

'Keep that *curragh* off the side!' he cried.—'Miss Vance, you must not think of trusting yourself in that dangerous thing; it's certain to upset.'

'Oh,' Clara replied, as she stepped quickly down the ladder and seated herself in the *curragh*, 'I am well accustomed to these boats, and not the least afraid.'

Mrs Vance, who now appeared on deck, was displeased, I could see, at what had happened; but as it was too late to interfere, she thought it better, I suppose, to make no objections; so she contented herself with begging Major Barrett to keep his boat close to us, as she professed to have some fears for our safety.

And now we left the yachts, and rowed round the south end of the island and up along its eastern side. I made several attempts to put a space between ourselves and the boat, at one time delaying to examine some cave, at another taking the *curragh* through some narrow passage under overhanging cliffs, or between the fantastic fragments and pinnacles of rock that stood up out of the sea on every side; but the schooner's boat, steered by Major Barrett, was always at our side. On one occasion, as we had turned quickly round an angle of rock, I had been able to whisper to Clara a request that she would allow me to see her alone that day, if but for a moment. There was however, no time for me to receive an answer; still, though she became grave and silent, I saw that there was no trace of displeasure on her face, and I knew I had her leave to do as I desired. So closely were we watched by Mrs Vance and my rival, that though now fully resolved as to my course, I began to fear that my success so far was after all to be in vain. But just then the old man who was rowing us, said: 'I beg your pardon sir, for speaking; but I knew your uncle, Mr Vance, well, and'—with a glance over at Major Barrett—'a kind man and a gentleman he was to everybody, and so are all of the same stock. And if you will forgive me for saying it, I'm thinking that the Pollglashan is just the place that you and the young lady would like to see. It's nigh the Giant's Cave; and if old Morris is not far wrong, you and the lady would like it even better; though they tell me

that the Giant's Cave is the finest that this or any other island can shew.'

There was a sharp intelligent look in the old man's face as he spoke, that left me pretty certain that his words were meant to convey more than met the ear.

So I asked him where this Pollglashan was.

'It's few,' he replied, 'that don't belong to the island that have ever seen it; but I'll take you to it, if the lady likes; only if I was in your place sir, I'd not hurry; there will be water enough this half-hour.' Then after a moment's pause, as we got a little farther from the boat, he said in a low voice, but so that I could hear distinctly; 'Water enough at least for a *curragh*.'

'Well Morris,' I answered, 'you know all about it; and the lady and I will trust ourselves to you.'

No more was said. Half an hour soon went by, as we made our way through archways and narrow passages, and among strangely shaped fragments of rock, which resembled the spires and towers of some giant city that the waters had submerged. And then at length we entered the Giant's Cave itself. Preoccupied as my mind was, it was nevertheless impossible not to be filled with admiration by the spectacle which the cave presented. We had entered by a narrow passage, and had come suddenly into what seemed a vast hall, with openings off it in every direction, through many of which the light from outside streamed in. The hall itself was of great width and height. The roof was supported by pillars rising up out of the water, which were built as if they had been the work of human artificers, the square blocks of stone resting horizontally on one another, and shaped and dressed as if by a stone-mason's chisel. As these pillars rose up near the roof, they spread out in arches on every side, larger and still larger slabs being built upon them, till at length the massive roof itself was resting on them. Far up above us there was a large opening to the sky, like a dome, through which the light poured down upon the walls and pillars of this strange chamber, lichen-coloured in patches of rich green and brown and gold. Along the walls below the water-line, but not upon the bases of the pillars, a smooth pink enamel like coral had been deposited; and down in the green depth below, the large polished stones formed what seemed to be a tessellated pavement. It was as if in bygone ages the sea had flowed in upon some grand cathedral, and that we, as we moved here and there, were floating amongst its pillars midway between the pavement and the groined roof. So engrossed was I with the strange sight, that it was with a start that I heard Morris say: 'That's the Pollglashan,' as he pointed to something in the darkness behind us. 'And do you see the white line shewing above the water on that pillar?' he continued. 'There's bare four inches on the black stone now. It's time to go, if you are ready, sir.'

A slight inclination of the head gave my answer, and the *curragh* began to move in the direction that Morris indicated. We had turned so quickly and noiselessly that, in the dim light, what we were doing was not noticed; and in a moment more the gentle pressure of the sculls had sent the *curragh* into the darkness. And now, on looking back, we could see the Major's boat with the weird light of the cave upon it, every person in it, and

every movement they made, distinctly visible; we ourselves unseen.

At that moment we were missed. And we could see the faces of our friends as they peered into the darkness on this side and that.

'Hullo! where's the *curragh*?' shouted Major Barrett.

'Harry! where are you?' cried Mrs Vance.

'You had best answer, sir,' said Morris.

'We are here all right,' I called out. 'Going to inspect one of the entrances. We have not upset.'

Owing however, to the strange echoes of the cavern, the other party seemed still uncertain in what direction we had gone. Just then Morris, after giving one strong pull, laid his oars in, and we shot into one of a number of openings in the side of the cave, low and narrow, and as dark as night.

'There's many ways about this cave,' said our boatman in a low voice, as with his hands stretched out to the rocks on each side of the narrow passage, he pushed our boat along through the darkness. 'They can get out of where *they* are safe enough; but to find us they will need the help of some of those boys the gentleman spoke so pleasant to a while back; and to follow us is what no boat like that can. There! we're over the black stone, sure enough,' said Morris, as I felt the *curragh* just touch something beneath the water; then a moment after a dim light appeared in front. Suddenly the passage took a sharp turn to the left, and we perceived that we had entered a lofty cave, whose mouth opened above high-water mark, upon the sand.

CHAPTER IV.—MORRIS PROPOUNDS A PLAN.

Leaving Morris in the *curragh*, Clara and I ascended the shelving beach. And on coming out of the cave into the daylight we found ourselves in an irregular shaped grassy inclosure, walled in on all sides by overhanging precipices. There were several other caves opening into this strange inclosure very like the one we had entered it by. But unless it might be through one of these, there seemed to be no means of communication with the sea outside or the land above. We were alone, and free from all danger of being interrupted. And there, in that strange and lonely spot, surrounded by the wild crags of Innismore, I told Clara that I loved her, and heard from her the sweet confession that she loved me in return. Indeed, I had long understood, or at anyrate hoped that I understood, the feelings of my cousin towards myself; but it had been the conduct of Major Barrett and his evident design upon her hand that had opened her eyes to the true nature of her regard for me; and she told me that it had been since his coming to the castle that she had determined she should never marry, unless, perhaps, I should ask her.

Then she promised, as the tears dimmed her eyes and her voice was choked with sobs, that neither my absence, however long it might be, nor entreaties nor threats from any one, should make her forget me, or break the promise she now gave me. And then she begged me to take her back to Mrs Vance and the rest of the party. This, I was about to do, when the resolution of the morning came into my mind, and with it a presentiment

that if I did not make the very most of this opportunity, I should have cause to regret it afterwards. I therefore delayed, in order to propose to Clara to take some decided step. I reminded her of the power and determination of those who were opposed to us. I pointed out to her that the very fact that we had with such difficulty contrived even to speak to one another, shewed that our wishes or our happiness would be but little considered.

'Will you not,' I urged, 'allow me to go openly and demand your hand from Mrs Vance? And if I should be refused, then,' I added, 'think how well and how long we have known each other; think of the cruel conspiracy now made to separate us. By what right,' I exclaimed, 'does this stranger thrust himself between us, and try to take you from me? Has he known you as I have? Has he thought of or cared for you as I have? Can he ever love and cherish you as I shall do? O Clara! why not escape with me from those who are bent on making our lives miserable, and put it out of their power to do us so terrible an injury?'

'Harry!' she said, looking, I remember to have noticed at the time, very pale but quite calm, 'do not ask me to do that. I love you with all my heart, indeed I do; but I could not bear to run away, even with you, from my father's house. Still I will do anything you ask—even that, if you bid me—for I have no one in the world but you now to trust; but oh, don't ask that while there is anything else possible. See! why should we not wait, even for a few years? I will pledge myself to you in whatever way you like; anything to make you happy while you are away from us; only don't bid me do what I know would break my father's heart, were he alive.'

I could not urge her further; and so, after a few minutes, when her agitation had passed away, and the colour was again upon her cheek and a happy light in her blue eyes, we went in search of Morris, that we might rejoin the party. We found him where we had left him; but as soon as we spoke of going back, he told us that it was now impossible to get across the black stone, and that we should have to wait until the tide rose again. And we then found that short as the time had seemed to us, we had been an hour away. Morris told us moreover, that when we left him he had gone back to the mouth of the narrow entrance, and had seen the boat searching for us in the cave, but unable to make out by which of the many passages we had disappeared. That Major Barrett had then gone outside, to see if we were there, but had returned; and that he had heard him say that it would be best to get a guide. That then, as the water was getting very low, he had been obliged to return, and that while waiting for us, he had heard the sound of voices for a time, but that he thought the boat must now have left the cave.

Then Morris continued: 'It will be two hours yet before the tide will be high enough for us to get out of this the way we came; and I am greatly afraid it won't be that way we'll get out this day. The sea is getting up fast. Listen to the "sough" there's in the cave this minute!' And we could hear far away through the dark opening from time to time what sounded like the deep pedal note upon an organ. 'It's getting

bad,' he said; 'and I'll be far wrong if in half-an-hour's time there's a man in Innismore or out of it that could take a boat through the Giant's Cave. Look there!' he said, and pointed to the sky above. And instead of a cloudless blue, there were thin layers of gray mist lying low, and speeding quickly across the sky. The calm had been due to a shift of the wind, which was now blowing strongly from the south-west. 'It may not last long,' said Morris; 'but this will be a dirty night; and with the wind where it is, there will be a heavy sea in the Sound before long. Not that you and the lady need be troubled; for I would not have brought you into a place that I could not get you out of one way or another. And the boys round at the Cove will let your friends know you are safe enough with Morris. But it is a rule of the island, do you see, not to shew the ways of this place to strangers. And neither I would, but that I saw you wanted to speak to the lady; and, begging your honour's pardon, that there were them as were not going to let you. And if we can go back through the cave, I'm in a manner bound, do you see, to take you that way.'

There was nothing for it now but to wait till the tide should flow. We were furnished with an excellent reason for not rejoining the party; and as we had much to say to one another, we were not sorry to return for a while to our strange retreat. We seated ourselves in a sheltered nook amongst the rocks, where the ground was carpeted with a bright green covering of some short moor-like grass; and there I told Clara all the thoughts that had been occupying my mind as the little *Fairy* made her way to Innismore. Amongst others, I mentioned having a suspicion that Major Barrett had something to do with my unexpected appointment to a regiment which was so soon ordered to India. As I said this, Clara stopped me to ask the name of the officer whose resignation had created the vacancy; and then she told me that when she was on a visit in the County Clare six months before, Major Barrett, whom she then met for the first time, had asked several questions about me; and that by accident she had since discovered that he had been making particular inquiries as to the terms we were on. She told me further that she knew he had been writing frequently to Mrs Vance, and that her step-mother had happened to say something which shewed that she was aware of the change I had made, some days before my letter announcing it arrived; at this Clara said she had been much surprised, as she usually heard what concerned me first, and from myself. And then she added: 'Only a few days ago, I chanced to hear part of a conversation between my step-mother and Major Barrett, in which that officer's name was mentioned, and which referred to some pecuniary transaction. I see how it is!' she exclaimed, as her colour heightened; 'there is a cruel conspiracy against you between them, and I am the cause why you are to be banished for years. Oh, it's too heartless and wicked! It cannot succeed. Surely, Harry, you need not go. You can refuse; can't you?' and she burst into tears.

I tried to shew her that at present I could not draw back, having no reasonable ground for doing so.

'If you were married to me,' she replied, 'you

need not go.' Then taking my hand, and looking up into my face, she said: 'Harry! I will do what you asked me a little while ago. I will do anything to defeat this wicked plot.'

We set ourselves now to consider what plan we should adopt. As I have said, my cousin was a high-spirited and determined girl, and ready to carry out what she undertook. By the peculiarity of her situation, she was left almost without a true friend in the world. Her step-mother, in whom she naturally would have confided, was for her own ends plotting to dispose of her hand and fortune. And the more we reflected on the conspiracy of which we were to be the victims, the more convinced we became that extreme measures to counteract it were not merely justifiable on our part, but necessary.

There was one plan which the very circumstances in which we found ourselves placed naturally suggested, and which seemed practicable enough. If my cousin was to elope with me at all—and with Clara under age, Mrs Vance firmly opposed to our marriage, and I myself on the eve of going abroad for years, what other remedy had we?—if, I say, my cousin was to elope with me at all, what more favourable opportunity could be imagined than the present? The *Fairy* was lying ready in the Cove; we might easily, I thought, get on board her in the dark, and escape unperceived. This scheme presented many advantages. In the first place, it would be much more easy to carry out than an escape from Killalla Castle. Again, pursuit would be difficult. It would be some time before our flight would be even suspected; and it would be impossible to trace us. So favourable an opportunity, I urged, should not be neglected.

Without Morris's assistance however, we could not succeed; so feeling confident that he might be trusted, and having bound him in promise to keep our secret, I told him our case, the difficulties by which we were beset, what our intentions were; and begged for his help to carry them out.

As to the scheme I had proposed, Morris gave me little encouragement. The night, he said, would be dark enough; but a heavy sea was getting up, and he doubted whether the yachts would be able to remain much longer at anchor in the Cove. There was no other harbour in the island; and even if the *Fairy* could remain where she was, it would be impossible to reach her from the shore. Already such a surf was breaking round the rocks that it would be dangerous to launch a boat; a few hours later, and it would be utterly impossible.

I had returned to Clara; but had only been a few minutes with her, when Morris, coming towards us, signified that he had something to say to me; took me aside, and with some apologies for presuming to give his advice, and with some professions of good-will towards my cousin and myself, which were as sincerely as they were simply made, he recommended a course which I have ever since been thankful that I adopted; for which, though Morris is long since at his rest, I cannot speak of him without warm emotions of gratitude, and but for which, this story of a day on Innismore would never have been written.

What Morris's advice was, and what it led to, will appear soon enough. In the meantime, there

was no further occasion for remaining in our imprisonment. It was now perfectly clear that the heavy sea that had got up would prevent us returning by the way we came. But the place we were in, Morris told us, was used for smuggling purposes, and there was a passage through one of the caves into the next bay, from which a steep pathway led to the higher ground above. By this pathway we reached the top of the cliffs, and with Morris for our guide, we walked across the island to the South Cove, to see what had become of the rest of the party.

POUCHED ANIMALS.

THE geographical distribution of the Marsupials or pouched animals, of which the kangaroo is a well-known specimen, is, with the exception of the American opossum, limited to Australia, Tasmania, New Guinea, Celebes, and some adjacent islands. The order contains eight families and some twenty-three genera (of which at least ten are fossil), and more than a hundred and twenty species, so that its zoological importance is by no means insignificant. All the species are remarkable for the peculiarity of possessing an external pouch in which the young are reared and carried by the mother from place to place.

Taking the Great Kangaroo as the type of the order, we will now offer a few words upon the peculiarities of that curious animal. Until comparatively lately the mode of reproduction was not known, and the wildest theories were advanced to account for the presence of a blind and most imperfectly developed young one in the pouch. Anxious to settle this curious point, Professor Owen availed himself of an opportunity of studying the subject in the Zoological Gardens, and made the remarkable observation that when the young one was born it was transferred to the pouch by the lips of the mother, and became firmly fixed to the mammary gland, there provided for it. When born, the young is not more than an inch long in the largest kangaroo. It is blind and hairless, and the legs are all nearly the same length. The nails are just perceptible; but there is nothing to indicate the extraordinary development of the hind-legs and middle great toe so characteristic of the adult. The extension of the mammary gland enters far into the mouth of the young, and the attachment is so firm, that it is separated only by much force, and life is extinct in a very short time after removal. It has not been ascertained with certainty how long this close relationship between the parent and young subsists, but it is probably not less than two months; and it has been proved conclusively that the mother's nourishment continues to be sought long after the young is free to leave the pouch, and has begun feeding on grass on its own account.

For some months at least the pouch is the place of refuge for the young, which enters it head foremost, turns a complete somersault, and brings the nose and all the toes in a bunch to the opening; when in this position reminding one forcibly of a hermit crab. The mother evinces the utmost solicitude for the safety of her young, and when

hunted and burdened with her charge, will allow the dogs to press her very closely; but at the last moment she will seize the young with her fore-paws, draw it from the pouch, and throw it aside (usually to be killed at once by her pursuers), to enable her to gain a place of refuge. The leaping powers of the great kangaroo when in full career are most remarkable. A series of intervals between the impressions of the hind-feet on damp sand were measured, and gave an average of more than twenty feet for the stride, and in this instance the kangaroo went clear away from a couple of the best dogs.

Much misapprehension exists as to the use of the heavy tail; and even colonists, who must be quite familiar with the animals, will persistently assert that it is used as an organ of progression, and is a great help in the leap. By the arrangement of its muscles the tail is however unfitted for any such purpose, and could not possibly be converted into a lever to act in concert with the legs. In two positions the tail appears to lend some support—that is, when the animal is sitting on its haunches, and when feeding; and in one very singular position, the tail becomes an important instrument in supporting the body, which may occasionally be observed in confinement, but is often presented to the kangaroo stalker. The animal raises itself on the extreme ends of the great nails on the hind feet, and stiffens its tail as a third support, when it is seen to stand upon a veritable tripod, and is thus enabled to command a wide field of view. The attitude is most grotesque, and some individuals when standing thus must be nearly seven feet high.

The tail of this curious animal also comes into play in balancing the body and bringing it to the necessary angle for the point of departure of each successive leap, and it no doubt facilitates those sharp 'doubles' by which the kangaroo astonishes and confounds the most active dogs. The fore-limbs differ immensely from the hinder. The 'hand' has five digits armed with strong nails, which in old specimens grow to a length of four or five inches, and frequently assume spiral forms, or bend round to their base. This is more observable in confined than wild animals, the latter keeping down the growth by resting on them while feeding, and by more frequent use. The digits appear to be capable of being brought into opposition to each other to some extent, for parasites are captured and many other actions performed with ease. Kangaroos swim well; and on one occasion the writer saw a female crossing a small creek with a young one, which she held between her fore-limbs with its head just above water; and on landing close to the observer's place of concealment among mangrove bushes, she placed it on the ground and it plunged into the pouch.

The smaller species of kangaroo are as much nocturnal as diurnal, and may be seen in open forest-land in numbers on moonlight nights. They are perfectly conscious of the security afforded them by darkness, for they will dash across a clearing and stop just within cover of a scrub or thick bush, and allow one to approach within a few feet without moving away. If a stone or stick is then thrown into the place where they were heard to stop, they dash off, and it is perceived at once how near they were; while

in daylight it might not have been possible to come within a hundred yards of them.

One of the most interesting of the purely nocturnal marsupials is the colonists' 'native bear,' the koala. It is arboreal in habit, and its chief food is the leaf of a powerfully astringent eucalyptus, with a slight flavour of peppermint. Full-grown individuals weigh about twenty pounds; they are destitute of tails, and covered with a gray or rufous woolly hair of beautiful texture, and all their limbs are formed for climbing. During the day they sit in the fork of a tree in the densest scrubs with the head buried in the breast, presenting the appearance of a ball of gray fur. The writer has kept many of these as pets, but failed to rear the first he took in hand in consequence of feeding it on cow's milk alone. Assuming that the natural milk would be astringent, the experiment of macerating leaves of the peppermint gum-tree in cow's milk was tried, and resulted in bringing up the second on this infusion until it was able to subsist entirely on leaves. It lived in the house, and passed the night in its master's bedroom, and gave audible evidence of its presence as it climbed about guns, rods, and book-shelves for hours together. When tired of this, it would creep into bed and nestle up under one of its master's arms. During the day it would often hang upon the skirts of one of the servants, apparently fast asleep, with its muscles in a state of tension, as she went about her household duties; or sit upon the back of its master's neck firmly grasping his hair, and indifferent to any movement he might make.

The tastes of this and two other koalas were peculiar, and their fondness for tobacco in any form most remarkable. They would lick all over with avidity and even chew the foulest pipe saturated with oil; and it was a difficult matter to prevent them, when sitting on the shoulder, from taking the pipe out of one's mouth. Neither did the black colonial tobacco come amiss to them; and they seemed to suffer no ill effects from these indulgences. One of them went even further than this, and one evening attacked a glass of whisky-and-water standing on the table; and ever after, the jingling of glasses was the signal for his descent from the rafters of the roof to take his modest share of the customary 'night-cap' with as much gusto as if he had been born north of the Tweed.

The tenacity of grasp in the koalas is due to their having both the great toe and the thumb opposable to the other digits, so that practically they possess four hands; but they have no weapons of offence or defence, and never bite. In intelligence they are superior to any of the other marsupials, and their quaint habits in confinement render them interesting pets.

The ground marsupials have little voice, only uttering a shrill cry when in pain; but the arboreal members of the order, the 'flying-squirrel,' the opossum, and the koala have considerable powers of vocal expression. The cry of the koala is plaintive, unvaried, and often repeated, and may be represented by the syllables ka-koo-oo, the first abrupt and rising in tone, the second falling about an octave lower, and ending in a mournful cadence. None of these animals, we believe, has ever been brought alive to Europe; but it might be possible to do so by providing a large

supply of their vegetable food, and mixing the dried and powdered leaves with bread and milk. They are extremely sensitive to cold, and there is some reason to suspect that they pass the colder months of even a Queensland winter in a state of inactivity.

Before leaving the koalas, a curious case of adoption on the part of a cat may be mentioned. She had just been deprived of her kittens, when a native brought a very young koala to the house, which was at once handed over to the care of the bereaved mother, and cordially received. That it derived sustenance from the feline foster-mother there could be no doubt; but the adopted child put the cat into a most comical state of agitation and astonishment by clinging round its body with a grip altogether beyond pussy's experience in maternal affairs. This incongruous relationship lasted but three days, and the koala died in spite of the cat's manifest solicitude for this waif from the Australian forest.

On a moonlight night, if one walks quietly through the bush, looking up at the gum-trees, every now and then a dark object may be seen to flit from a point high up on the trunk of a tree, and alight noiselessly near the base of another. If this animal can be shot while in the air—the only way to procure it—it will prove to be the 'flying-squirrel' of the colonists, one of the phalangers, with the opposed thumb on the foot, and the leathery membrane of the abdomen stretched between all four limbs, affording it the means of skimming for a distance of perhaps a hundred feet through the air. The epithet 'flying' is misleading, like many others applied to Australian animals, for the limbs are simply extended motionless, while the membrane—acting like a parachute—enables the descent to be made at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Unlike our squirrel and the beautiful *Pteromys* of the Himalaya (which also possesses the parachute), the flying-squirrel does not carry its tail over the back, but uses it to some extent as a prehensile organ.

Taking a general view of the whole order, there are great diversities in the habits, food, and structural adaptations of the various members to their mode of life. The kangaroos and their immediate relations are fitted for terrestrial life, and subsist on grass and roots; the phalangers, opossums, and koalas are arboreal, and chiefly leaf-eaters; the dasyures partly arboreal and entirely carnivorous, with largely developed canine teeth; the wombats and bandicoots burrow and live, the former on roots, the latter on insects, worms, and beetles. Some produce only one young at a birth, others several; but all agree, however distinct they may be in other points, in the characteristic feature of the abdominal pouch and the accessory organs.

The occupation of Australia by man had a remarkable influence on the native animals. Where the 'dingo' or native wolf has been exterminated by the settlers, and the aborigines have died out, the kangaroos have increased enormously, and in some districts seriously injure sheep-farming by consuming the herbage. Where they might once be seen in half-dozens, they may now be counted by hundreds, and no less than seventeen thousand have been destroyed in little more than a year in a small district in Queensland. Indeed, as we have on a former occasion shewn,

they have become no less a nuisance than the imported rabbit, and can only be kept within reasonable limits by periodical *battues*.

In these strange Australian animals we have an example of a creature approaching the birds and reptiles in a downward direction, and the superior mammals upwards. In Europe these forms once existed; but have been long since obliterated, and have been replaced by existing animals. One representative of them, as we have already said, still lingers on the American continent in the opossum; while in Australia, they are numerous and varied, and represent a period in the earth's history which has passed away for the rest of the globe. The kangaroo is an animal well worth studying, especially when it has a young one to take care of; and those who are curious about the creature may see it in the London Zoological Gardens, and fossil specimens of its ancestors in the British Museum, and endeavour to picture what manner of kangaroo that was which owned a skull three feet in length, and probably stood sixteen feet high!

CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP.

COURTSHIP, it will be admitted, is a very ancient practice and prevails everywhere. And yet, whatever may be the inner and concealed lines on which it is conducted, the external and visible ones vary with country, age, and circumstances. In some lands it is an affair of the state, and with certain people it is a mere matter of family arrangement; with others the adjustment of a few financial questions. In such instances, the true fire and inspiration of love—the 'stound'—which give life to the forms of courtship, are of necessity absent. The following curiosities of courtship in its various phases, may interest our readers.

William Drummond the poet wooed and won Miss Cunningham, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who died when the wedding-day was fixed. This melancholy event so overwhelmed the poet with grief, that he never ceased to pour fresh tears over her grave. At least for many years after the death of Miss Cunningham, life seemed to Drummond 'a nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.' He lived in a state of celibacy till the age of forty-seven, when he married Elizabeth Logan, a lady in whom he traced many strong resemblances to her whom he first loved, and by whom he was so greatly charmed.

A gentleman in Nottingham looking from his window one day, saw a lady pass who seemed very much like his late wife. He made haste after her, and having succeeded in obtaining all necessary information, she was married to him, because of the likeness which she bore to one whom he had tenderly loved.

Reported virtues have sometimes paved the way to the most romantic attachments. Colonel Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham Castle and town in the time of the Civil War, being at the house of Sir Allen Apsley, was greatly pleased with a child of a pleasant and vivacious spirit. One day when looking on a shelf, he found a few Latin books, and asking whose they were, he was told by the young miss that they were her eldest

sister's. He at once wished to see her; but as she was gone from home, he was not likely to have his wish fulfilled. Meanwhile gentlewomen who had been Miss Apsley's companions used to tell him how reserved and studious she was; and these reports so inflamed his desire to see her, that he began to wonder why he should have such a strong impulse toward one whom he had never seen. There scarcely passed a day but some accident or discourse still kept alive and strengthened his wish to see her. Once in a company at a gentleman's house, a certain song was sung which was said to have been written by Miss Apsley, who by-the-by was greatly praised by two or three gentlemen in the party. He (Mr Hutchinson) heard all this, and said to one of the gentlemen: 'I cannot be at rest till this lady return, that I may be acquainted with her.' The same evening, while they were at supper, some statement was made which gave him the impression that the young lady was married; he was taken ill immediately, and had to leave the table. He however, learned shortly after that his impressions were wrong. Afterwards they were fortunate enough to meet, and a friendship at once created which ripened into strong affection. Devotedly attached to her, she became to him a most admirable wife and companion, and lived to be the writer of the *History of the Siege of Nottingham Castle*.

Another instance of love arising from reported virtues is related of the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, who was so charmed with the writings of Miss Ann Taylor, and the eulogium of her personal merits pronounced by those acquainted with her, that without having seen her he addressed a letter to the young lady, inquiring whether any peremptory reasons existed which might lead him to conclude that a journey undertaken with the purpose of soliciting her heart and hand could not possibly be successful. After a little correspondence, the journey was permitted, and an interview was obtained, which ripened into happy wedded life.

It is reported of a certain plebeian in one of the northern counties, that on a given day he took in his homely conveyance five young women to some religious meeting. After the rustic drive and the religious service, he was married to one of his fair companions. She died; and as fortune would have it, when he was in search of a second wife, he alighted on another who had favoured him with her company on that day. And so moved the train of events that the third and the fourth and the fifth became wife unto him. Courtship this, with a vengeance!

The celebrated John Newton of Olney fell in love with a Kentish maid at first sight. The girl was under fourteen years of age; but such was the impression she made on young Newton, that his affection for her appears to have equalled all that the writers of romance have imagined. When in distant parts of the world, the thought of her checked him in a profligate career. When sinking on the coast of Africa into a wretched state of slavery, and when ready to put an end to his life, the thought of her aroused him to energy and inspired him with hope. All the oppression and scenes of misery and wickedness through which he had to pass never banished her for a single hour from his waking thoughts

for the following seven years. When he lived in London, he would repair twice a week to Shooter's Hill, and from the top of that eminence comfort himself by a distant view of the district in which his loved one lived. Not that he could see the spot itself, which was in reality too remote; but it gratified him even to look towards the spot. She eventually became the bright star of his life.

The Rev. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, and author of *Contemplations on the Old and New Testament*, obtained a wife in a very singular manner. In walking from church one Whit-Monday with a grave and reverend minister of the name of Grandidge, he saw a comely modest gentlewoman standing at the door of a house where they were invited to a wedding-dinner. Mr Hall inquired of his friend whether he knew her. 'Yes,' said Mr Grandidge; 'I know her well, and I have bespoke her for your wife. She is the daughter of a gentleman whom I much respect, Mr George Winniff of Bretenham; and out of an opinion I have of the fitness of the match for you, I have already treated about it with her father, whom I found very apt to entertain it.' Mr Hall too, it seems was equally apt to entertain it; for he says: 'Being advised not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence, I listened to the motion as sent from God.' On this motion Mr Hall acted; he spoke the necessary words; and at last with due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the society of that charming helpmate for the space of forty-five years.

That learned and judicious divine Richard Hooker, obtained his wife somewhat casually. When he was ordained priest, he went to London, according to the statutes of his college, to preach at St Paul's Cross. He arrived there wet, weary, weather-beaten, and very angry at a friend who had persuaded him not to walk, but to take the journey on horseback, which had prostrated him with influenza. His hostess, one Mrs Churchman, attended to him with all care and diligence. Hooker was afraid he would not be able to preach on the following Sunday; but the good wishes and good nursing of his hostess nerved him for his duties, and he got through his work admirably. The preacher was very thankful to Mrs Churchman, who had cured him of his distemper and cold, and he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all the poor woman said. Mrs Churchman told him he was a man of tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him, such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. So Mr Hooker in his guilelessness empowered her to choose a wife for him, and promised to return to London at her call to receive his bride. Mrs Churchman at once attended to this little business for Master Hooker. In looking round to find him a wife, she thought it wise to begin at home, and in her own daughter Joan, according to her judgment, she found one who would nurse the preacher, prolong his life, and make it more comfortable. In due time Mr Hooker went to London to be joined to the wife of his hostess' choice; but she brought to him

neither beauty nor portion. She was, sad to relate, a woman of an unruly tongue, and instead of adding to his comfort, she was an incessant trial to his patience. The moral of this is: Choose for yourself.

A minister offered his hand to a young lady, and was accepted; this was in the month of June. The lovers parted, and never saw or heard of each other till the following January, when the young lady was visiting at the house of a friend. In the lesson at morning prayers the following passage occurred: 'He that believeth shall not make haste;' which greatly impressed and perplexed the mind of the young lady. So she inquired anxiously of her hostess what the passage meant. The hostess attempted a little exposition; that the meaning was, that where there was faith in a person, in his promise or engagement, there would be no fretfulness, or irritation, or fear, or anxious wish to speed on the fulfilment of the promise. Whilst they were conducting the conversation they heard the postman's knock; and the servant brought a letter for the young lady, which, when opened, she found was from her long silent lover; and strangely enough, the first sentence was: 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'

The celebrated George Whitefield began his courtship in a singular fashion. His biographer pronounces him one of the oddest wooers that ever wooed. When Whitefield was in America, and had under his charge the Orphan House in Savannah, 'it was much impressed on his heart that he ought to marry in order to have a helpmate in his arduous work.' He had also fixed his mind on the young lady whom he intended to ask to become his wife. So he addressed a letter to her parents, and inclosed another to herself. In his letter to the parents he stated that he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family, and then said: 'This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations, to know whether your daughter, Miss E—, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking; and if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love.' He wrote in a similar strain to the young lady, asking her, among many other questions, if she could leave her home and trust in Him for support who feeds the young ravens; and bear the inclemencies of air both as to heat and cold in a foreign climate; whether having a husband she could be as though she had none. He also told her that he thought the passionate expressions which ordinary courtiers use ought to be avoided by those who would marry in the Lord; and that if she thought marriage would in any way be prejudicial to her better part, she was to be so kind as send him a denial; that she need not be afraid to speak her mind, as he loved her only for God.

The letters were not so successful as Abraham's servant. The parents were not very anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure; and Whitefield continued for a longer space in his bachelor condition. Some time after he assayed another courtship with a widow in Wales after the same style. The mode in which Rebekah

was chosen for Isaac seems to have been Whitefield's ideal of obtaining a wife. The week after he was married he went on one of his evangelistic tours; and left his newly wedded wife to muse alone amid the Welsh hills in the second quarter of their honeymoon.

Thomas Gainsborough's young friend (a commercial traveller in his father's establishment) had a sister, Miss Margaret Burr, an extraordinary beauty. That Miss Burr should wish to have her portrait painted by her brother's friend, is not a matter of wonder. Neither is it a wonder that the sittings should be numerous and protracted, for such they are declared to have been. The likeness was at last finished, and pronounced by competent judges perfect. The young lady greatly admired the painter's skill, and in glowing terms expressed her appreciation of the portrait, and in doing so gave the artist the gentlest possible hint that perhaps in time he might become the possessor of the original. On that hint Gainsborough spoke the magic word, and after a short courtship, was rewarded by her hand, and each lent brightness to the other's life.

ORIGINALITY.

A PERSON who should offer to teach his neighbours how to be original, would probably be listened to with as much suspicion as was Sydney Smith, when he suggested that if a man 'would only observe with due care the resemblances between ideas, he might in the course of a few months become so conspicuously witty that his friends would not recognise him. People are willing enough to believe that the memory may be strengthened or the reasoning faculties developed. Practice, they say, will do this; there is nothing mysterious in the process. But to be witty—to shew originality, is quite a different matter. This is genius, a special gift, a subtle power which we cannot analyse and cannot acquire.'

Now we are not going to assert that any individual of mediocre talents could by means of methodical study earn for himself the reputation of an original genius or a wit. No doubt the reverend and facetious lecturer was laughing in his sleeve when he propounded the recipe for making a witty man, which we have just quoted, to an audience of commonplace Englishmen. Nevertheless the advice was sound, and we may be very sure was not given as an idle joke. If any man of average ability were deliberately to act upon it, he would really be astonished at its efficacy. For Sydney Smith gives in these words the correct analysis of his own method of producing witticisms. His wit was the natural outcome of his habits of close observation in all matters great and small, coupled with a keen sense of the ludicrous. This last quality made him a humorist as well as a wit. Between the two characters there is an acknowledged distinction; wit being intellectual and almost synonymous with originality; while a sense of humour, like a sense of sadness, belongs to Feeling.

Is Originality then nothing but a habit of observation? Not quite so; but this much is certain, that no unobservant man was ever really original. A habit of observation is a quality common to all men of genius. Further, in minds of the first

rank this readiness to note whatever may come within the range of their experience is not a mere aptness to receive impressions; it is a strenuous effort. Strong minds seize facts as a hungry lion seizes its prey. The weaker intellects accept what is obtruded upon them, or make fitful and feeble attempts to enlarge their knowledge. These weak intellects are never original. Their ideas are but blurred outlines sketched by an unskilful hand, and thrown together in hopeless confusion; not the clear-cut images which eager attention stamps upon the mind. If we apprehend things dimly, we cannot have a vivid imagination; and if we have no fancies to combine or compare, we shall never be witty.

But the habit of concentrating all our energies in the acquirement of information, though it will supply us with a great store of knowledge, will not secure that variety of ideas which is indispensable for original conceptions. To this end some versatility is essential. We must be able to turn from one pursuit and throw ourselves with equal energy into another. The natural fruit of such a power is variety of impressions; and in a thoughtful mind this almost necessarily implies the power of bringing those varied experiences into a focus. Then, quite naturally, as when a child turns the kaleidoscope and delights itself with the brilliant patterns, the multitude of clear thoughts and bright fancies mingling together produce combinations of startling originality and exquisite beauty.

Thus varied knowledge, whether obtained from study or personal experience, seems to be a necessary condition of original conceptions. No man can create a simple idea. The greatest thinker can only collect and combine. If we peruse the writings of Lord Bacon, nothing is more noticeable than the great variety of topics which he touches upon, and the mass of erudition which affords the subject-matter for his aphorisms. And Bacon, if not humorous, is always witty; and his wit consists in the aptness by which he illustrates one group of ideas by another group brought as it were from a distant region of the domain of knowledge. The same is true of Shakspeare, and of all who possessed true originality. It would appear then, that there is nothing abnormal in the mental activities of those great men whom we are wont in our ignorance to endow with the peculiar and divine faculty of genius. 'Genius,' says Mr Leslie Stephen, 'involves, though it cannot be resolved into, an infinite capacity for taking trouble.' According to Dr Johnson, 'genius' is but a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in a particular direction. And still more decisive are the words of the Rev. Frederick Robertson, who, without denying the fact of extraordinary and peculiar endowments, maintains that the very same results may be obtained by the diligent use of those powers which in greater or lesser measure are given to all. 'When the mind,' he observes, 'is stored with a vast variety of thoughts, which by digestion it has made its own, it is wonderful how rapid by habit those combinations become which we generally attribute to genius only.' 'Talent,' in fact, 'often becomes almost as intuitive as genius.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 794.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

CHEAP SHOPS IN LONDON.

THERE is probably no spot in the United Kingdom where money can be laid out to better advantage than in the metropolis; for while it is perfectly true that the best and the worst of everything come to London, you are not compelled to buy the worst; and it simply requires a knowledge of town to lay out your money to the best possible advantage. The astute Londoner goes to the Borough for his boots; then he slants over to Houndsditch for new or, at anyrate, new-looking hats at three-and-sixpence each. He buys wine and jewellery in the City, fish in Billingsgate, coats and tea in Whitechapel, resorting only to the West end when in quest of articles used all but exclusively by the upper classes. He is well acquainted too with the refreshment houses along the different lines of road; and will take you to the best places to find good claret on draught, and to antiquated old taverns up alleys where you can obtain the best glass of bitter beer, or extra-strong Scotch and Burton ales. And if your means are of the smallest, and you desire a complete rig-out of second-hand clothing for about ten shillings, he will conduct you to marts where your pocket can be suited to a nicety. In short, things in London can be bought at any price; while some things—if they are to be purchased at all—*must* be purchased there; for it is no uncommon affair to find goods despatched wholesale from the place of production to London, and thence actually sent back again in small quantities to be sold retail.

Some years since, partaking of breakfast in a country inn, we tasted some particularly nice bacon, and imagining, of course, that it was fed on the spot, inquired if we could be supplied with a small quantity to take back to town. The reply we had was, that the bacon came from London, but was produced on a neighbouring farm, the occupier of which would not supply small quantities, as it answered his purpose better to contract with a London dealer to take the whole of it off his hands for cash down.

As a rule, in London the best articles are to be bought in the widest thoroughfares and at the largest shops; and this rule for strangers is a sufficiently safe guide. But at the same time we can go to shops, and those in the back slums, where provisions of the best quality can be purchased at the lowest price; for the poorer classes are as fastidious in their tastes as their more aristocratic neighbours; and it is an error to suppose, as some people do, that because a man is poor he cannot appreciate anything that is good. The case in fact is quite the reverse; we believe that the lower we descend in the social scale, the more extravagant and epicurean does the taste become. It is sharpened by hunger, a far better provocative to the palate than wine; and we have known shoeless and hatless vagabonds who, if they had the wherewithal, would dine daily on the rarest luxuries.

It will we think be found, on a careful comparison of the highest and lowest classes, that as regards certain characteristics they are identical, and meet on extreme points, with this saving difference, that if the better-to-do classes squandered their pounds as recklessly as does the beggar his pence, the upper ten thousand would speedily become an extinct order everywhere.

Let us see then how adulteration comes to exist, for exist it does, and is perhaps more rampant in London than anywhere else. Acts of parliament and Borough analysts have removed, no doubt, the copper out of pickles and green peas, and perhaps a little red ochre from anchovies; but still there remain family jam at fourpence a pound and butter at ninepence, any quantity of either of which can be bought all over London in back localities. So far as the actual trade in adulteration is concerned, legislation has done but little, and probably will never be able to accomplish more. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, our present weights and measures bear a certain definite proportion to our coinage, and unless certain weights are established for certain articles, they must either be adulterated or not sold at all. We will select one article—say, for example's

make, mustard—and suppose that it can be sold genuine at one shilling and eightpence per pound. That is of course five farthings per ounce; but how is a halfpenny-worth or a farthing's-worth to be made except by guessing the weight? So accordingly mustard is adulterated down to sixteenpence per pound (a penny per ounce), and thus the scale is accommodated. This is the principal key to the adulteration of most of the articles sold in the petty shops; for as the large shops do not care to sell pennyworths and farthingworths, the small shops exist on what the large turn away.

The bread-winner of a family among the wretched classes will take home in the evening say eighteenpence, which he has obtained somehow or other during the day. The wife will lay this out nearly as follows: bread, sixpence; of butter, tea, sugar, coal, cheese, and tobacco, each one pennyworth, with candle one halfpenny, leaving a balance of fivepence-halfpenny wherewith to buy beer and start 'her old man' on a fresh bread-hunting expedition on the morrow. These articles will all be purchased at a small 'general' shop, where they sell everything necessary for household use, adulterated probably to suit the weights and measures, and for no other reason.

But if the wretched classes are compelled to patronise the 'general' shop on account of their poverty, there is a class above them which does the same for a very different reason. Honest John the mechanic who makes his thirty or five-and-thirty shillings a week goes there also, and lays out a portion of his money. It is true he does not spend very much of it there; he goes in preference to those large wholesale establishments where they have a retail branch annexed, and where not a farthing's-worth of credit can by any possibility be obtained. He knows that everything he purchases at such places will be of the best, and at least twenty per cent. better than what is offered at the general shop. But the general shop gives credit, and it is his policy to lay out there some of his earnings, running as he usually does, a weekly bill. He knows full well that slack times will occur, when he may be out of work perhaps for eight or nine weeks together, and that without credit from the general shop he will be unable to pull through his difficulties. And the general shop knows him—he has dealt there for years, and they trust him when out of work; because if they do not, they will certainly lose his custom when he regains employment. The general shop in turn obtains credit from second and third rate wholesale houses who supply, with certain exceptions, the articles ready mixed; and we seldom read of either wholesale or retail men being pulled up for adulterating. More than that, they rarely comply with that clause in the Act of parliament which requires them to indicate in writing or printing any article which may be a mixture; on the contrary, they stick huge placards inviting people to try butter at ninepence per pound, not one half of which of course has actu-

ally been produced by the cow; and extol the medicinal virtues of marmalade at fourpence, of a gelatinous appearance, and certainly not the product of the Seville orange.

The causes of adulteration then are mainly to be found in the necessities of the working and poorer classes; and until constant employment and regular wages can be guaranteed, so long it is to be feared will adulteration be an institution among us. The shopkeepers who sell rubbish are not so much to blame as at first sight would appear. As a rule they are honest men, and do not adulterate systematically, as some people imagine, with the view of picking the pockets of their customers, but because they know that business cannot be carried on as things are going at present, unless they deal in sophisticated goods. We suspect the real dishonesty is to be found among a class of manufacturers who, by ingenious chemical processes, make nearly worthless articles of sufficient commercial value to mix undiscovered with genuine. And yet even the poorer classes, if they knew how to do it, could at all times, as we shall endeavour to shew, lay out their earnings on food that is at once cheap and wholesome. Calling upon a butcher of our acquaintance in the Seven Dials, we ascertain from him that one side of his shop is devoted to the sale of meat, the other for the sale of cat's-meat; that of this latter commodity he usually sells a thousand ha'porths every Sunday morning, and that we can have any quantity we like at twopence per pound. However, as we can lay out twopence to better advantage in meat—as we shall presently see—we continue our journey. In Drury Lane we find excellent bread sold in elegant shops, and down in Clare Market abundance of good English meat, rather fat perhaps, but that will do excellently to send to the bakehouse on Sunday over a dish of potatoes. Here the buyers are chiefly of the humbler classes; things as a rule are good and cheap, save at the inevitable general shop; and being pestered to buy an enormous haddock for fivepence, we take it home, and find the quality excellent; not of course to be compared to Finnan haddocks, but still capital for hungry stomachs. Down Leather Lane we come upon the Italian nationality, with its peculiar sort of cook-shops, restaurants, and ice-shops, and here again nothing foreign is inviting; the costermongers with their barrow-loads of English vegetables, making up for the deficiency by the substantial appearance of their wares. Taking a flight across to the Metropolitan Meat Market in Smithfield, we find butchers asking us prices in accordance with our style of dress and presumed innocence; but it is Saturday night and rather late; moreover it is warm weather, and the meat must be sold at any price rather than remain on hand during Sunday. So as closing-time approaches, off it goes, six pounds for a shilling, excellent meat; and the frugal housewives who have bought it, go home and take the precaution to put it down before the fire or in the pot at

once, and give it enough cooking to insure its preservation until the morrow. We will now pass through the City and see how matters fare at the East end, the abode of the working and poorer classes in London.

Of the East end of London we may say, as our opinion, that although you cannot buy there certain high-priced articles which you can in the West, yet that you can there lay out your money to greater advantage. With regard to groceries, there are some large establishments where fifteen or sixteen counter-men are constantly engaged banging their scales, the scene on Saturday nights being terrific. Exposed in stalls in the Whitechapel Road you see vegetables, fish, sweets, and cakes, all of good quality and very cheap; while if you go into a market in a back-street, you will find tolerable fresh fish going at about a penny a pound, onions four pounds for twopence, good cheese at eightpence, and compressed dates at a penny. Oranges, cocoa-nuts, and other fruit, go remarkably cheap; with sweets three ounces a penny, tolerably good; while black-currant lozenges at a halfpenny per ounce are decidedly not the thing, though a fair imitation. And here is a man who has a truck-load of cheese, which he is offering at fourpence a pound, and very fair cheese it is. The meat too at one of the leading shops is good though not prime; and buyers can be suited at all prices, beginning with salt-beef at threepence per pound, going on to beef and mutton scraps at fivepence, and so on to ribs of beef at elevenpence. Yonder is an open shop with a burly individual in front, brandishing a large cutlass-shaped knife, and keeping up a rattling fire of small-talk. 'Rabbits munn—yes munn; seven and a half to-night.—Weigh up at five and four, Charley' (here he throws inside the shop a piece of bacon, and the customer follows round to see it weighed).—'Beautiful bit of real Wiltshire bacon, sir. Sold again; ha, ha! I thought we'd clear all off that board to-night.—Weigh up here at six and eight, Charley; keep the scale going; keep the scale hot, keep the scale hot!' and so on, up to the small-hours on Sunday morning. Here you obtain delicious butter at sixteenpence per pound; and if you will come with us down a back-lane near one of the wharfs, we will buy for you bacon at a shilling, which cannot be excelled either West or East.

We will now try an establishment opposite the principal entrance of the London Docks, where they boldly advertise 'a good dinner for fourpence.' Enter a few minutes before four, and innocently take a seat, supposing that a waiter will attend your wishes. Vain expectation; for as soon as the clock has struck, in rushes a crowd of hungry ragamuffins from the Docks, who seize each a plate, and having procured what they want, convey it to the nearest table and devour it. Having waited upon yourself in a similar manner, you find the fourpenny dinner to consist of a jorum of soup, a hunch of bread, and some well-baked greasy potatoes, the quantity of each article being for the money quite astounding. And if your hunger should still be unsatisfied, you can fill up with 'plum duff' baked in fat, or fatty roll pudding made with some of the 'family jam' at fourpence per pound to which we have before alluded. However, the proprietor does a roaring trade; and

these cheap cook-shops also do a good outdoor business in pennyworths of pudding, potatoes, and small quantities of meat; not to mention the fried-fish shops—and you must go to the East end to taste fried fish in perfection—where you can have a good fill for about twopence. There are thousands among the wretched classes who have no plates or knives, and who if they could not buy something ready cooked from such shops, would have nothing cooked at all. The other meals, breakfast or tea, they manage well enough. They have a bit of fire, and with a beer-can, the property of the public-house, they boil some tea, which they drink out of cocoa-nut shells, the sugar being left in its original paper; and butter, if they have any, spread on with a bit of stick on bread torn off the loaf, a skewer answering the purpose of a teaspoon. To the wretched holes in which they live, the parish relieving officers have access as a matter of course, and permit us to penetrate beneath the veil which covers the vice and poverty of the lowest classes.

When we speak of London milk we allude to an article from which it would, we think, be difficult to extract much butter; and to talk about skimming cream from which, is usually treated as a good joke. In former days we heard a good deal about milk compounded of sheep's brains, chalk, and other cheap if not good articles; but all that is now changed, for the government sanitary officials finding milk a liquid the adulteration of which could the most readily be detected, keep the milk-dealers constantly in terror, leaving horse-bean coffee and articles of that sort, requiring more skill in analysis, to take care of themselves. In spite of all their vigilance however, milk still in many places betrays an acquaintance with the pump, the small fines imposed on detection not acting as a sufficient deterrent. In many places however, where they keep cows, they advertise the hours of milking; and you can have the article in your own jug direct from the cow if you are so disposed. But it is to our minds scarcely possible to conceive of wholesome milk extracted from animals kept all the year round in close houses, and fed on stimulating diet to increase the quantity of their yield.

The milk question brings into our mind the quality of the viands supplied by the majority of the coffee-shops, frequented largely by working-men for their mid-day meal. Bad as is the coffee supplied by the adulterating 'general' shop, it is delicious compared with the horrible decoctions supplied at a high price by many of the ordinary coffee-shops, our own impression being, from actual tasting, that there is very little coffee at all in the mixture usually sold as such. Yet with all the adulteration they practise, many of the coffee-shops do a large trade, even the coffee-stalls in the streets which supply as small a quantity as a halfpennyworth of coffee, frequently taking eight or ten pounds per week. These are much patronised, especially at the West end, by certain classes, and at the East end by watermen and work-girls who have lain in bed until the very last minute, and snatch a flying breakfast as they go along to work.

Of late years, some enterprising and philanthropic individuals have started Coffee Public-houses, where every article of refreshment is sold

at the merest fraction above cost, the quality being of course excellent. But on this important subject we have already said a few words in another article.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XIV.—ON BOARD THE 'WESTERN MAID.'

HUGH had not much time to waste in vain repinings. The Western Tug and Salvage Company did not intend their steamer stationed at Treport to be an ornamental fixture of what the natives designated the quay-pool, and non-Cornishmen knew as the harbour; and so the young captain of the *Western Maid* had plenty of occupation. There were, as Long Michael the mate had predicted, skippers commanding heavily laden merchantmen lying near the entrance of the Channel, who grew tired of whistling for a wind that never came, and contracted with some steamer to help them on their way towards Southampton Water or the Nore. Towing a big ship bound for the port of London, may not at first sight appear to be very exciting work; but Hugh Ashton cheerfully accepted his new duties, and discharged them in a manner that satisfied his employers and won the respect of his crew. Long Michael, whose unselfish soul rejoiced in the growing popularity of the young man who had been put over his head, rubbed his rough hands together and chuckled over his pupil's rapid progress.

'Picks up sea-learning, the Captain does, quicker than most,' the honest mate would say. 'Not that he wanted making into a sailor; that was done ready to hand. But then, the coast, it does want a sharp eye and a good memory to make sure of the landmarks, 'special in dark weather. And Captain Ashton's getting to know them as well as a shepherd knows his sheep.'

Estimable Michael had no idea of the hard and assiduous study of the chart in wakeful hours of the night, which enabled his young commander to compare real crags and promontories with their painted presentment on the map, and to know one beacon from another and one shoal from its fellow, along the difficult Channel coast. To the mate, who could read and write certainly—most Cornishmen can do that—but to whom book-lore was a Pilgrim's Progress of the most painful character, and whose eyes were familiar with no volumes but those which sea and sky present to the inquirer, Hugh's prompt proficiency appeared little less than marvellous. He, Michael, was a smart seaman, but had he not been 'at it' all his life, as 'prentice, ordinary, and A.B., until in the fullness of time he ripened into an officer? He had learned his trade thoroughly, but slowly, as those who learn by rule of thumb must ever acquire an art, and even now he was, though the best of mates, not fit to be a captain. Hugh was a smart seaman too; but he was something more, and being a gallant young fellow with a gentle temper and a lion's heart, had won the highest esteem that Long Michael had to bestow.

The *Western Maid* did good work, puffing and panting up the coast with a deep-laden three-master, like some gigantic fish fast hooked, lumbering heavily along at the other end of the tough tow-rope, and with just sail enough spread to get steerage-way upon her, and avoid fouling in the crowded waters east of Portland Bill. Then would

spring up a puff of air, a 'fine topsail breeze,' as the officers of the towed vessel would call it; and then the skipper, with the terrors of grumbling owners before his eyes, would discharge his steam-mentor, set every rag of canvas that would draw, and a little more, and run or beat unaided Londonwards, until the treacherous breeze died away, and there was swearing, and signalling for another tug out of some friendly harbour.

'Glad to have us, and glad to get rid of us!' Long Michael would say with a grin—'just as if, Cap., we were the doctor!'

The crew of the steamer criticised Hugh Ashton much as a company of foot-soldiers or troop of cavalry criticise in barrack-rooms the new captain who has arrived to lead them. And the questions they asked of one another were much the same, allowance being made for sea and shipwreck being the foes to fear, instead of human enemies, that soldiers would have propounded. Our new chief, of what stuff is he? Will he fight, or is the white-feather to be looked for? Does he worry a poor fellow's life out, or is he reasonable with those that do their best? Has he his weather-eye open, or is he a simpleton, and easy to deceive? The verdict as regarded Hugh was favourable. There are men whose daring no one doubts, whose very eye speaks of courage waiting for its opportunity, and Hugh was one of them. Then he was pleasant of speech and manner, but keen to note a dereliction of duty. Shirkers, and there were two or three on board the *Western Maid* who did the least they could for their wages, as warranted by the strictest principles of political economy, felt as though they would rather not shirk, with Hugh's eye upon them. He was no nagging martinet, but the men knew somehow that he had a rough as well as a smooth side to his tongue in the hour of need. And they liked him the better because they feared to offend him.

Of course Hugh was exceptionally lucky in his mate. It would have cost a malicious subordinate nothing to have put his unpractised superior constantly in the wrong, to have insured a growling crew, dissatisfied owners, and diminished profits to the Tug and Salvage Company. Even the frequent coaling would have been a stumbling-block in the path of an unaided tyro in Hugh's position. He had the printed instructions to guide him, but instructions of that sort are seldom very useful to a neophyte unless he has the advantage of somebody practical enough to read between the lines and to know what is really meant. Lightermen who bring off supplies of fuel to a tug are not always scrupulous as to weight and price; nor are deck-hands invariably unwilling to abstain, in harbour, from slipping a sackful of black diamonds into some leaky punt or grimy wherry alongside.

Hugh did his work well, and earned the half-year's dividend for his masters the shareholders of the Western Tug and Salvage Company, better than old Captain Cleat in his best days had ever done. He conciliated by judicious firmness, ready banter, and serene good-humour, some of the sourest and most quarrelsome of skippers. He got cash payments, or certificates of indebtedness that were almost as valuable, where some of his temporary clients would fain have ignored their liability on casting off the tow-rope and hoisting sail.

'A good fair-weather Cap'en, I don't deny it,' said, in private fore-castle conclave, the worst man and the greatest talker on board the *Western Maid*, Salem Jackson by name. 'Nor yet I don't deny, chaps, that he's got a pleasant way of speaking up. I never liked the appointment, mind ye, shipmates. He's a lady's pet, he is; and what has an old dame, though she be Madam Moneybags, to do meddling with who's to command a craft like ours? Let's see what sort he turns out when we get the gales!'

But in spite of Salem Jackson and the smouldering embers of discontent that he sedulously strove to fan to flame, Hugh went prosperously on in his new career. He won golden opinions, and for that matter, gold in a more substantial shape, by discovering the famous derelict, the abandoned wine-ship from Lisbon, which was beginning to grow half-mythical, so many were the tales told of fishers and coasters that had sighted her at early dawn or dewy eve, hull down, in the dim distance, and of chases which fog, or night, or the set of adverse currents had rendered fruitless. As it was, Hugh listened much and said little, comparing the evidence, until he had made up his own mind as to the set of tide and sea-way, and, cruising off into the south-western waters, came in sight of the deserted vessel.

'Portuguese rigged! Nobody at the helm—a barque—and water-logged,' said Hugh, as he descended the rigging, his telescope under his arm, after taking a steady look at the derelict. 'I suspect the people aboard her were seized with a panic when she sprung a leak, took to their boats without a compass, and were lost. But she's safe enough; and it will go hard but we get her over Treport bar. Keep her away Jackson, will you—two points yet, d'ye hear. And now Michael, we must drive her along.'

The fog-bank was nearly, but not quite, like some supernatural cloud in the Homeric epic, around the abandoned barque, when the steamer neared her sufficiently to enable grappling-irons to be flung into her standing gear. She had her jib and foresail yet set; but there was no hand upon the useless wheel, and the heavy craft drifted helpless, at the mercy of wind and sea. When boarded, not a living creature, as might have been expected, was found above hatches or below. Even the lories and parrots, chained to perches in the captain's cabin, had died for lack of food and water. The ship however, was yet sound, and the valuable cargo unhurt.

'Too much, to my mind, the skipper's share, according to present rules,' said one of the shareholders in the Tug and Salvage Company to another, below his breath, after the Board meeting. 'Two hundred and eighty pounds for that young Ashton, out of the port-wine ship. It's just a picking of all our pockets.'

'Ah, but my Lady likes him!' returned, with a grudging sigh, the congenial spirit to whom he spoke. 'The whole question of share and salary ought to be looked to. But Lady Absolute wouldn't stand it; and she owns nine-tenths of the stock, after all.'

In the meantime, and pending the desirable revision of share and salary, Hugh was half a hero in the eyes of the Treport maritime population. Nothing succeeds like success, and although there had gone no danger and little toil to the

winning of the wine-ship, whose owners or underwriters would be thankful to commute the total loss of vessel and cargo for a heavy award of salvage, still, in the popular imagination, Hugh Ashton had performed an exploit worthy of all praise. The only person who in all seriousness lifted up a dissentient voice was one who liked Hugh well—old Captain Trawl, his host.

'Too easy! too easy by half, my lad!' he would say, with an old mariner's half-heathen tinge of superstition. 'Can't be all fair wind and smooth sea, ye know. The worst squalls are those that come sudden, after a calm.'

WRITING.

EVERYBODY is now taught to write, and there are probably few persons belonging to what are called the respectable classes who do not imagine that they can write a letter fairly, both as regards calligraphy and correctness of expression. Our opinion is somewhat different. There is an immense amount of bad letter-writing. In a vast number of cases coming under our experience, persons of good education do not know how to write their own name intelligibly. We have seen a letter written by a 'finished' young lady of the period, in her nineteenth year. The penmanship itself was ugly, ungainly, and awkward; the spelling of several ordinary words was incorrect; small letters were used where capitals ought to have been; and we wondered, as we perused the ill-composed, badly written document, how a being of even moderate abilities could send forth anything so imperfect. Yet this young lady had been for years at a high-class school where masters had taught English in all its branches, the mistress of which also was a lady of cultivation and refinement. Penmanship is far too little attended to in schools, even of the best class. No doubt ornamental writing is often taught; but this style generally unfits the pupil for the plain everyday process. The best model for *daily* use should be placed before the young lady for at least one year before she leaves school, and after she has emerged from the regular text and half-text copies. Epistolary composition should also be studied as a distinct accomplishment, if the pupil have no natural talent that way.

Good penmanship is as necessary for a lady or gentleman as a good style of talking or reading. If a man is owner of a large estate, with servants, money, and influence at command, we wonder all the more if he writes a mean, cramped, or illiterate hand. We take up his letter with a feeling of surprise, and say: 'What! is this the production of So-and-so? It looks like the wretched scraping of some poor labourer with a scarcity of ink to boot.' Bad writing has the same effect upon the eye as discordant tones in music have upon the ear.

Much has been said about judging character by handwriting. In many cases however, we should feel far from justified in reading an individual's habits or disposition in the writing he or she may produce. The manner of writing is often a matter of imitation, but it is often also a result of whim, without regard to what is neat, tasteful, or intelligible. Perhaps it might be as correct to say that it is a result of carelessness. We happen to know an English clergyman of

distinction whose letters are next thing to unreadable. Consisting of irregular scratchings, their meaning is barely guessed at, except by some one skilled in deciphering them. Is not such writing very like an indignity towards the individuals addressed? We entertain an utter detestation of this eccentricity in letter-writing, whether caused by sheer carelessness or by perverse oddity. We say the same thing of confused unintelligible signatures. No one is entitled to torment correspondents by these eccentricities.

It is difficult to realise the immense number of those who are brought day by day into correspondence and exchange many letters, perhaps without ever meeting; and as nothing is more misleading than written communications between people who are personally unacquainted with each other, the amount of misapprehension going on around us must be very great. An editor for instance, may have corresponded for years with a writer whom he has never seen, and while conversant with his or her literary ability, may be a total stranger to the character of his contributor. It is curious how often it happens that those who may write their thoughts and feelings in expressions perfectly natural to them, convey to their readers ideas of their mind, manner, and appearance often much at variance with the truth. Mere handwriting has with some a great effect—far more than is justified. A crabbed writing, difficult to decipher, certainly detracts from the pleasure of reading even the brightest ideas; while a free legible hand is prepossessing, carries you easily over commonplace, and enhances the charm of well-constructed sentences. Writing may be allowed to be characteristic, inasmuch as it indicates to a certain extent, temper and temperament; but even on these points it is not an unerring guide; for many can never command a manual dexterity sufficient to make writing free enough to harmonise with their really powerful character.

There is no accounting for the strange perversity with which some people writing under the influence of various strong emotions will do themselves gross injustice, that can never be redressed. A widow lady who had experienced severe reverse of fortune, and devoting her life to her children, had secluded herself from society, resolved, as they were grown up and scattered in various directions, to seek an agreeable family in which she could find a home. She advertised to this effect, and received a reply offering the prospect of a home such as of all others she would have chosen. The handwriting she recognised as from one with whom—although personally unacquainted—she had some years previously held a long correspondence, and to whom her antecedents were known. There were certain circumstances connected with that period that affected the widow deeply, and she answered in a style that was in fact just an hysterical giggle—as much representing her real mind as a face in the contortions of agony resembles the same countenance in repose. Among some cloudy allusions to the past, she made use of the words, 'Such a life as I have led;' and the epistle throughout was a foolish one to have written even to the person for whom it was intended; but to a stranger, must have appeared something much worse. The perceptions of this dawned on her

directly she had posted the letter; but it was 'too late;' and she was promptly and horribly humiliated by receiving an intimation that 'all further letters would be refused or handed to the police.' From the foolish wording of the letter her correspondent evidently pictured her as a woman of more than doubtful character.

We are often struck by the palpable mismatching of minds and bodies, and sometimes find a noble mind in a physique the most commonplace—a generous soul, large mind, and expansive benevolence with the exterior of a cowering little bantam!

One who has taken much interest in woman's work for women, relates that the most elegant, refined-looking letters she ever received, interesting her deeply, and inducing her, before an interview, to commit herself to promise of certain assistance, were from a dreadful old woman of enormous size, dirty, ragged, repulsive, degraded,—in a word, drunken—whom it was impossible to help. A companion with much strength of body and mind was required to attend to a lady who needed 'supervision.' From numerous applicants, one was selected whose letters were in a fine bold writing, whose sentences were telegraphic in their concise avoidance of unnecessary words, and conveyed an impression of steady phlegmatic presence of mind and capability of exercising control. An interview was requested; and a limp shrimp of a woman presented herself, shy, nervous, and halting in speech, on whom the lady requiring supervision would soon have 'turned the tables.'

Some are courageous, not to say audacious, on paper, who in personal intercourse are very much the reverse. Not difficult to understand, this—because in following the train of our own thoughts we frequently lose the sense that we are writing for any eye but our own; and the mistakes arising from this audacity lead to doubtful situations and perplexities. Those—and paradoxical as it may appear, they are many—who have immoderate affections and very moderate passions, are the most likely to be betrayed into expressions of which they do not realise the force and interpretation possible to them. On the other hand, people of violent temper and passions, conscious of the meaning of their words, are often very reticent in correspondence. There is little doubt but that the most matter-of-fact among us are impressed with 'the ideal' in a way they hardly acknowledge. A lady and gentleman, personally quite unknown to each other, fell, by a curious incident irrelevant to the present subject, into correspondence. They were each possessed of high mental power, and became mutually fascinated. He, in quest of a second self with a mind and heart that should satisfy his exalted aspirations, found in her letters an attraction that routed his cynicism, and prompted him to repose a confidence in her that he had never originally intended to have given. She found in his a power that deprived her of will, a strength that was a refuge for her weakness, a determined nature that would carry all before it; a temper that could endure and wait, but when aroused would probably burst into tempest the most violent. Not having practically much knowledge of the world, she was subdued and captivated by the eccentricity of the affair, gave him the blind trust he claimed as one whose

'religion was honour;' and to exemplify the power of mind over matter, confessed—as he exacted she should before an interview or even exchange of photographs—that this ideal had inspired her with an absorbing affection!

This veracious history ought to have ended here with, 'They met, and were happy ever after.' Had they met, it could not have ended as it did; for the two realities brought face to face would either have found their psychic affinity confirmed, and the twain would have become one; or the repellent end of the psychic magnet would have driven them asunder, to go home and shatter their ideal gods, and meditate at leisure over the mysterious problem of 'mind versus matter.' But they did not meet. After her unwise admission, his letters ceased; and she had the stinging mortification of accidentally receiving the confidence of another lady with whom this ideal of hers had also been corresponding, in his search for a woman with 'a good heart and refined mind.' She did not return the lady's confidence, nor would she betray her; but the feeling that she had merely been a subject of psychic vivisection for the gratification of an epicurean, roused a rage of wounded self-love within her, and she sent him words, by means that—as he never guessed the truth—must have lowered her at once to zero in the estimation of her erstwhile ideal. His answer was a fury of disappointment, words that were almost an execration. Her nature however, was one of those that can more easily recover from a painful fact than from an exasperating ideality. A fact is tangible; its proportions do not vary. We can grasp it, realise it, wrestle with it, wear it out; but an absorbing ideality has the whole battery of the protean subjunctive mood for ever playing on it. Bearing this in mind, young folks should be especially guarded in their correspondence with unknown persons; their missives, if they must write, should be brief and to the point.

Before concluding, we would revert to the evils of illegible caligraphy, and offer a word to those who have occasion to submit their manuscripts to the scrutiny of others. In our own editorial experience we can assure those who intrust their offerings to our consideration, that nothing is more annoying than a bundle of badly written and confused manuscript. We might go further and add that many an article, no matter how intrinsically good it may have been, has been condemned and returned to the author unread, simply on account of the villainous caligraphy.

MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

THE 'ghost-stories unveiled' which have already appeared in our columns seem to have attracted considerable attention, as being endeavours on our part to shew that what are termed 'supernatural occurrences' are in nearly all cases capable of being solved by the exercise of a little common-sense. We are indebted to various contributors for the following examples, all of which are guaranteed to be strictly true and may be enjoyed by even the most timid reader:

The locality where the following occurrence took place is near a small village some eight or nine miles from the city of Armagh. On a gray

December night, now about sixteen years ago, a middle-aged bachelor was returning from a Christmas party to which he had been invited by some of his village friends. Our hero, whose name was Charlie Coburn, occupied the position of land-steward to a country gentleman resident near the village. Charlie lodged at my father's, and found himself on his way home at about the hour of twelve—not an unreasonable hour for a bachelor, certainly; but then Charlie was a model to his race, and his word was a law to the parish. On his way home to our house, he required to pass through the village; and as there was a strapping lassie at the party upon whom rumour affirmed Charlie 'had his eye,' we can suppose his thoughts to have been occupied with meditating on the fair Mary, whose company he had just quitted, as he paced the kerb-stone with three fingers in each waistcoat pocket—his favourite attitude when in a musing mood.

It was only a week or two before, that the introduction of gas-lamps in the village streets took place; and when our hero reached the end of the street, he was enabled, by the light of the last lamp, to perceive some person only a short distance in front of him, and proceeding in the same direction as himself. As the road to my father's was rather dreary and deserted, Charlie felt glad of the unexpected company he was about to come up with. Consequently, he withdrew his fingers from his waistcoat pockets, and went on at a swinging pace, so as to overtake the traveller as soon as possible. The latter gentleman, however, evinced not the slightest desire for Charlie's society. On the contrary, he kept moving ahead faster and faster, in proportion as his pursuer's pace increased. The two were during this time keeping their way along the footpath, which ran outside a high wall, inclosing the demesne of a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. In this wall, and just about a furlong or so past the last of the gas-lamps, was a curve, round which the lamp could not throw its rays, and it happened that at this very spot the gate leading into a graveyard was placed. Here the unsociable traveller suddenly and unaccountably disappeared from view.

It was impossible he could have jumped the wall, on account of its height; neither could he have crossed the road nor gone onwards, as in either case Coburn must have seen him. Then where had he gone? Not having passed the gate, he must have gone through it. But on examining the gate, it was found to be locked; and as the bars were too close to admit the passage of any human body, the only reasonable conclusion that Coburn could arrive at was, that he had been pursuing a ghost! Having settled this point satisfactorily (though suddenly) in his own mind, he thought it might be as well if he gave the ghost a chance of pursuing him. Coburn was neither superstitious nor cowardly; but this being the first time he had ever seen a real ghost, he felt rather unnerved. Not knowing what terrible consequences his temerity might bring upon him, and believing

discretion in this instance to be the better part of valour, he divested himself of his coat as quickly as possible, and throwing it over his shoulder, fled homewards, determined that if the ghost did give chase, it should not catch him without having at least a run for its victim.

We had not gone to bed on Coburn's arrival. He came—or rather rushed—in pale as a corpse, the perspiration pouring down his cheeks. His strange and untoward appearance seemed to put us all in such a state that none appeared to know what was the proper question to ask under the circumstances. However Charlie, who, on entering, had thrown himself into a chair, and his coat upon the floor, was the first to break the silence by gasping for 'a drink of spring-water.' He gulped it down; and my father, who had run to the door to see if there were no highwaymen lurking in the vicinity, came in, and grasping Coburn by the wrist—to feel his pulse, I suppose—asked what had happened.

'Oh!' pants Coburn, with horror depicted in every feature, 'I—I've seen a ghost!'

I shivered. But my father, who was not a believer in ghosts, laughed outright. This seemed to nettle our lodger considerably, as he always prided himself on his veracity, and could not bear to have it impugned, especially on so serious a subject. After he had calmed down a little, my father endeavoured to reason him out of his belief. But it was useless. 'He had seen a ghost, though he never believed in them before, and there was an end of it.'

'Well,' said my father, 'I have never seen a ghost; but I should much like to have it to say that I *had* seen one; and if you think there is any chance of your ghost favouring us with a second appearance, I propose that we both set off to the graveyard at once.'

Coburn seemed very reluctant to make the experiment; but as my father began to throw some slight aspersions on his courage, he at last consented, and they both set off. They examined the gate and found it locked; peered through the bars, but saw no sign of a ghost. Thinking the gentleman might have gone a second time for a stroll towards the village, they proceeded a short distance in that direction; but imagine their feelings when, on looking back, they saw behind them not one ghost, but two! Both ghosts went through the gate as before; but proved to be nothing eerier than the shadows of the two men, thrown by the newly erected gas-lamps, the bend in the wall causing the figures to appear as if they had vanished into the graveyard!

One evening some weeks ago, I was in my room preparing for bed, when I suddenly heard what sounded like footsteps coming along the passage leading to my room; then some one appeared to be feeling in the dark for the handle of the door, which was slightly shaken, and a low knock was heard. Of course I at once concluded that some one of the family was outside; and my door being locked, I called out to know who was there, but received no answer. Thinking this very odd, I went to the door and opened it; but, to my amazement, no one was outside, and yet I had heard no footsteps retreating. I must explain that my room is at the end of a long passage, to which you descend by five or six steps, my door

forming the end of the passage (my room being at the end of one wing of the house); therefore, on opening my door, I immediately commanded the whole of the corridor, and it seemed impossible for any one to have escaped in the time; and I knew that the two rooms opening on the same passage were locked up, so that no one could have got out of sight in that way.

Very much puzzled, I closed and locked my door; and after a brief interval the same thing was repeated. Cautious footsteps were heard approaching; then as if some one were feeling for the handle of the door in the dark, and shaking the door slightly by so doing; and then again a low knock. A second time did I open my door, but with the same result. No one was there. I frankly confess that I now began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, not on account of ghosts, but visions of thieves which floated across my mind (very irrationally, of course), and I felt persuaded that some one must be moving about the house; and yet I knew that every one else had gone to bed long ago; and I own I did not feel inclined to risk an encounter with this mysterious visitor while trying to arouse some one else, my room being some way from the rest of the family.

Determined however, if possible to find out what it was, I crouched down with my ear to the door, listening for a repetition of the noise, which was repeated a third time. But *now*, owing to my closeness to the door, I discovered the disturber of my peace in a mouse! It appeared this mouse, which had very evidently lost its way, had got down into the passage, and finding retreat rather difficult (owing, I suppose, to the steps), was rushing up and down the passage at full speed, thereby producing the sound of footsteps on the carpet, and on finding its egress barred by my door, trying to escape by running up the door; but the varnished paint affording it no foothold, the impetus of its run only sufficed to carry it up a short way (thus shaking the door and slightly moving the handle), and it then fell down with a flap, thus producing the knock.

I could not resist a hearty laugh when I found out the real cause of the disturbance; but yet it shews that stories of strange nocturnal noises should be received with great caution, for certainly I should always have declared that some one had been trying my door that night, had I not found out the real cause.

The following story, it is to be hoped, may assist still further in dispelling fears of what are termed supernatural visitors, by explaining one reason for house-bells 'ringing of themselves.'

I had quitted my temporary country residence for the winter, closed all the rooms, and left a trustworthy caretaker in charge, who occupied the kitchen. On the second night, while she sat at the fire, she was alarmed by hearing the drawing-room bell, which was high up in the passage to the kitchen, ring. She looked up into the passage, and there, surely enough, was the bell giving its last tinglings. Her husband came home from his work, and to satisfy her, went up-stairs to the drawing-room. He unlocked the door, found everything in its usual state, carpet rolled up and ornaments and candlesticks covered. He returned, disbelieving his wife's story; but she persisted in

it; and she declared she would not for a year's wages remain an hour in the haunted house after nightfall. The days were at their shortest, and the husband required to be out at his work. In this difficulty her niece, a stout-hearted girl, volunteered to be her companion. Next evening the daylight disappeared as usual at an early hour, and soon afterwards the drawing-room bell rang. The niece sprang to her feet, ran into the passage, saw the bell still shaking, and rushed up into the drawing-room, which was found as before still and silent. With a good deal of entreaty, the caretaker was induced by her niece to remain in the kitchen. They again sat down at the fire, and left the passage-door open. A short time only elapsed when the bell in the passage again rang, and this time more loudly and continuously than before. The terror of the old woman now became extreme; but the younger crept cautiously round the half-open door, and there she saw the ringer of the bell—a half-starved rat, who impelled by hunger in the empty house, had made his way into the channel along which all the bell-wires had been laid from the several rooms into a common opening to the passage, and was discussing in his own thoughts the feasibility of jumping down from a height of five or six feet to the level of the kitchen floor, to seek for a supper. He was so hungered, that the presence of the girl did not frighten him away, and he remained with his forepaws in a state of unstable equilibrium, shaking the wire, while his glistening eyes shone out like two diamonds reflecting the light of the solitary kitchen candle. Had the stout-hearted girl not detected the presence of the hungry visitor, the belief would have been firm and not unreasonable, in the view of many, that some supernatural agency had rung the bell, and the legend of a haunted house would have hung round my little villa.

The following are related in the conversational style in which they were told to our contributor.

'I am sure none of you were ever so terrified by a ghost as I was,' said my Aunt Mabel. 'It was an American ghost, which perhaps accounts for its having been more wild and weird and altogether electrifying than anything ever met with in the old country. You know that I went to America when I was young, and that I spent many of my early years in a lonely farmhouse in the back-woods.'

'And without servants, Aunt Mabel?'

'Quite true, dear. Servants would not stay in such an out-of-the-way place without higher wages than we could give them, and indeed the "helps" we tried were often more deserving of the name of "hinderers." But we were all young and strong, and we never had happier days than when we all kept house together, and did the work with our own hands. Capital training it was, though at first of course we made many mistakes, everything was so new and strange to us.

'It was soon after our arrival at this lonely place that I met with a terrible fright. My sister Isabel and I shared the same room, and one night I was awakened by hearing her crying by my side.

'What is the matter, Isabel?'

'Oh, a toothache, a most dreadful toothache; and I have nothing to relieve it. If I could only get some brandy; a little burnt brandy would cure it in a moment.'

"My dear," I said, jumping out of bed, "I will get you some directly. I know where it is—in the parlour cupboard, and I have got the key."

"But you have no light."

"Oh, I can grope my way to the room, and then I can easily light my candle at the stove."

'No sooner said than done. I wrapped a shawl round me, went swiftly and quietly down-stairs, felt my way through the dark and deserted room, and succeeded in lighting my candle at the stove. But no sooner did I hold up the lighted candle to make my way to the cupboard, than the most unearthly shriek rang through the room. At the same moment the light was suddenly extinguished. I was left in total darkness, and all was still and silent as before. Chilled with horror, and trembling in every limb, I groped my way back as well as I could, and told my story to Isabel; but she was in such pain that it did not make the impression on her that I expected. I got but little sympathy.

"It must have been the wind, or a wild-cat outside that screamed," she said; "and as to the light being put out, that of course was sheer accident. Candles often go out when they are just lighted. Of course," she added, "we are not such fools as to believe in ghosts."

'This rather put me on my mettle; and moved besides by her moans of intense pain, I at last braced myself up to a second attempt. I went with great determination, resolving that nothing should now hinder me from bringing the remedy to my sister. Proceeding down-stairs again, all went well till I turned from the stove with the lighted candle in my hand. Instantly the same yell resounded in my ears, while something, I could not tell what, swept past me and dashed out the light! How I reached my room I never knew, but I crawled into bed more dead than alive; and as soon as I could speak I told Isabel that no matter what happened, nothing would induce me to make the venture again.

'Morning came at last, and with it the solution of the mystery. My brothers had come home late, bringing with them a screech-owl which they had caught, and had put into the parlour for safety till the morning. The light had of course disturbed it, and it had flown against the candle and extinguished it while uttering its peculiar and singularly hideous cry. My terror at the midnight ghost was a joke at my expense for long after.'

'I think you were very brave to go into the room a second time, Aunt Mabel.'

'Well, I think I was, I must admit. But I would have braved almost anything for Isabel, and I was a strong courageous girl, who hardly knew what fear was. Still, I can assure you that even to this day when I recall the scene, I seem still to feel the thrill of terror that shook me at the sound of that unearthly shriek. Heard for the first time in the dead of night and so close to my ear, it was truly startling and dreadful. It was a great relief when the mystery was so simply explained. But only imagine if it had never been explained! If the owl had got in unperceived, and had escaped by the chimney or an open window! How that ghostly shriek must have haunted me ever after! It would have been as frightful a ghost-story as you ever heard. But see! at the touch of the little wand of truth the ghost vanishes, and only a poor screech-owl remains!'

'Now let me tell the story of our "family ghost,"' said Miss B—. 'Such a useful, faithful, devoted spirit as it was! An Irish ghost; but not a banshee, more like a "delicate Ariel" or household fairy. I only fear its race is extinct now, as well as that of the invaluable servants who used to identify themselves with their master's family. Our ghost was before my time; but often and often have I heard my grandmother talk of it, and what a mystery it was. The household was large and varied, consisting of the old couple, some grown-up ones, one of them married, an orphan niece, and two or three young children in the nursery. There were no railways in those days, and when any of the family intended going to the county town, they had to be up at dawn of day, take a solitary breakfast, and set out on what was then a formidable expedition. Of course the affair used to be discussed in the family the evening before, commissions given, and the time of starting fixed on. And now comes the strange part of my story. Whether the servants were up in good time or not, the fire was always lighted, the kettle boiling, and breakfast ready at the appointed time! The clothes which came from the wash were found carefully sorted out and apportioned to their respective owners; none could tell by whom. If a fire were required in the nursery, it was kept up by invisible hands. Nurse was a heavy sleeper; but no matter; her deficiencies were supplied by the obliging and indefatigable ghost. Nurse used to find as bright a fire in the morning as she had left at night, the turf-basket replenished, and all as neat and orderly as hands could make it. To get out the breakfast things, my grandmother's keys must have been taken from her room, but by whom no one could tell.

"Leave the key-basket in my room," said a visitor the night before he left. "I am a light sleeper, and if the ghost comes to get my breakfast, I shall know it!"

'Towards daybreak he heard the keys tinkle, and instantly threw a dagger, which he had hidden under his pillow, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. In the morning the dagger was found stuck into the door, but no clue to the mysterious visitor could be found.

'At last my grandmother determined that the mystery should be solved, whatever it might be, and she prepared to sit up in her room all night, listening for the faintest sound. For a long time all was still; and my grandmother was beginning to fear that her long watch through the winter's night was only wasting her strength in vain, when at last, somewhere in the small-hours, she heard a slight thud upon the stairs. Instantly seizing her candle, she rushed out, just in time to see a slender figure in white, carrying a basket of turf on its arm. The fall of a sod from the fuel-basket was the sound she had heard. My grandmother was a brave woman, and swiftly as the white figure flitted on, swiftly did she follow after, up staircases and along passages, till just as it reached the nursery door, she overtook it, and discovered her niece walking in her sleep!

'It seems the poor girl was so anxious about the household arrangements that she used to rise in her sleep to accomplish all that she knew ought to be done. How her zeal nearly cost her life, through the foolish rashness of a young visitor, I

have already told you. She was never again permitted to sleep alone. My grandmother took her to her own bed; and clasped in her loving arms, the poor girl learned to forget her cares, and to take the full benefit of

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

'Had not my grandmother possessed good sense, courage, and resolution, the story might have had a very different ending.'

THAT DAY ON INNISMORE.

CHAPTER V.—THE CEREMONY OF THE TORR CLIFF.

MEANWHILE, as we afterwards learned, Mrs Vance and Major Barrett, after searching everywhere for us, and having waited a long while in hope of our reappearing, had gone back to the Cove to make inquiries and obtain the assistance of a guide. By that time however, the sea had become too rough for a boat to enter the caves; and as Morris had predicted, the fishermen, on hearing how we had so strangely disappeared, had assured Major Barrett that we were certainly in no danger. But whether it was that they resented his surliness toward them in the morning, or for some other reason were unwilling to give him information, or were unable to do so, he had failed to learn anything further from them except that it was as likely as not that we would return to the Cove by land.

As the weather seemed every moment more threatening, it was decided that Major Barrett should be landed on the island to look for us, the remainder of the party going on board the *Vampire*. Indeed even then the sea had got up so much that it was with some danger that the boat approached the rocks; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Major Barrett had succeeded in landing. And now, as we were approaching the harbour, suddenly passing round an angle of the cliff, we met our enemy. He was returning with one of the fishermen from, it is needless to say, a fruitless search for us round the shores of the island. Somehow, the man had led him to every place except the right one!

It was easy to see that the Major was in no pleasant frame of mind. He professed his delight at seeing Miss Vance safe, and assured her of the great alarm and anxiety her disappearance had caused, and added that he had received the most positive orders not to lose sight of her again until he had restored her in safety to Mrs Vance's keeping. 'For that young gentleman,' he continued, looking at me, 'is plainly not to be trusted; he deserves to be punished, Miss Vance, for the annoyance he has given us all. Unless indeed, which I can hardly suppose,' he added with a quick glance at my cousin, 'it was with your consent that he played us this trick.'

I saw that it was with difficulty that Clara restrained herself; she however, coldly replied that she must share whatever blame Major Barrett thought proper to assign; and nothing further was said.

The Major's displeasure was evidently not diminished. He treated me with positive rudeness, which under other circumstances I could not have tolerated; but I felt that for the present, however hard the task might prove, I must keep my temper and presence of mind.

When we reached the Cove, we found that the yachts had been obliged to get under weigh, and were standing off and on shore; and as soon as they approached near enough to see us, we made signs to them to return to Killalla. It was indeed high time that they should do so. A heavy sea was now running in the Sound; the wind was still rising, and there was every prospect of a stormy night. Those who do not know what the Atlantic on our western shores can do, and in how short a time a dangerous sea will get up, will find it hard to understand the change that had taken place since the calm and lovely morning. The waters were now dark and sullen-looking, and the waves of a leaden colour, except their crests, which everywhere were breaking and white with foam. The shore at the upper end of the Cove was composed of large rounded stones. When each wave rushed in, there came up from below the sound of a volley of sharp and heavy blows, as these ponderous marbles were rolled in by the water, to be carried out again with equal noise and violence by the retreating wave; and the odour of these flinty concussions filled all the air. Where the rocks were lofty and perpendicular, and the water very deep, the wave rose and fell almost silently, at one moment reaching far above high-water mark; at the next, discovering twenty feet or more of a steep wall of rock dressed with festoons of brown and glistening sea-weed. Where there were sunken rocks, or where the sides of the cliffs sloped down into the sea, there the waves broke with fury, and sent showers of white spray far up into the air.

The yachts were now half-way across the Sound; and we turned to make our way to the light-keeper's house, where we should have to pass the night, and where the luncheon-baskets, which fortunately for us had been sent on shore in the forenoon, had been taken.

I need not relate how we spent the hours of that evening, though hope sprung wildly in my breast. Major Barrett was in an extremely bad temper, which even when speaking to Clara he could hardly control. To me he scarcely spoke at all. As for my cousin and I, we were too anxious to be at our ease. Major Barrett's presence was of course extremely irksome to us, and I could see that he strongly suspected some understanding to exist between us. He seemed determined at any rate that we should not have an opportunity of exchanging a word except in his hearing. And so the evening wore on.

About ten o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and Morris came into the room where we were sitting, and said to me: 'If the lady and you sir, would like to see an old custom we have on this island, and one that few strangers have the chance of seeing, you can see it this very night; for the fire is lit, and the answer's come.'

I replied at once that we should be glad to see it. 'Won't you come?' I said to Clara.

My cousin hesitated, and I watched her anxiously; for a moment the colour left her cheek, and she seemed to find a difficulty in speaking.

Just then Major Barrett interfered: 'Pray, don't think of it, Miss Vance; that boy has no consideration for you.—Don't you see,' he said, turning to me, 'how you have wearied Miss Vance? As it is, she is looking quite pale. Her

mother has left her in my charge, and I certainly shall not allow her to be made ill by your folly, if I can prevent it.'

Before he had finished speaking however, the colour had returned to Clara's cheek, and she quietly and firmly replied: 'Major Barrett, I shall certainly go with Harry. The opportunity might never occur again. And I should not forgive myself were I to miss it.'

Some further remonstrances were made, but without effect. We went out, guided by Morris, the Major of course accompanying us, but too much displeased to care even to inquire what it was we were going to see.

The night was very dark; there was no moon visible; and the sky was covered with a thick layer of murky clouds. It was blowing pretty hard from the south-west, and occasionally a large drop of rain was felt. The roar of the breakers round the shores of the island was incessant. We were conducted quickly and in silence by Morris along a path that led us to the north-east extremity of Innismore, where one of the highest cliffs, of a strange and fantastic form, and conspicuous in daylight from the mainland, ran out some way into the sea. On the top of this cliff there was a level space of rock, near the centre of which a large fire was blazing. There was quite a crowd of the islanders gathered round the fire; men and women, young and old, were there. And to judge from the expression of their faces, something of interest was going forward. All eyes were turned on us as we arrived on the spot, and a murmur of voices arose from the assembly. But this was at once checked by a few words in Irish from Morris; and from that moment the people seemed hardly to notice our presence. All looks were directed across the sea towards the mainland, where a single light could be seen in the darkness, apparently upon the shore. As we made our way to the place to which Morris conducted us, we passed some men standing by a pile of fuel, which they seemed just about to light. A moment afterwards they had done so, and the flame shot up brightly into the dark sky. Morris, who stood close to us, whispered: 'Look well now across to the mainland till you see their second fire.'

A few minutes passed by, and still we saw nothing except the solitary light on the distant shore; yet all the people around us were watching intently. At first not a word was heard; then here and there some short sentences in Irish were uttered, becoming as time passed more frequent and audible. I glanced at Major Barrett's face; it shewed traces of displeasure and contempt; but influenced by the evident suspense of all the people present, he too was gazing out into the darkness. Suddenly an exclamation broke from the crowd. I looked across the water, and there, beside the first, was a second but brighter light. From this moment not a word was spoken by any of those about us. They stood in silent waiting, and with their heads uncovered. Just in front of where we were standing was a block of gray granite about three feet square, a foot high, and flat upon the top. As the second light on the mainland appeared, Morris pointed to the block and said: 'You and the lady should stand up there.'

I helped Clara up upon the stone, and placed

myself beside her; and taking off my hat as all had done except Major Barrett, we stood watching the fires on the far-off shore. Suddenly the second of them shot up with great brightness. I had at that moment taken my cousin's hand in mine, and the eyes of a good many in the crowd were turned in our direction. Major Barrett following their glances, and seeing, I suppose, what I had done, stepped quickly towards us, saying: 'We have had enough of this foolery. Come down sir, and let Miss Vance return. She is in my keeping, remember.' With these words he stretched out his hand—whether to help my cousin to descend or for some other purpose, I do not know; but Morris had quickly placed himself between Major Barrett and the place where we were standing, and there he stood, his head bare, and the firelight shining upon his white locks and venerable countenance.

'Out of my way, you fool!' the Major exclaimed.

Morris made no reply and no movement, except to motion him back with his slightly raised and open hand. The next moment the old man was felled to the ground.

But before Major Barrett had time to follow up the cowardly act, he was seized and held firmly by two young fishermen. No one else spoke or moved until the bright flame suddenly died away, and then the whole assembly knelt down, and remained kneeling until the second of the two lights on the mainland went out altogether. Then all rose up. And the strange performance in which we had taken part, whatever its object or meaning might be, was at an end.

The men who had laid hold of Major Barrett now released him, and raised Morris from the ground. He had been stunned by the blow, but not seriously injured, and in a few minutes he had recovered sufficiently to return with us to the lighthouse. If Major Barrett was in bad humour before, his temper certainly was not improved by what had just passed. He made a lame apology to Clara, and offered money to Morris, which was at once scornfully declined, and then he avoided all mention of the subject; and we returned in silence to the lighthouse, where a tolerably comfortable room had been provided for Clara.

By the next morning the weather had changed again almost as rapidly and completely as on the previous day. The sky was clear of clouds; the sea was still in motion, but was fast subsiding; and the wind had died away altogether. As there was no prospect of the yachts being able to come for us, I found Morris, and arranged with him that a boat from the island should take us across to the mainland. As soon, therefore, as the sea had gone down sufficiently, one of the fishing-boats was drawn down the stony beach and launched; and we having made a hurried breakfast at the lighthouse, with some difficulty embarked, and with Morris at the helm and a stout crew of four young fishermen, were rapidly taken across the Sound towards the little village of Dunkeel, the nearest point at which we could land, and where we hoped to find a vehicle to take us to the castle. The distance we had to row was seven miles, and in about an hour and a half we approached our landing-place. As we came near the jetty, we could see that a number of persons were collected on it,

evidently awaiting the arrival of our boat. As soon as we were within speaking distance, some questions in Irish were eagerly put to Morris, to which he replied in the same language; and when we landed and went in search of a conveyance, we left the crowd still interrogating our boatmen, and listening to their apparently unsatisfactory replies.

I had been very anxious to obtain another opportunity of speaking to Clara alone. There were still some details of our scheme which had not been decided on between us, and which the presence of Major Barrett had prevented us from arranging; but we had been quite unable to free ourselves from his company. And so we reached Killalla Castle without my having been able to say another word in private to Clara.

We had left Innismore soon after sunrise, and on arriving at the castle it still wanted a little of nine o'clock; so we went to our rooms, and in this way it came about that Major Barrett contrived to see Mrs Vance before we all met in the breakfast parlour. What passed between them of course I am unable to say; but they evidently thought it best to make as light as possible of the, to them, annoying events of the day before. I had succeeded—I suppose they thought—in speaking to Miss Vance in private, and that could not now be helped; very soon I should have to join my regiment; the thing would not occur again; and only harm would be done by seeming to attach undue importance to what had happened. And so at breakfast, beyond inquiries as to what we had done, how we had so suddenly disappeared, why we had not returned, and the like, and a few reproaches for having broken up the party and caused so much anxiety, little was said. Major Barrett for his own reasons, and we for ours, were unwilling to say more than necessary about our doings on the island.

Before the day was over however, our adventures of the previous day were brought up again most unexpectedly, and with somewhat startling effect. It happened that on that evening some guests were dining with us—the Stubb-es of Ballystubb; Sir Loftus Haw, one of our county members, and his daughters; Dr Rumble from the neighbouring town; the clergyman of the parish, and some others. It was Dr Rumble, a kind old man, but rather fond of gossip, who gave an unexpected turn to the conversation. Hearing some one opposite him speak of the caves of Innismore and of our trip there yesterday, he said: 'What a pity you did not stay the night upon the island; you would then have seen a strange sight, and one you might live twenty years without having another opportunity of witnessing. They had an open-air wedding on Innismore last night.'

'Oh, impossible,' exclaimed several of the party at once. 'Why, Miss Vance and Harry and Major Barrett were on the island all night, and they saw no wedding.'

'No,' said Major Barrett; 'Miss Vance and I can bear witness that there was no wedding on Innismore yesterday. The people were all engaged about some other rather uninteresting ceremony, which we went to see, and of which we could not learn the meaning: a couple of fires lit, and a crowd of people round them, with their hats off, and kneeling; and we saw what appeared to be answering signals on the mainland. But there

was no bride or groom or rejoicings, or anything like a marriage.'

'Well, to think of that!' cried out Dr Rumble in his jovial hearty voice, delighted to have caught the ear of the company, for every one was now listening to him. 'Why, I declare that Miss Vance and Major Barrett have been present at a wedding and never found it out. Those fires were the very thing I am telling you of. When there is a case of absolute necessity, and when for any reason the marriage cannot be delayed, and it is too rough for the priest to go out to the island, they light a fire on Torr Cliff; and when the couple are ready, a second fire is lighted; and when the priest commences the ceremony on the mainland, a second fire is lit on this side; and then as the priest pronounces them man and wife, a brighter flame suddenly shoots up. The happy pair meanwhile—did no one point them out to you?—standing hand in hand on a block of granite, I believe between the fires; the ring of course'—

At this moment Major Barrett, his face contorted with rage, started to his feet. 'Zounds! Mrs Vance,' he said, his voice trembling with excitement, 'this is some villainy on the part of that scoundrel there,' pointing towards me. 'It was he and your daughter who stood hand in hand last night on that stone between the fires, and went through a piece of mummerly that none but idiots will call a marriage. It would have been well, Mrs Vance, had you taken my advice, and refused to let him come here at all; and now, if you will allow me, I shall have at once removed from your house a person that has shewn himself unfit to continue a moment longer in it; and horse-whipped if he should venture to enter it again.'

I need not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Poor Clara had fainted, and for a few minutes all our efforts were directed to restoring her. Then I, not having been taken by surprise, and able fortunately to remain collected, when order was a little restored, begged all present to hear my account of the affair. This they were very willing to do; so—premising that Major Barrett might have an opportunity of horse-whipping me, and welcome, provided he could find himself able to do so—I told them as shortly as I could of my long attachment to my cousin, of the means that had been adopted, as I believed, to separate us, and of the difficulty I had had in obtaining an opportunity of inquiring the nature of Miss Vance's feelings towards myself. And I concluded by stating my conviction that had my kind old uncle lived, he would not have been unfavourable to my suit, and, under the circumstances, would not have found it hard to pardon the step we had taken, a step which would never have been necessary had he lived.

The party, as was natural, broke up at once, but not before those who knew my uncle best had shewn a disposition to side with me in the matter.

The first thing next morning, Mrs Vance sent for Father Dugan the parish priest, a kind old man, who had been a warm friend of my uncle. I saw him as he left the castle after the interview, and there was a merry look in his eye as he warmly grasped my hand, though he gravely shook his head and said: 'O Master Harry! you never thought last night, I daresay, of the trouble you'd be getting me into.' He had refused however, as

I learned from him, to hear of any doubt as to the validity of the marriage. It was another question, he admitted, what the authorities might have to say to him for having celebrated it. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'not a good marriage? Then I'd like to know what's to become of old Biddy Maguire, who's a grandmother now? and of Dennis and Mary Mulloy, whom I married when they were wearied out waiting the winter that no one could get to the island? And there's poor Lucy Morris, whose heart would have just broken if I had not married her to Manus before he died, poor fellow. No, no! I am in no doubt about your marriage, Master Harry; but I am in great doubt about the necessity for it. And that fire was not to be lit except in case of urgent necessity; and the boys out there know that, and I think they won't be so glad to see me the next time I visit the island.'

Whether Mrs Vance had been convinced by Father Dugan's arguments, or that she and Major Barrett now saw that things had gone too far for their plans to succeed, I cannot say; but Major Barrett having written me a short apology for his violent language, left the castle. Mrs Vance, with as good a grace as possible, gave her consent to a union which it was too late to oppose. I was fortunately able to effect an exchange into a regiment not going abroad; and to set all question at rest, the marriage ceremony was in due course celebrated in the parish church; though Clara and I and Father Dugan and Morris—whom, need I say, I rewarded handsomely—have always considered our wedding to date from That Day on Innismore.

'HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.'

THE above dictum is frequently expressed, but without much consideration of the degree of truth contained in it. The supposition or belief is that past events are likely to reoccur, to revolve as it were in circles or orbits, so as to come round again into view after a greater or smaller lapse of time. It may however be confidently stated that such a repetition is neither probable nor possible unless all the accompanying and surrounding circumstances are similar, all the factors in the sum-total analogous in character and equal in amount. Such a complete harmony of conditions is scarcely conceivable. We shall endeavour to shew that resemblances do occasionally present themselves, which, to say the least, are remarkable, and calculated to tempt persons into a belief that history does repeat itself; some of the salient features are similar, and no note taken of those which are dissimilar.

At the close of the Franco-German War of 1870-1, when France was pressed down with such an agony of tribulation, attention was drawn to a series of events dating more than five centuries earlier, involving many of the same kinds of disaster to the same nation. Epitomes of the two clusters of events were placed in parallel columns, for facility of comparison:

FRANCE, 1356.

Defeat of the French at Poitiers.
King John of France taken prisoner.

FRANCE, 1870-1.

Defeat of the French at Sedan.
Emperor of the French taken prisoner.

Paris armed by a government formed of the prévôt and échevins of the city, deputies in the States-general.	Paris armed by a government formed of the deputies of the city in the Corps Législatif.
The Milices Bourgeoises organised.	The National Guard organised.
Peace made with England, but Paris remaining armed and defiant.	Peace made with Germany, but Paris remaining armed and defiant.
The French army marches against Paris.	The French army marches against Paris.
The Parisians seize all the artillery in the city. They offer to treat, but are refused.	The Parisians seize all the artillery in the city. They offer to treat, but are refused.
They appeal to the other towns of France, which however will not rise.	They appeal to the other towns of France, which however will not rise.
The States-general meet at Compiègne.	The Assembly meets at Versailles.
Two nobles are massacred by the Paris mob.	Two generals are massacred by the Paris mob.
Sorties resulting in failure are made from Paris.	Sorties resulting in failure are made from Paris.
Paris taken by the army, due in part to dissensions among the Paris mob.	Paris taken by the army, due in part to dissensions among the Paris mob.

It would not be easy to find two historical narratives with more similarity among the incidents than these. Many phenomena, it has often been remarked, in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte bore considerable resemblance to those experienced or produced by Oliver Cromwell. History may be considered to have repeated itself here; but as before mentioned, only in such incidents as were surrounded by analogous circumstances.

If history sometimes seems to repeat itself, does human thought do the like? Do the same ideas pass through the minds of two persons unknown to each other? This is a more subtle problem, for it touches the mysteries of mental action, psychological manifestation. What are called 'undesigned coincidences' among poets are so numerous that no one can count them; sometimes bringing a charge of plagiarism against the later of two writers—sometimes attributing to him a forgetfulness that he had ever read the passage adverted to; sometimes inducing a belief that two minds have really and honestly hit upon the same idea clothed in nearly the same words.

One particular sentiment, wish, yearning (to give a very interesting example) has multiplied or repeated itself in many curious ways—namely a desire to save the life of a father or a brother rather than that of a husband or a son. Many recorded instances might be quoted, bearing a common resemblance in this—that the choice is made not because the love or affection is greater, but from the less probability of repairing the loss if loss occur. Sophocles put words into the mouth of Antigone, justifying her conduct in having run the risk of death in order to secure the right of sepulture for her brother; she could not have another brother, because her father was dead. Darius, according to Herodotus, asked the wife of the condemned Intaphernes whether she would that he pardoned her husband, brother, or son. She answered: 'My brother.' When asked the reason for this unexpected choice, she explained

that she might possibly have another husband or son at a future time, but not another brother, her father and mother being aged people. Robert of Normandy and William Rufus besieged their brother Henry at St Michael's, and reduced him to great privation. Robert, taking compassion, sent supplies of water and wine to the beleaguèred Prince. William rebuked what he called ill-timed generosity. Robert justified himself thus: 'Shall I suffer my brother to die of thirst? Where shall we find another when he is dead?' Edward I., we are told by Hume, on hearing of the death of his father and his infant son, said that the death of a son was a loss which he might hope to repair, whereas the death of a father is of course irreparable. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Antiquary*, quotes a scrap of an old ballad typifying the same kind of sentiment:

He turned him right and round again,
Said: 'Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a aue,
But Minnie ne'er anither.'

Nor do recent times leave us without evidence in the same direction. Miss Rogers, in her *Domestic Life in Palestine*, gives in English a story which was narrated to her by a native gentleman. Ibrahim Pacha, son of Mehemet Ali, raised an army in Palestine in augmentation of the Egypto-Syrian forces; and in so doing, stripped many a household of its bread-winner. One day a woman solicited an interview with Ibrahim at Akka. This being granted, she said: 'O my lord, look with pity on thy servant, and hear my prayer. A little while ago there were three men in my house—my husband, my brother, and my eldest son; but now, behold they have been carried away to serve in your army, and I am left with my little ones without a protector. I pray you grant liberty to one of these men, that he may remain at home.' Ibrahim, taking compassion on her, asked which of the three she would prefer to see liberated. She replied: 'My lord, give me my brother.' 'How is this, woman?' do you prefer a brother to a husband or a son?' The woman, who was distinguished for her wit and readiness of speech, replied as follows:

'If it be God's will that my husband perish in your service,
I am still a woman, and God may lead me to another husband;
If on the battle-field my first-born son should fall,
I have still my younger ones, who in God's time may be like unto him;
But oh! my lord, if my brother should be slain,
I am without remedy, for my father is dead, and my mother aged;
And where should I look for another brother?'

Ibrahim Pacha was so much pleased with this ingenious line of argument, and probably with the versified form which it assumed, that he released from military service all the three men; enjoining on the woman silence as to the circumstances, lest other women should raise a similar plea. The real facts were not publicly known till Ibrahim's departure from Akka, after the overthrow of the Egyptian government in Syria in 1840.

Literary coincidences, historical in regard to being presented at different periods, are sometimes so strange as to be almost incredible.

Absence of mind may, like other characteristics, lead two men into exactly the same kind of absurdity; but there is one case in which, if the records are reliable, the absurdity was accompanied by circumstances parallel to a degree of minuteness altogether inexplicable. When the *Spectator* of more than a century and a half ago sketched the character of Will Honeycomb, who was what is called an absent man, he probably had in his thoughts some real personage; and many readers have been amused at the story of the watch and pebble. But what if there be a story in print almost exactly like it, laid also in London, but at a very different date? Six or seven years ago there appeared a narrative which, though the name of Will Honeycomb was not used, we may conveniently place side by side with an extract from the *Spectator*:

1711.

'My friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are often absent in conversation, and what the French call a *rêveur* and a *distract*. A little before our club time last night we were walking together in Somerset Gardens, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when to my great surprise I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness put up the pebble he had before found into his pocket.'

1872.

'The Rev. G. Harvest, author of several theological works, was a very absent man. A friend and he walking in the Temple Gardens previous to the meeting of the Beef-steak Club in Ivy Lane, Mr Harvest picked up a small pebble of so strange a form that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what o'clock it was; to which he, taking out his watch, answered that they had seven minutes good. Accordingly they took a turn or two more; when, to his friend's astonishment, Mr Harvest threw his watch into the Thames, and with great coolness put the pebble into his pocket.'

What are we to think of this? Have there really been two episodes so wonderfully alike? Will Honeycomb's Club and the Beef-steak Club; Somerset Gardens and the Temple Gardens; seven minutes to spare till club-time in each case; the picking up of a curiously shaped pebble; the intention of shewing this pebble to an eminent virtuoso; the pocketing of the pebble and the flinging away of the watch—the analogy is complete at all points. Too complete indeed. We have been induced to dive a little into this matter, the result of which will serve to illustrate (in a future article) the difficulty of verifying history, of separating the reliable facts of past events from traditions and popular beliefs 'built upon the sand.'

Robert Burns, gifted with so glowing a fancy, and capable of such a command of language in

giving it expression, nevertheless produced effusions the leading idea of which had in some instances been in print before his time. For instance, he threw into vigorous verse that which another had long before put into vigorous prose. There is to be found the following passage in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, produced in or about the year 1676: 'A lord! What, art thou one of those who esteem men only by the marks of value fortune has set upon 'em, and never by intrinsic worth? But counterfeit honour will never be current with me; I weigh the man, not his tale; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the man better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling which you bend every way, and defaces the stamp he bears instead of being raised by it.' How intensely is all this given in Burns's well-known song *A Man's a Man for a' that*!

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, dnke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he maunna fa' that.

If Burns was unaware of the existence of this passage in the *Plain Dealer*, the parallelism furnishes one variety of History repeating itself, a figurative analogy presented to two different minds at widely different periods.

Two real events were associated, by coincidence and by misconception, in a singular way. At Angers, in 1650, a country priest, of notoriously bad character, had a dispute about money matters with the tax-collector of the district; the latter soon after was missing, and strong suspicion fell on the priest. About the same time a man was executed in the same town for highway robbery, and his body gibbeted in chains by the roadside. The friends of the highwayman came one night and tore down his body, in order that they might bury it; but being disturbed, they threw it into a pond near the priest's residence. Shortly after, some men, in dragging the pond for fish, brought up the corpse in their net; and it was immediately said to be the body of the tax-collector. Suspicion now turned so strongly against the priest that he was arrested, tried, convicted, and condemned. He solemnly protested his innocence; but when the day of execution arrived, he admitted that he had murdered the missing man. Nevertheless the body found in the pond was *not* that of the tax-collector, but of the highwayman; the priest, though deserving of punishment, was convicted and executed for a murder which he had not committed—that is, the murder of the man whose body was found in the pond. But where was the tax-gatherer's body? In a pit which the priest had dug in his garden. There were thus two dead bodies, one murdered and the other gibbeted, near the priest's house at one time; he knew of one, the highwayman's friends knew of the other; and

hence this remarkable coincidence of complicated mistakes.

A little consideration will thus shew that if 'History repeats itself,' such a result can only follow just in the same degree that the surrounding circumstances are analogous; and that the remaining examples belong to the class of accidental coincidences. Science, as well as the active affairs of life, not unfrequently illustrates the same principle. If two *savants* hit upon the same discovery at or about the same time, each without knowing of the other's proceedings, we may safely infer that the surroundings were similar, the soil just in the proper state for growing that particular crop, the mental furniture of the two men nearly alike. Two mathematical astronomers of profound acquirements, for instance, M. Leverrier in France and Mr Adams in England, were engaged at the same time, unknown to each other, in elaborating a large mass of calculations which led to the discovery of the planet Neptune. Both discovered the distant stranger, and both received from astronomers the honours of discoverer. It was not merely a fortuitous coincidence. Already a surmise had been formed that some unknown planet *might* possibly cause certain irregularities which had been noticed in the orbital movements of Uranus; this idea or surmise set two men to work on the same problem at the same time, and saw the same result simultaneously achieved. Examples of this, both in discovery and in invention, are by no means uncommon.

CRACK-NUT SUNDAY.

It is well known that in the olden times many holiday diversions, and even occasionally fairs, were held within the precincts of our parish churches. For instance, in the registers at Winchester there is to be seen a copy of a mandate from William of Wykeham, which forbids juggling, the performance of loose dances, ballad-singing, the exhibiting of profane shows and spectacles, and the celebration of other games, in the church and even in the churchyard of Kingston-on-Thames, on pain of excommunication. It would appear however, that even this strong measure did not prevent the origin, or at all events the practice, of another ancient custom, of which little or nothing is known except that it is thought to have been peculiar to Kingston, but which was carried on in the church itself, even during the time of divine service, down to the end of the last century, if not to the beginning of this. The congregation, strange as it may sound, used to crack nuts during service on the Sunday next before the eve of St Michael's Day. Hence that Sunday was called 'Crack-nut Sunday.' The custom was not restrained or confined to the younger branches of the congregation, but was practised alike by young and old; and it is on record that the noise caused by the cracking was often so loud and so powerful as to oblige the minister to break off for a time his reading or his sermon until silence was restored.

The above custom is thought by one or two antiquaries to have been connected in some way or other with the choosing of bailiffs and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas Day, and with the usual feast which attended that proceeding. Readers of Goldsmith how-

ever, will not perhaps have forgotten a passage in the fourth chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, in which the good vicar, speaking of his parishioners, says: 'They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love-knots on St Valentine's morning, ate pancakes at Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve.' It would be curious to learn whether this custom prevailed in other parts of the country, or whether Oliver Goldsmith made acquaintance with it in his wanderings through the south-west suburbs of London.

LONGING FOR SPRING-TIME.

HASTE, hoary Winter! Loose thy weary chain
From the dull heavens and the deadened earth,
That the soft bloom of flowers, the gladsome birth
Of blossomy Spring may visit us again.

No feathery leaflets flutter on the line;
No flower-buds bursting, gem the sward beneath;
No song-birds warble with melodious breath,
As in the joyous flush of summer-time.

Thy touch hath chilled the greenness from the bough,
Robbed the still forest of its pleasing shade;
Thy wild breath swept the flowers from the glade;
And birds have fled to balmy regions now.

Then haste thee, in thine ice-wheeled car, away
To the ice-carven deserts of the North,
That the Queen-maiden Spring may venture forth,
And gladden hill and meadow with her sway.

In her soft hands a beaker brimmed with buds;
On her soft lips a burst of youthful song;
The sunshine in her shadeless eyes among
The sleeping boughs, shall quicken all the woods.

Then shall the joyous merle amid sprays
Of pink-flushed hawthorn join the robin's glee,
And the glad thrush sing softly from the tree,
Filling the clear air with his loveful lays;

Then shall the stream make gentle murmuring,
In amber light between new-blossomed trees,
And all the butterflies and golden bees
Winnow the warm air in the wake of Spring.

Along the green bank, on the velvet sod,
All bright with flowers, my daily walk shall be;
And these shall turn my thankful heart to thee,
Their painter and their maker, who art God.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 795.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

LOTTERY RECOLLECTIONS.

WE are old enough to remember the State Lotteries in all their glory in the early part of the present century, when Bish, Webb, and other contractors advertised their Lucky Offices in every newspaper, and spread the walls with glaring red posting-bills all over the country. Like the Customs or Excise, the Lottery was a cherished national institution. Established under the authority of parliament, it was a means of augmenting the public revenue. The money realised by it usually amounted to from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand pounds per annum, according to the sum offered by the contractors, who for the sake of a handsome profit undertook all the costly details and all the ignominy of the business. It was a pitiful way of raising funds by government; but it was of a piece with a number of other debasing practices that did not excite any particular horror, such as duelling, bull-baiting, matches for rat-killing by dogs, and prize-fighting. Our chief intimacy with the Lottery system was during the Regency of George, Prince of Wales, when fashionable morals were not of a very choice description, and much that was traditionary, however bad, passed without challenge. It is true things were beginning to mend, but it was very slowly.

The State Lotteries which had thus attained to grand dimensions as a financial resource were not an English invention. They were introduced from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as an expedient to raise funds for public works, such as bridges, harbours, and fortifications, for which at that period there were no regular means of construction. In the Italian cities, lottery-gambling had long been cultivated for financial reasons, and it was hoped that the practice would become equally available in England. There were, however, considerable difficulties at the outset. The thing did not commend itself to English common-sense. The first lottery attempted was in 1567—exactly the year when Scotland was thrown into a ferment by the murder of Darnley, and the

marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to Bothwell. Elizabeth's ministers tried hard to puff off the project. They described it as 'a very rich Lottery-general of money, plate, and certain sorts of merchandise.' The largest prize was to be five thousand pounds, of which three thousand pounds were to be paid in cash, seven hundred pounds in plate, and the remainder in 'good tapestry meet for hangings and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth.' A prize of five thousand pounds was an immense temptation for a man to try his luck, for it was equal at least to thirty thousand pounds in the present day, yet it does not seem to have stimulated avarice to the extent that had been expected. The chances were desperately against getting the big prize. The tickets, or 'lots,' as they were called, were four hundred thousand in number, at ten shillings each; but many of them were divided into halves or quarters, or lesser subdivisions for convenience of the poorer classes. To encourage people to take tickets, the prizes were exhibited at the house of the Queen's goldsmith, in Cheapside; and a wood-cut was appended to Her Majesty's proclamation on the subject, shewing a tempting display of gold and silver plate.

It is interesting to note the exceeding reluctance to buy tickets, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the ministers of the crown, backed by absolutely scolding proclamations from Her Majesty. The Lord Mayor of London and the justices of several counties were reprimanded for not exerting themselves sufficiently to encourage the Lottery-general, and it was insisted that the principal man in each parish should induce 'the people as much as possible to lay in their monies into lots.' This characteristic method of royal dragooning to encourage gambling in opposition to general desire, is a very striking commencement for a history of the lottery system. The drawing of the tickets for this magnificent affair began on the 11th January 1568-9, in a temporary building erected at the west end of old St Paul's Cathedral, and continued until the following May. So much for the first State Lottery. Its intro-

duction to public favour was evidently against the grain; a circumstance reflecting much credit on the English mental calibre, which had been strengthened by the Reformation a generation earlier, and was not as yet perverted by the mad pranks of the Stuarts.

In 1612, nine years after the accession of James I., a fresh attempt was made to get up a State Lottery. Its professed object was to favour the plantation of colonies in Virginia. The drawing took place as formerly at the west end of St Paul's. It could not have been very alluring, for the highest prize was only 'four thousand crowns in fair plate.' Charles I. projected a lottery to defray the expenses of conveying water to London; and during the Commonwealth there was a lottery for lands in Ireland. These were comparatively modest undertakings. The mania for lotteries did not break out till after the Restoration, when they were started to assist the loyalists who had suffered in the Civil War. At the same time every kind of gambling was so freely carried on that much money was lost and won. A story is told of a Colonel Thomas Panton, who in one night won ten thousand pounds, which he had the good sense to invest in the lands that now form the site of Panton Street, Haymarket. Satisfied with his gains, he never handled cards or dice afterwards. This was a rare case of self-command. In the frenzy of the period, the whole nation seems to have been inoculated with the spirit of gambling; for all sorts of lotteries large and small sprung into existence. 'The Royal Oak Lottery' was that which came forth with the greatest éclat, and was continued till the end of the century. One of the most audacious schemes was a lottery for which the price to be paid for a ticket was only a single penny, and the only prize was a thousand pounds. The hope of getting a thousand pounds for a penny drove the humbler classes frantic, and they rushed in crowds with their small means to the shops of dealers in tickets.

Gambling, like every other vice, needs only a beginning. The frenzied desire to risk money in lotteries resulted in the South Sea bubble and similarly mad speculations in the early part of the eighteenth century. The older essayists and novelists relate a number of amusing incidents illustrative of the rage for buying lottery tickets. Henry Fielding ridiculed the public madness in a farce produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731, the scene being laid in a lottery office, and the action of the drama descriptive of the wiles of office-keepers and the credulity of their victims. A whimsical pamphlet was also published about the same time, purporting to be a prospectus of a 'lottery for ladies,' by which they were to obtain as chief prize, a husband and coach-and-six for five pounds; such being the price of each share. Husbands of inferior grade in purse and person, were put forth as second, third, and fourth rate prizes; and a lottery for wives was soon advertised on a similar plan. This was legitimate satire, as so large a variety of lotteries were started, and in spite of reason or ridicule, continued to be patronised by a credulous public. Sometimes the lotteries were turned to purposes of public utility. Almost every year from the reign of Queen Anne, a lottery was sanctioned by parliament for some public purpose. For example, in

1736, an Act was passed for building a bridge at Westminster, for at that time London Bridge was the only communication by roadway across the Thames within the bounds of the metropolis. The lottery consisted of one hundred and twenty-five thousand tickets at five pounds each. This lottery was so far successful, that parliament sanctioned others in succession till Westminster Bridge was completed.

Such were the beginnings of the State Lotteries. At first, they were set up for useful public purposes, at a time when rates were hardly thought of. In 1780, they had become mere engines of voluntary taxation to help out the annual supplies. The matter was confided to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who on each occasion invited five or six members of the Stock Exchange to meet him, and whom he may be supposed to have addressed as follows: 'Gentlemen, I propose a new lottery for your consideration. It is to consist of twenty thousand tickets, for which I engage to pay ten pounds each, on an average, in prizes, or two hundred thousand pounds altogether. What do you bid per ticket?' In the competition that ensued, the price realised was usually about fifteen pounds per ticket; the purchaser, or it might be two purchasers united, taking the whole lot. The price at which these contractors disposed of the tickets was from about twenty-one to twenty-five pounds, according as they were sold whole or in divisions. The price of a sixteenth was generally one pound eleven shillings and sixpence. The result financially was that, on paying the prizes, to the aggregate amount of two hundred thousand pounds, government had a hundred thousand pounds over. The contractors had considerably more, but they paid nearly the whole expenses, and incurred all the risks of the undertaking. Two lotteries of this kind per annum would thus recruit the Treasury with the sum of two hundred thousand pounds.

Few bought whole tickets, halves, quarters, or eighths. From all we saw or heard, fully seventy-five per cent. of the twenty thousand tickets were divided and sold as sixteenths, which prodigiously augmented the number of those taking risks. The lottery might be compared to a huge gaming-table surrounded by three hundred thousand players laying down stakes from a guinea and a half to twenty guineas—or in plain terms, were by mutual agreement trying to pick each other's pockets. Sometimes the lottery consisted of thirty thousand tickets, with a corresponding advantage to the revenue, and an increase to half a million in the number of persons concerned as purchasers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had nothing to do with the 'scheme' on which the lottery was devised. That was managed by the contractors. The construction of a scheme that would secure general approbation was a matter of more delicacy than the dressing up of a draper's window with a captivating array of goods at temptingly low prices. The public always waited impatiently to get a copy of the scheme, which was in the form of a small hand-bill. All the lottery agents in the kingdom were besieged for early copies. Ordinarily, the highest prizes were for twenty thousand pounds, with lesser prizes down to ten, or even five pounds. The blanks were overwhelming in number; but any mention of them was kept out

of the scheme. To the best of our recollection, no doubt was ever cast on the honesty of the proceedings. Discreditable as being a source of national demoralisation, the lottery was conducted with rigorous accuracy. The tickets, of whatever denomination, duly registered, consisted of slips resembling bank cheques, printed partly in red ink, signed on behalf of a contractor, with the number written in bold black figures. On the appointed day, the drawings took place publicly at Cooper's Hall, Basinghall Street, under official superintendence, with clerks to note down the fate of each number as it was drawn. There were two circular boxes turned with handles, and called wheels. Into one wheel, billets notifying the numbers were put; and in the other were the prizes and blanks. The drawers were two Blue-coat boys. When the first boy drew a number, the boy at the other wheel drew a prize or blank, as it happened, and that determined its fate. The record of the drawings was printed and circulated for general information.

The printed statement was everywhere waited for with intense anxiety. The weal or woe of families, the hopes of thousands, depended on it. How eagerly the holders of tickets looked down the columns of figures to discover whether they had lost or won! In London, the statement was soon ready for perusal; but in the provinces, owing to the tedious means of communication, days were spent in the agony of anticipation. An hour or two by telegraph would now make known a man's good or bad fortune; but in those days there were no telegraphs. As an apprentice to a bookseller in Edinburgh, who acted as lottery agent to Webb, the present writer had occasion to see a good deal behind the scenes—to note the exultation of prize-holders, and the dull despair of those among the struggling classes who had imperilled their all on a sixteenth, and lost. Our employer was a precise person of saturnine disposition, without any sancy in ordinary business. In the lottery department that paid pretty well, and in which he was expected to shew spirit, he displayed unwonted animation, and with a faint smile sometimes ventured on a degree of persuasive jocularity. When a plain countryman called to see the scheme, as having some irresolute thoughts of a sixteenth, he would enter into conversation in this wise. 'The scheme seems very tempting, two twenty thousand pound prizes; but the chances are terribly against winning; it is like throwing away money for nothing. What is your opinion?' With a graceful inclination of the head: 'I cannot advise you, sir, one way or other. But look at these sixteenths I hold in my hand. For anything I know, one of them may be the sixteenth of a twenty thousand pound prize, which would realise twelve hundred and fifty pounds to the lucky holder; and that sum I should instantly lay down in cash. You see, therefore, although there is no absolute certainty of winning, you put yourself in the way of fortune.' This safe line of argument was invariably successful. A sixteenth was selected and paid for. It was a strictly ready-money business. No credit on any account.

In these experiences, a queer, whimsical set of people came under notice. Some would only buy odd numbers, such as 17,359; some eagerly sought for numbers which they had dreamt of as being

prizes; some brought children to select a ticket from the number offered—a degree of weakness which was paralleled by those who superstitiously brought the seventh son of a seventh son to make the selection for them; some more whimsical still, would purchase only at the last moment what everybody had rejected. Occasionally there was a lottery which embraced two drawings with an interval of several weeks between them, in which case there was a furious advertising to the effect that there were 'twenty thousand pounds still in the wheel.' In instances of this kind, many who got a prize of small amount by the first drawing, paid the difference, and purchased a sixteenth for the second drawing; the final result being generally a double loss. The greater number of persons who threw away their money belonged to the middle and sub-middle classes, including tradesmen who were in struggling circumstances, butchers in the market, waiters in hotels, gentlemen's servants, hackney-coachmen, lodging-house keepers, and shopmen. It was sorrowful to observe how many individuals with little to spare scraped together money to risk in this species of gambling. Two or three instances occurred within our knowledge of persons getting sixteenths of the twenty thousand pound prizes, but with no good result to themselves or families.

To keep up the excitement, one lottery followed fast on the heels of another. Nothing was left undone in the shape of puffing to recommend 'lucky offices' to attention. When a dealer happened to sell a ticket which turned up a large prize, he indulged in the most unmeasured exultation. His was the true 'lucky office,' where prizes might be confidently reckoned on. Contractors vied with each other in the grandeur of their placards, and the seductive ingenuity of their advertisements. The New Year, Twelfth Night, and Valentine's Day were seized on as appropriate opportunities for insinuating puffs suitable to the season. Bish, who aspired to be the prince of lottery contractors, had some amusing devices for keeping people in mind as to the importance of buying tickets. At the New Year, he issued gratuitously small Diaries, in one of the pages of which you saw in print: 'Paid for my share,' and in another page farther on: 'Received as amount of my share.' At Twelfth Night, he dispersed packets of cards with droll wood-engravings representing characters, and scraps of doggerel verse. One of these cards shewed the figure of Moll Flaggon, dressed in a man's hat and soldier's coat, as seen in Burgoyne's opera of the 'Lord of the Manor,' dancing like a madcap, and singing (if memory serves us) the following lines:

'Come on, my soul;
Post your col.*
For I must beg or borrow;
Come my dear,
Never fear
Future care or sorrow;
The Lottery try,
A prize you'll buy,
Then neither beg nor borrow.'

That such ribaldry should have been profusely circulated in order to dispose of tickets, is enough

* Post the column of your household expenses, to see if you can give or lend me money.—Ed.

to shew the unwholesomeness of feeling incidental to the lottery system. Whatever was the mischief socially and morally produced by the State Lottery, it was immensely aggravated by the spirit of gambling which it evoked. As comparatively few persons could buy a sixteenth, there sprung up a trade among a mean order of brokers of insuring numbers. This was in effect betting. In return for, say, a shilling, the sum of one pound would be promised if a specified number turned up a prize. At one time when the mania was at its height, the insurance-office keepers employed men to canvass for customers all over London, chiefly among domestic servants. From carrying a red morocco pocket-book in their hand wherein to inscribe the names of insurers, they became known as 'morocco-men.' It has been stated on credible authority that in 1800, on an average each servant in the metropolis spent annually as much as twenty-five shillings in this vile practice of lottery insurance; the sum-total so expended for a year by the wage-earning classes generally being estimated at half a million sterling. The disorders—suicides, robberies, pilferings, brawls, fighting, and cheating—caused by these 'Little Goes,' as the insurance practices were familiarly termed, were so clamant, that in 1802, an Act of parliament, 42 George III. cap. 119, was passed for their suppression. The preamble of the Act refers to the great sums of money 'fraudulently obtained from servants, children, and unwary persons, to the great impoverishment and utter ruin of many families.' The penalty for carrying on Little Goes, or any other lottery whatsoever not authorised by parliament, was a fine of five hundred pounds; the offender to be treated as a rogue and vagabond.

Subsequently to 1802, Little Goes maintained only a clandestine existence, like the betting-houses in connection with horse-races in the present day. At length, the State Lottery, the parent of these depravities, wore itself out of date. By the more thoughtful part of the community, it could no longer be tolerated. Government became ashamed of it, and saw that other means must be adopted to help the revenue. Proposals to put it down encountered opposition in various quarters. The country, it was said, would go to ruin if the State lotteries were abolished.

The State Lottery required no formal abolition. It would die of itself, if not kept alive by fresh acts of the legislature. The plan adopted was this. In 1823, an Act of parliament was passed authorising a lottery to consist of sixty thousand tickets, which might be divided into three lotteries. This was the Act 4 George IV. cap. 60, a most elaborate statute, extending over twenty-two quarto pages of print. Three years elapsed before the last of the three lotteries vanished. When the day arrived for the final drawing, a sense of sorrow pervaded the habitual purchasers of tickets. Amidst the howls of contractors and agents, and the disconsolate lamentations of the whole tribe of bill-stickers and lottery-board carriers, the last State Lottery was drawn on the 18th October 1826. Instead of evil ensuing, the relinquishment of this stupendous system of gaming was in all respects salutary. There disappeared not only a bad example, but a constant temptation to mis-expenditure of means.

The spirit of gambling did not immediately depart. Raffles became common. If a man wanted money, he raffled his watch. At watering-places, such as Margate, visitors were attracted to shops where they raffled for money to be laid out in jewellery or other articles. At every fair and race there was a roulette-table, even though contrary to law. The people of Glasgow went beyond these small enterprises. To provide for the liquidation of claims in connection with certain street improvements, extending from the Green to the Trongate, they got up three lotteries in succession. The last of them was stopped as illegal, and was only suffered to proceed under the authority of an Act of parliament, passed 28th July 1834, on condition that it should be the last permitted to be drawn. In 1836, a public Act was passed against all illegal lotteries, and the advertising of foreign lotteries in British newspapers. The frequent repetition of Acts of this kind curiously illustrates the extreme difficulty experienced in quelling the spirit of gambling. In spite of every denunciation, lotteries in the form of raffles continued to flourish, either through the apathy of local authorities or their reluctance to interfere. In recent times there has scarcely been a new church or chapel built for which funds were not eked out by a bazaar, fortified by a raffle—the clergymen immediately concerned offering no objections to the drawing by lot, and usually rivalling the young ladies in actively canvassing for the sale of tickets.

One would not like to speak severely of these bazaar raffles; yielding some little amusement, they were not promoted for private gain. The purchasing of tickets was only another way of giving a charitable contribution. Unfortunately, the presumption is that they fell under the essential characteristic of a lottery, which the statute defines as the distribution of prizes, whether of goods or money, by chance. Certainly, in a moral point of view, they were no worse than the Art Unions which were established, under peculiar safeguards, for the promotion of the fine arts, by an Act of parliament in 1846. In judging of questions of this kind, the mere notion that there can be nothing wrong in gambling if any good object is effected, will scarcely answer; otherwise M. Blanc, the keeper of the *rouge-et-noir* tables at Monaco, who is said to have inherited two millions sterling from his worthy father, might plead that out of his gains he is at the entire cost of an excellent public reading-room, an admired band of music, and beautiful walks and gardens overlooking the Mediterranean, open to everybody.

We are here brought back to that terrible catastrophe, the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, by which hundreds of unfortunate shareholders were plunged into ruin, and hundreds of depositors were meanwhile deprived of the money they had confided to that fraudulent concern. With the benevolent view of meliorating the disaster, certain individuals, chiefly connected with Glasgow, conceived the idea of a lottery to raise the sum of six millions, of which three millions were to be appropriated as prizes, minus expenses, and the other three devoted to the special object in view. A wilder financial enterprise has not been proposed in modern times. Lotteries are illegal; this one could not have

been brought into practical operation without an Act of parliament, and that no one could reasonably expect. There were other difficulties. Where was the vast organisation of contractors and agents to carry out the intricate details? Where were the purchasers to be found for six millions' worth of tickets? Above all, where was the trusted official guarantee for the payment of three millions of prizes? The success of the State Lottery depended primarily on the fact that the government was responsible for the payment of the stipulated amount in prizes; and that every prize was equivalent to a draft on the Treasury, which would be cashed by any banker. Among the projectors of the Glasgow lottery there appears to have been a reliance on foreign agency; but advertisement of any foreign lottery in Great Britain is forbidden by statute. Altogether, the enterprise was very like an attempt at fighting impossibilities.

As the projected lottery was stopped by a communication from the crown authorities on the ground of illegality, the present reference to it may seem like slaying the slain. The thing, however, ought not to pass into oblivion without remark. Independently of the practical objections enumerated, there were its demoralising tendencies, which seem to have escaped the foresight of its projectors, and are apparently not kept in view by persons who entertain a lingering approval of the undertaking. Considered in the light of experience, the lottery would to an alarming degree have revived the gambling mania which the legislature endeavoured to stamp out half a century ago. The elements of that mania still exist in the hosts of betting-men at race-courses, who if an opportunity offered, would gladly restore the worst features of the old lottery system, and produce a state of things which all the preaching power in the country would probably fail to counteract. And to think of this having emanated from Glasgow! Surely that city, so remarkable for its commercial development, has suffered sufficiently by its bank frauds to be discredited as the author of another lottery, which in its dimensions was to transcend all previous experience. The very proposition subjected the moral and religious character of Scotland to a storm of obloquy and ridicule. The English press was shocked at an attempt so contrary to the boasted intelligence of the age, so unlike what might be expected from sober-minded Scotchmen. It is to be hoped that no one blinded by an eager philanthropy will do anything to renew an effort so deplorable in its prospective results.

We would willingly here stop, but are reminded that the closing of the raffle system invites some attention. Here again, Glasgow strangely figures in the annals of financial ingenuity. In that city there latterly grew up among shopkeepers a practice of selling goods by raffles, pleasantly described as 'Enterprise Sales.' Crowds of people were collected, small sums were paid, and the drawings were by lot or chance. These sales were in reality lotteries, and contrary to law; but the local magistracy having some difficulty in dealing with them, the matter was taken up by the Lord Advocate on behalf of the crown. The case of three individuals concerned came before the Court of Session early in February, and was decided by Lord Curriehill. The judg-

ment was conclusive against the defendants, who were each fined in the prescribed penalty of fifty pounds; but in consideration of their ignorance of the statute, and the length of time they had been tolerated, his Lordship suggested that the Treasury might possibly mitigate the fine. Following on the decision, a number of 'Enterprise Sales' imitative of those in Glasgow, immediately collapsed. Here, then, these petty lotteries or raffles, whether carried on by tradesmen in the way of business, or to meet casual necessities, have, like the great lotteries of a past era, been at length judicially discouraged. All that remains, as far as we can see, is to check in a manner equally peremptory the clandestine sale of tickets for Hamburg, Austrian, French, or other foreign lotteries, occasionally a plague to the community.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XV.—TO THE RESCUE.

'TERRIBLE night, neighbour!'

'Terrible night it be!'

The speakers were a white-coated shepherd, whose dogs and he had enough to do to hurry the belated flock along the moorland road; and a carter trudging homewards beside his fore-horse, whose tangled mane tossed wildly in the gale. Then both men stood still for a moment, not to converse, but, as it seemed, to let their eyes by a common impulse turn to the leaden-coloured expanse of sea, streaked with angry whiteness, that was yet dimly discernible beneath the driving rack of storm-clouds; and as they did so, the shepherd said, as earnestly as ever he had spoken when joining in the responses in church: 'The Lord be merciful to all poor creatures at sea!'

Shepherd and carter were right. A terrible night it was, the wind rising, the rain and hail rushing down in arrowy showers, and then ceasing, as if the might of the gale were too much even for them, and the far-off roll of thunder audible amidst the nearer, hoarser roar of the great sea, now fully aroused, and clamorous as some monster eager for its prey. The wild white birds that glean their living from the sea had scented danger hours ago, and flown, screaming, far inland for shelter. The storm-drum was hoisted at every station where the Admiralty had control; and the telegraphic wire had long since begun to flash warnings to harbour-master and dock superintendent throughout the coast-line, that mischief was to be looked for, and vessels were best in safe anchorage and land-locked places on such a night as threatened to pass over our shores.

But if the gathering night, and the blackening sky, and the howl of the gale, seemed dreadful enough to those dwellers on dry land who ran no risk save of an unroofed cow-shed or cottage-thatch blown away, doubly formidable did they appear to those who, living in Treport, heard the spray rattle against their windows, and shuddered even at their firesides as they listened to the shriek of the wind as it gained strength. What waves were those that beat upon the beach, seeming to shake the very earth with the weight and fury of their assault! Even in the sheltered quay-pool the water was rough, boats bobbing up and down cork-like, and larger craft straining at chain and hawser, like high-mettled horses fretting

against the curb. It was one of those rare nights on which, in exposed towns on the sea-coast, there is but scanty sleep for any one, so vivid and so immediate is the sympathy between those safe ashore and those in sore peril at sea.

'Where's the Captain of the steamer? Oh, here he is!' said the officer in charge of the coast-guard station, elbowing his way through the throng of loungers at the street end. 'Well, Captain Ashton, there's work for you and your tug; that is, if you can venture to tow out the life-boat in such weather, and if the men will man her. There's a big, full-rigged vessel, homeward-bound, in distress near the Head. The officer at the coastguard station there has sent the news by a mounted messenger. Something wrong on board of her; for they've only fired one gun, and twice burned a Bengal-light, and yet she seems quite unmanageable. They expect her to strike on the Spur Reef.'

Hugh Ashton was ready enough, and so was the steamer. The *Western Maid* had been lying all day, with fires burning and crew on board, in expectation of some such summons as this; and now it had come. There was a stir on the quay, and in especial a bustle about the boat-house where the life-boat was kept. She was dragged out and launched; there were plenty of muscular arms ready to help in that; and the men who were to row her mustered, in their cork jackets, to answer to their names, as willingly as ever they had gathered for pilchard-fishing. They were not to go on board her, though, until it was certain that their thus risking valuable lives would be of use, so they too passed over the steamer's gangway.

There was some weeping and some shrill remonstrance among women who had mingled with the crowd. We cannot all be heroes, and especially heroines, and perhaps the most painful part is that assigned to those who stay at home, in an agony of suspense, while the dear ones are away doing battle against storm or enemy. It certainly was as naughty a night to swim in as ever English shores have known, from the time when Shakespeare wrote till now; and the very thunder of the surf, as the Atlantic tide rose in angry majesty, had in its diapason something of menace. The spray broke high, in glistening columns or heavy sheets, over the pier-head.

'Ready, now? No hurry, lads! Stand by, to cast off moorings,' called out Hugh Ashton from his deck.

'Fair-weather Captain, is he, now?' whispered Big Ned the Devonshire man, in the ear of Salem Jackson, as he pointed to where Hugh stood, with bright watchful eyes and calm resolute face.

Salem Jackson, who looked paler than usual, and seemed but ill at ease, in spite of the glass of rum so lately swallowed at the *Mariner's Joy*, responded by an inarticulate snarl. Just before the moorings were cast off, 'Nezer the dwarf, followed by Neptune, came bustling over the gangway.

'Take the dog!' exclaimed the dwarf eagerly; 'take him, Cap.! You don't know—how should ye—what Nep's worth in a sea. I'd go with ye, but that I'm not straight-backed. But Nep's as good as a gold guinea.'

And Hugh, smiling good-naturedly, allowed the four-footed volunteer, who had taken an unusual

fancy to himself personally, to accompany the expedition.

'Now for it!' There was a rush to the pier-head, in spite of the spray, to see the steamer fight her way over the bar, where the waves leaped and roared like lions. It was no child's play that struggle with the surf; but there were two pair of stout hands at the wheel, and the engines worked their best, so that although for a moment the *Western Maid*, reeling and deluged fore and aft, was all but hidden by wave-crests and broken water, she burst the barrier, and fought her way, slowly and sturdily, out to sea. A hearty hurrah from the lookers-on greeted this first victory in the elemental strife; and it was felt that, come what might, Hugh Ashton had fairly won his spurs and earned his reputation as a bold and skilful seaman. Whether he could bring efficient aid to those in distress, was quite another affair.

This was no holiday voyage. The quick jerking motion of the engines, and the quivering of the timbers under repeated buffets from the heavy sea, told that the gallant little tug was doing all that wood and iron and steam could do in that life-and-death encounter with Nature in her wrath. Drenched with the driving spray and pelting rain, the men bent over the bulwarks and shaded their eyes to see the farther through the scud and the dark night; while by Hugh's skill and forethought alone was the life-boat astern kept from being dashed to splinters against the steamer's counter. A third sailor was soon wanted at the helm, so great was the force of wind and sea. Before the *Western Maid* had well gained an offing, there arose a murmur among some of the crew, of which Long Michael the mate shrewdly suspected Salem Jackson to be the originator, of: 'Put back! put back! It can't be done!'

'Who is it that says it can't be done?' called out Hugh, in clear ringing tones of command. 'I say it can, and it shall! Silence there—and steady, lads! Helm hard aport, and set the storm-jib forward, will you! She rides easier now.'

There was no more talk of putting back. Indeed, to retreat was almost as dangerous as to advance; and the steamer, once clear of the tremendous surf that beat upon the coast, as if maddened by opposition to its might, really did bound more lightly over the huge black waves that rose in endless succession as though to overwhelm her.

'There she be, Cap. Heaven have mercy on those on board her!' exclaimed Michael the mate, as holding by shroud and bulwark, for to keep one's footing on that soaked and heeling deck was, even for a sailor, difficult, he crept up to Hugh's side. 'Go to pieces she must, in ten minutes' time or so.' And indeed it appeared as if the honest Cornishman's prediction would soon be realised. There was the doomed ship, with broken masts and disordered rigging, careening over beneath the force of the merciless billows that broke in thunder over her huge hull. She fired no guns, and made none of the signals usual to a vessel in such dire distress, but floundered helplessly on, like a wounded whale in some shallow of the Greenland coast, to where destruction awaited her.

Full ahead, the foam and froth and hissing jets of spray betraying its presence, was the Spur Reef. The low rocks, black and cruel, like the

jagged teeth of some half-sunken monster of the deep, could just be made out through the gloom of the wild night. The ship's torn sails were flapping like the wings of a hurt sea-bird, and she rolled and staggered as she ploughed her fated way towards the rocks. Then, with a crash, she struck upon the reef, and instantly the waters leaped over her, so that she was hidden for the time in foam and scud; but when again a glimpse of her was obtained, a blue-light was observed to be burning on board her.

'Not many on her deck!' said half-a-dozen voices at once on board the *Western Maid*. But there was not much time for talking, since the life-boat must be used now or never; and to get her manned and started without fatal accident in such a sea, and with the steamer pitching and rolling as she did, like a maddened thing, required the nicest seamanship and the best exertions of all who shared in the work. There was no flinching though, and one by one the trained oarsmen dropped into their places. 'Together, and with a will!' shouted the cockswain, grasping the tiller-ropes; and off went the life-boat on her short but difficult trip. It was a fearful sight to see that boat tossing on the feathery crest of a giant wave, like a withered leaf driven by the wintry wind, and then to watch her sink, as into a black ravine, into the deep trough of the raving raging sea. Again and again she faced the surges, and again and again, beaten and baffled, she was swung round and driven back. Then two of the oars snapped suddenly; the life-boat broached to, capsized, flinging the rowers out into the angry water, and floated helpless.

There was a loud outcry among those on board the tug, echoed from the wrecked ship; but luckily the steamer was near, the life-boat men had their cork jackets to keep them afloat, and there were lines enough in readiness on board the *Western Maid*, so that, thanks to noosed ropes and deft hands, the crew of the boat were rapidly dragged on board, and the buoyant little craft itself secured.

'Those poor souls yonder,' said the old cockswain of the life-boat, as he pointed to the despairing group visible above the black bulwarks of the stranded ship, 'we're helpless to help them, Cap'n. You may!'

'Steam can do it,' was Hugh's cheerful response. 'Go on ahead there!' And, fighting through the wrath of the tempest, the *Western Maid* approached the wreck.

CANINE ANECDOTES. ✓

THE following is a touching incident in the life of a collie dog. Some time ago, the late Mr H— possessed a collie shepherd dog, which was very clever at its duty until it had a litter, one of which was spared to it. After this all the poor animal's affections seemed to be centred in her puppy, for she refused, or did most unwillingly, the work she had to do, which so vexed her master that he cruelly drowned the puppy before the mother's eyes, covering the bucket in which he left the body with a sack. He then went round the fields followed by the old dog, who from that moment resumed her former usefulness. On Mr H—'s return, after having had

his tea in the evening, he bethought himself of the bucket, and went to fetch it to empty the contents into a hole he had made in the manure heap; he found the bucket, covered as he had left it, but on pouring out the contents there was nothing but water. He questioned his wife and her niece, but neither knew anything about it.

The next morning Mrs H— was struck with the piteous expression of the poor animal's face, and she said to her: 'Scottie, tell me where you have taken your puppy?' The dog immediately ran off a distance of quite a hundred yards to the kitchen-garden, jumped the fence and went direct to the farther end of the garden, to a spot situated between two rows of beans; there, where the earth had been apparently recently moved, she sat and as it were wept. Mrs H— went again into the house, and without mentioning what had occurred, said to her niece: 'Ask Scottie what she has done with her puppy.' The question was put, and again the poor creature went through the same performance. These circumstances were mentioned to Mr H—, who pooh-poohed the idea of there being anything out of the common; but to satisfy his wife, went to the spot, and dug down a distance of three feet, and there sure enough had the faithful, fond mother carried and buried her little one.

Here is another interesting narrative of a collie:

'It is many years ago since I made the acquaintance of Wanderer, a very fine collie, and the subject of the present sketch. He lived at a small farm, was the constant companion of his master, the young farmer, and enjoyed the daily walk to the post with his mistress, the orphan sister of Mr B—. I sometimes visited Miss B— at the farm, and on all occasions was attracted to Wanderer by the singular gentleness, sagacity, and quiet humour I noticed in his conduct. Nothing delighted the handsome creature so much as a plunge into the little duck-pond in front of the house. He would sail round and round, pretending to be utterly unconscious of the presence of forty or fifty fat ducks, who screamed and quacked wildly at his appearance among them. He meantime calmly dived under the water or darted into their very midst, feigning sometimes to be in pursuit of one particular bird, and looking at us with a waggish expression all the time. He went with his master all over the fields, and lay at his feet in his own particular sanctum, watching his movements in that sagacious way which was so completely his own. When the home at the little farm was broken up, Wanderer went with his master to a little sea-side cottage, where his canine affection no doubt soothed many a lonely hour. During his master's last brief illness Wanderer lay at his bed-side watching jealously every one who went out and in, and casting anxious eyes of affection on the poor invalid. Wanderer's eyes by the way were the most lovely in expression I ever saw, either in human being or dog—they were a dark hazel, soft lustrous and plaintive.

'After his master's death Wanderer still lay in the solitary death-chamber, like an affectionate sentinel, and those who came in to render the last offices to the deceased, did not care to turn the faithful creature out, but left him—not

liking the look in the usually gentle eyes. 'On the funeral day Wanderer seemed to comprehend that it really *was* necessary to allow his master to be removed, and silently rising from the side of the bed he went out to the outer door, and joined the small company of mourners. Following the hearse as closely as possible, the creature, with a look of solemn intelligence, witnessed his dead master deposited in his last resting-place, stood till the little group had dispersed, then quietly laid himself down near the grave and watched the final arrangement of the turf over it. Rising when the gravediggers had completed their work, he once more turned as if to see that all was right, and returned to the cottage. Here he partook of food, and lay down by the kitchen fire all night. Next morning, after his usual breakfast of porridge, he again took his way to the grave and lay there placidly till evening, when he once more returned home. The faithful Wanderer went through the same routine for several days, when, knowing that the dear dog would be homeless, we sent for him, determined that henceforth his home should be with us.

'Dear old fellow! I remember the day he came to us. He was soon our devoted friend and follower, going with us in all our walks, and gaining the love of all in the house by his affectionate, intelligent conduct. We had a companion for him in the shape of Spot, a white bull-terrier of extraordinary ugliness and faithfulness, and after a very few jealous tussles the two dogs became fast friends for life. In future Wanderer seemed to assume and retain a superiority over Spot, who, to do him justice, always treated his handsome friend with extraordinary attention, as the following anecdote will shew. One day both dogs went with us for a walk, and during our ramble in the neighbourhood of a wood, Spot caught a small rabbit, which he killed and carried home in his mouth, without any apparent wish to eat it. When we arrived at our own gate, great was our astonishment to see Spot march demurely forward to Wanderer, lay the rabbit at his feet and retire humbly to a little distance. The collie bit the rabbit into two portions, which gave us reason to suppose that he intended to reward his companion with a share; this however, was not to be, for somewhat to our surprise he swallowed first the one then the other with perfect coolness, Spot watching him admiringly from a little way off, and not shewing any signs of ill-will or impatience. I am sorry to say that Wanderer was *slightly* greedy in his way of eating, and generally contrived to have the lion's share of food. No one could confer a greater delight upon Wanderer than by giving him peppermint-drops or lumps of white sugar, but this was before his teeth began to fail.

'Some time ago one of the children fell ill, and was confined to bed for some time. The good Wanderer came regularly to the window of the sick-room, and received scraps from it, and even in all the frost and cold of the late severe winter he trotted about in front of the house, often lying placidly on the top of the snow, and always looking at the window with eyes of intelligence and affection.

'One day I had just been remarking to my children that Wanderer was looking uncommonly well, and seemed to have taken a new lease of

life, when to my utter amazement and consternation, my son told me to desire the cook to stop making further supplies of porridge for the collie. I asked why, whereupon he placidly informed me that "Wanderer was away!" I naturally asked "Where?" believing in a moment of aberration that the old dog had been sent off somewhere. My horror and indignation were great when I learned that the dear, wise, faithful creature had been "put out of existence," poisoned by the groom, because that functionary thought "that life was just a burden to the beast." I am not the least ashamed to say that I behaved like a child, went forth into the quiet of my own room, and wept bitterly. To think of all the love, yea, devotion, of a noble canine existence being so basely quenched all in a moment. "And he trusted the very man that administered the poison!" I thought bitterly. Well, it was "only a dog," yet I cannot tell how much I miss the kindly bark of welcome which was ever ready for me.

"I should like," said a little girl to me, when told of Wanderer's death, "to see all good, faithful animals rewarded in this world by being kept in comfort till the day of their natural death, and in a future state by being allowed to meet again their old masters and mistresses, and live happily ever after."

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equalled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvellous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting.

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt 'quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm could come to them.'

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go farther than they ought however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

'All the same I am rather afraid,' said Dora, the younger of the two; 'there have been several robberies in the neighbourhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day; besides, I am wearing my new watch which papa gave me on my birth-day.'

'O nonsense!' her sister replied. 'It is nearly six o'clock now; and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us.'

'I wish I were as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?'

Just as she had said this, Jack advanced towards them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

'That is odd,' said Dora. 'I never remember him doing that before.'

The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

'Well, well, you stupid little brute!' she said angrily, 'I suppose we must go all that long way round.'

So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high-road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed, it was conjectured by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning. Thus Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude it is needless to add was profound towards their little four-footed protector, who we are glad to hear lived to a good old age.

The last anecdote we shall offer is not by any means a new one, but as many of our readers may be unacquainted with it, we give it as an extraordinary and touching example of canine devotedness. A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, on purpose to receive it. His dog accompanied him; and after he had settled his affairs, his master fastened his bag of money to his saddle and rode off homewards. The dog leaped and barked around him joyfully. Having ridden some way, the merchant paused to partake of refreshments, and having dismounted, he sat under the shade of a tree and enjoyed his lunch. On remounting however, he forgot to take up the bag of money which he had laid on the grass, and rode off without it.

The dog, who perceived his forgetfulness, tried to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to carry. He then ran after his master, and endeavoured to inform him of his loss by crying and howling lamentably. The merchant could not conceive what had happened to the dog, and so continued his course; but when the poor animal, despairing of attracting his attention, began to bite the horse's heels in order to try and stop it, he grew alarmed, and supposing he had gone mad, in crossing a brook he looked to see if the dog would drink. The faithful creature was however, too intent on his master's business; he bit and barked more than ever. The merchant was horrified. He was sure the dog was mad. Much as he loved and valued the creature, yet he could not allow him to live in these circumstances; so he drew a pistol from his breast and fired at his faithful servant. His aim was too sure; the poor dog fell wounded, and the merchant spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow. Still, he never thought of the money; he only tried to console himself by repeating: 'The dog was mad. But I had rather lost my money than my dog, all the same,' he said to himself, and stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was gone.

In that instant his eyes were opened, and he knew that he had sacrificed his sagacious friend to his rashness and folly. Instantly he turned his horse, and at full gallop made his way to the place where he had lunched. He passed with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted, and perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded. He was oppressed, distracted. But in vain he looked for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road.

At last he arrived at the spot where he had left his bag of money, and cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. All bloody as he was, he had crawled to the forgotten bag, and lay there watching beside it—slowly dying. When he saw his master, he tried to rise; but his strength was gone—he could only wag his tail in token of gratified recognition. The vital tide was ebbing, and the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for even a few minutes. He tried to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his beloved master, and closed his eyes on him for ever.

We cannot conclude this anecdote of a noble dog without quoting these beautiful lines from the *Gleaner*:

Of all the boasted conquests Mau has made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the dog, the generous dog, displayed;
For ah! what virtues glow within his breast!

Through life the same, through sunshine and in storm;
At once his lord's protector and his guide;
Shapes to his wishes, to his wants conform;
His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride!

UNDER A CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MRS CYRIL STAUNTON was a widow; her dress denoted that; and she bore upon her calm but somewhat stern countenance an expression of fixed melancholy, which involuntarily impressed people with the conviction that she had suffered more than ordinary grief. Riversdale, which was the name of the country town near which she had come to live, had a certain society and very exclusive set of its own. There were several county families, and lesser lights as well; and the advent of a new neighbour had caused not a little curiosity and speculation. She had taken a small but pretty house yelet the Cottage, on the outskirts of the town, situated in well laid out though limited grounds of its own. And as it was discovered that the late Mr Cyril Staunton had belonged to a very old Northumberland family, and that she herself was the daughter of a deceased Scottish Baronet, her antecedents were sufficiently satisfactory to admit her into the 'Upper Ten' of Riversdale society; besides which, her means, notwithstanding the unpretending way in which she lived, were evidently ample; and though she seldom relaxed from her gravity and coldness of demeanour, there was a bright element in her house which more than made up for the

chilling manner of its mistress, and that bright element was—a daughter.

This daughter, Maude, was as sweet and charming as her mother was cold and severe. They had been settled at Riversdale for little over a year; and latterly, in compliance with the wish of several of their new friends, Mrs Staunton had permitted Maude to participate in the not very brilliant festivities which the place afforded. Miss Staunton was just eighteen, and never before having been a sharer in such entertainments, never dreamt of considering them dull, or of wishing for anything beyond them. She was thoroughly satisfied, and danced away with all the joyousness of a fresh, fair, unsophisticated child. Mrs Staunton never accompanied her daughter on those occasions. Her deep mourning would, she said, be singularly inappropriate and out of place. So Maude was invariably intrusted to the chaperonage of a Mrs Herbert, who, not having daughters of her own to dispose of, rather enjoyed the responsibility of the charge of the prettiest and best-dressed girl in the room, which Miss Staunton by general consent was soon acknowledged to be; and Maude herself was not blind to the fact that admiration and attention awaited her wherever she went. She could not help knowing it. It was very pleasant to her; and the pleasure it gave shewed itself on every feature of her expressive face.

There were times however, when Miss Staunton looked sad, times when almost a shadow seemed to rest upon her brightness, dimming it for a few moments, until happier thoughts returning, chased what gloom there might have been away. People noticed that her moods were variable; and her enemies—for even sweet Maude Staunton had enemies—declared her sadness was simply assumed, because she fancied it suited her; whilst her friends accounted for the shade by surmising that some secret care oppressed her. Mrs Staunton could not be a very cheering companion for her, and but seldom were entertainments given at 'The Cottage.' Those however, who were admitted to partake of the widow's hospitality described the ménage as costly and unique. Her plate was of unusual massiveness; and her wine could have borne comparison with even that of Lady Harriet Montfort's celebrated cellar.

This Lady Harriet was the *grande dame* before whom all Riversdale and its surroundings bowed. She was the richest and the proudest woman imaginable; haughty and arrogant to a degree; ruling with no gentle hand those who came as she considered within the limits of her sceptre, and barely tolerating others who really were thoroughly equal by birth and position with her own imperious self. She was an impecunious Earl's only daughter, and at a mature age had married Mr Montfort, an alliance which, although brilliant as far as money went, for he was enormously rich, was considered by the Lady Harriet herself as a grievous *mésalliance*. A Duke would scarcely have been good enough for her fastidious Ladyship. However, the Earl her father, who had come to years of discretion sufficiently to realise that blue blood would not hold its own without something solid to support it, and who had held on, by dint of mortgages, friendly loans, and innumerable other petty shifts, to the skirts of

fashionable life—always needy, always at his wits' end for some new resource, decided that the Montfort thousands were not to be despised; and after some battles-royal in their shabby drawing-room with the Lady Harriet, her consent was gained, and George Montfort's daring proposal to wed her was accepted. What had possessed good honest George to wish to make such a woman his wife, no one could imagine. She did not seem to have a single quality to attract the love of such a warm heart; not a vestige of the softness and gentleness without which a woman can have no charms. But George made a virtue of these notorious shortcomings; her dark handsome face had bewitched him; his happiness depended upon his winning her. So they were married; and he paid the Earl's debts, gave him an allowance, and had made such settlements upon his bride that even she for the time being felt grateful. She was pleased too with Red Court, his splendid estate. The magnificence with which he surrounded her kept her in good-humour until she tired of having nothing to do and nothing to wish for; her ennui and weariness did not improve her naturally disagreeable temper, which not even the birth of a son and heir tended to soften. Her pet grievance was her husband's lack of ancestry; for *who were* the Montforts? Proud as their name sounded, their lineage was none of the noblest; and their wealth was owed rather to their own successful efforts than to the lawful heritage derived from a line of predecessors.

Mr Montfort died some ten years after his marriage, which had, as might have been expected, turned out far from happily. His wife's grandeur and haughty airs had been a pain and oppression to him; he had no comfort in his splendid home; no loving word or wisely action ever gladdened his heart. Nothing but his boy, his little Geoffrey, had George Montfort to care for, and upon him he lavished a depth of affection unknown almost to himself. However, death deprived the child of his father's tender love at a very early age; and Lady Harriet shortly afterwards despatched her son to school; no motherly feeling of weakness suggesting that it might have been a comfort to her to have kept him a little longer under her own eye.

Geoffrey was glad to go. Child as he was, he realised the coldness of his mother's heart. His periodical returns home were never joyous seasons to him; there was no freedom, no legitimate enjoyment countenanced at Red Court; in fact it was always a glad day when the time for his departure came. Except for stolen expeditions with the gamekeepers, and exploits on horseback undreamt of by his dignified lady-mother, who prided herself upon upholding the dignity of her son—the grandson of the Earl—the boy's holidays would have been seasons of intolerable dreariness to him.

Geoffrey's school and college days were now over; he had been of age for three years, and was now in full possession of his property—Red Court and five-and-twenty thousand a year; less a jointure of five thousand yearly to the Lady Harriet, who continued as usual at the head of the establishment, where she would remain until Geoffrey married. His future settlement had occupied

much of Lady Harriet's thoughts. His wife was to be of her choosing; that she had determined, and also made up her mind not to be satisfied with any ordinary mortal. Geoffrey's duty was to raise the Montfort name. He should marry, and marry well too. The bitter drop in her cup of having married beneath her should not be in his. Nothing under a Duke's daughter should satisfy the maternal ambitions of her heart.

Geoffrey was fully aware of his mother's desires and views for him. He calmly allowed her to have her own way, as far as laying plans went, inwardly determining however, that when he did marry, if he ever married at all, it should be for love not for lineage. Had George Montfort lived, he would have been proud of his broad-shouldered, handsome son, who was so like himself in everything that was honourable and straightforward. There was nothing wonderful about him; but he was a boy, or a man rather, of whom a parent might well be proud; such a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word, with an Englishman's horror of anything approaching to humbug or deceit; a being as different from his disagreeable mother as it was possible to conceive. One could scarcely fancy him a bitter enemy; but one could easily imagine him a firm friend. His temper was quick, without a shade of sullenness; and in point of generosity he excelled almost to a fault. To hear of a trouble or to be told of a strait, with Geoffrey Montfort was to relieve it forthwith.

The Duke's daughter had been duly selected by Lady Harriet—the Lady Margaret Theophila Fitz-Howard—not very young, nor very lovely, nor very fascinating either, but still a Duke's daughter; and as she was coming with her mother Her Grace the Duchess to pay a visit to Red Court, their visit was to be celebrated by a grand ball, to which all the people in the neighbourhood were to be invited. Perhaps it was owing to the fact of Mrs Staunton's good connections, perhaps to a whim for which no one could account, but Lady Harriet had some time previous to the announcement of her ball called at the Cottage. So in due time an invitation arrived for the ball, to which as usual it was arranged that Mrs Herbert should chaperone Maude. Everybody was going to it. It was to be on a scale of extraordinary grandeur; and for a week or two preceding it, the local dressmakers who were considered reliable enough to be trusted with the costume, had but a poor time of it as regarded rest and quietness. They were kept working early and late cutting out and contriving all manner of elegances for this wondrous ball. Basket after basket went forth charged with costly contents, bloomy velvets, shimmering silks and satins, delicate tulles, and fragile tarlatanes, over which the intended wearers hung with rapture, or perhaps the reverse when carefully drawn forth for inspection. The solitary hairdresser Riversdale possessed had more engagements for the eventful night than he could possibly fulfil; in fact every one seemed to have some share in the general excitement which the forthcoming ball had called forth.

What would Maude Staunton wear? That was queried in more than one dressing-room coterie. She was sure to have something ridiculously grand; so said Miss Beatrice Browning, a tall, dark, handsome girl, who regarded Maude with feelings of ununited aversion. Before her advent, Miss Brown-

ing had imagined herself the reigning beauty; and her appearance was therefore looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion upon her established rights. Who was Miss Staunton? What was she to come to Riversdale and interfere with other people's positions? In the privacy of her own home, Miss Browning did not spare Miss Staunton; but in public, as yet she only stabbed her by very innocent and quietly uttered innuendos, 'damning with faint praise' in any remarks she made upon one whom she chose to consider in the light of a rival and trespasser upon her own particular territory. Miss Browning had determined to make an impression at the Red Court ball; and feeling certain Miss Staunton would appear in some magnificent attire, resolved to anticipate her own not too ample allowance, and to invest in a dress sufficiently splendid to eclipse and extinguish anything the latter could have thought of. The night had arrived and with it her dress. White satin—what could be handsomer?—blonde lace, crimson roses, gold leaves, pearl ornaments. Surely nothing could surpass such a combination! Her dark hair was elaborated into a wonderful edifice; and her face was lighted up with a smile of unutterable contentment when at last she surveyed herself, dressed for conquest, prior to entering the ball-room, where though dancing had not as yet commenced, already more than half the company were assembled.

The band struck up their preliminary chords just as Miss Browning marched in under the wing of her inoffensive little mother, a meek-eyed matron, attired in the regulation black velvet and white lace shawl adopted by so many British dowagers.

Mr Montfort was leading out the Lady Margaret Theophila Fitz-Howard to open the ball; and there just opposite to him, with her arm resting upon that of a gentleman unknown to Miss Browning, stood Maude Staunton, waiting to take her place in the first quadrille. She was dressed in a simple white tulle, devoid of all colour or ornament; it was exquisitely made in a series of cloudy skirts. In her hand she carried a splendid bouquet of white camellias and narcissus; and a bud of the former resting against its dark shining green leaves nestled amid the massive coils of her fair hair. There was nothing magnificent about her except a glittering diamond star, which she wore suspended from a broad black velvet band round her neck; but there was something so fresh, so fair, so simple, yet withal so striking about her, that the charming *ensemble* caused Miss Browning's colour to fade into as great a pallor as if she had seen an apparition. The sweetness of Maude's appearance was still further enhanced by the expression of her face, which at the beginning of the evening chanced to be more than usually sad. She was the belle of the room—grudgingly as some acknowledged it, there was not a doubt of the fact; and no one there more ardently admired her than the host himself, who had never before met her under similar circumstances.

Wise men have acknowledged that it requires neither time nor space to fall in love—that the tender passion may be kindled by a very passing glimpse—our fate sealed for good or for evil by a very brief half-hour. So it was with Geoffrey Montfort and Maude Staunton. The glamour

came over them ; and that evening was one scene of pleasure and triumph to the widow's only daughter ; for even the Lady Margaret Theophila stood sadly neglected, whilst Geoffrey, careless of his mother's fierce regards, again and again selected as his partner the fair Maude Staunton. Mrs Herbert was rejoiced at her charge's conquest. Out of all the numbers who had assembled in those brilliant rooms she alone felt proud and pleased. The general feeling was certainly not friendly. But what cared Geoffrey ? what cared Maude ? They were both young, both impulsive ; the present was all to them ; and when at length the gay scene ended, and under his escort she was placed by Mrs Herbert's side, carefully wrapped up, and the door of the carriage was closed, she leant back flushed and radiant, exclaiming : ' O Mrs Herbert, this has been the happiest evening I ever spent ! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life ! '

Whilst Geoffrey returned to the ball-room to bid adieu to his less appreciative guests, and to ignore the sullen lowering looks of her Ladyship, who would have been more violent in her disapproval had she guessed that her wishes were to have no weight as regarded the Lady Margaret ; for he had determined if ever he married at all, his wife should be Maude Staunton ; and he meant it.

CONVERSATION.

It is frequently remarked that the art of conversation is lost ; that everything is printed nowadays and nothing said ; that such good talkers and good listeners as Dr Johnson and his friends are extinct creatures. We do not think that these laments are justified. It is of course true that the printing-press has in a measure superseded the tongue, but not altogether ; for the living voice of man has a power of charming and influencing that can never be exercised by dead letters. It is true we do not now make a business of conversation and stake our reputation on a *mot*, as did Dr Johnson's contemporaries ; but perhaps this fact increases rather than diminishes the charm of modern talk. It is more simple and natural, less dogmatic and egotistical. In our pleasant chats at afternoon teas and tennis-parties we can well dispense with stilted lectures of the ' Sir, said Dr Johnson ' type. But though we are by no means destitute of conversational powers, there are certain rules as regards talking which are too often neglected in our social intercourse.

The first rule we must observe is to avoid personalities. But this is by no means an easy thing to do ; for the love of personalities is almost universal—a love seen in the child who asks you to tell him a story, meaning thereby somebody's adventure ; a love testified by the interest adults take in reading biographies ; a love gratified by police reports, court news, divorce cases, accounts of accidents, and lists of births, marriages, and deaths ; a love displayed even by conversations in the street, where fragments of dialogue heard in passing shew that mostly between men, and always between women, the personal pronouns

recur every instant. Having this lively interest in our neighbours' affairs, we can with difficulty avoid gossiping about them. But the habit is nevertheless dangerous. It creates enmities, and separates friends. We meet an acquaintance in the street from whom we parted but yesterday on the most friendly terms. We wonder why we are passed by with an infinitesimally small nod of acknowledgment, or perhaps with no recognition at all. If we deem it worth while to investigate the cause of this coldness, we shall generally discover that some one has been biassing the mind of our friend against us. A few rash words will set a family, a neighbourhood, a nation by the ears ; they have often done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by talking about people instead of about things. ' Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out : so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.'

This sort of personal talk is not only wrong but stupid. It is generally indulged in by persons devoid of brains, education, and culture. People who read and think, prefer to talk of ideas and things. They live in a high intellectual atmosphere, where chit-chat about their neighbours' incomes, quarrels, dress, and servants—the little wearisome jealousies of Mr or Mrs A—in reference to Mr or Mrs B—does not enter.

The temptation to sin against good-nature and good taste in conversation for the sake of raising a laugh and gaining admiration, is a very strong one in the case of those who have been gifted with wit and humour. But it is the abuse of these noble gifts rather than their use that leads astray. On this point we may quote the following words : ' When wit,' says Sydney Smith, ' is combined with sense and information ; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle ; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it ; who can be witty, and something more than witty ; who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.'

If we would be agreeable and improving companions, we must be good listeners as well as good talkers, and carefully observe certain occasions of silence. ' The occasions of silence,' says Bishop Butler, ' are obvious—namely, when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid ; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind ; or better, lastly, with regard to himself.'

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. It is a part of good manners not to talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is *con* (with), that it means talking *with* another, we should abstain from lecturing, and be as ready to listen as to talk. Our anecdote or sharp reply will keep, or need not find utterance at all ; so we are not under the necessity of interrupting our companion, and voting him by our looks a bore, or at least an interruption to our own much better remarks. But besides the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our

conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us.

Every one will understand from painful experience what is meant by a bore, though it is not very easy to describe the creature. A bore is a heavy, pompous, meddling person who harps on one string, occupies an undue share of conversation, and says things in ten words which required only two; all the time being evidently convinced that he is making a great impression. 'It is easy,' says Sydney Smith, 'to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilised beings by prosing, reflect upon the joys he spoils, and the misery he creates in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer toothache or ear-ache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey to the terrible being, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds, the sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler has been committed to penal servitude. But after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup, still untried, unpunished.'

In all ages, women's conversation has been made a subject for ridicule. They are said to talk too much, to have venomous spiteful tongues, to be addicted to nagging, to dislain argumentation and even sense in their talk. For ourselves we believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes. Of course women have more talking to do than men have, for social intercourse is mainly indebted to them for its existence. And their desire to please in society may sometimes tempt women to talk too much; if indeed there can be too much of conversation so sympathetic, humorous, and full of nice distinctions as is that of women whom all agree to call 'charming.' Let not the Cynic, who, if he has himself never said a foolish thing, has perhaps never done a wise one, quote in reference to the conversation of such women, Pope's lines:

Words are like leaves; and where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

What are and what are not 'women's rights,' is a point much disputed; but that it is their duty to cultivate the art of conversation, none will question. But as the hearts of women are kind and sympathetic, so have they no excuse for crushing little sensibilities, violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; in a word, for committing those faults which make the conversation of ill-natured people so dispiriting and painful.

The aim of every talker should be never to be long and never to be wrong. And the only way we can approximate to this perfection of sociableness is to cultivate both our heads and

heart. The conversation of really cultured people is never vulgar and never empty; more than this, it is free from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

'HOVELLING.'

THE pleasant old town of Deal is situated on the east coast of Kent, nearly opposite the centre of the famous Goodwin Sands, which from time immemorial have been the terror of the mariner. The very name rings on the ear like a sort of knell, which seems to carry with it a painful association of shipwreck and death.

Everything, however, is done by that genuine sailors' friend the 'Trinity House,' that ample funds, modern science, and careful forethought can do, as is evidenced by accurate charts of the locality, and by buoying and lighting these dreaded quicksands for the whole ten miles of their reach, in order to warn mariners of their danger. But notwithstanding all these precautions, shipwrecks only too frequently occur on the Goodwins, especially to foreign vessels unused to the peculiarities of these waters, and ignorant of the fact that the services of a pilot are absolutely necessary when passing these dangerous shoals. Nor is it too much to say—indeed it is very well known—that many more lives would be annually sacrificed and ships and property lost, but for that watchful care, skill, and daring, so constantly and unflinchingly exhibited by boatmen belonging to Deal and its immediate neighbours Walmer and Kingsdown. It is to these men and to their peculiar calling that the terms 'hovellers' and 'hovelling' (the derivation of which we shall afterwards explain) are commonly applied. Deal claims the largest share in point of numbers of these brave fellows, as being by far the largest of the three places named.

During the bright days of summer, or whilst fine weather and soft airs continue, a stranger visiting Deal, and unacquainted with the real attributes of these men, would set down the hovellers as a lazy idle set of fellows, who appear to do nothing the livelong day but 'loaf' about the beach, lounging on the capstans, lolling on the boat-stages, or 'shoring up' against the nearest wall, or any projection that will serve as a convenient leaning-post. Dressed in the usual heavy blue clothing, cut sailor-fashion large and easy, and shining hat, which they never seem to change winter or summer, there they sit or loll, hands invariably in pockets, short clay in mouth, smoking, chatting, and joking. Such are the Deal hovellers. That these men are idle for the time being is, doubtless, true enough; but this enforced temporary idleness only serves to bring into greater contrast their daring when afloat. Let a tempestuous hurricane arise, when the sea is lashed into rage and fury; when the waves are running 'mountains high,' and the fearful breakers are plainly visible all along the fatal 'Sands,' when landsmen gladly seek the welcome shelter of solid bricks and mortar; when no one remains a moment out of doors, or cares to buffet the fury of the storm any longer than he can possibly help; when the black and angry sky contrasts

strangely with the white and foaming sea—then is the hoveller's opportunity.

Without the smallest hesitation, and fearing neither winds nor waves, dressed in his canvas waterproofs, his 'sou-wester' hat tied under his chin, the boatman and his companions assemble on the beach; one of the splendidly built Deal boats is quickly manned by brave and ready hands, and launched through the boiling surf, often at the risk of being swamped, or stove in, at the very outset—a casualty that nothing but the consummate tact and skill exhibited by these men alone prevents—and quickly hoisting their close-reefed lugsail, whilst sea and spray fly high over the boat, away they go for the 'Sands;' certainly the very last place on earth where any one would willingly find himself during a tempest of wind and rain. But the hovellers dare this extreme danger on the bare chance of falling in with any vessel requiring a pilot, or information, or help of any kind; and it has often happened that a boat's crew of these brave fellows have been out battling with winds and waves for forty-eight hours or more at a stretch, wholly exposed to the severities of the weather—for these boats are not decked—without the smallest return for their courage and labour; for it is labour of the severest kind, to which extreme peril is frequently added. But, on the other hand, it is very well known that many a noble ship and many a valuable life have owed their preservation, from the destructive Goodwins, entirely to the fearless daring of these Deal hovellers.

Many indeed are the touching, but no less truthful tales that are frequently told of some unfortunate ship which had run on these Sands. And the crew, finding their distress signals apparently unheeded, and that every earthly hope of succour had seemingly fled, had calmly resigned themselves to the dreadful, and apparently certain, fate awaiting them; when suddenly, through the deepening gloom, the driving mist, or the blinding snow, there has hove in sight the saving angel in the form of a Deal lugger, manned by eight or ten resolute hearts and strong arms; and a stentorian voice, heard above even the roar of the elements, has hailed them, and bidden them 'hold on,' as help was nigh!

In these praiseworthy efforts to approach an imperilled ship and rescue her crew, the real work of the gallant hovellers may be said to be only beginning; for the great difficulty now to be surmounted is to get sufficiently close to the ship to receive her crew on board the lugger and yet to avoid a violent collision between boat and ship—a circumstance very likely to happen from the extreme violence and agitation of the sea. Should the boat but once hit the ship full end on, even if she escaped the consequences of such a blow, the next wave would probably wash her on to or over it, to the certain destruction of all hands. The mode of procedure is as follows. When the danger is very great and the sea very high, the sail of the boat is lowered and the anchor dropped considerably to windward of the labouring ship. With consummate judgment and caution, only gained by long experience, the cable is then 'paid out' yard by yard, and the heavy rolling sea is allowed to carry the boat, little by little, towards the vessel, till she is almost alongside. And now not a second is to be lost, and those of the ship's

crew who are able to do so instantly leap into the boat; for if another wave catches her in this position she must be dashed to pieces. Then indeed is a moment of intense anxiety and peril, and all hands haul upon the cable with might and main for dear life until the boat gradually draws away from the wreck. If, however, all are not rescued in the first attempt, the same perilous manœuvre has to be played perhaps several times in succession. Coolly and cautiously the hovellers handle their boat; the cable is again veered out, and again she runs alongside the wreck, until at length the dangerous game is rewarded, and all the crew have been at last got on board. Then all hands again haul on the cable, and the boat, with the rescued crew, ultimately drifts clear of the wreck.

But, as the risk and danger are still most imminent, not a moment must be wasted; the boat's cable is therefore instantly cut with a blow of a hatchet (without which useful tool no hoveller's boat ever goes to sea), and the sail is quickly run up. But although the sufferers are all now safe in the boat, do not suppose that the work is done, or that the danger is yet by any means over; for before the boat can reach the friendly shore, a great and perilous gulf has to be passed, consisting of the terrible breakers of the Sands and the raging waves beyond; so that another fierce and desperate struggle with winds and ocean for seven or eight long and weary miles has to be encountered before the rescued crew and their gallant preservers are landed on Deal beach. Even here, on the very threshold of home, the danger still continues; for the utmost skill and caution must be observed in order to effect a landing, as accidents have occasionally happened from the unskillful beaching of a crowded boat. It will thus be seen that from launching to beaching, from first to last during the whole of this severe elemental battle, lasting probably many hours, these men may be said to carry their lives in their hands; and yet it is both a common and a true saying, that however bad a hoveller may be in all other matters, he will never hesitate a single moment to attempt a rescue when life is in danger, however fearful and unequal the odds may be against him.

Desperate and perilous as the life-boat service is, it is not, after all, so much so as this, for the simple reason that in the one case the boat is expressly built and arranged with every appliance that art, science, and practical experience can suggest, for the work to be undertaken; whereas the boat of the hoveller is the ordinary beach boat, nothing more, and of course destitute of air-boxes or any other contrivance to keep her afloat in case of swamping; but in all other respects as finely built a craft and as admirably fitted for her work as any in the kingdom.

Such then is the modern 'hoveller,' and such is the usual occupation understood by 'hovelling.' When not engaged in the active work of his calling, the hoveller may be frequently seen cruising about the neighbourhood of the Sands, or taking pilots or friends to, or bringing them from, outward-bound ships in the Downs. His services are also secured in taking out anchors and cables to ships in want of such articles; or fishing up and recovering—where possible—anchors and cables which have been abandoned and buoyed; or recovering what he can of ship-

wrecked cargoes, for all of which he claims salvage. He is also serviceable in carrying urgent orders or letters to the outward-bound, and many such other occupations, with perhaps a little fishing, or a little 'pleasuring' with visitors in the summer, which, though undoubtedly irregular and fluctuating enough, pays perhaps in the end fairly well; and if the man abstains from the curse of intemperance, and is careful and prudent, as many to their credit are in an eminent degree, a comfortable little home is generally the result. The wife also often helps to bring 'grist to the mill' by working on her own account in a variety of ways, or in keeping a shop, or in letting apartments.

Like all other inhabitants of the coasts opposite or near to France, the hoveller of half a century ago was, as a matter of course, an inveterate smuggler. The trade was then carried on by him with uncommon gusto and address; and it has been said—we know not how truthfully—that more than one fortune has been made, especially during the long war, out of brandy, wine, silk, and lace, the products of 'Fair France,' which had never been subjected to the scrutiny of a British Customs officer. But if the hoveller was in his day an inveterate smuggler, he was not a whit worse than his neighbours in the adjoining counties. The practice seems indeed inherent in all coast-born men when there happens to be the opportunity; and it has always been found one of the most difficult of tasks to make these men comprehend that although they may have fairly bought and paid for goods, the product of a foreign country, they are breaking the laws in trying to evade import duty.

The origin of the term 'hoveller,' as applied to a boatman on these coasts, is somewhat uncertain. It would appear from an ancient record of the period, that King Edward III. appointed certain gentlemen who were to undertake to patrol and guard the coasts of Kent, at that time the great highway into England, especially from France. These gentlemen were each to furnish, from the county lying on or near the coast, a stated number of men-at-arms and 'hobilers,' to form a regular day-watch as well as a night-watch, so that the patrolling of the coast would be thus constantly kept up. This is in all probability the first mention of anything like the establishment of a 'coastguard,' although their object was, of course, not to catch smugglers, but to give timely warning of the approach of a real enemy to our shores. The term 'hobiler' is supposed to be derived from the French word *hobil*, a light quilted surcoat, which was very likely worn by these men over their defensive armour; but other explanations have been given.

Although their services are now no longer needed to guard our coasts, or to resist the invader, still the present race of hovellers are ever ready to rival their forefathers in patient and enduring courage, and in doing battle, not indeed with an enemy of flesh and blood, where life is to be cruelly sacrificed, but with something far more sublimely terrible, where life is to be nobly saved from the ruthless angry sea.

[We would take this opportunity of again urging the necessity of using oil as an aid in rescuing human life. The avocation of the hoveller is just the one in which oil would be invaluable.

He bravely goes forth to the struggling ship, and as has been described, he carries his boat to windward, and with anchor down, he pays out cable till his craft has all but touched the ship. Here surely might be a fitting opportunity for testing the virtues of oil in subduing broken seas; for, as has been now repeatedly urged in these columns, oil or fatty matter when thrown on a wave-tossed sea, converts broken water into smoothly rolling water, and thus prevents what would otherwise be white-crested waves from breaking over the boat or ship. Oil too, as we have also shewn, has the peculiarity of calming the sea to *windward*, as well as to *leeward*, of the spot into which it has been cast, a phenomenon which materially enhances its saving virtues. Again we commend the subject to all who are interested in the welfare of our marine community.—ED.]

LESSONS IN COOKERY FOR CHILDREN.

MANUAL dexterity in any art is more readily acquired in youth than in after-life. The trick of handling and skilful manipulation, upon which in a great measure the success of cookery depends, does not come easily to those who have not been accustomed to use their hands from childhood. The science of cookery is better appreciated by older minds; but the practical part should be taught as early as possible. A lady who had formerly some experience of School-board teaching, informs us that the children were required at each demonstration lesson to give up the notes of their last lesson to be corrected. They were catechised continuously, and tasted the dishes cooked. After a time, six or eight of the brightest children were allowed to come down and cook in the second half of the lesson what they had seen the teacher do in the first. The notes of the pupil-teachers were most perfect; but the work of the little girls was the best, a fact which would seem to illustrate our theory. We do not purpose to speak further of the work of the School-board, which has now no connection with South Kensington.

In a former paper on Demonstrations in Cookery we mentioned that a special programme consisting of twenty lessons had been made for the use of schools. The notes of this course of lessons, with the recipes used, are to be found in *The Scholar's Handbook of Household Management and Cookery*, by W. B. Tegetmeier (Macmillan & Co.). These lessons are used for outside demonstrations generally, and are carried out at the School for Cookery at South Kensington in children's practice-classes. Classes for children are not established permanently at that School; but for some time past the Cooks' Company have sent girls there from their ward schools to have practical lessons in plain cookery. The children from Holy Trinity School, West Brompton, have also been sent there by the clergy for the same course of instruction.

In her Report for the year ending 31st March 1878, the Lady Superintendent says: 'With a view to making the instruction as practically useful as possible to the children, we have fitted up

one kitchen with the most ordinary utensils such as every poor woman would be likely to possess. We take twelve children in each class. In this "children's kitchen" there are six stoves, two children at work at each stove. Four of these stoves are small and portable, requiring no fixing; they can be used either open or shut, have a nice oven, and make an excellent ironing stove. They cost about thirty shillings; and it is much to be desired that the people could be induced to take to these stoves in preference to the miserable little grates generally found in their homes. If the clergy would organise stove-clubs as well as coal-clubs, this reformation could, I think, soon be effected. These stoves are not extravagant, and will burn anything in the shape of fuel. They are known in the trade as the Princess, and are manufactured by Smith and Wellstood, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. At present our children's practice-classes are composed only of girls. I hope in time the same opportunity will be given to boys for acquiring instruction, which in many of the vocations of manhood would prove of great service to them. We have had boys at our local demonstration classes, and found them even more apt pupils than the girls, though our branch of instruction is one to which our small pupils as a rule take very kindly.

These practice-classes at the School for Cookery are held twice a week. The children cook for two hours; and a third hour is given to clearing up the kitchen, laying the cloth for dinner, and waiting at table. The work is so arranged that every separate branch, both of the cookery and other operations, is taught to each child by turns. The children dine at the School before leaving, and thus have an opportunity of tasting the dishes they have prepared. They set about their work with a right good will; and two of the most qualified staff-teachers are specially devoted to their instruction.

Demonstrations to children are usually given in turn with other work by teachers who are sent out from the School. Occasionally after a course of demonstrations, practice-classes are held, in which the children cook what they have seen done. Of course no amount of demonstration is of value unless it invariably lead up to actual practice in the art of cookery: children must practise for themselves everything they have been taught. At the same time it is essential that the theory be learned before the practice is attempted, as by that means children will cook more intelligently. They should first have information regarding the various processes and the ingredients used, which cannot well be conveyed to them while they are at work; but like working out a sum in arithmetic which has been set by a teacher, the children should invariably be allowed, if at all practicable, to work out the cookery-lecture with their own hands.

An excellent teacher of our acquaintance, before conducting a practice-class, gathers the children around her and gives them a short lecture. For instance, if the subject of the day be Pastry, she makes her pupils clearly understand the difference between short crust and flaky crust, tells them the kind of fat that may be used, and the proportion which that should bear to the flour in order to make rich crust, plain crust, or crust of medium

richness. It would be well if every teacher were to follow some such plan. Demonstration lessons prepare the ground of the mind for the seed of knowledge we wish to sow. A good cook must pay constant attention to details, and powers of observation and foresight have to be developed in her.

It has been said that 'teaching of the hands is not a thing separate and far apart from the teaching of the head. The education of common things cannot be rightly imparted or received without the exercise of thought and intellect. To be taught to think is the basis of all education. To ask and to be answered, and to be able to tell again the how and the wherefore of the daily material of the daily work of the hands, is a direct and successful exertion of observation and mental power.' Children should always take notes of a demonstration lesson, and questions should be given them to answer next time. The language employed must be simple. There is no cleverness displayed in talking over the heads of one's audience; but adaptability is the highest art. We believe that if the plan of teaching cookery to children is more generally adopted, the next generation will hear far less of that domestic grievance—the scarcity of good cooks.

THE USES OF FERNS.

In the *Fern World*, we are told by the author, Mr F. G. Heath, 'that many species of these beautiful plants are used not only for food and medicine, but for economic purposes. As food, they are chiefly useful to the aboriginal inhabitants of some foreign countries. In the larger of the exotic ferns, the tree-like species, the inner part of the stem, stipes or rhizoma—corresponding to what would be the pith in other plants—and sometimes the whole of the tuberous rhizoma, is eaten generally after being boiled. In India, some of the natives boil the tops of one species of fern, and eat them with shrimp-curry. Amongst ourselves, two of the most beautiful species—the Bracken and the Male Fern—are said to have been sometimes used as ingredients in the manufacture of beer; whilst one foreign species (*Aspidium fragrans*) is actually stated to have been used for making tea. Our native Maidenhair used at one time to furnish a principal ingredient for a sirup called *capillaire*. . . . The root-stock of the Royal Fern (*Osmunda regalis*) was in times gone by, reputed to possess the quality of healing wounds, whether applied to them externally, or taken inwardly in the form of a decoction. Its outward application was considered a specific against bruises or sprains, and good for bones broken or out of joint; and taken inwardly, it was also believed to be good for cholic and for splenetic disorders. In some parts of Europe its root-stock is said to be used, after being boiled in water, for the purpose of starching linen. . . . A pleasant and familiar inhabitant of our lanes and woods, the Common Polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*), has had ascribed to it by ancient herbalists, various medicinal qualities, amongst them being the power of curing coughs and asthmatic affections, the dried rhizomas being powdered for the purpose and mixed with honey.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 796.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

A SPRING VISIT TO ISCHL.

ON the banks of the Ischl, in the fertile vale of that name, surrounded by rocks, pine-forests, and snow-capped mountains, and not far from the greater stream of the Traun, stands the Emperor of Austria's white villa, sheltered from winds and intrusive glances by a background of rocky hills and forests, and shut out from the road in front by its own thick belt of plantation. It is a pretty unpretentious house, merely decorated (like most of the houses in Ischl) with long verandas overhung by waving creepers, save that its character of hunting-lodge is proclaimed by the groups of chamois carved in bold relief which fill the pediments, and by the bronze group of dogs held back by the listening huntsman, which stands at the head of the flight of steps leading to the entrance. The smooth-shaven lawns and brilliant ribbon-borders give a charming home-like air to the space immediately surrounding the imperial villa; but it looks what it is, a patch reclaimed from the wild mountain and forest behind. In five minutes you may ascend the well-kept winding paths which lead from the shrubberies, to find yourself in the midst of the beech and pine which clothe every mountain around Ischl to its summit; your progress made easy by steps, wooden bridges, and rustic seats, but all else left in the tender caresses of Nature, with her undergrowth of fern, yellow vetch, lilies, heath, bilberry, and delicate rock-creepers. An occasional clearing will allow you to survey the villa at your feet, and the smiling meadows which slope down from the woods to fill the valley; and above all, in every direction, the snows which crown the rocks; while, in fine weather, a gap to the south reveals the glaciers of the distant Dachstein.

Hitherto Ischl has been chiefly the resort of the Viennese, who, during the short season, import thither the taste, refinement, and gaiety which characterise their capital; but the railway, opened in 1877, now places it in direct communication not only with Vienna and Linz, *via* Wels and Gmunden, but with Grätz the Styrian capital,

and also through Villach with Trieste and Venice; thus opening out a short and easy route from Eastern Austria into Italy, which may prove a formidable rival to the Brenner, and make Ischl more generally known to the bulk of travellers.

During the six weeks in July and August, when the Empress pays her usual visit, the Viennese are glad to escape from the dust and heat of their capital to take the salt baths and waters with which Ischl is handsomely provided. Then every house lets one or more of its rooms; the four large hotels are full to overflowing; horses are summoned from field-work to convey tourists to the many neighbouring points of beauty and interest on the various lakes of the Salzkammergut; chairs and porters are in great request by invalids taking their baths; cafés commanding the noted points of view on the neighbouring hills awake to business after a long slumber; and bands play Strauss's waltzes in the gardens. Then the thick shades of the Promenade which skirts the rapid Traun are no longer given up to washerwomen and their wooden boards; fashionable toilets flit about the dark red *loggias*, and enliven the carved wooden balconies, all wreathed with sprays of Virginian creeper, or embosomed in the thick foliage of the Pfeifentrauch, a favourite creeping Aristolochia, whose brown trumpet-flower bears a droll resemblance to the long curved German pipes.

Even when the season is at its height, it is easy to escape at once from the gay crowd into the woods around, and dream away a quiet afternoon in their thick shades, with birds and squirrels for companions, and the murmur of the stream below for music. But it may be that, like some other places, Ischl is most enjoyable in its ordinary condition, in the fine weather of June and September, when there are still stray tourists enough about to prevent it from looking deserted, though all is quiet and restful. We visited it at the end of May, when the beeches were still in their tender greens, and the meadows blue with gentians, or converted into huge pink and blue flower-beds by a delicate blending of forget-me-not and lychnis.

Though the sun shone brilliantly overhead, snow lay in patches among the dark pines that crested every hill, and every stream was a rushing torrent; and we are inclined to think the natives were right when they told us that it was then in its greatest beauty.

When the Emperor and Empress are absent, the park-gates stand open all day, and we found ourselves free to enter unquestioned and wander at will, walking into the greenhouses, watching the planting-out of flower-borders, and sitting in the arbours, and enjoying the grounds as if they were our own, without so much as the formality of giving our names. The only part from which the public is excluded is the private circus, where the Empress trains her favourite horses to perform such tricks as ringing a bell, sitting on a chair, and taking bread from her hand.

This large-hearted trust in their people is characteristic of the imperial family, which throws open the gates of Schönbrunn even when in residence, and makes troops of its subjects welcome to pass through the courtyard and palace itself, on their way to roam through its lovely grounds.

The Emperor usually invites some of his neighbours to share his hunting-parties when he is down at Ischl, and while there, dons the hunting costume of gray and green, which is so becoming to the mountaineer, and which harmonises perfectly with the gray rock and green pine-forest among which he moves. Most of the men wear dark-green stockings, corresponding with the green facings of their gray coats and the green waistcoats, which are occasionally adorned with rows of silver coin as buttons; their costume being completed by a high-crowned green felt hat, at the back of which, in the broad green ribbon, is worn a tuft of feathers or a spike of real flowers. The latter is commonly supplied by the wife or sweetheart, so that if a man appears without this decoration, the neighbours say: 'Ah, look at that poor fellow! He has no one to give him flowers.' It is a pity that this picturesque costume should be confined to the men. The women have nothing remarkable about them but their head-dress, which is more useful than becoming; it consists of a long black silk kerchief, fastened tightly over the head, and knotted behind, where it hangs over the neck in long ends. The old women draw it down over the forehead; while the younger ones arrange it rather more tastefully, allowing the front hair to be seen. This black kerchief is in general use throughout Southern Austria, and may be noticed along the Danube down to Vienna, where it is replaced by a more dainty head-dress of light wool. In hot weather, a white kerchief may take its place, but the black one is always at hand to cover it in case of rain or wind.

We saw an unusual influx of holiday costumes, in consequence of the first market held in Ischl for two hundred years, taking place during our visit; this was due to the new railroad, which we had also to thank for a supply of green peas from the Italian border so early in the year as May. The women brought not only butter and eggs from the mountains, but large bouquets of wild-flowers; the lily of the valley, as the general favourite, was pre-eminent by its abundance, but there were not wanting large masses of Alpine flowers, such as the deep-blue gentian, the brown lady's-slipper, a large rose-coloured primula, and

a tiny azalea which they called *Eis-blume* (Ice-flower).

A few weeks earlier, and what a gay spring carpet must have covered the woods through which we wandered, where the leaves of hepatica, cyclamen, and Christmas rose now wove a mass of varied greens! We were however in time to see the Solomon's seal nodding its white bells, and Herb Paris raising his head in moist shady nooks; while bright pinks and spikes of deep-blue sage enlivened all the roadside banks, and the air was perfumed by the pansies which clustered at the edge of the fields, and the honeysuckle which covered the hedges. Large strawberry blossoms too everywhere attracted our notice, tantalising us with the prospect of scarlet fruit which we could not stay to see ripened. Vegetation abounded everywhere, even to the stones of the bridges, from whose crevices waved many a delicate plume of fern.

To walk in such woods as surround Ischl is to have a new revelation of the charin and majesty of trees; you enter the solemn silence of the pine-forest, to be awed by the slender dark trunks which surround you on all sides, shutting out the world and even the sky above; shadowy reminiscences of our remote ancestors' worship in their forest temples flit across your mind, mingled with fragments of German poems innumerable, in which the pine-tree plays so prominent a part. Then childhood's dormant fancies come to life again. How natural for the Babes of the Wood to have lost their way in such a place; and here in this lonely little cottage, on which you suddenly come in the midst of the dense trees, the Three Bears must undoubtedly once have lived; nor would you be in the least surprised to see Little Silverlocks pop out from that small window! All is enchantment, all mystery; yet follow that track to the left, cross the little limpid stream, and in ten minutes you will find yourself on the high-road and passing through a group of women hoeing among the corn!

Ischl has many attractions to the sportsman and angler; and any stranger may procure a fishing-ticket and try his luck with the trout and grayling which abound in its streams; though the deer and capercaillie belong exclusively to the Emperor, and may only be shot by those whom he honours by an invitation to join his shooting-parties.

There is a peculiar charm in the frank simplicity of the natives, who hail the advent of foreigners as a compliment to their beautiful scenery, and are ready to oblige and assist them in every way. You have only to inquire about their wild-flowers from the old dame sitting out under her pine balcony, to have a fragrant bunch put into your hand; or admire a gay garden, to have its blossoms culled and pressed on your acceptance by the peasant-woman, glad of the sight of a fresh face and a few friendly words in her retired woodland nook.

The abiding impression left by Ischl, after its clear bracing air, snowy heights, and green waters, is that of wood, which meets the eye everywhere, clothing the mountains, forming the bridges, supplying the gas, roofing the houses, and decorating every cottage with balconies and *persiennes*; at times too, completely choking the rivers in the form of stalwart logs, which are floated by the spring torrents along the Ischl, and thence shot

down by troughs and sluices to the Traun, to feed the furnaces of the salt-works at Ebensee.

Ischl may now be reached in three and a half hours from Linz on the Danube, whence a line diverges through Wels and Lambach to Gmunden; a beautiful journey, giving the traveller a glimpse of the delights awaiting him, by the panorama of snow-clad heights and rocky peaks in constant view as he approaches; while it transports him at times through the black shades of pine-wood, or skirts the pellucid waters of the Traun. Gmunden, the bright clean little capital of the Salzkammergut, tempts the traveller by its lovely situation to stay and enjoy the scenery of the finest of the Austrian lakes, whose waters kiss the feet of many a white house nestling in wood and meadow; with a background of rocky crag and snowy peak, where each mountain seems to vie with its neighbour in picturesque variety of outline. If he is not pressed for time, he will not fail here to exchange the train for the steamer, and enjoy the nine miles' sail to the head of the lake; unless indeed he happen to share the views of a native of Ischl, who considered the new line of railway on the right bank of the Traun-See equally fine, 'since there were two magnificent tunnels.'

Both steamer and railroad lead to the same point, Ebensee, a busy little town at the head of the lake, where the brine conveyed in wooden pipes from the mines beyond Ischl is evaporated in the Imperial Boiling Works, and the salt forwarded in long barges down the lake and the river Traun, to supply the rest of the Austrian Empire. From Ebensee the rail follows the river up a narrow valley for half an hour, till it expands into the wide luxuriant vale where Ischl stands at the confluence of her two green streams. There most comfortable quarters may be had in the various large hotels, and notably in the old-established Hotel Kreuz, whose agreeable and attentive landlord is equally remarkable as linguist, sportsman, and traveller. He can shew the ladies where to find wild-flowers, and the gentlemen trout; and if the rain which visits all mountain places should happen to keep his guests prisoners for a morning, they may while away the time pleasantly enough in examining the innumerable views of places he has visited, and trophies of his gun with which the corridors are adorned; or fall back on the well-selected library which he places at their disposal. Those who desiderate the virtues of salt baths and waters, might do worse than spend a month or two at Ischl.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE PURPLE BAG.

HUGH ASHTON, when he undertook to bring the *Western Maid* nearer to the wrecked ship, knew perfectly well that he was entering upon a task of no common difficulty and danger. In front was the Spur Reef, on which the waves burst with a fury that almost illumined the air with the whiteness of the glancing, ghostly spray. Beyond lay an iron-bound coast, on which tall ships unnumbered have laid their bones, while astern shrieked the wind and boomed the sea. The steamer was in no safe position where she lay. The smashing of a paddle-wheel, the snapping of a rudder-chain,

any blunder on the part of the helmsman, might be fatal. But to ground on the Spur Reef was death. No wonder, at such a moment, that there were signs of dissent among the crew.

'Back her! Run for port! As well order our coffins as go on.' Such were the ominous murmurs that reached Hugh's ears.

'It's that blackguard Jackson, always growling,' said Long Michael, aside, to his young commander. 'I've a belaying-pin here, and I'—

'Stop!' rejoined Hugh, laying his hand on the mate's arm. 'Trust me, in case of need, to enforce obedience. Better, though, to avoid bad blood. I'll say a word to the crew.'

He did say a word, and the word was well said. He told them that, as men and sailors, as Christians and Cornishmen, he felt sure of their courage, and sure of their good-will. Perishing fellow-creatures were close at hand. Let them obey orders, and, live or die, they would have done their duty. Every minute was worth a fortune.

The sailors set up a cheer. The crew of a tug are not under man-of-war discipline, and even Navy Jack does not always now exhibit the blind obedience of his predecessors in the old war-time. But seamen who cannot be led by such a leader as was Hugh Ashton must be a sorry ship's company. With two or three exceptions, the sailors of the *Western Maid* were with their young captain heart and soul.

The most notable exception was that of Salem Jackson, a lathy, loosely-hung fellow, who was born in Cornwall certainly, but who had spent his best years in America and on board American ships, and whose nature did not seem to have been improved by travel. He had come home a scoffer, who jeered at the simple chapel-going folks that had never left Treport, and he was what was once known as a 'sea-lawyer,' a man given to argue and speechify—a character hateful anywhere, but doubly detestable on board ship.

'Don't heed him, mates!' bawled Salem Jackson, starting forward; 'he doesn't know the danger, a fresh-water sailor like he, so we'll'—

Down went the mutineer, felled like an ox, and lay panting in the scuppers, the blood trickling down his pale face. There had been no need for Long Michael's belaying-pin. Hugh's strong right hand was competent to read a lesson to the contemners of authority, without extraneous aid.

'Serve him right, the chicken-hearted lubber!' exclaimed the mate; and 'Serve him right!' was the general verdict of the crew. Even Salem Jackson, when he rose, finding himself in a hopeless minority of one, begged pardon sulkily, and stood waiting for orders. Then Hugh Ashton, having got his men in hand, got his vessel in hand too, and with a brisk look-out, and the engines hard at work, pushed on.

The approach to the stranded ship was in itself a daring deed, but not a precaution was neglected that could make the difference between rashness and steady valour. The lead-line was kept continually going, that shoal-water might not be suddenly reached. There were three men at the helm. The call-boy at the hatchway of the engine-room never slackened his attention for an instant. Captain and mate might have been endowed with the gift of ubiquity, so unsparing was the vigilance of both.

'She's breaking up—parting amidships! For

'God's sake, help!' came the cry from on board the wrecked vessel.

'We'll help you, never fear!' rang forth the answer from the approaching steamer. There was an ominous creaking and crashing of timbers, and then a rift appeared in the huge black hull, and the waves came leaping and tumbling through the chasm. Very ghastly looked the few faces that peered above the bulwarks of the wreck, in the last gleam of the blue light. But just then a rocket-line flew from the side of the *Western Maid*, and then another; and a feeble cheer from on board the wreck told that the lines had been hauled in and the ropes made fast. The steamer, with safety, could approach no nearer. It was but a perilous bridge that the ropes made, and one across which no woman, and few but strong men trained to the sea, could have passed amidst the jerk and wash of those tumbling, tossing waves. 'Make haste! be quick!' cried the rescuers, as the ship began to part, beam from beam, and fragments of wreck, and bales, and casks mottled the sea foam.

One, two, three, four, five of the small company on board the wrecked vessel, one by one gained the steamer's deck. Of even these, three lost their hold of the rope, and were saved, two by volunteers who with lines round their waists ventured on the plunge, and one by Nezer's dog Neptune, who dashed into the waves as if the adventure were mere sport, and clutched the collar of a drowning man in his strong teeth, holding on till dog and man were lassoed and hauled in. Three others slipped from the rope, and perished close to the shattered ship. Then came the ninth, who hesitated long, until the very planks he trod seemed giving way beneath his feet, and then committed himself, reluctantly, to the swaying rope.

'A landsman—a passenger, no doubt, by the awkward ways of him. Why, the chap has something in his hand that hinders him!' said a sailor.

'Hold the rope with both hands!' shouted Long Michael; 'keep your grip, I say.'

But before the sentence was finished, the unfortunate man, washed from his hold by an enormous wave, was seen struggling with the leaping waters. The distance from the steamer was such, that the boldest swimmers hesitated to make the plunge. Hugh released his grasp on Neptune's collar, and with a short excited bark the brave dog dashed over the gangway. A blue light was now burning at the steamer's bow. Its glare lit up the surface of the sea, and by its light the Newfoundland could be seen, swimming gallantly amidst the foam, and holding on tenaciously to some object submerged beneath the waves. Twice, thrice, a light rope, with a running noose, was thrown, but it fell short. 'Put the line round me;' shouted Hugh, passing the noose beneath his arms; 'and you, lads, be spry to haul in!' And he sprang into the sea, but such was the force and fury of the boiling surf that he was breathless and faint when he, in company with the dog, and the object, whatever it was, which the dog had seized between his teeth, was dragged on board his vessel. Curiosity was excited as to this latter.

'It's a dead child!' said one. 'It's a bundle!' said another. 'It's nabbut a bag, that you poor chap lost his life for, and no gold in't, nouter, to

judge by the heft!' remarked, in tones of disappointment, a third by-stander. Of those rescued, three were ordinary seamen, foreigners, to judge by their swarthy complexions and the rings in their ears; the fourth was a negro, presumably a ship's cook, who rolled his opal eyes as if in speechless terror; but the fifth was a bright-faced boy of fourteen, whose gold-laced cap and the gilt anchor buttons on his once smart jacket denoted that he was of a higher grade than his companions in misfortune.

'An officer, young gentleman? You can tell me, then, if there is any one left on board.'

'Not a living soul!' answered the lad, briskly. 'We hadn't, by good luck, many passengers, if any luck could be in such a voyage as ours. My name's Gray—Frank Gray—and I'm a midshipman on board the *Waterwitch* there, one of Grogan's Queensland liners. There's her cargo;' added the boy, pointing to the bales that went floating past. 'You'll have the beach white with as good cotton as ever was shipped from Australia. Ten minutes later, and I couldn't have been here to tell you about it.'

The *Western Maid* had done her work, now, so far as the preserving of life went; and as for the salvage of cargo, that, in so wild a sea, and on the verge of the Spur Reef, was impracticable. There was nothing for it but to put the steamer about, and return to Treport. Fortunately the violence of the gale had somewhat abated, and Long Michael was confident of making the harbour in safety.

The young midshipman of the wrecked vessel, when Hugh was able to quit the deck, told over a glass of steaming spirits and water, in the captain's little cabin, how the calamity occurred.

'You see,' he said, 'the ship was a fine one, nearly new, and well-found; but we had had luck from the first. We hadn't been three days out before sickness broke out—a bad fever it was—among the steerage passengers. Captain, and first and third officers, with several of the passengers and crew, died of that. Then the second officer, who took charge of her, was drowned, with the boatswain and two more, when our foremast and maintopmast were blown out of her, west of the Scilly Isles. We'd got out of our course, I must tell you, and met weather; and one disaster following on another, the most of the crew broke into the spirit-room, got mad drunk, and took to such boats as hadn't been washed away. I saw the cutter founder before it was a cable's length away, and I suspect the jolly-boat never got ashore either. We were nine, all told, when you came to our aid, Captain Ashton; and my mother will thank you, I know, for my sake, if ever you come New Forest way.'

Hugh's next care was to examine the bag—Neptune's prize. It was of morocco leather, and of a dull purple colour that was very little changed by its immersion in salt water. The handles were of tough black leather, and to one of them was still attached a red silk handkerchief, carefully knotted. The young midshipman of the Queensland liner could tell very little as to the luckless cabin-passenger who had been possessed of it, and whose life might possibly have been saved but for his solicitude concerning it. 'He was a quiet, silent sort of customer—not a bad sort of fellow—and his name was Perkins, or Purkiss. I suppose

he was somebody's clerk, but he kept what took him to Australia and back again very much to himself.

Trepost-harbour was safely reached, at last; the steamer snug at her moorings, the crew dismissed to their abodes, and the rescued mariners made as comfortable as circumstances would permit at the Seamen's Home; while Hugh, accompanied by Neptune, young Frank Gray walking at his side, and the purple bag in his hand, made his way through the darkling streets homewards.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST GUN-FITTINGS.

AN AFRICAN HUNTER'S REMINISCENCE.

IN the month of March in the year 1868, a party of three of us were 'trecking' into the interior of Africa along the eastern borders of the Kalihari Desert, in pursuit of our perilous occupation, that of elephant-hunters. The water had been extremely scarce for some time, and on the particular occasion of which I write we had inspanned—that is to say yoked our oxen with a view to continuing our journey—about three hours before daybreak, well knowing the task that lay before our jaded and footsore bullocks was no light one, namely to cover a distance of about thirty English miles over hot white loose sand before we could even hope for a chance of finding water. About sundown we arrived in the vicinity of Klip Vley, and proceeded to outspan, or unyoke our oxen, where at least we had plenty of good grass, which was a blessing in itself after seeing none for several days but what the hunters call wildebeeste grass, a hard dry grass much resembling that growing along the sea-beaches at home, and which nothing short of starvation will compel cattle to eat.

The work of outspanning proceeded slowly and in silence, for upon each face black and white you could read the question uppermost in the mind of its owner: 'What if the Vley prove to be dry?' and every one seemed anxious to delay as long as possible the moment when he might be brought face to face with the fact that his suspicions had proved a terrible reality. A terrible reality it would have been, for the forty-eight oxen comprising the three spans were no sooner unyoked than they turned towards the wagons, and stood looking as if they would say give us water; their cravings of hunger seemingly unfelt whilst smarting under the fiery pangs of thirst. Two of us at once went off to inspect the vley, leaving one of our number to see to the camp arrangements necessary for the safety of our cattle and horses, a nocturnal visit from some of the pests of the bush being no more than natural; for should we find water, we knew there would also be game and wild beasts. Where the carcass is, sure enough you find the vulture.

Find water we did, but compressed within a very limited area; from three to four inches deep, reposing upon a rocky bottom—'whence it derived the appellation Klip Vley'—enveloped in a thick verdant mantle, lay a faithful picture of a standing pond. As we were too needful to be

particular, it was hailed by us with delight; and we seemed to breathe more freely after proving its materialism by lying down upon our faces and enjoying a hearty drink.

Leaving some of the Kaffirs with the stock by the water, we started in search of something to shoot for supper, and had not proceeded far when a magnificent koodo, a species of antelope, started within fifty yards of us. Both rifles were raised in an instant, although I held fire for a moment, to give my companion the first shot, he being the better and surer marksman of the two. But as he seemed to be in no particular hurry, and our chance of koodo for supper was getting less every second, I delivered both my right and left barrels in quick succession, with the satisfactory result of the animal at once falling to rise no more. I immediately turned to ascertain why my comrade had not fired, when he explained that for some unaccountable reason, the hammer of his rifle had fallen to half-cock, and stuck there. Reloading at once, I proceeded to cut off a quarter of the koodo; and my companion, with the aid of a screw-driver in the hilt of his hunting-knife, to undo the lock of his piece, by way of ascertaining what was amiss, when one of our Kaffirs, who had come from the wagons to carry back the spoil, and who had been led to the spot by the reports of the rifle, rushed up in great haste to inform us that he had gone off at first in a wrong direction, and had discovered three ostriches in a clear part of the bush close at hand. The man had one of our light double-barrel Whitworth rifles with him; and my companion snatching it from his hand, we started off in the direction indicated with all possible speed, leaving the native to take back the useless weapon and as much of the game as he could. We got sight of the birds; but after some consideration, decided not to fire at them, as the fast gathering darkness rendered it next to impossible to follow them with success; so without alarming them, we returned to the camp, in the hope of getting a shot at them in the morning.

Supper over, and seeing everything secure for the night, our attention turned upon the damaged rifle; when, to our small annoyance, we learned that the Kaffir had neglected to pick up the hammer and screw which had been left on the ground when we started after the ostriches. Should we fail in finding them, it meant a serious loss to us, as neither carried a spare heavy rifle; and even if we had, I question if our comrade could have been induced to use it, the gun in question being an old-fashioned smooth-bore, carrying a large ball, and which had been the favourite weapon of its owner for over twenty years. According to his idea, the rifle was no improvement in firearms, but rather the reverse. He admitted that they did look more handsome; but he never saw one that could work alongside his clumsy old Saana; and indeed in the hands of the veteran marksman it seemed transformed into a destroying angel, for in one good season we had sixty male elephants accounted for by it alone.

Early next morning a search was instituted for the missing fittings; but although we found the very spot where they must have been left, even to the impression left by the toe of my companion's boot upon the sand as he had knelt to unscrew the lock, no trace of them could be discovered. One thing which we found however, was the two-toed

footmark of an ostrich on the spot. When the discovery was announced by the third member of our party, I remarked in half-earnest half-jest: 'I'll bet he has swallowed them.'

'Swallowed them!' replied he. 'Why, when on our way up, while bathing in the dam upon Ingleberg's ostrich-farm, one of them bolted my last piece of soap, weighing not less than a pound and a half, as it lay upon the grass while I was in the water.' And as if roused by the memory of his loss, he added: 'If you should leave even your drawn hunting-knife within reach of them, they would bolt it without giving a thought regarding its digestion.'

As there existed a possibility of the Kaffir having picked them up in the first instance, and having dropped them again, and too frightened to acknowledge having done so, we instructed the Kaffirs to make a thorough search; the promise of a horse as a reward to the finder being given as a stimulus to diligence on the part of the natives, and which reward I laughingly declared I would myself claim before sundown. We were confident of falling in with the ostriches we had seen on the previous evening, as we expected them to be still moving about in the vicinity of the water, food in that quarter being at the same time pretty plentiful; so leaving the blacks to pursue their search, we put a Bushman upon the 'spoor' (footprints) of the birds, and commenced the work of running them down. Before two hours passed, we had sighted three birds, which we believed to be the same as seen by us on the previous evening; and after some sharp manœuvring, we brought down two of them, the third succeeding in making good his escape for the time. As we stepped up to the fallen birds, I drew my hunting-knife and remarked: 'Now for the lost valuables;' to which remark one of my comrades replied: 'The fellow that escaped has got them with him.' The bullet from one of our rifles had passed clean through the side of one of the birds; so my comrades commenced at once to divest him of his plumes, so that there might be as little blood about them as possible; while no such precaution being needed with the other, he having been shot through the neck, from which wound he bled pretty freely without incurring the risk of soiling his feathers, I began my work of dissection with him while my companions were busy with his fellow. Before long, a loud 'Hurrah!' brought them both to my side, to see displayed in my hand a lady's gold ear-ring and the lost hammer and screw!

We returned in triumph to the wagons, and Sanna the old smooth-bore was soon herself again. The Kaffir was also freed from the doubt that clung to him in regard to the loss. But the sight of the ostrich spoor in the morning had convinced me then that an ostrich was the thief. Upon the morning after our arrival in Potchefstroom, to which town we had come down to dispose of the proceeds of a very successful trip, my comrade redeemed his promise of reward to the finder of old Sanna's fittings, by presenting me with as fine a hunter as ever carried a saddle. At first, I thought he was only jesting; but I was soon convinced he meant to take no refusal; so I was compelled to accept the horse; which afterwards did me good service on many an occasion, until one night, when all the white men were absent from the

wagons on the banks of the Zambesi, he had in a fright broken the reins with which he had been but insecurely fastened, escaped into the bush, and was torn down by a lion.

UNDER A CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

MISS STAUNTON'S triumph and subsequent meetings with Mr Montfort had been the last straw that broke, as it were, Miss Browning's back. Her dislike had grown into absolute hatred; which was not lessened, nay rather intensified tenfold, by the frequent sights she had of his well-appointed dogcart as he drove by the Larches, on his way to visit the Stauntons at the Cottage. The former place was Miss Browning's home; and as it was within sight of the latter abode, she was enabled to know exactly what went on in the widow's domain. It was intolerable to her to have to witness the palpable devotion of Geoffrey. The idea of a little upstart, as she termed Maude, appropriating the match of the county. It was too much; and in her views more than one of the female magnates around most fully coincided.

Lady Harriet was furious; openly talking in the most insulting way of the Stauntons, and frequently going so far as to say she would rather see her son dead than give her consent to his making such a marriage. Miss Browning was thereupon emboldened to insert the thin edge of the wedge towards damaging Maude by some innocently made remarks to Lady Harriet as to the mystery that hung over the Stauntons' previous existence; for beyond the bare facts of the widow's good birth and Mr Staunton's family, nothing had transpired; and Miss Browning's sorrowful conviction was that there was 'a something—more than met the eye;' for which poor Maude was more to be pitied than blamed. Whether they had intended it or not, the Stauntons had certainly shewed some reticence relative to their former life; and this circumstance was the best weapon which for a time Miss Browning could contrive wherewith to smite the unsuspecting girl.

As we have already said, it was within Miss Browning's power to watch the doings at the Cottage; and one evening as she was glancing in its direction, her attention was arrested by seeing Maude, dressed in a dark cloak and hat, hurrying along towards a little coppice which divided their grounds from the high-road.

'What could she be going to do? What could be taking her there? Why did she look round so often, as if fearful of being seen?' Miss Browning lost not a moment in bringing her opera-glass to bear upon the retreating figure, which in the clear light of an April evening she could see receding with rapid footsteps. A few seconds more and she would be out of sight—out of the range of the opera-glass. Miss Browning however, was prompt, and equal to the occasion. Down-stairs she ran, not even stopping to snatch

up her hat ; out, over the flower-garden, and over a fence beyond which she could see without being seen. Well-rewarded was she for her run. There was Maude, standing now, not alone, but in close conversation with—a man. Miss Browning's innocent heart revolted at the sight ; for the man was a stranger—a tall, dark, shabbily dressed stranger. The glass told her that. Not a gentleman—she felt convinced of that—but a low fellow, on familiar enough terms to seat himself on the grass by Maude's side, and to clasp her hand in his—unrebuked, unreprieved, unrepulsed by the misguided girl.

It was awful. Miss Browning felt quite sick and giddy. But she must not give way. Much might depend upon her seeing this disgraceful drama out ; so she merged her feelings of contempt and abhorrence into a steady determination to remain and watch, which she did, until the wretched pair got up, little dreaming their every movement was being noted ; and after a lengthened embrace—which caused Miss Browning hurriedly to clear the surface of her glass, her duty clearly being to observe it—they parted. Maude sped homewards ; whilst the shabby stranger stood gazing after her until she was out of sight.

Miss Browning heaved a heartfelt sigh, and uttered an expressive 'Well!'—returning to the house full of her discovery that at last she knew what Miss Maude Staunton was—not fit for any respectable person to associate with.

Alas ! for Maude. Day after day she met the stranger ; and day after day Miss Browning watched, until the duty of the latter became plain : she must denounce her, and save poor deluded Mr Montfort from a declaration which every one said he was only too eager and anxious to make. A word here, and a word there—how soon the evil tidings travelled ! How soon would the fair ship be amongst the breakers, when once the anchor of her purity and safety had been tripped !

Glad news it was to Lady Harriet, who, acting on advice, named not her reasons, but in haughty words wrote the widow a curt letter, demanding that she should exercise her authority so far as to forbid Mr Montfort's visits to a house whither his mother objected to his going. Up rose then stern Mrs Staunton, and with frowning brows, turned round upon her daughter, declaring in angry tones that so great an insult never had been offered to her before, and that while she lived, no Montfort should ever again darken her doors. Pale and trembling, Maude read the letter, and in vain tried to turn her mother from her purpose ; for in the height of her indignation, Mrs Staunton sat down and wrote to Mr Montfort, who was expected that very afternoon, to say that neither she nor her daughter desired his visits, and that it would be more agreeable to them if in future he remained away.

Lady Harriet coloured red and white by turns when Geoffrey got the black-bordered note, which she rightly guessed came from the outraged Mrs Staunton.

'This is a civil communication, I must say,' he exclaimed. 'I shall find out what it means.'

'What is it?' inquired her Ladyship. 'Who is it from?'

'Read it,' returned Geoffrey. 'I shan't be satisfied until I know what prompted that epistle.'

Lady Harriet's eye glanced sharply over the widow's letter ; and then, after a moment's pause, she said slowly : 'I think I can explain it.'

'In what way?' he demanded.

'Miss Staunton finds two lovers too fatiguing.'

'Two what?' thundered Geoffrey.

'Two lovers—or dangles, or admirers, or whatever people in her rank call them,' repeated Lady Harriet. 'She is a worthless girl, Geoffrey ; utterly unworthy of your notice ; and I am thankful her mother has had the honesty to dismiss you. Poor boy, what a laughing-stock they have made of you!'

'How dare you,' exclaimed Geoffrey—'how dare you malign her? The purest, sweetest girl that ever breathed! I shall go to Mrs Staunton, and demand the explanation of this myself. She cannot possibly refuse to state her reasons for such an extraordinary proceeding ; and if Maude cares for me sufficiently'—

'Stop! impulsive boy,' cried Lady Harriet. 'The girl has a lover—a low-bred scoundrel—whom she meets at some rendezvous every evening, to the scandal of half Riversdale.'

'Do you think I would believe that?' he answered fiercely. 'Not likely. I who could stake my existence upon her honour! It is false ; and Maude herself shall tell you so this very day.'

'"Maude herself!" It has come to "Maude," has it?' sneered Lady Harriet. 'I shan't give Miss Staunton the chance of pretending her innocence or explaining away her assignations. She shall not come into this house whilst I am the mistress of it.'

Geoffrey's face grew very dark whilst Lady Harriet spoke ; and very bitter waxed the storm between them, which ended in his starting off for the Cottage, determined to come to a thorough understanding with Miss Staunton, and to demand an explanation of the widow's most extraordinary embargo upon his visits. As he drove rapidly along, he pictured the interview as he hoped it would be—imagining himself very promptly forgiving Mrs Staunton for her rudeness, and bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion with her daughter. He could not doubt what Maude's answer would be to the question he meant to put ; so with a jaunty air he turned the quick curve at the gate leading up the tiny approach to the Cottage, and drew up his chestnut before the pretty porch. The muslin curtains of the drawing-room windows were too closely drawn to admit of any glimpses being caught while he was waiting, reins in hand, for the trim domestic whom his servant's double knock had summoned. It was the usual form of course—the necessary inquiry if Mrs Staunton was at home, to be followed by Mr Montfort's active descent from the dogcart.

Mrs Staunton however, was 'not at home.' Miss Staunton also was 'not at home'—to Mr Montfort. He quite understood from the deprecating look of the servant that these last three words might with truth have been appended. He knew it just as well as if he had been in the drawing-room and heard Mrs Staunton's severely spoken instructions. But he could not know that Maude was sitting within a few yards of him suffering in silence the anguish that her mother's relentless severity

entailed upon her. What she felt when she heard the retreating wheels, no one may say; it must have caused her very bitter pain, judging from the faded look that now o'ercast her once bright face.

Her mother's fiat had gone forth—she would countenance no defiance of a son against his mother. Her daughter should never be a bone of contention. Such was her resolve; and when Mr Montfort wrote to her, she answered him in a few brief lines, that rendered his visits prohibitory, though she abstained from actually stating it. And Maude knew it was vain to try to move her mother—knew it only too well. Besides, Mr Montfort had never actually proposed to her—never really said he loved her; so what could she do but bear it, as she had borne other things!

Lady Harriet followed up the advantage she had gained by bringing Miss Browning's personal testimony to bear upon Geoffrey. Her statements were made with such apparent sorrow and sympathy for Miss Staunton, yet were so conclusive in their completeness, that Mr Montfort could not doubt them. He was compelled to believe that Maude must have deceived him; that she was unworthy. And to the joy and triumph of his mother, he started for London, there to try to forget the fair face in the gaieties of one of the gayest seasons that had been known for many years.

And Maude? There were other trials coming upon her. She became conscious that, for some painful terrible reason, she had become as it were a pariah in the exclusive set that constituted the society in which she had hitherto moved. Mrs Herbert had gone abroad immediately after the Red Court ball; and when one or two entertainments were given by the Riversdale people—notably one by the Brownings—Miss Staunton was not included in the invitations. She did not regret her exclusion so far as caring for the gaieties went, for she was heart-sick and weary. Her youthful brightness was dimmed, tarnished as it were like her fair name, which a few bitter words had so cruelly destroyed. Happily for herself, she did not guess how much evil really had befallen her. She never thought of taking her grief to her mother, who was too stern and unbending to invite such confidence. But Mrs Staunton noticed the neglect—noticed, and marvelled, and was silently filled with the fiercest indignation, albeit that she was too proud and too reserved to discuss it even with Maude.

So the summer passed slowly away. Such a long lovely summer it was! But how dreary and sad to pale, drooping Maude Staunton! It was autumn, far on towards winter, ere Mrs Herbert returned, the one kind friend who had been absent ever since the grievous troubles had overtaken her former favourite. She had heard nothing of the scandal or of Riversdale gossip. She had come back just in time for one of Lady Harriet's grand entertainments; and in the kindness of her heart she drove over to the Cottage not only to announce her return, but to volunteer to resume her chaperonage of Maude; for of course she was going to it. She started when she beheld the change in the once blooming girl.

'My dearest Maude!' she exclaimed, 'what is the matter with you?' as the latter advanced to meet her.

'Nothing, nothing at all!' was all that could be elicited from the poor girl, whilst she turned her eyes resolutely away from encountering those of her visitor, which were fixed upon her in the most searching inquiry.

The next surprise for Mrs Herbert was to find that no invitation had been sent to the Cottage from Red Court. Still greater was her astonishment to discover that Maude's exclusion was not only from Red Court, but from all the gay doings of which she had once been the brightest ornament.

Maude was glad it was so. She did not care; why should she? and so forth. But despite her bravery and professed indifference, Mrs Herbert saw the struggle she went through in her efforts to maintain her calmness; so she wisely changed the subject; but her resolve was at once made to sift the matter thoroughly, and to discover the real reason for Maude's ostracism. She was a very resolute person, not one to be put off with shuffling or evasive answers. She was so honest and straightforward herself, that when she set out upon her investigation her query was simple and direct, yet no one seemed inclined to venture upon any tangible accusation. 'What is it? What has she done?' The invariable advice she got in answer to her short questions was: 'Go and ask Lady Harriet; she knows.'

So nothing daunted, Mrs Herbert set off to Red Court, where she was graciously received by her Ladyship, who chanced to be in one of her condescending moods. The subject uppermost in the former's mind was soon brought upon the tapis, and all questions answered by Lady Harriet without any hesitation, and couched in terms neither too choice nor too courteous.

Her communication considerably startled Mrs Herbert; but before crediting all she heard, she resolved to see Maude, and tell her frankly what she was charged with. If her explanation was satisfactory, to proceed to Miss Browning, who, from all Lady Harriet had said, had clearly been the means of first circulating the disgraceful story. To be brief. She saw Maude again, in fact she invited her to luncheon, afterwards driving her home; and from the warm motherly kiss she bestowed upon her at parting, it was evident that the interview had settled the question to her entire content. But the secret—for it involved a secret—was to be kept just a little longer; for there was one person still to be dealt with—one person who was to be requested to put her accusations into a definite shape, and that was Beatrice Browning. Mrs Herbert resolved to communicate with her by letter; so she sent her a few lines, telling her how surprised she had been to hear of Miss Staunton's changed position, and saying that as Lady Harriet had given her name as the authority for the scandal, she would like to hear exactly of what Maude had really been guilty.

Wholly unsuspecting that it was friendliness for Maude that had induced Mrs Herbert to write, Miss Browning sat down without a moment's hesitation to indite what she considered was a full, true, and particular account of Miss Staunton's behaviour—of her own 'innocent' discovery of her assignations; and the horror which she had experienced on finding that her favours were bestowed not even upon an equal, but upon a

man who evidently belonged to the very lowest orders. He looked like a groom, or a stable-boy—only that he was too old to be the latter—and the former was what she really believed him to be; an idea which had been accepted as fact by Riversdale generally. Latterly, Miss Browning admitted, she had not seen any more meetings; but she had seen enough, and knew enough to make her quite certain that Miss Staunton was not a fit associate for respectable people; and she most solemnly warned Mrs Herbert to beware of so false and deceitful a girl. There was a great deal more in the letter, which, as might have been expected, filled Mrs Herbert with disgust; however, she put it aside quietly, and simply wrote a few notes, inviting one or two people to come to see her on the following day. One of them was Miss Browning. Now, this pattern of propriety had by much toadying and adulation established herself on terms of imperious toleration with Lady Harriet; and it had occurred to her more than once that with skill and patience she might manage to attract the favourable notice of Mr Montfort himself. More unlikely things had happened; and it was at all events well worthy of an effort. She was therefore pleasantly surprised on entering Mrs Herbert's pretty drawing-room to see standing on the hearthrug, riding-whip in hand, no less a personage than that eligible *parti* himself; nor did her winning smiles which his appearance had evoked vanish, when she received from him the coldest and most distant of inclinations. She turned to Mrs Herbert with a childish effusiveness, which the latter checked at once, saying gravely, in her own straightforward way: 'It was about Miss Staunton that I asked you to call. We are all so interested in her, that I could not rest without sifting the matter thoroughly; and what we want to know from your own lips is just what you saw, and what you told Lady Harriet Montfort.'

'Really, Mrs Herbert,' she exclaimed, 'I am astonished and surprised, and very much vexed.'

'Surely not,' returned Mrs Herbert. 'You have not hesitated to circulate the most terrible stories against Miss Staunton; and my whole anxiety is to have them cleared up and explained away.'

'That they can never be!' cried Miss Browning. 'What I saw, I saw with my own eyes. But it is not for you to question me. I don't see that I am bound to answer you.'

'Nay, Miss Browning; do not look at it in that way. If you object to repeat what you have already said, you will probably be not unwilling to unsay it all; and you will be glad if I can satisfactorily prove how innocent Miss Staunton really is.'

'How can she be innocent?' asked Miss Browning, trying hard to keep her temper, though Red Court was visibly receding from her future hopes. 'How can she be innocent, meeting day after day a common groom, a man whom she ought to have been ashamed to be seen speaking to, not to mention kissing?'

Mr Montfort's firm fingers involuntarily tightened their hold of his whip; but still he maintained a steady silence.

'A groom!' echoed Mrs Herbert. 'No; not quite. Wait for a moment, Miss Browning. Miss Staunton herself shall tell you who it was.—Will you bring Maude here?' she continued, turning

to Mr Montfort, who hastened to obey her request.

'I don't want to see her; I won't see her! I don't care who she met; and I won't stay here to be insulted and brow-beaten!' cried Miss Browning, springing to her feet in a perfect frenzy of mingled fear and rage. She was moving towards the door, evidently determined to effect a rapid exit, when it opened slowly to admit Miss Staunton accompanied by Mr Montfort. The latter, seeing that Miss Browning's intention was to escape, quietly closed and locked the door, and turning towards her as he did so, said: 'You must pardon me, Miss Browning, if an apology is necessary; but it is as much for your own sake as any one else's that you remain quietly to hear the explanation of the scandal which you have been the means of circulating against Miss Staunton; and which but for the prompt energy and kindness of Mrs Herbert, might have clouded her whole life.—Now Maude, tell Miss Browning who it was.'

'My—my brother,' said Maude tremulously. 'It was my dear and only brother.'

'Yes; it was her brother. You see, no one guessed you had a brother, Maude; least of all did Mr Montfort imagine that his old schoolfellow was so nearly related to you,' said Mrs Herbert.—'Now, Miss Browning, you must be quite satisfied; and I am sure you will readily admit that you have wronged and injured Miss Staunton very much.'

'She should have said she had a brother,' replied Miss Browning sullenly. 'How was I to know by instinct? How am I to be sure that it was her brother?'

'If you have any doubts,' put in Geoffrey, 'we shall have the matter publicly explained. It shall be my business to protect the good name of my future wife.'

This was the last blow for Miss Beatrice. She broke forth into violent sobs, which Mrs Herbert had some difficulty in soothing, finally departing in a state of baffled rage impossible to describe.

The revulsion of feeling in Maude's favour was very great, particularly when her engagement to Mr Montfort was made known, and when it was discovered that her doubtful meetings had been made to relieve the pressing wants of one so near and dear to her as her only brother, Harcourt Staunton, who having married a penniless girl, in defiance of his mother, had been cast off by her, and left to struggle as he best could through a combination of poverty and ill health.

Mrs Staunton had suffered severely from her total estrangement from her son, and it was the grief that shewed itself so plainly upon her stern features—that was the shade that had so often shadowed Maude's fair face. Harcourt had come to Riversdale; but not being permitted to enter the Cottage, had been compelled to catch what moments he could in his sister's society by stealth, neither of them dreaming how serious a construction would be put upon it by the watcher from the Larches. However, good came out of evil; for before Maude's marriage, a reconciliation was effected between Harcourt and his mother; and through the interest of Geoffrey, an appointment was obtained for him which put an end to the poverty and pinchings from which he had suffered so long. Mrs Staunton too, out of her abundance

gave the young couple an allowance, and made herself happy by so doing. Lady Harriet, with greater wisdom than she had ever before shewn, made the best of the inevitable, and received Maude with what graciousness she could assume; and after the wedding, abdicated Red Court, to the joy of every one, who rejoiced to see another and a very different hostess reigning there.

But Maude never quite forgot that terrible summer during which she was under a cloud, and from which her still firm friend Mrs Herbert had rescued her. Perhaps however, the person who had the best reason to remember it was Miss Browning, against whom there was a general feeling of contempt, for the base manner in which she had striven to injure one so innocent as Maude. Her experiences taught her a valuable lesson, nay, more than one lesson. Never to judge others too hastily, however much appearances may be against them; never to pry into the concerns of others or to intermeddle; and last, not least, to put a guard upon that little member the tongue, which so easily can make or mar; for it 'boasteth great things, and behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'

COWPER'S TELEGRAPHIC PEN.

THIS ingenious contrivance is the most recent electrical novelty, the production of an Englishman, Mr E. A. Cowper of George Street, Westminster. The telegraph enables us to transmit our voices to a great distance—in short, to talk very far; and now the telegraphic pen enables us to write to a great distance, just as if our writing arm had been indefinitely extended. There have been so-called writing telegraphs before, such as D'Arlincourt's, which by a very complex process makes a copy of a document or drawing at the distant place; but none which permitted the sender simply to take a pen or pencil in his hand, and himself write his message simultaneously at the near and the distant station, so that if the eye could reach to the latter, it would see a similar pen silently tracing out the letters there as he forms them. The new pen is thus the first real writing telegraph.

The question naturally arises: How is it done? All writing consists for the most part of a variously curved line, and Mr Cowper, as an engineer, knew that every point of a curve could be fixed in position by its perpendicular distances from two fixed lines; just as the course of a ship can be determined on the chart by its latitudes and longitudes, no matter how devious the course may be. As one writes, then, the position of the pen can be determined at any instant by lines or lengths measured perpendicular to fixed directions, say to the sides of the paper. As an electrician, Mr Cowper saw that if he could, by the mere act of writing, send currents of electricity always proportional to these lengths, he would obtain a writing telegraph.

In order to effect this, he employs two separate telegraph circuits or lines, one to transmit the up-and-down motions of the pen, and the other to trans-

mit the right-and-left motions; and by combining these two movements, the writing is accomplished. The principle of each of these circuits consists in making that particular motion of the pen, which the circuit in question transmits, say its up-and-down motion, modify the strength of the current flowing in that circuit. This is done by the following device: The pencil which the sender takes in his hand to write the message with, is fitted with an arm, which moves to just the extent that the pencil moves up and down; and this arm is so arranged that it sends the current from the battery into the line through more or less coils of fine wire; that is, *through more or less resistance*. In this way, for the first circuit, the strength of the current flowing in the line varies strictly according to the length of the sheer up-and-down range of the pen. Similarly in the second circuit, by means of another arm on the pencil, perpendicular to the first, the strength of current is varied according to the length of the direct right-and-left range of the pen. It will be understood that there is always a current flowing in each circuit; but its strength is varied proportionally to the up-and-down or sidelong motions of the writing pen.

Now, at the receiving end of the line each current is caused to flow through a coil of wire surrounding a magnetic needle, pivoted on its centre so as to move freely under the action of the current and in proportion to the strength of the current. The needle in fact sways about, following the varying strength of the current. In the first circuit the needle is so placed that its point moves up and down; while in the second circuit the needle is so placed that its point moves sideways. These two elementary motions, in a cross direction to each other, are combined by two connecting arms on the writing pen; and just as the motion of the pencil in writing at the sending station was decomposed into its two elementary straight motions, so are these two simple motions again recomposed at the receiving station, on the pen which reproduces the handwriting. Every detail of the original writing is faithfully rendered by the duplicate pen; and the size of the reproduced copy may be either the same, or larger or smaller than the original, as desired. The duplicate pen is a fine glass siphon drawing off a solution of aniline or coal-tar blue from a small ink-well. The paper is moved by clock-work past the point of the pen, and at a rate which gives well-formed characters. At the sending station the paper is also moved by clock-work, as the writer shapes the letters. By this arrangement of moving paper the writer has merely to form each letter in the same place without shifting the point of his pen along the paper to write the next letter; a plan which confines the actual movement of the pen to a very small compass.

The sending of each letter by Cowper's Pen is a single act, and has thus a decided advantage over the telegraphs in use, in which each letter has to be *spelt* by several distinct signals. It requires no skilled operator to work it, since any one who can write can send a message; and at the receiving end no one need be in

attendance, for the pen delivers its own message. In addition to this, it will be valuable as a confidential telegraph; the handwriting of the sender, or any other understood sign, being recognisable by the recipient of a telegram.

A CHAPTER OF HOAXES.

HOAXES as a rule are hateful things, doing credit to neither the heads nor the hearts of the perpetrators; simply deceptions born of mischief or malice, requiring no wit to devise them, and very little cleverness to execute them successfully. For instance, the following hoax in the shape of a telegram to the Mayor of Cambridge, was perpetrated during the visit of a foreign potentate a few years ago: 'His Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia desires to visit your university town *en route* from London, by special arriving at Cambridge station about 1.10. Be prepared with escort and reception as far as time allows.' The paltry concocter of the false telegram had not much to plume himself upon, even though the Vice-chancellors of the university, the Mayor and corporation, and the Volunteers were inveigled into a bootless journey to the railway station; and that the population of Cambridge turned out, only to turn home again without catching a glimpse of the Persian dignitary.

Hoaxers are often worse than malicious, and care not what trouble may ensue so long as their private ends are served. A young couple about to be married at the Synagogue in Birmingham were startled by the delivery of a telegram from London running: 'Stop marriage at once. His wife and children have arrived in London, and will come on to Birmingham.' The bride fainted; the bridegroom protested against being summarily provided with a wife and family, but had to make the best of his way, a single man still, through an exasperated crowd, full of sympathy for the wronged girl; whose friends found upon inquiry that they had been duped—probably by a revengeful rival of the man whose happiness had been so unexpectedly deferred.

A more curious and more malignant hoax—for the perpetration of which the author, if discovered, would have been branded with infamy—was practised, apparently 'for the fun of the thing,' upon a Parisian lady whose husband had gone to China on business. One day she received a letter, dated from Old China Street, Canton. 'Madame,' said the writer, 'I have to announce a mournful event. Your husband, taken prisoner by Malay pirates, has been burned alive and his bones calcined to powder. I have been able to procure but a few pinches of this powder, which I inclose.' As she opened the box, a strange idea came into the head of the distracted widow; and sending for some snuff, she mixed the powder with it, piously determined to inhale all that remained of her lost spouse. The first pinch however, brought on such violent bleeding, that a doctor had to be called in; but the lady died in a few hours,

shortly before the arrival of a letter from her husband, proving that the story of his capture and calcination was the cruel invention of some unknown enemy. The reader will peruse the foregoing with 'mingled feelings.'

A French merchant was agreeably surprised by the receipt of an anonymous communication advising him that a box of treasure was buried in his garden, and that the exact whereabouts would be shewn him if he agreed to an equal division of the spoil. He jumped at the offer, met his kind informant, and the pair were soon plying spades, their labour being rewarded by the unearthing of a box, full of silver coins. The delighted merchant counted out two piles of eight hundred five-franc pieces, and bade his partner take his share. That worthy, after contemplating his heap for a minute or two, observed it was rather too heavy a load to carry comfortably to the railway station; he would prefer having the amount in gold or notes, if it could be managed. Nothing was easier; a walk up to the house, and the business was settled entirely to his satisfaction and that of the merchant too. Twenty-four hours later, the good man took a very different view of the transaction, for upon examination he discovered there was not one genuine five-franc piece among the sixteen hundred.

It is the business of rogues to trick honest men; sometimes however, the case is reversed. Not long ago some burglars paid a midnight visit to a Hull shopkeeper. The cash-box lay handy. It was heavy too, so heavy that the thieves did not stay to help themselves to aught beside. Next morning the cash-box was found not far from the premises, and its contents in an ash-pit close by, for after all their trouble taken and risk run, the burglars found themselves masters only of a lump of lead, and that their intended victim had been too artful for them.

One of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated, was one invented by Swift, and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some 'last words' of a street-robber named Elliston, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: 'Now as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.' We are told the Dean's ruse succeeded so well that street-robberies were for many years after few and far between.

Your plausible rascal is never at a loss, even when his trickery is found out. A needy-looking fellow watching a man selecting a water-melon from a huge pile outside a Detroit grocery store, ejaculated: 'I wish I had five cents to get a small melon; I haven't tasted one for over two years.' The sum was placed in his hand, and the giver had just found a melon to his mind, when he spied the dilapidated one coming out of a drinking-shop hard by. 'I thought you wanted that money to buy a melon,' said he. 'So I did,' was the reply. 'I told you I hadn't tasted melon for over two years; but after reflecting, I found I hadn't tasted whisky for over three. Therefore I gave whisky a shove to catch up with melon, and start off square. Nothing mean about me, sir. Good-bye!'

The swindled individual assuredly would not have agreed with Butler, that the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat, although the poet's axiom holds good in some cases, that is, so long as the deluded one is blissfully ignorant of the deceit. Sir James Mackintosh, invited to sup at Sydney Smith's, took a cousin of his, an ensign in a Highland regiment, with him. On hearing the host's name pronounced, the ensign whispered: 'Is that the great Sir Sudney?' Unable to resist the sudden temptation, Sir James confirmed his relative in his mistake, and contrived to give Sydney a hint of the joke. The wit, appreciating the situation, acted the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fighting his namesake's battles over again, to the edification of the young officer and the amusement of the rest of the party. So delighted with the condescension of the great Sir Sudney was the Highlander, that he insisted upon fetching the piper of his regiment, to regale the unaccustomed ears of the hero with the music of the pipes. Sir James then broke up the party by declaring his hot-blooded cousin would certainly kill him if he discovered how he had been deceived. He nearly did so a few days afterwards; for taking a walk with Mackintosh, whom should they meet but Sydney Smith and his wife! When the lady was introduced, the ensign was rather taken aback, and said in a low voice to Sir James: 'I didn't know Sir Sudney was married!' 'Why, no,' said Mackintosh, as they moved off; 'not exactly married; only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him. Fatima, you know—you understand.' And Fatima actually became Mrs Smith's name among her husband's intimates.

Sydney Smith had an easier part to play than that essayed by an Oxford friend of Augustus Hare. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was the rage. It was bruited abroad that she had arrived in England, and intended to pay a visit to a certain undergraduate who had made her acquaintance in France. That gentleman became an object of universal interest. By-and-by it was announced that Madame had come, and her friend ventured to invite the Vice-chancellor and the heads of the houses to meet the illustrious dame at breakfast. The party assembled, the breakfast went off admirably, all present being charmed by the grace, wit, and brilliant conversation of the heroine of the occasion. It was not till many weeks afterwards that it came out the dame who had won all hearts was not only not Madame de Staël, but no lady at all, merely a counterfeited presentment; admirably made up, and as admir-

ably acted by a clever undergraduate, familiar with French manners and the French tongue.

One summer night some fifty years since, the good people of Bude, or such of them as were out and about, were startled by the news that a mermaid was singing on a rock some distance from the shore; and their own eyes and ears soon verified the report. The next night there was a rush of the population to the beach. They were not disappointed; the mermaid appeared, and flashed the moonbeams about from her hand-mirror. Telescopes were brought in requisition; but she took no heed; braiding her tresses, and trolling forth her melancholy ditty in profound indifference to the excitement she caused. Next night it was the same, and the next, and the next, only the crowds grew greater and the mermaid hoarser. At last she tired of entertaining the multitude gratuitously, and winding up her vocal performance with something strongly resembling 'God Save the King,' dived off the rock, and was seen no more. Had the deceived people known that their strange visitant was a half-naked student of divinity, whose legs were enveloped in oilskin, and his head covered with plaited seaweed, the chances are that the so-called mermaid's career must have been a short-lived one, and that the Church would have had one member the less.

Just now, Mr Edison is the 'most remarkable man, sir,' in the United States; and our cousins are disposed to believe that nothing is impossible to the genius of Menlo Park. So, when the *New York Graphic* perpetrated a first-of-April joke by announcing that the famous inventor had perfected a machine for making cereal food out of earth, and wine out of water, the Patent Office at Washington was plagued with inquirers wanting to know if such a machine had been patented there. Paper after paper copied the hoaxer's article in dreadful earnest, and the staid and sober *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* in an editorial waxed eloquent upon the bewildering discovery, pointing out what would have been the fate, three hundred years ago, of a man daring to impart articulate speech to a machine, to control a voice which could be heard above the tempest, and to lock up for years, and free at will, the softest notes of a song-bird; and congratulating the electrician that his inventive genius had the liberal atmosphere of the nineteenth century in which to disport itself, and a sympathetic generation to applaud its triumphs. Coming to its Washington telegram concerning the new machine for manufacturing food from inorganic elements, the *Advertiser* declared the story to be credible, and went on: 'We have no idea as to what Mr Edison professes to be able to do with the elements; but certain it is, that whatever he may add to our stock of knowledge concerning the uses of matter, far from being suppressed as heretical, will be welcomed by the world, and rightly regarded as redounding to the glory of the great Regulator of all laws. Civilisation is yet in its infancy. Says Emerson: "There is not a property in nature but a mind is born to seek and find it." Let steady-going people whose breath has been taken away by the pace we seem to be driving at just now, take heart therefore, and be thankful that the genius of true benefactors of the race, like Edison, cannot now be crippled and blighted by superstition and bigotry, as it was when

Galileo was forced to recant the awful heresy that two and two make four.' The Buffalo editor knew what it was to have his breath taken away, when he saw his article reprinted in the *New York Graphic* with the heading, 'They Bite.'

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE way in which gases pass through minute orifices and porous substances has engaged the attention of the ablest chemists during the past fifty years, and the result of many experiments is the discovery that gases have important properties. The explanation of these properties, so far as it has gone, has favoured the existing belief in what is known to chemists as the 'molecular theory.'

But fifty years of experiment have by no means exhausted the subject, and the behaviour of gases under different circumstances will long be a fertile field for investigators. The movements of the radiometer, once attributed to the direct action of light, are now known to be produced by the motion of gaseous molecules. All gases do not pass at the same rate through porous plates; they are affected by differences of pressure and of temperature. Experiments have been made with plates of stucco, of meerschaum, and other substances; and as an example of results we mention that 'with hydrogen on both sides of a porous plate, the pressure on the one side being that of the atmosphere, a difference of one hundred and sixty degrees in the temperature on the two sides of the plate secured a permanent difference in the pressure equal to an inch of mercury; the higher pressure being on the hotter side.'

To the ordinary reader this question may appear alike dry and difficult; but to the physicist and chemist it is full of promise, and fraught with singularly interesting results. Professor Osborne Reynolds of Owens College, Manchester, remarks at the conclusion of a paper 'On Certain Dimensional Properties of Matter in the Gaseous State,' which is published in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society: 'Although the results of the dimensional properties of gas are so minute that it has required our utmost powers to detect them, it does not follow that the actions which they reveal are of philosophical importance only. It is within extremely small spaces only that the actions become considerable; but then the work of construction in the animal and vegetable worlds, and the work of destruction in the mineral world, are carried on within such spaces. The varying action of the sun must be to cause alternate inspiration and expiration, promoting continual change of air within the interstices of the soil as well as within the tissue of plants. What may be the effect of such changes we do not know; but the changes go on, and we may fairly assume that, in the processes of nature, the dimensional properties of gases play no unimportant part.'

Something further concerning the fall of metallic particles, 'meteoric matter' or 'cosmic dust,' from

the atmosphere has been published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society. Certain observers are of opinion that 'it is continually falling in quantities which, in the lapse of ages, must accumulate so as materially to contribute to the matter of the earth's crust.' Mr Ranyard, Secretary of the Society, remarks: 'There can be little doubt that the air up to a great height above the earth's surface is impregnated with dust.' And he suggests that the blue colour of the sky may be caused by dust derived from the fragments of meteors, the smaller particles of which may possibly occupy months or even years in falling to the earth.' There is reason to believe that a portion of this floating dust comes from regions of space beyond the solar system. The planets therefore, on their travel through space with the sun, are more exposed to the falling dust on their northern than on their southern hemispheres, which may account for the preponderance of land in the north, and 'for the fact which has been so frequently pointed out by physical geographers, that the great terrestrial peninsulas all taper towards the southern pole.'

When meteoric masses break up, much occluded gas is thrown out, and the quantity will vary accordingly as the region through which the earth passes is rich or poor in meteors. In the latter case, our atmosphere would decrease in height, 'and we should have a temperature at the sea-level corresponding to the present temperature of our mountain-tops. In the language of geologists, a glacial epoch would be the result. If, on the other hand, the earth pass through a region rich in meteors containing occluded carbonic acid gas, the atmosphere would increase in depth, and a period like the carboniferous period might ensue, in which a semi-tropical vegetation might again flourish on the coasts of Greenland.' In these speculations thoughtful minds will perhaps find more than a passing entertainment.

One of the objections urged against the electric light is, that in order to subdue its dazzling brilliance nearly one-half of the light must be cut off by screens more or less opaque. It occurred to a Frenchman, that as clouds temper the brightness of the sun, so an imitation of clouds by wadding made of glass fibre would temper the electric light; and by substituting screens of glass wadding he reduces the loss of light to twenty-five per cent., and at the same time gets rid of the shadows thrown by the opaque screens.

The sphygmoscope, as many readers know, is an instrument which records the beats of the pulse, and is very useful in diagnosis. Under a modified form it now appears as the sphygmophone, with which the beats of the pulse or of the heart can be heard at a distance; hence the application of the medical adviser's ear to the patient's breast is no longer necessary. We mentioned some months ago that the telephone had been tried in a surgical operation to ascertain whether stone existed in the bladder; and the sphygmophone may be regarded as a further adaptation. And in imitation of speech, an important advance beyond the phonograph has been

made by Mr W. H. Preece, electrician to the General Post-office. Aided by Mr Stroh, a skillful mechanic, he has invented instruments which analyse and reproduce vowel-sounds with remarkable approximation to the living tones, as was demonstrated at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. The investigation is to be continued, and extended to consonants. Professor Fleeming Jenkin of the Edinburgh University, has been engaged on a similar research, the results of which are to be published in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

There is in the University of Pennsylvania a machine, invented by a citizen of Philadelphia, which will play the game of tit-tat-to, and always win if properly adjusted before starting. It combines all possible variations of the game, and works them out by a cylinder, and a movable carriage which actuate pins, catches, and cranks, and ring a bell on winning the game. Of this machine it is said that 'it has played a large number of games without losing a single one.' Machines have been constructed for playing at chess, but the variations of that game are so numerous that mechanism fails to master them, and they can be worked out only by a living confederate. Hence the tit-tat-to machine has the advantage.

Among the forty subjects on which the Institution of Civil Engineers desires to receive papers to be read at the meetings, are—On any of the uses or properties of iron, or the invention of some new and valuable process relating thereto—the effect of the lapse of time on the strength of materials strained beyond the supposed limit of elasticity—the stresses inducing the failure of iron ships—the best combined system of warming, ventilating, and lighting large buildings—the most suitable materials for, and the different systems of road-making for large towns where the traffic is heavy—the treatment of estuaries, with special reference to tidal capacity—the storage and filtration of water both natural and artificial, and the arrangements for the distribution of water in towns—compressed air as a motive-power—the relative advantages of steam, heated air, gas, water, and electricity as the motive-power in small engines—the disposal and utilisation of slags from various smelting processes—the management of underground waters in mining districts—the application of electricity to lighting purposes, contrasted with the best systems of lighting at present in use—and torpedoes and their influence on naval construction. These examples suffice to indicate the range of subjects: it is a wide one, rich in opportunities for engineering students who combine discretion with real knowledge.

A popular notion prevails that the hardest steel is the most durable; but it appears from accounts of experiments communicated to a meeting of civil engineers, that the contrary is the fact. Remarkable differences in the wear of steel rails laid side by side had been observed on the Great Northern Railway: seven of the rails were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffic amounting to five million two hundred and fifty-one thousand tons; while a soft rail for the same amount of wear had withstood eight million four hundred and two thousand tons. In another instance, the total was

fifteen million five hundred and thirty-one thousand tons for the hard rail, and thirty-one million and sixty-one thousand for the soft rail, the wear being the same—namely one-sixteenth of an inch. On analysing this last-mentioned rail it was found to consist of 99.475 per cent. of iron, and very minute quantities of carbon, phosphorus, silicon, manganese, sulphur, and copper.

Dr Dudley, chemist to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, commenting on these and other parallel facts, remarks: 'The indications would seem to be that under the conditions of wear to which a steel rail is subjected—namely rolling friction, unlubricated surfaces, and great weight with small bearing surface, the quality of the metal necessary to most successfully withstand the disintegrating forces is best expressed by the word toughness, and not by hardness.'

Comparative trials have been made of flexible steel and wire hawsers against hemp hawsers and iron chains. The breaking strain of a steel hawser eight inches in circumference is about one hundred and fifty tons, and the weight of one hundred and fifty fathoms is sixty-seven hundredweight. The largest chain used in the naval service weighs four hundred and fifty hundredweight to one hundred and fifty fathoms, comprising nine hundred links, and as each link has a weld, there is liability to nine hundred imperfections, whereas the steel wire hawser is throughout of uniform strength. The weight of a tarred hemp hawser is also much in excess of the steel hawser; hence the superiority of the latter for raising heavy weights from the bottom of the sea, or for ordinary naval purposes, is manifest. One of these steel hawsers tested at Devonport was sufficiently flexible to allow of a turn being taken therewith round a post one foot in diameter.

Dr Schmidt of New Orleans, after much study and observation, has come to the conclusion that the contagion of yellow fever is a poison 'of animal origin, or in other words, is a product of a secreting cell, mainly eliminated by the glands of the skin in a liquid form, to be rapidly converted into a vapour.' The disagreeable odour of yellow fever arises from the poison being a product of a modified or vitiated secretion. The poison having been in active existence ever since it was first known to the civilised world, has travelled from country to country, and may be kept at bay by a strict and properly regulated quarantine. For this a sure knowledge is required of some chemical agent which will destroy the poison without destroying the articles or merchandise which it may be needful to disinfect. The American Public Health Association in a Report recently published state that they have not found a single instance of yellow fever originating in any locality; it has always been imported. When the disease appears in places wide apart, the transmission appears to be wholly due to human intercourse; and the Association are convinced that the only trustworthy means of prevention is isolation. 'Quarantines,' they state, 'established with such a degree of surveillance and rigour that absolute non-intercourse is the result, have effectually and without exception protected those quarantined from yellow fever.' In this there appears to be a suggestion for the functionaries who are engaged in investigating the plague.

In a communication made to the *Société de Géographie*, Paris, it is pointed out that the Regulation of Water-courses is a subject which has been too much neglected during the past thirty years, notwithstanding that its relations to geography and agriculture are obvious. Occupied with the making of railways, enterprisers have neglected the water-ways. But the recent appointment of a Commission for the regulation of rivers by the Minister of the Interior, is an indication of a change; and by way of exemplifying the importance of the question, it is shewn that the river Durance alone carries down every year to the sea fertilising matters held in suspension equal in value to that of all the artificial manures imported annually into France. Continue this process fifty years, and the silt and ooze poured into the sea will represent the arable lands of a Department. It is obvious therefore that geography and agriculture are largely interested in the regulation of rivers.

The first step to be taken is to hold back the fertilising mud, and form therewith fields and meadows in suitable localities. Unfruitful districts might be enriched by means of canals, from which the muddy water would be distributed at a distance from the rivers. This opens a prospect of important engineering works to intercept the waters and turn them to profit before they reach the low country. Regulate the waters properly in the upper country; barren slopes will be covered with vegetation, dried-up springs will resume their flow, and floods will very rarely occur in the main stream. And in course of time, other changes will take place, and become a subject of scientific study under the term *potamodynamics*, and the surface of a country may be modified while its resources are increased.

Lovers of antiquity will take interest in the announcement that the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's are continuing their endeavour to make the crypt of the cathedral useful for ecclesiastical purposes, and more worthy as the burying-place of illustrious public characters and artists than it used to be. Instead of being a storehouse for old tombs, scaffolding, and other lumber, the greater part is now cleared, the soot of generations has been scraped from the walls, about four thousand feet of the floor is paved with mosaic tesserae in various colours, and of classical design, and the paving of the remainder is but a question of time. In communicating these particulars to the Institute of British Architects, Mr F. C. Penrose stated that the eastern part of the crypt 'has been arranged for divine service, which takes place every morning and every evening at eight . . . on the site of the ancient church of St Faith. And here have been arranged the remains of certain monumental effigies which were rescued from the old cathedral, and which Dugdale's accurate views enable us to identify. They have each been mounted on a simple kind of altar-tomb with the name inscribed.'

One of the arches of the western crypt was blocked by a huge gas-meter. This has been removed to a pit dug on the outside of the building. During the digging of this pit, a portion of the foundations of old St Paul's, the church that stood there before the Great Fire, was discovered. This discovery incited to further explorations, and other fragments were discovered, and more are to

be searched for. 'In carrying out these arrangements, care will be taken, by the express stipulation of the Dean and Chapter, and the no less cordial desire of the City architect, to preserve the old remains, and allow them to be well seen.'

In a recent communication to the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Henry Rawlinson explained his views on some points in the early history of Cyprus. Among the earliest colonists of the island he places the Kittim (Chittim) and Dodanim of Scripture, both being of Syrian race; and he believes that the expression in Balaam's prophecy, 'And ships shall come from Chittim,' refers to Cyprus. This goes a long way back, for the date usually assigned to that prophecy is the fifteenth century B.C. The second colonisation is supposed to have been Phœnician, and the third Cypriote; 'that is, of the people who introduced the alphabet and language known to us by the Cypriote inscriptions, and who founded that school of art to which belong most of the statues and sculptures that have been excavated from the ruins of cities and temples in various parts of the island.' They probably came from the western part of Asia Minor. And lastly, the fourth colonisation was that of the Greeks proper, about the eighth century B.C. But more than this. There is reason to believe that the elder Sargon, a king of Babylonia, seventeen centuries B.C., after overrunning Syria, crossed the Mediterranean to Cyprus, where subsequently his son Naramsin was deified, and where a thousand years later the second Sargon set up an image of himself, as is recorded on a monolith found at Larnaca, the ancient Citium. A century later, as is proved by the cuneiform inscriptions, ten kings of Cyprus who were tributary to Assyria, sent artificers to assist in decorating the temples and palaces of Nineveh. In *Amta Khadasta*, the residence of one of those kings, Sir H. Rawlinson finds the Assyrian origin of the name of a city about which there has been of late some discussion. The Greeks abbreviated it to Ammochosta, and the Cypriotes transmuted it into Famagousta, which 'has nothing whatever to do with Fama Augusti, as has been sometimes supposed.'

A NEW TRAP FOR THIEVES.

Police authorities have, we believe, been in the habit of taking photographs of certain offenders, with the view of making them generally known. The newspapers make us aware that photography is now used in France as a precautionary measure against possible delinquents, and which has been so far successful. The following account of this new trap for catching thieves appears in *Hodgkinson's Investment Guide*. 'The Bank of France would appear to have hit upon an ingenious method of treating doubtful customers. The establishment has for some time past availed itself of photography, and among its officers is a photographic detective, to examine suspicious documents through the medium of a camera, which under some circumstances exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over; while a word or figure that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out, is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document. If

we are to believe a recent account, the Bank of France has now added to its precaution an invisible studio placed in a gallery behind the cashiers. Hidden behind some heavy curtain is a camera ready for work; and at a signal from any of the cashiers, the photographer proceeds to do his duty by depicting the particular customer who may be standing at the desk. The clerk engages the man's attention, and in a few moments the portrait is taken, and the bank in possession of a photograph which may hereafter prove of value. The camera is then fitted with a fresh sensitive plate, and stands ready for use upon another emergency. How far such an arrangement could be of practical value remains to be seen; but the principal banking establishment in Paris has certainly to thank photography for the discovery of several frauds of late. A photographic laboratory and requisites form part of the institution, and most of the officials themselves have to submit to the process of being photographed, so that the direction may be in possession of their portraits. This practice, it is held, is a deterrent against evil ways, for should any of the clerks be tempted to go astray, they know very well that they leave records of themselves behind. The same system prevails among the Paris police, where every one, from the highest to the lowest, is photographed. The Paris police indeed employ photography to a very great extent nowadays for the detection of crime, and a large photographic establishment is to be found at their headquarters.

THE KHABAR.

Some time ago one of the London daily papers referred to the 'khabar,' as a thing of extreme mystery in India. From all we can learn, the Arabic word khabar signifies news; and as used in India, it means a method of communicating news in some extraordinary manner, which, it is alleged, science fails to unravel. The speed with which the news travels is said to be greater than that of the electric telegraph; but that we take leave to doubt. At anyrate, should you walk through an Indian market-place to view the silks of Cashmere, or stroll into a Turkish bazaar in quest of a servicable saddle, your hospitable native acquaintance will ask: 'Have you any news of So-and-so, or of such-and-such a place?' Your reply being in the negative, he may probably proceed to tell you what the khabar says on important affairs transpiring at a distance. To your astonishment, you find, after a few days, or even weeks, that your loquacious Hindn, Turkish, Arab, or Persian friend has told you the truth with tolerable correctness.

The Earl of Carnarvon, in his interesting little volume, *Recollections of the Druses of Lebanon*, makes this observation: 'No great moral or religious movement can be confined to the country where it is first born; and through all ages, sometimes by a subtle and almost mysterious agency, the spark of intelligence has flashed along the electric chain by which the nations of the East are darkly bound to each other.' And, in proof of the existence of this potent agency, he relates that during the Sikh War (1845-6) there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and further that in the late Indian Mutiny the

somewhat exaggerated intelligence of General Windham's repulse at Cawnpore actually reached the Indians of Honduras, and the Maoris of New Zealand, in a manner truly astonishing.

A relative of the writer of the present notice states, that when in Jerusalem during the Crimean War, he often found that the khabar of the bazaars anticipated the ordinary channels of communication by many days, and, generally, with but little departure from accuracy.

Various theories have been adduced to account for the marvellous rapidity with which news is transmitted, or intercommunicated amongst nations who possess neither the electric telegraph nor steam-power. Some even allege that a certain mysterious psychic force is brought to bear between man and man, separated by long distances from each other, in a manner somewhat similar to the revelations we sometimes hear of as given by one relative to another at a distance. But be it as it may, there can be no doubt, that there exists in Eastern countries some means whereby intelligence is conveyed with marvellous celerity, without the aid of either steam or electricity. The subject is worthy of further investigation.

THE SIREN ISLE.

Evening's purple glory slept
Upon peak and cliff and stream,
And the voiceless wavelet crept
To the shore with lingering gleam.

High above the cedar grove,
Hesper led the starry world,
Shedding the sweet light of love
On a land in slumber furled.

Twilight's weird and mystic veil
Lay on wave and rock and lea,
When we dropt with viewless sail
Into the enchanted sea.

Knew we then the Siren shore
With its fatal melodies;
But the wind no whisper bore
O'er the dark seductive seas.

Gazed we through the gathering shades
Fear-bound, as if on the grave;
But the Siren sister-maids
Saw we not beyond the wave.

It was well no whisper broke
On the silence over all,
That no magic music woke
Weary spirits to inthral.

So we, shrouded in half-light,
Rested silent on the oar,
Till the ebony gulfs of night
One bright belt of beauty bore.

'Brother mariners,' I cried,
'Let us fly the treacherous track,
Ere the spell be on the tide,
And the death-song lure us back.'

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 788.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the present article we propose to tell the story of the Walpoles, of whom some as amusing particulars can be given as of any family of distinction we are acquainted with. The descent of the Walpoles is traced to an old family possessing estates in the county of Norfolk. As the Walpoles of Houghton, they are heard of in the reign of Edward I., and for several centuries afterwards. Honoured as country gentlemen of a genial character, they did not come prominently to the front until the reign of William and Mary, when Robert Walpole of Houghton, a resolute adherent of the Whig policy, became member of parliament for Castle-Rising in Norfolk.

Though proprietors of Houghton and other lands, the Walpole family were not rich. The rent-roll of the property did not exceed two thousand pounds a year, which, although things were cheap in those days, did not leave Mr Walpole much to spare, after maintaining the dignity of his position and supplying the wants of nineteen children. It was a large family; but at that period, so great was the mortality from small-pox, that unless a man began with a numerous family, the probability was that he would be left with no children at all. As it happened, thirteen of Mr Walpole's children were cut off in youth, leaving him six as the surviving number.

In the original number of Mr Walpole's sons, Robert, born in 1676, was the third. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he was led to understand that as a younger son he would require to depend on himself. He accordingly exerted himself manfully so as to be ready for anything that might cast up. He became a good classical scholar, a circumstance which afterwards proved of the greatest advantage in the career that fell to his lot. Before his education was finished, his two elder brothers died, whereupon, being now heir to the property, he was brought home to be

qualified as a Norfolk squire. In July 1700, he was married to Catherine, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, in Kent. In November following, his father died, and he entered into possession of Houghton. Fortunately, by means of his wife's dowry, he was able to pay his mother's jointure and the provision for the younger children, so that he had the property unencumbered.

Young Walpole did not feel inclined to spend his life as a squire. With the education he had received, and a certain gift of oratory, he would go into parliament, and work his way forward. About this there was no difficulty, as the family had several boroughs at disposal. In 1702, he was elected member of parliament, and won the esteem of the Whig leaders. He had the honour of helping to pass the Act of Settlement, by which, on the death of Queen Anne, the Stuarts were excluded from the throne, and the Protestant succession secured. On the accession of George I., he was made a privy-councillor, had various other high offices conferred on him, and was installed a Knight of the Garter. Overcoming his political opponents by indomitable energy, and employing his vast abilities, he became prime-minister to George I. in 1721. It was a somewhat difficult task, for the king could speak little or no English, and the chief communication that could be carried on between him and his minister was in Latin. At the death of George I., he continued to act as prime-minister to George II., who having learned to speak in broken English, the intercourse with royalty was less restrained. Sir Robert remained as prime-minister until 1742, when by the exigences of party, he was forced to resign, greatly against the will of the king, whose government he had carried through many trying difficulties. For his eminent services, he was raised to the peerage as Baron of Houghton, Viscount Walpole, and Earl of Orford, and provided with a pension of four thousand pounds a year. Going to take leave of George II., he was received with a sensibility at variance with the usual character of that monarch. The king fell

upon his neck, and bursting into tears, embraced him in a passion of sorrow and affection, and earnestly desired to see him frequently at court.

As preparatory to his retirement from public life, Lord Orford had rebuilt Houghton Hall in a style of great splendour. He adorned its walls with a collection of the finest pictures, and laid out the grounds in the best taste; he settled down here, drawing his friends about him, and entertaining them with a degree of princely hospitality.

He enjoyed this agreeable retirement from office only three years. He died in 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His character, according to political bias, has been variously estimated. Love of power appears to have been his ruling motive of action. In private life he was amiable and good-tempered. He had strong common-sense, with clearness of political vision, and next to his own interest he had at heart the interest of the country. He is alleged to have sarcastically said, 'that every man has his price;' but if he bribed by money, or by giving places and titles, to secure adherents, it was what every minister did in the generally corrupt period in which he lived. He at least did not retire from office with inordinate wealth. By the costly rebuilding of Houghton Hall, and his expenditure on a lavish hospitality in his three years of retirement, he died in debt. At his decease he left three sons, Robert, Edward, Horace, and two daughters, Katherine and Mary. Robert, the eldest son of Lord Orford, succeeded as second Earl. In 1723, he had been created Baron Walpole of Walpole, county of Norfolk, with remainder, in default of the issue male of himself and his father, to the male descendants of his grandfather. Dying in 1751, he was succeeded by his only son, George, as third Earl, to whom we shall afterwards refer.

Of Edward, the second son of the first Earl of Orford, some interesting notices are presented in the 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' and in the 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries,' by Eliot Warburton—two works abounding in so many amusing particulars concerning celebrities in the eighteenth century as to deserve a place in every public library.

With a good figure and agreeable manners, the Hon. Edward Walpole, when travelling in Italy, became known among ladies as 'the handsome Englishman.' As a younger son, with little beyond his wits to depend on, he looked out for a seat in parliament, and employment in some public office. Considering he was a son of Sir Robert Walpole, there was little doubt of his success. While meditating on his prospects, he took a lodging in a house in Pall-Mall, in the ground-floor of which was carried on the business of a tailor named Rennie, famed for making boys' dresses. To reach the higher floors, it was necessary to pass through the tailor's shop, where sat Mary Clement, a female apprentice, remarkable for her assiduity and good looks. Mary attracted the attention of Edward Walpole, and without any

evil intent, he occasionally spoke to her and gave her small presents. These small attentions from a man of such handsome appearance and rank, exerted an immense influence over the girl, and she could think of nobody else. Her parents as well as her mistress remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, but in vain. She was in a state of infatuation, as if the 'glamour' of ancient superstition had been thrown over her. One day, on being lectured on the subject, she rushed to the apartments of 'the handsome Englishman,' and telling her tale, declared she would never leave him. Mr Walpole, with his superior intelligence, cannot be justified. He should either have dismissed Mary Clement or married her. He did neither. The two took up house together—perhaps under an irregular engagement of mutual adherence, but without the sanction of legalised wedlock. The idea is that Mr Walpole only waited for his father's death to effect a proper marriage with this young and attached being. Excuses of this kind, however, are valueless. He committed the egregious wrong of inflicting a stigma on the reputation of Mary Clement and her offspring.

The pair had four children, three girls and a boy, and shortly after the birth of the last-mentioned, the kind-hearted and faithful Mary died. Edward Walpole was inconsolable. His tardy justice, now unavailing, as in all such cases, was punished with life-long regret. To redeem his error as far as possible, he brought up the children with the greatest care, and gave them an education to fit them for the best society.

It was some consolation to Sir Edward Walpole—who procured lucrative appointments under the crown, and was installed a Knight of the Bath in 1753—that his three daughters, Laura, Maria, and Charlotte, possessed an extraordinary degree of beauty, besides having the advantage of a superior education and much natural intelligence. Under the auspices of their uncle, the Hon. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, whom we shall by-and-by come to, these lovely young creatures were introduced to a brilliant society; their appearance everywhere causing no little sensation among members of aristocratic families in the metropolis. At first, looking to who was their mother, there was a little shyness in making their acquaintance, but this feeling soon gave way under profound sentiments of admiration. It was a tribute not only to beauty but to goodness.

After some hesitation, and only with a fear that some younger man might carry off the prize, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, asked Laura, the eldest of the beauties, in marriage; and the father having no objections, he was accepted. Horace Walpole says in one of his letters: 'I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of

Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, sensible, and good ; not so handsome as her sister. . . It is the second, Maria, who is beauty itself. Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are perfect. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty.' Laura received no title by her marriage ; but she had the satisfaction of seeing her husband promoted to be Bishop of Exeter, and as his wife there was no obstacle to her being presented at court—an honour still denied to her two sisters.

The marriage of Laura was a good beginning. She was kindly received by the sisters of the Earl of Albemarle, and the alliance materially helped the prospect of an advantageous marriage for Maria and Charlotte. The lovely Maria Walpole was not long in receiving an offer not to be refused. She was sought by James, second Earl of Waldegrave, a member of the privy-council, and Knight of the Garter. The Earl was forty-four years of age, which was a trifle too old ; but as he was estimable in character and manners, and as Earls are not to be had every day, Maria accepted the offer, and in 1759 she became Countess of Waldegrave. It is pleasing to know that Maria made an excellent wife. She had three daughters. Sad to say, her husband the Earl was smitten by small-pox. During his illness, and when dreadfully disfigured, the Countess, from a high sense of duty, and careless of her own life, attended him with the most affectionate solicitude. Neither her attentions nor the best medical skill could save him. Lord Waldegrave died in April 1763.

A few days after the Earl's decease, Horace Walpole visited his bereaved niece, and he thus writes regarding her : ' I found Lady Waldegrave at my brother's ; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one.' To divert her thoughts, Horace brought his niece to Strawberry Hill. Here she was cheered up a little ; and in dutifully attending to her three daughters, one of them an infant, her spirits gradually recovered.

More than a year elapsed before the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave ventured into society, and only then because society was anxious to have her. On reappearing, she was thought to be more beautiful than ever. The highest in the land were desirous to seek her as a wife. Among the train of her rejected suitors was the Duke of Portland. In about three years from entering on her widowhood, she relented in her obstinacy. She accepted the offer of His Royal Highness William-Henry, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, brother of George III. ; and by this second alliance, in 1766, she was at once incorporated with the royal family—a very strange turn in the wheel of fortune for the daughter of the tailor's apprentice, Mary Clement ; but quite deserved as regards character and conduct. By this second marriage, the Duchess had a son and daughter. The son, William-Frederick, became second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, was a field-marshal in the army, and died without issue in 1834. The daughter, Sophia-Matilda, was appointed ranger of Greenwich Park, and died as lately as 1844. The three daughters of the Duchess by her first husband had all a brilliant career. Elizabeth-Laura, the eldest, was married to her cousin, George,

fourth Earl of Waldegrave ; the second, Charlotte-Maria, was married to George, Duke of Grafton ; and the third, Anna-Horatia, was married to Lord Hugh Seymour.

Charlotte, the youngest of Sir Edward Walpole's daughters, had also her share of good fortune. She was married to Lionel, Lord Huntingtower, eldest son of the third Earl of Dysart. As the Earl happened to be an odd and somewhat miserly person, there were certain drawbacks to the alliance. Charlotte very sensibly made the best of things, put up with the old man's humours ; and at his death, she became Countess of Dysart, in which position she lived happily for a number of years, and died without issue in 1788.

There is one of Sir Edward Walpole's children still to be accounted for. This was his son Edward, who entered the army, and greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry as an officer on foreign service. He attained the rank of Colonel. Horace Walpole gives an anecdote of his acuteness. When in command of a small party in the expedition to the siege of St Maloes, they overtook an old man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, they were English—the enemies of his king and country ; that he hated them, and would rather be killed. Walpole hesitated a moment, and then said : ' I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death ; but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you.' The fellow directly threw down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough spoke of this as the only clever action in their whole exploit.

Sir Edward Walpole, the father of these children, never married. Till the last he consecrated himself to the memory of the ill-fated Mary Clement, who from her affection had sacrificed everything for him. From an anecdote that has been recorded of Sir Edward, he appears to have been a man of generous impulses. When Roubiliac, the eminent French sculptor, settled in London about 1743, he had few friends to encourage him, and sometimes he almost despaired of success. One evening, on walking out to take the air, he accidentally found a pocket-book containing a considerable number of bank-notes, and some papers apparently of consequence to the unknown owner. Immediately he advertised what he had found and gave his address. The owner of the pocket-book proved to be Sir Edward Walpole, who had lost it in returning from Vauxhall Gardens. On calling to reclaim his property, he was so much pleased with Roubiliac's honesty, his gentlemanly manners, and his skill as an artist, that he forthwith exerted himself to make the sculptor known. He introduced him to persons of influence ; and from that time Roubiliac's fortune was made. He was employed to execute the monuments of John, second Duke of Argyll, and of Handel, in Westminster Abbey ; the statue of Shakspeare in the British Museum ; and what we esteem to have been his greatest work of art—we might almost say the finest thing of the kind in Great Britain—the sitting figure in marble of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session, in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. On looking at that marvellous figure, so true to nature, yet so tasteful, and significant of the highest order of genius, let the spectator think

how Bouillabaisse arose to fame by accidentally finding the pocket-book of Sir Edward Walpole.

As has been stated, Robert, Lord Walpole, succeeded as second Earl of Orford, and at his death left an only son, George, who became third Earl. George was unfortunate in finding that his estate was overwhelmed with the mortgages and other obligations of his father and grandfather. Instead of endeavouring to economise and pay off debts, he added to his difficulties by patronising the turf, and making the most ridiculous bets. In 1756, Horace Walpole writes of this hopeful nephew: 'My Lord Rockingham and my nephew, Lord Orford, have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese to run from Norwich to London.' These costly freaks, and the embarrassments into which he sunk, caused much distress in the family. The beautifully laid-out grounds at Houghton became a scene of neglect and desolation; the mansion was in a state of decay, and thousands of pounds would have been required to put it in order. The only articles in good preservation were the pictures. To avert the impending ruin of the possessor, these were sold to the Empress of Russia for forty thousand pounds. We may safely aver that had the collection been offered for sale in the present day it would have brought six times the amount.

In the midst of distractions chiefly incurred by his own folly, Earl George died in 1791, unmarried. His title and estates would naturally have devolved on his uncle, Sir Edward, whose beautiful daughters we have been speaking of; but Sir Edward was no more, and the honours and property of the family fell to the lot of the third son of the first Earl of Orford, namely, the Hon. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, the wit, the antiquary, the man of letters, who had kept fashionable society in a state of pleasurable excitement for more than half a century. He was now fourth Earl of Orford. The unexpected honours came rather late in the day. Horace was born in 1717, and now in 1791, he was an old bachelor, in the seventy-fifth year of his age—still facetious and able to pop about, but with the spring of life gone.

Like his father, the great prime-minister, Horace was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and to judge from his writings, he was a ready, if not an accomplished classical scholar. After finishing his education, he travelled abroad for some years, principally in Italy, where he revelled in museums, churches, picture-galleries, and ruins, and acquired those tastes for which he afterwards became well known. He returned to England in 1741, and had a seat in parliament; but he had no taste for politics, and never took any part in public life. His father procured for him the places of usher of the receipt of the Exchequer, Comptroller of the Great Roll, and Keeper of the foreign receipts. These places were a kind of sinecures, and besides affording means, left time for learned and artistic leisure. Comparatively at his ease, Horace thought only of spending existence agreeably. Looking about for a spot on which he could settle down and carry out his fancies, he selected a patch of ground near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, and therefore within an easy distance of the metropolis. On the ground, which he purchased in 1747, there stood a plain cottage. This he pulled down, and built his famous Gothic villa,

styled by him Strawberry Hill. Its erection and decoration may almost be said to have formed the principal occupation of his long life.

Besides cramming his mansion with pictures, statues, and antique curiosities, he added to it a small private printing establishment, in which, with hired assistance, he printed, partly for private distribution, his literary works large and small, from a casual *jeu d'esprit* to a volume. Books executed at the Strawberry Hill press were eagerly sought after, and now are highly prized when they happen to appear at public sales. In 1758 he published his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.' This was followed by his popular romance 'The Castle of Otranto,' 'The Mysterious Mother,' 'Anecdotes of Painting,' and the 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.,' a work more paradoxical than of any historical value.

The permanent fame of Horace Walpole rests on his Letters, which were collected and published after his decease. Often frivolous, unduly sarcastic, and gossiping, they are deeply interesting, from the light thrown on the manners and public characters at the middle and in the second half of the eighteenth century. The toil in writing those letters must have been immense, and was attended with no other gratification than that of communicating news and humorous remarks to acquaintances. Such letters could not have been produced but for the writer's extensive acquaintanceship in fashionable circles. Members of the royal family, dukes, earls, and ladies of every degree in the peerage, came to visit him and see his wonderful villa. Some spent a whole day with him, others only a few hours. The flow of pleasantries was continuous. In June 1759, he writes: 'Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury, dined there. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell.' The shell was a rustic bower, in the form of a concave bivalve, prettily fitted up with seats to command the admiration of the beauties who honoured it with their graceful figures. On the occasion of such visits, Horace had an opportunity of exhibiting the refined gallantry of which he was a proficient.

For many of his anecdotes he was not a little indebted to ladies of somewhat advanced years, who in their more youthful days had flourished at court in the reigns of George I. and George II., and who were acceptable visitors at Strawberry Hill. The most notable of these female acquaintances appears to have been Lady Suffolk, a great sufferer from gout, but notwithstanding her infirmities, she was lively and communicative. She possessed amusing reminiscences of Queen Anne, and of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who fully expected to be Queen of England, and would have been so had she lived three months longer, her much-coveted inheritance passing at her decease to her son George. At the death of Lady Suffolk in 1767, Horace Walpole was deprived of a most agreeable friend, who had made many hours pass cheerfully.

One of his amusements consisted in shewing his printing-office to those who had never seen any typographic establishment. When he expected female visitors of this kind, he was ready to

astonish them by printing a few lines eulogising their wit and beauty. In one of his letters he says: 'Tother day my Lady Rochfort, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland, and the Knight of the Garter, dined here, and were carried into the printing-office to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off. I gave them to Lady Townshend; here they are—

THE PRESS SPEAKS.

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but print what you
say;

You the fame I on others bestow, will repay.'

One of Horace's correspondents was Sir Horace Mann, English minister at Florence, to whom many of his letters are addressed. A more special friend was George Augustus Selwyn, a man of good family, and a sparkling wit about town. Selwyn had some curious and antagonistic idiosyncrasies. He was passionately fond of children, and as passionately fond of witnessing executions. His mind, we are told, was sometimes so absorbed by the ceremonies of capital punishment, that on going to a dentist he chose to give the signal for pulling out the tooth by dropping his handkerchief. When Damiens was condemned to be tortured and broken on the wheel at Paris for attempting to stab Louis XV., 1757, Selwyn went off to France to enjoy the spectacle. According to the anecdote, in attempting to get too near the scaffold, Selwyn was at first repulsed by one of the executioners; but having informed the person that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damiens, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming at the same time to give place to Monsieur, who was an amateur from England. Worn out with gout and dropsy, Selwyn died in 1791, and is lamented by Walpole as his oldest acquaintance.

On several occasions, Horace Walpole visited Paris, and became acquainted with members of its brilliant society, as well as English residents; among these was David Hume, with whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence. The utterly depraved condition of French society did not escape Walpole's shrewd observation, and thirty years before the event, he perceived the brewing of a storm that would overwhelm society. In his old days, when confined by gout and other ailments to Strawberry Hill, he experienced the usual feelings of men who outlive their early friends. His home, too, was rendered uncomfortable by the shoals of people who latterly came to see it. To modify the annoyance, he issued tickets of admission; still, with this and other devices, he felt that the vast trouble he had taken to render his house a treasure of art, had brought on himself the character of a showman, when he was least able to receive his guests with urbanity.

The death of his nephew, George, which made him Earl of Orford, was a fresh torture, for there were endless business letters to be read and written, statements of leases and mortgages to be considered, for all which the new dignity was no compensation. He became a fretful valetudinarian, and removing to London, he died on the 2d March 1797. The fate of his dearly cherished Strawberry Hill was very sorrowful. All its treasures of art

were disposed of by auction, the sale lasting more than three weeks.

By the decease of Horace, fourth Earl of Orford, the earldom, according to the limitation, was extinct. Still there were honours in the family. Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, a diplomatist of the first class, had in 1756 been created Baron Walpole of Wolterton, which dignity was inherited by his son, Horatio, as second Baron. This Horatio was alive when his first-cousin, Horace, died in 1797; and to him passed the Barony of Walpole of Walpole, that had been granted to Robert, second Earl of Orford. In his favour, the earldom was revived by a new patent in 1806, when he was created Earl of Orford; and his accumulated honours are now enjoyed by his descendant. In the male line, there is no one to claim descent from the great Sir Robert Walpole. It is otherwise in the female branch. From one of his daughters, his direct descendant is the present Marquis of Cholmondeley, who may therefore claim to be the lineal representative of the great Prime-Minister.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER VII.—HUGH ASHTON'S NEW ABODE.

'THERE'S a conveyance—of a sort, waiting for you, I reckon—that's to say if your name's Ashton,' said the porter at the railway station of Peneath, the nearest halting-place upon the iron road for visitors to Treport. Very few passengers had alighted at Peneath during the brief stoppage of the train: merely some three or four mining folks, pale-faced and gaunt; a preacher in rusty black, and carrying his own luggage in the shape of an emaciated valise; and two farmers' wives returning from the weekly sale of their butter and eggs at some market-town. Only these and Hugh Ashton.

'Here be your passenger, 'Nezer!' called out the porter, when Hugh had assented to his ownership of the name. 'Look sharp, my lad; 'cause I've got to get them empty wagons into a siding afore the Kittlebury express comes by. Quick's the word.'

The person addressed by this singular appellation, and who had been standing, with averted face, beside a nondescript vehicle, something between cart and gig, drawn by a rough pony, now came shambling forward, and gave a hasty twitch to the battered tarpaulin hat which he wore slouched down over his shaggy brows. He was of dwarfish stature, broad but misshapen; and his clumsy body was surmounted by a huge head, crowned by a fell of red hair, coarse enough and long enough for the mane of a horse. Close behind this unprepossessing personage came a fine dog of the Newfoundland breed, handsome, vigorous, and well cared for.

'You're Master Ashton? I'm Cap'en Trawl's serving-lad, sent with the Cap'en's compliments, to drive the gig that's to fetch ye down to Treport. The box be yourn, I guess, and the bag—nothing more? All right then,' added the dwarf, as after lifting Hugh's luggage into the nondescript vehicle, he scrambled to his perch, and clutched the reins in his bony hand, signing at the same time to the young man to seat himself

beside him. There was no need to use the whip. A shrill chirrup like the call of a bird sufficed to start the rough pony at a fast trot; and off rattled the equipage along one of the smooth Cornish roads that intersect the rugged Cornish country.

Hugh looked about him to right and left; at the rolling moorland stretching far away, and variegated here and there by croft and pasture; at the bleak hillside, strewn with stones and honeycombed with holes, each one the adit of an abandoned mine; at the green glens, where tinkling streams ran down past mill and orchard; and at the wattled barns and white farmhouses that nestled in nooks sheltered from the sweeping sea-wind. All the landscape was new to him. He was going to Treport, in compliance with Lady Larpent's offer of the command of a coasting steamer. The Dowager, imperatively kind as usual, had written to inform Hugh Ashton that she had made arrangements for his being received as a lodger beneath the roof of a certain superannuated merchant captain, Trawl by name, who inhabited a pretty little house in the outskirts of the tiny town. Captain Trawl's gig it was, with Captain Trawl's pony in the shafts, in which Hugh was now being whisked seawards from the railway station.

The talkative driver seemed ready to afford any amount of information as to the spot whither Hugh was bound. 'A tidy place Treport; a tidyish place that is; for it's nothing to compare to Pentargle Churchtown, where I was born, sixteen mile away, round the Head.—Yes; they call me 'Nezer. Hard, I say, to be shortened o' the best half of my name I was christened by; but I suppose folks thought Ebenezer too long a word to be tacked to such a chap as me,' added the dwarf, resentfully. 'I'm a beachman, master.'

'A beachman, eh?' returned Hugh, looking in some perplexity at the queer figure beside him, arrayed in semi-rustic, semi-nautical style, an old monkey-jacket, with its horn buttons, contrasting with agricultural-looking gaiters and nailed boots.

'Yes; by birth, that is,' explained the dwarf. 'Regular beachman. Not a chap on Pentargle pier-head has had more of his family lost at sea than myself,' he continued consequentially; 'only, with a glance at his uneven shoulders, 'not bein' fit to go afloat myself, I was obliged to come down in the world, and go to farm-service inland, just to earn my bread, master.'

'You didn't like that so well, bred among sailors as you had been, I suppose?' said Hugh Ashton with a good-natured patience, that was not lost upon the dwarf, for 'Nezer's tone became gentler as he replied: 'No; I didn't, master. Farmers mostly be a mean lot, and close-fisted to boot—not like us free fishers. And I was main glad when I was took on to serve old Cap'en Trawl, that lives so close to the sea you can smell the blue water, and make myself useful sorter-ways. This be gig to-day,' he added with a grin; 'but it'll be cart again come Friday, when I has to take the pigs over to Lancetetter Market. We just changes the seats,' he explained proudly, as he pointed out to his passenger the ingenious construction of the serviceable vehicle of which he was Jehu; 'and there you are.'

'And that is Captain Trawl's dog, I suppose?—and a fine dog too,' remarked Hugh, as he

watched the great Newfoundland bounding along the strip of smooth turf that lined the road.

'Wrong you are, master,' chuckled the dwarf. 'Neptune be my dog; and I'd not part with him to anybody, unless indeed Miss Rose asked me to give him to her. But money wouldn't buy him. Five golden sovereigns, and five to the back of that, a tourist gentleman offered me this summer-tide for Nep; and when he found I wouldn't sell the dog, he got angry, and called I a fool for my pains. But I knowed better. Where'd you find a friend as true as Nep? Expect you can swim, master?'

'Yes; I can swim,' answered Hugh with rather a sad smile.

'You look like it,' said 'Nezer, with a half-envious, half-admiring glance at the stalwart form of his companion. 'I can't; and when I missed my footing and fell into ten foot of water in quay-pool there, I'd never have got out alive but for Nep. I begged him from Lord Bodmin's gamekeeper, when he war a pup; and they war goin' to drown him, to save trouble, my lord bein' away, and no demand for that kind o' dog in those parts; and I suppose Neptune thought one good turn deserved another. I left inland because farmer wouldn't let me keep Nep. "I can't have no more dogs about the place," says he; "so either he hangs, or you tumble out, my lad." Tumble out I did, and footed it to Treport; and Cap'en Trawl he be the best of men, and he took me on, and never grudged Nep his meat.—There be the sea!' he exclaimed as, suddenly between two hills, the silvery stretch of illimitable ocean came in view; 'and yon's Treport; and Cap'en Trawl lives down there to the left, among the trees that hide the house, this side they do.'

'And what's that big house—some gentleman's place, of course—high up on the cliff?' asked Hugh, his heart throbbing capriciously as he propounded this very natural question.

'That be Llosthuel—the Court—my Lady Larpent's,' answered 'Nezer, jerking the rein; and Hugh, as he knew that he was looking on the distant walls of the mansion beneath the roof of which dwelt the beautiful young lady whom it had been his privilege so lately to rescue from death, felt his cheeks burn, he knew not why, as the colour mounted unbidden to his face. Then a twist in the road shut out Llosthuel from his sight; and the gig was soon jolting over the uneven pavement and through the narrow streets of primitive Treport.

Captain Trawl's place of residence, when reached, by its appearance more than justified the wisdom of the Dowager's choice. It was a pretty white-walled cottage, overgrown with blossomed creepers, and standing in a garden, where the myrtle, the fuchsia, and the geranium grew with a luxuriance which finds no parallel within the limits of the four seas, save in that warm wet climate of South Cornwall. Behind it were an orchard and a meadow and a miniature farm-yard; and altogether it was evident that the lines of this veteran of the deep, in the evening of his life, had fallen in pleasant places. The drowsy hum of bees and the soft cooing of pigeons reached Hugh's ear as he alighted, oddly mingling with the wash of the waves and the rattle of the pebbles on the beach, but some score or two of yards away. Captain Trawl himself, a brass-bound telescope tucked

under his left arm, and a glazed hat crowning his thin gray hairs, came frankly forward to the garden-gate to greet his guest.

'You're welcome, Mr Ashton, for my Lady Larpent's sake,' he said, holding out his big brown hand, the back of which was decorated with an ineffaceable purple scar, extending from the thumb to the fourth finger. 'Or Captain Ashton, rather I should say, since the Board has confirmed you as skipper of the *Western Maid*, and a decent craft she is, for one of your newfangled tea-kettle steamers. You'll find your room ready, and supper too presently.'

Hugh returned the friendly grasp of the old man's hand, acknowledging to himself that he was fortunate, to all appearance, both in his landlord and the place of his abode. Captain Trawl's former calling would have been guessed by the most unperceptive of observers, in any Northamptonshire town or Leicestershire village, where a sailor was as much out of place as a Bedouin Arab would have been. He was a rough but kindly old fellow, with the voice and somewhat of the gait of an amiable bear; and his reception of the newcomer left little to be desired.

'A glass of ale or cider, or a nip of rum, before supper?' he asked.—'Well, well; perhaps you're right. Another hand-shake, though, will do no harm, since, Captain Ashton, I begin to like you for your own sake. I don't, as a general habit, take in lodgers here, but I couldn't refuse my lady up at the Court. But for her, I'd not have kept this snug roof over my head and Rose's head, in my old days. I was among a precious set of London land-sharks, who had pouched my hard savings I was fool enough to invest in one of their grand schemes; and it would have gone hard with old Job Trawl but for my lady and my lady's lawyers. They brought those smooth-spoken cormorants to reason, they did. And if a dog came to my door in Lady Larpent's name,' added the old seaman naively, 'he'd be welcome to the best I've got.'

Hugh's room turned out to be one of those quaint enjoyable rooms, low-ceiled, lavender-scented, with the whitest of walls, and the most diamond-paned of windows, exquisitely clean, and luxuriously homely, such as we look upon as essentially English, but which are growing scarce even in rural England now. The scent of the myrtles and old-world roses came floating in at the open window, and the linen was white and fair, as though it had been woven and bleached by fairies in the moon-kissed dew. So was Rose Trawl, the old Captain's grand-daughter, white and fair; quite a lady to look upon, Hugh thought, as she came forward to give her hand to the stranger guest, a little timidly. Some of 'Nezer's garrulity had related to Rose, and Hugh was prepared to expect a pretty girl but a vulgar beauty, like a cabbage-rose metamorphosed into the shape of a young woman. What he saw was a fair slender maiden with wistful large eyes and superb hair like a golden coil about her head.

'My only boy,' said the old captain gruffly over his pipe, when supper was over, and the great lamp lit, and the two men were left alone together, 'got lost, Cape-Horn-way. Carried stunsails, I expect, trusting to the beauty of the day—just as if the beauty of the day didn't always spoil down there! 'Twasn't Will's fault. He was first-officer,

not captain. And I mind the captain well—a brisk seaman, but too much given to trust in luck. Anyhow, he left me this baby-girl to look after and to do my best for. His young wife, poor thing, just took on and dwined away.'

Any reader who has had experience of that kind of man can picture what Captain Trawl's parlour, wondrous similar to the cabin of a ship, looked like—the queer contrivances, the snugness, the cleanliness, the lockers let into the wall, the brass-hilted cutlasses crossed over the chimney-piece, heavy with South Sea shells and brain-like masses of white coral from the Pacific—the spears, the shields, the axes, the odd-looking stuffed fish and feathers and gourds hanging by nails from the wall. All was neat, bright, and shining, from the kettle on the hob to the glossy coat of the cat that purred contentedly before the 'spark of fire' which the Captain's rheumatics rendered necessary after sundown.

A sturdier, an honester, or a meeker man than Captain Job Trawl, who had been round and round the world, and who had simmered in the sun or shivered in the cold of nearly every part of our globe's surface, it would be hard to find. A merchant sailor always, first apprentice, next before the mast, presently mate, and then captain, he had sailed, and he had fought—as the Malay pirate's sword-cut across his hand testified—but he had kept the same simplicity of heart, child-like faith, and manly shrewdness, from first to last. He was to be seen every Sunday in the scantily attended parish church—scantily attended because the steaming chapels were thronged—just as he had been when a chubby boy, before he went to sea. He farmed a bit, and lived partly on his hard-won savings or the interest of them, and was in a quiet way a personage at Treport.

'I like ye, lad!' he said once or twice, frankly enough, to Hugh during their talk. 'I began to fear, to tell you the truth, more than once that my lady yonder had made a mistake about the *Western Maid*. But you are a seaman!'

'Of a sort, I am,' answered Hugh modestly. 'Not to compare with your experience, though, Captain Trawl.'

'But the queerest thing of it seems to me, as I look at you,' said the superannuated skipper, 'that you look a gentleman too.'

'That can hardly be!' answered Hugh Ashton with a laugh.

'Well, it may be that my old eyes are getting dim,' rejoined the elder mariner; 'but anyhow, you seem a fine young fellow, Captain Ashton; and I wish you luck of your early promotion and your fair start in life. My lady's good-will is worth having. And you'll not have long to wait before you get afloat as commander of the *Western Maid*. The watchers have been out these four days on every height from Start to Deadman's.'

'The watchers?' inquired Hugh.

'For the pilchard-fishery,' explained Captain Trawl. 'You're a stranger here; but most likely you have heard that this is our chief harvest, here along the Cornish coast, the catching of the fish that are to go, in keg and firkin and hogshead, out to Spain and Portugal and Italy, and wherever them good Catholics tell their beads. I've seen our Cornish pilchards out Buenos-Ayres-way and at Rio. We don't sell 'em, except foreign. And the *Western Maid* will be wanted to help in shooting

nets and hauling seines home, when the shoals come in. Depend upon it, she's lying with fires banked, and a spring on her cable, ready for the signal, and Long Michael the mate in a worry. And here—as a heavy step came up the garden-walk—'here is Long Michael!'

THE STORY OF THE CIVIL SERVICE 'WRITERS.'

Up till quite recently little was definitely known of the condition of a class of our public servants termed 'writers,' except that they had for a long time past been endeavouring to enlist on their side the sympathies of the community.

Who and what these writers are is a question which has now become of interest to the general public, and though we have already had occasion to refer to them in an article on the 'Civil Service,' published in our June number, we think it right to place before our readers a further notice of what seems still to be an unsolved problem.

It was as late as the year 1866 that the Civil Service writers made their appearance as a distinct class; but for many years previous to this, several of the large public departments had been in the habit of employing men temporarily to meet an unexpected pressure of work. These persons were either hired from the law-stationers outside, and were sent away again when the occasion for which their services were required no longer existed; or else certain so-called 'temporary' clerks on a small fixed salary were added to the establishment and absorbed into it as vacancies occurred.

The law-stationers lent their men to the government at the commencement of this system for eighteenpence per hour, of which the clerks themselves were paid one shilling; but by degrees the amount dwindled down to the latter sum, out of which the law-stationer could only give his men ninepence per hour. This state of things of course led to great discontent, and the government of the day, to cut the matter short, decided upon letting the departments employ their own writers on certain recognised conditions.

A system was accordingly introduced into the Admiralty by Mr Childers in the year 1866, by which a class of writers was appointed under regulations which provided a salary of six shillings and sixpence per diem, increasing yearly by the sum of sixpence per day until a maximum of nine shillings and sixpence was attained. In addition to this they were granted certain privileges in the way of holidays and sick-leave; and were on retirement to receive compensation in lieu of pension, at the rate of a month's pay for every year's service, not exceeding twelve months' pay on the whole.

The writers were engaged ostensibly to do the routine, or what it is the fashion to term the 'mere mechanical' work of the department; but from the moment of their entering upon their duties it was found impossible to draw a line between the different kinds of work, and the consequence was that they were employed upon the ordinary work of the various offices, side by side with men who were receiving salaries varying from two hundred to six hundred

pounds a year for doing the same work as themselves. The writers could scarcely be blamed for looking upon this as a hardship, and the more so, as in many cases the clerks who were receiving these high salaries for doing the same work as themselves had never passed a Civil Service examination, whereas the new class had been obliged to do so.

The new system however, worked pretty smoothly in the Admiralty for some time, until the Commissioners of Customs, seeing how well and economically it acted, also applied to the Treasury for permission to employ its own writers, and received the requisite authority. The Customs has always been conducted on a cheaper scale than the Admiralty; and it was found, on the Regulations for the Appointment of Writers to the Customs being issued, that the minimum and maximum salary or wages was to be a shilling per day less than the Admiralty scale, and the increment threepence per day per annum instead of sixpence. Beside this, there was absolutely nothing in the way of sick-leave or holidays, though the compensation on retirement was retained.

In spite of these defects however, in the Customs Regulations, the department soon obtained a respectable set of men; indeed as a matter of fact, we believe there are certain persons in the world who would be happy to serve the State for nothing, for the honour of belonging to the government service! Be that as it may, the authorities were not long in seeing that it was possible to work the public departments in a much cheaper manner than had hitherto been the case, and measures were accordingly taken for effecting this change in the administration of the Civil Service. This was accomplished by an Order in Council signed by the Queen at Balmoral on the 4th June 1870.

With a stroke of the pen the government authorities took away from the writers everything which had been accorded them in the Regulations already mentioned, and placed them in the same category with a new class of writers which the same stroke of the pen had created, and who were to serve the state in any department on a dead-level pittance of tenpence per hour, with no increase, no holidays, no sick-pay, no pension or compensation on discharge, no claim to the establishment, and in fact, no tenure of office whatever. The result of this measure was the immediate commencement of an agitation which perhaps has had no parallel in our times. The writers were at first astounded when they found their meagre pay so suddenly reduced, and all their advantages taken from them; but their astonishment rapidly gave way to indignation, and they at once banded themselves into an association for the purpose of using all legal means to obtain a restitution of their rights, and the improvement of the whole system under which all writers were appointed.

This was without doubt one of the most remarkable agitations ever conducted, for not only was it carried on for several years in a moderate manner and with an absence of that rancour which is generally inseparable from political movements, but it won from all parties in the House of Commons a considerable measure of support. The writers were fortunate enough to secure the sympathy and services of Mr Otway in their cause,

and under his generalship they eventually obtained the appointment of a select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the whole matter. Amongst the members of this Committee were several of the present Cabinet Ministers, with Mr Otway as the chairman; and after hearing evidence from the writers' representatives, heads of departments, members of the government and others, the Committee reported that the writers had suffered wrong and injustice in having their pay reduced and their increments and privileges stopped; and recommended that they should be restored, and that a progressive rate of pay should be adopted for all classes of writers throughout the service.

The Committee were unanimous; and immediately on the presentation of their Report, the regulations for the appointment of writers were withdrawn for revision. The hopes of the latter ran high; and at the end of four months, a new set of regulations were issued, in which a few days' holidays and sick-leave were granted, but so hedged about with restrictions as to be perfectly valueless, while not a single farthing was added to the pay. The writers held an indignation meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel, at which various members of parliament announced their intention of renewing the contest as soon as parliament reassembled. These intentions however, were frustrated owing to the dissolution of parliament in the spring of 1874, when a general election took place.

When the new government (Conservative) came into office, they relegated all disagreeable questions anent the Civil Service to a Royal Commission. This Commission sat from April 1874 to February 1876, when an Order in Council was published, bringing into operation a scheme for the division of the Civil Service of the *future* into two classes, an Upper and Lower Division; and by which the writers were to be either absorbed into the Lower Division or discharged.

As yet however, things have gone on with the writers much as they did before, a few of their number only having passed into the Lower Division by examination, while (owing to the limit placed on the age) the remainder still serve on the meagre wages of tenpence an hour. So long as men of education can be got to work for so little, and be even thankful to get the work, and so long as the supply exceeds the demand, there is of course nothing to be said on the score of salary; but in the case under consideration it is but just to the writers to remark that never at any time have more than a mere fraction of their number been employed on mere copying or 'mechanical work,' but that their abilities and qualifications have been as freely used as those of the comparatively highly paid first-class clerk.

An instance was brought to the notice of the Commission in which a writer was actually the head of an important department, and not only signed letters and documents as such, but received official letters addressed to him *by name*. This writer, however, being one of the few whose age came within the limit laid down by the Playfair Commission, has been placed on the establishment, and is now in receipt of extra, or duty pay. Other writers were engaged in drawing or drafting maps to scale for the Ecclesiastical Commis-

sioners; and the Commissioners expressed their surprise and admiration at the excellence of the specimens produced. These were not exceptional cases. But it was all to no purpose. The writers were 'left alone in their glory;' and what has been not inaptly termed the 'miserable pittance of tenpence an hour' is still the wage.

It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that after so many unsuccessful attempts to obtain a better position, and after being the object of two Parliamentary Committees and several Orders in Council, the writers should have at length lost heart and allowed their Association to collapse. They work on, however, quietly and patiently, still hoping for a thorough revision of the hard terms under which they serve, and that Parliament and the press may yet induce the Government to reward in an adequate manner, their long years of faithful and zealous service.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY HELP.

TOLD BY HERSELF.

CHAPTER I.

I WELL remember the evening on which we three girls gathered round the fire in our little sitting-room and decided that Fate had never meant us to pass our lives in obscurity. Our home was with our parents in the little village of Amblecombe, and the large old-fashioned house, dignified by the title of the Manor, had belonged to our family for years, or it may have been centuries; we did not care. I was the eldest, and had just passed my twenty-first birthday. Then there was Bessie, aged nineteen; and Clarice, who was only fifteen. It had been a dull wet day, which had not improved our tempers; and even now the rain dashed heavily against the windows, and the wind that blew over the sea howled dismally round the house.

'Well, did you hear any news in the village to-day, Arnadine?' Bessie asked, throwing herself into an arm-chair after poking the fire.

'Not any, unless you consider this news: flour has risen a shilling a sack since last month,' I replied with as much sarcasm as I could muster.

'How disgusting! We know what that means,' said she with a hopeless shrug. 'No chance of our new dresses, much less of your ulster.'

'Oh, I have given up the thought of that luxury long ago,' I answered, in a tone by which I meant to imply contempt for such things; but I soon shewed that this was not the case by exclaiming: 'I'll tell you what it is; I've made up my mind I won't stand this any longer; I have often threatened, now I mean to perform. Why, look at me! My knees are absolutely coming through this polonaise; and I do not possess a penny to buy a postage-stamp or a hair-pin; and yet—yet—Basil can have champagne at his lunch if he doesn't feel quite the thing; and Henry must always wear dainty London-made shoes because he has such nice feet. Such inconsistency is enough to drive one mad. You remember, Bessie, that you and I were obliged to go to the Cliftons' dance in *thick* shoes and gloves that had once been white. Well, if our father is so poor as all that, we must just go out and work for ourselves. They will make a grand fuss; but that cannot be helped.' Bessie threw a fresh log of wood on the ample grate and looked contemplative.

'What can we do, Arnadine? That's the ques-

tion. You would teach. But I hate children;ugh!

'I have heard,' I said; 'but an inveterate dislike to teaching lumps too.'

'Awful idea!'

'I had rather break stones.'

'How funny! That is just what Basil says he is going to do when papa talks to him,' remarked Clarice, my youngest sister.

Bessie laughed heartily. 'It is a most hackneyed expression certainly, and as such passes for nothing; people always wind up with saying that.'

'I am not going to wind up, I can assure you,' I returned indignantly.

'No, no, Arnadine; you are the eldest, and must lead the way. Go on. Tell us what your plans are.'

I paused for a moment, to give due effect to my words, and then proclaimed with an air of the greatest pride: 'I am going to be a Lady Help.'

'What a splendid idea!' 'What a pity you did not think of it before,' said my two sisters in a breath.

'I saw an advertisement for a Lady Help in the *Standard* to-day; that is what made me think of it,' I continued. 'I have applied for it, and shall get an answer the day after to-morrow.'

'Have you said anything about it to mother or father?' asked Bessie.

'Not yet.'

'I expect you will have hard work to carry your point; they may think it *infra dig*.'

'Never mind; beggars cannot be choosers,' I replied sententiously.

'I think I shall wait and see how you like it, and then follow; for it would not do for us all to go off at once,' said Bessie.

'No; of course not; besides, it is different with me. First, I am of age. Secondly, I have that five pounds which Aunt Sarah gave me two years ago, which I have been keeping in the hopes of paying a visit to London some day. Thirdly, I have the knack of turning my hand to anything.'

'How funny it will be,' said Clarice: 'what will they call you, I wonder? Miss Danvers or Arnadine, or perhaps Danvers. I should not like that.'

'Of course not,' I replied shortly. 'But we will not think of disagreeable things, Clarice. Run for the paper, and I will read you the advertisement.'

Clarice ran off willingly, and returned in a few minutes with the *Standard*, from the columns of which I read aloud as follows: "'Wanted by a Lady and her three Daughters, a Lady Help. Liberal Salary. Nothing menial required. Apply to —." Could anything be better?'

'Certainly not,' Bessie answered with an enthusiasm in which my spirit rejoiced.

'I shall want you to lend me a few of your things, to set me going. Of course I can send you some money for them when I get my pay.'

'Your wages,' suggested Clarice.

'You may call it what you like,' I replied.

'Shall you not be just a little sorry when the day comes?' asked Bessie.

'Yes; I shall not like leaving you all. But there will be my holidays of course.'

'And if you do not like it, you can come back.'

'No; I shall not do that; it would be far too ignominious. Besides, it is bad enough for my father to have Basil back from Australia, and Henry waiting for something to turn up, and the three younger boys at school. No! I will not turn back when once I have started.'

The following morning my boasted courage sank below zero when I remained in the breakfast-room after the others had left, to tell my parents of my resolve. They opposed my plan strongly, said I should disgrace the family, and that I ought to be content at home. I told them it was impossible; the monotony of my life was too trying; besides, I wished to be independent, and have money of my own. They saw that I was obstinate; and in the end I extorted a most unwilling consent.

The next morning the expected letter arrived. It ran as follows:

OXYGEN HOUSE,
EARS COURT ROAD,
KENSINGTON.

Mrs Porter presents her compliments to Miss Danvers, and will be very pleased to engage her services as Lady Help from the nineteenth of this month. In reply to Miss Danvers' inquiries as to duties, Mrs Porter thinks it will be better to leave such trifling details till they meet. Miss Danvers' chief occupation will be assisting the Misses Porter in their toilets, as they go out into society a good deal.'

I must confess that my ardour was just a little damped by this letter; there was an undertone of plebeianism about it which I could not banish from my mind, and the mental pictures it invoked of the Porter family were not prepossessing.

When I shewed the letter to my father, he said: 'It is just what I should have expected from people who adopt the use of anything so nondescript as a Lady Help; but I suppose you must go and see for yourself. You will be Arnadine Danvers and a lady wherever you go, and that is all you have to boast of.'

I changed my five-pound note and made a few additions to my wardrobe, leaving myself about three pounds for the journey and for pocket-money. As the day of my departure drew near, I could not wholly repress a feeling of sadness which crept over me at times, particularly towards evening; for with all its discomforts, petty vexations, and daily trials, home was home, and I had not lived my twenty-one years without realising this. Even when, on rare occasions, I had been away on visits to relatives, I had always experienced an inexplicable feeling of rest and satisfaction on finding myself once more beside the snug schoolroom fire in Amblescombe Manor. On the last evening, Bessie asked: 'Do you think you will go to see Miss Stonaway when you are in London, Arnie?'

Miss Stonaway had been our governess for ten years; we were all very fond of her; and to her we owed the sound education we happily possessed.

'I do not think I shall go to see her at first,' I answered. 'I have an idea that she will not approve of the step I am taking. I will wait and see how I get on. People often approve of an

undertaking when it turns out to be successful, although they set their faces against it at first.'

'You are becoming quite wise, Arnie. I should never have thought of that,' Clarice remarked, opening her big brown eyes and looking at me with admiration.

I may here remark that we three sisters were very much alike in appearance—tall and slight, with clear pale complexions, good features, light-brown hair, and large brown eyes. We did not think much about our looks, there was so little reason we should do so.

It was arranged that I should walk to the station on the morning of my departure. A donkey-cart was hired from the village to take my luggage; the two girls and Basil were to see me off. I was very glad when the good-byes at home were over. My mother cried, and so did I, when it came to the last kiss. Henry, who was too lazy to come to the station, called out: 'Good-bye, Arnadine. I hope to be off myself soon; but I suppose you will not come back to see the last of me, when once you have tasted the delights of London.'

My father took a cheery tone, and said: 'Promise me one thing, Arnadine—that you will not engage yourself to marry any man until I have seen him.'

This promise I made willingly.

When we reached the station, it was decided that as I was not a servant, I must travel first-class. Bessie thought it rather a bad beginning, but Basil would not hear of anything else. This extravagance left me with only a few shillings in my purse.

My sisters kissed me again and again. I cried a little more, and then was puffed out of their sight with some hours' journey before me. I amused myself at first with watching what went on at the different stations we arrived at. There was always something interesting to see. I had the carriage to myself till about noon; at that time two passengers entered my compartment, and I have reason to remember them very vividly. The first was a man who looked about thirty; his face was quiet, grave, and very thoughtful; he sat down in the corner of the carriage farthest from me. I looked out of the window again, still employing myself with watching the variety of travellers pacing up and down the busy platform. I made up stories in my head for all of them, and imagined that some of the ladies were Lady Helps—my thoughts running very much in that groove.

Presently I saw an old lady making her way towards my carriage, followed by an attentive guard.

'Only a young lady here mum,' said he, opening the door suddenly.

The ancient dame took him at his word and climbed up. I smiled when I saw her face of horror as she turned round and found that I was not her only fellow-traveller.

'Guard, guard! how dare you? You told me there was only a young lady here,' she cried in loud indignation.

'Really mum, I was mistaken,' the man replied, looking surprised but most amused.

'Pray, do not get out again,' said the gentleman in the corner, when he found that he was the cause of this perturbation. 'I have no objection to moving into the next carriage.'

The old lady stared at him ferociously as he took up his rug to go; then laid her hand on his arm, and said peremptorily: 'Stay where you are! I do not mind you, now that I have seen you, and you offer to go.'

He hesitated a moment, then sat down directly opposite me. Our eyes met; we were both smiling. Then I looked out of the window again, and he resumed his book.

'Hot water!' screamed the old lady.

'Coming mum,' cried a porter. The door was swung open and the tin dashed in regardless of my feet, upon which it alighted with merciless violence.

I made an exclamation of pain; the colour rushed to my cheeks, the tears to my eyes. The train moved off; and the old lady busied herself with wraps and packages, not noticing my discomfiture. The pain upset me a good deal, perhaps from my feeling excited and weak, and I knew for the first time what it was to want sympathy. In spite of my strong efforts to attain self-control, the tears would roll down my cheeks, and I once more resorted to my old plan of looking out of the window. I dared not look round, I felt so ashamed of myself; I did not wish my opposite neighbour to see that I was crying. Presently I heard him close his book, and he seemed to be looking for something; then he addressed me, saying: 'You must drink this wine; it will do you good. I think you were hurt a good deal.'

'I had rather not, thank you,' I said, barely looking round.

'I knew you would say that,' he answered. 'But if you had people with you whom you knew, they would make you take it. You must try and forget that I am a stranger for the time.' There was something authoritative as well as persuasive in his voice.

I looked round. His face was as composed as if he were still reading; he seemed not to be looking at me, though he still held out the tiny glass.

'Will you?' he asked once more, looking straight into my eyes this time.

Then almost involuntarily I said 'Yes,' and did as he wished.

'You had better put your feet upon my hat-box, and I will lend you this rug. Now you will feel more comfortable. I am afraid you have travelled some distance; you look tired.'

'I am not tired, thank you,' I said with a sort of gasp, hoping he would not see the patch in my left shoe as he settled my temporary footstool.

He took up his book again; and I brought out mine for the first time. It was a novel, *Austin Elliott*. The political part of it sent me to sleep, and proved the fallacy of my last statement. It was half-past four when I awoke, and both my companions looked as if they had not stirred since I went to sleep. We soon came to a large station. Here the old lady roused up, collected her belongings, and informed us she should get out at the next. When she left us, my companion remained silent for half an hour; and I looked at the end of my book to see if Austin and Eleanor married, then I closed it with a sigh of relief.

'You were tired,' my new friend remarked.

'I suppose I was,' I answered, feeling very shy, sitting up straight and looking as if I too meant to get out at the next station. 'Are we near London yet?' I asked.

'We shall be there in about half an hour's time.'

'There are always plenty of cabs to be had, I suppose?' I remarked with assumed carelessness.

'Yes; but there is sometimes a difficulty in securing one. But you have friends who will meet you, probably?'

'I do not know. Yes, I do. No; no one will meet me.'

'Then you will allow me to look after you, I hope; I will do so willingly.'

I hesitated a moment, then said: 'I think it will be better not, thank you; the sooner I learn to help myself the better.'

'Why? Every lady, and indeed every human being has a right to receive help when they need it,' he said, looking at me searchingly.

I blushed crimson. 'But I ought to do everything for myself, because—because—because I am going to be a Lady Help.'

I shall never forget the expression of his face when I had said this. It was not disappointment, scorn, nor amusement that I saw depicted upon it; it was sorrow. He did not speak for a moment; when he did, his voice sounded more kindly than ever.

'You are very young; it is a pity you should be obliged to do that sort of thing. I fear you may find it very hard and disagreeable; but I suppose you are obliged to try it?'

'Not exactly,' I answered with a frankness for which I hated myself afterwards. 'My parents do not like it. But we are poor, yes, really very poor; and I thought it would be nice to be independent and have money of my own.'

I fancied that the sorrowful look on his face changed to one of disapproval as I said this; but he did not speak. The train had begun to slacken speed, and we were already gliding over the tops of London houses. He jumped up and began collecting my few things and fastening his rugs. When we slid into the platform he got out at once. A porter rushed up to attend to us.

'Do not mind me,' he said. 'Attend to this young lady, and see her safely into a cab.'

He must have paid the man well, for I received every attention. And he, my fellow-traveller, raised his hat, looked once more straight into my eyes, and said 'Good-bye.'

FLAT-FISHES.

WHATEVER opinions may be expressed regarding the application or correctness of many popular names of animals, a glance at the wares exposed for sale in a fishmonger's window would appear to shew that the name 'flat-fishes' at least has not been misapplied. By this term we mean to indicate such fishes as the soles, flounders, plaice, brill, turbot, and holibut. No more graceful creatures, as far as their manner of swimming is concerned, can well be imagined than the flat-fishes. The body is thrown into the most graceful curves, and the fish appears to move through the water with the least possible exertion by the gentle undulations of its lithe thin body. The white colour of the under surface in the flat-fishes would appear to be chiefly due to the absence of light; and as we shall afterwards try to shew, the

difference between the colour of the two surfaces of these fishes is probably an acquired condition, and one which has been induced and perfected in conformity with the habits of the animals.

Returning however, to the consideration of the term 'flat-fish,' the naturalist may shew reason for asking us to reconsider our application of that term, by a reference to the structure of these fishes. That they are truly 'flat' cannot for a moment be denied, but it remains to be shewn in what sense the term 'flat' is to be applied and understood. Looking at any of these fishes, as they lie on the fishmonger's slab, most persons without any hesitation would say that the dark surface was the back, and the light-coloured surface the belly of the fish. To see a flat-fish swim with the dark surface uppermost, would appear to afford additional confirmation of this view. Nor would the opinions just mentioned appear to lose weight, if the fish were more carefully examined. On the so-called back of the animal both eyes are to be seen, and it is certainly the most natural of suppositions that the fish should possess its organs of vision on the surface which is uppermost, and which we might therefore name the back.

A little further consideration however, will shew that the popular ideas of the flat-fishes' conformation are of decidedly erroneous kind. Suppose we look at the fish again, and compare it with any common fish, regarding the relative position of whose surfaces no doubt can exist. In a herring or salmon, for example, we see that the fins are disposed in two sets. One set includes those fins which exist in the middle line of the fish, and which are therefore single or unpaired. Such are the back-fins, the tail-fin, and the anal fin or that on the lower surface or lower margin of the body. Then there are those fins which always exist in pairs—one fin on each side—and which in reality represent the paired limbs of higher animals. These paired fins never exceed two pairs in number—for no back-boned or vertebrate animal from the fish up to man, has more than four limbs. In the fish we call the two fins at the breast, the pectoral or breast fins; those representing the fore-legs of the fish. The other and remaining pair named ventral fins, which correspond to the hind-limbs, are placed far back in the salmon and herring, where hind-limbs should be in fact. But in other fishes such as the cod, perch, &c., the ventral fins are situated on the throat, and are placed beneath the breast-fins. We thus see that in fishes the fins exist either in the middle line of the body, or on the sides, and this observation will be found of some service to us when we return to consider the case of the flat-fishes.

But the mere form or shape of our ordinary fishes may also be remarked in passing. Almost all fishes are compressed from side to side; that is to say, the sides form the most prominent surfaces in a fish. The back and belly of an ordinary fish are mere lines as it were, and correspond somewhat to the mathematical definition of a line, in that they represent length without breadth.

The only groups of fishes which seem to present us with exceptions to this rule of flattening of the sides, are the skates and rays. The latter fishes possess, it is true, very flat bodies; but as may readily be demonstrated, the flat back of a skate is in reality produced by the great size of the breast-fins, which are not only very large and broad, but are so united to the body as to give an apparent breadth to the fish which in reality it does not possess. It is thus perfectly true that skates or rays have very broad backs, and may therefore be truly called flat-fishes, since they present differences in this respect from the majority, their neighbours. On the broad under surface of the skates and rays may be seen the mouth, nostrils, and breathing-apertures or gill-slits, whilst the eyes are placed on the back. Are the soles, flounders, plaice, and their neighbours to be legitimately and truly compared in respect of their form and shape to the skates? Such is the question before us, and to its reply we may now briefly direct attention.

The soles, flounders, and their allies, as every one knows, possess bodies which are literally fringed by long fins of varying breadth. Furthermore on either broad surface of the fish, we see a single and prominent fin, and also two fins below; one existing on each side of the fish. With what fins in ordinary fishes do the fins of the flat-fishes correspond? The question is readily answered by a reference to what we have ascertained regarding the belongings of our common fishes. The long fin which fringes what we may call the upper edge of the body in the flat-fish, and which thus exists in the middle line of the body, must be the back-fin. Similarly the fin which borders the lower edge of the body must represent a very long anal fin; this fin being very short as a rule in other fishes. The single fin on each broad surface of the flat-fish must be a breast-fin, and the two fins below are the ventral fins. Hence it is clear that as the breast-fins invariably exist on the sides of fishes, the flat surfaces of the flat-fishes must be their *sides*, and not as is commonly supposed, their back and belly. And as the tail-fin in fishes is set vertically, or straight up-and-down, we may discover that a sole or flounder differs from its commoner neighbours chiefly in that its body is much more compressed from side to side. That this conclusion is correct may also be proved by noting the fact that the gill-slits, which in all fishes are placed on the sides, and never on the back and belly, are placed one on each broad surface in the flat-fishes. Thus it forms not the least curious feature in the history of the flat-fishes, that they live sideways as it were, and swim on one side like overbalanced creatures, instead of maintaining the erect position characteristic of fish-life at large.

The anatomical investigation of a flat-fish, pursued either in the study or at table—for not a little science may be learned by the acute observation of even our daily food—shews us that its body consists in reality of little else than an enormous tail-piece. A very small space indeed is reserved for the internal organs of the fish; all the rest being bone and muscle. And hence the value of these fishes as food-fishes is in no small degree dependent on the fact, that they present the largest possible amount of eatable material along with the minimum quantity of useless matter.

We now proceed to the consideration of what may justly be regarded as the most singular feature in the organisation of the flat-fishes, and one which has formed a text for no little discussion in natural history. The fact that the eyes of the flat-fishes exist on the dark-coloured surface has already been remarked. This observation would of itself disclose no unusual feature, provided the dark surface had been shewn to be, as in the skates and rays, the back. But as we have noted, the dark or upper surface in the flat-fishes is simply one of the sides of the animal; and we are thus presented with the singular and anomalous aspect of a fish which possesses both eyes on one side of its body. The brief investigation of this feature in flat-fish history teems with interest by no means confined to the fishes themselves, but, as is usual in scientific study, will be found to open avenues of thought which lead to subjects connected even with the history and origin of man himself.

If we observe the development of a flat-fish, we shall find that as it comes from the egg the eyes are normally disposed, one on each side of the head. The body is in every respect symmetrical in early life, and even in respect of its colour no difference can be perceived between the two sides. Any one unacquainted with the alterations in structure and life which the young fish will exhibit would naturally assume that it would swim like other fishes, back uppermost. But sooner or later changes of important nature take place in the organisation of the young flat-fish. The habit of lying or resting on one side is acquired as a part of the natural inheritance of the flat-fish; and the eye which at first existed on the lower side of the animal begins slowly to travel round to what will in future be the upper side of the fish. The bones of the skull, soft and flexible at this stage, become curiously contorted and twisted in the course of this alteration, and in due time both eyes thus come to be situated on the upper side, which also develops a darker colour than the opposite side, probably, as already remarked, through its exposure to the light.

The case of the flat-fishes, and the curious adaptation of the eyes to their peculiar habit of resting and swimming on one side, as well as the acquirement of this habit itself, present us with certain features which appear to be readily enough explained by the careful consideration of the whole circumstances of their life. There can, in this case, be no dismissal of the subject with the oft-repeated formula that the fishes were created with these abnormal or unusual features; for the young fish issues from the egg in a perfectly normal form, and afterwards acquires its peculiarities. We are in fact taught by the case of the flat-fishes a valuable lesson regarding the influence of an animal's environment or surroundings on its mode of life and frame. The observation of a young flat-fish demonstrates to us that the animal does not possess the power of retaining the upright or vertical position in the water, but exhibits a tendency to overbalance itself, through the extreme depth of its body. This tendency is increased no doubt by the want of an air-bladder or swimming-bladder—used in fishes to alter their specific gravity, and to thus enable them to rise or sink in the water—whilst the paired fins in the flat-

fishes are of too small a size to count for much as balancing-organs. There thus exists a tendency to fall on one side, and whilst in this awkward position, the young flat-fish may be seen to twist or jerk the lower eye or that next the ground, as if in the endeavour to see round the head. Considerable efforts appear to be made by young flat-fishes in this manner, and as time passes, the distorted appearance which is at first temporarily produced by the young fish, becomes converted, no doubt through inheritance, into a fixed and permanent condition; the lower eye ultimately becoming turned to the upper side. Thus the overbalancing of the young flat-fish, and its attempts to see with the lower eye, may be credited with being the apparent causes of the ultimate modification of its organs of sight. It is also worthy of note that the jawbones and teeth of the flat-fishes are best developed on the side of the body which rests on the ground. The effects of the use and disuse of parts may be said to be plainly illustrated by this latter fact. As the fish rests on the ground the lower side of the jaw will be most frequently brought into use in feeding, and hence on the principle that constant use implies, as is well known, increased growth, the jaw becomes best developed on the eyeless side of these fishes.

The views just detailed regarding the causes of the modification in the flat-fishes receive support from the consideration of some allied cases of alteration in other animals. It is remarkable that in the flat-fishes themselves every stage of this modification may be noted, shewing the acquirement of these peculiarities by some forms in a higher and more typical degree than by others. Thus one flat-fish belonging to the holi-but-kind is known which leaves the egg, as do other species, in a normal condition, and which does not alter in any way, but preserves its normal condition, and swims erect throughout life. At the opposite extreme may be placed the soles, which are amongst the most completely one-sided of these fishes. Then instances of the effect of a one-sided life on the young of other fishes, seem to support the ideas already given regarding the modification of the eyes in the flat-fishes. Young salmon and perches have occasionally been noted to rest on one side, and to strain the lower eye in the endeavour to see, with the result of causing a one-sided development of their skulls. Another species of fish (*Trachypterus*) not related to the flat-fishes in any way, is known to rest on its left side; the result of this habit being to produce distortion of the skull and to cause the fish to swim half sideways in the water. One authority indeed tells us that even when in the egg, the young of the flat-fishes are not quite symmetrical, and on this view we can understand why the young fish should exhibit a tendency to topple over; whilst the law of inheritance would seem to suggest that the resemblance to the parental condition should naturally begin to be manifested before the young are hatched. Even in higher animals, the influence of unwonted conditions in inducing distortion is readily exemplified. In lop-eared rabbits, as Mr Darwin has shewn, the skull may become one-sided through one ear drooping forwards and downwards. The skull in early life being soft and flexible, yields readily in such a case to the strain

produced by the muscles and weight of the ear.

The great law that a condition which is advantageous to the life of an animal will be maintained and perpetuated, appears to explain why the race of flat-fishes has steadily kept up its numbers and species. These fishes are adapted in the most admirable manner for their existence as bottom-feeders. They rest on the ground in safety, protected by the resemblance which exists between their coloration and that of the sand, amidst which they obtain their food. And thus, through perhaps an illimitable period, these interesting fishes favoured by nature, may be destined to hold their own in the struggle for existence, from a participation in which man himself is by no means excluded.

YORKSHIRE ODDITIES.

JOHN WROE, who in early life had been an adherent of Joanna Southcott, was a noted Yorkshire oddity. He was a strange combination of folly, religious fanaticism, and knavery. Ordinarily known as the Yorkshire prophet, he played a great many pranks. John was always ready to turn every little incident to his own advantage; and being plausible to an unusual extent, acquired great influence over the ignorant minds with which he came in contact. About the age of thirty he had an epileptic fit; and this was the beginning of his seeing visions. He then had frequent trances, in which he remained sometimes as long as thirty-six hours. On one occasion, on coming out of a trance, his tongue being still paralysed, he wrote down the fiftieth chapter of Jeremiah. As he solemnly declared he had never even read the chapter, his fame spread, and many believed he was supernaturally possessed.

After that he began to preach, and gave out that he had a mission to the Jews. The accidental fulfilment of some of Wroe's dubiously worded predictions much increased his fame, and impressed the ignorant with the belief in his divine mission. He foretold the speedy death of his wife's brother, and sent her to tell him he would shortly die. The man was ill in bed at the time, and there is little doubt the shock killed him. Wroe was dismissed by his master from his employment of wool-combing. On receiving his discharge he fell back in a fit, and on regaining his senses, pointed to his employer's son, and said he should never again pay wages. The boy was taken ill, and soon died. He had certainly been frightened to death by his belief in Wroe's supernatural powers.

The prophet, as he was now generally called, travelled about for many years; and such was his plausibility and power of dissimulation, that he obtained crowds of fervent believers. He was publicly baptised in the river Aire, near Apperly Bridge, in the presence of thousands of spectators. In 1854, John Wroe said he had command from the Lord to build a house. The society of believers met, and it was agreed he should have what was known as 'the Flying Roll

Money.' This was a fund established by Joanna Southcott for preaching the outpouring of the Spirit for forty years after her death. It amounted to over two thousand pounds. The land was bought near Wakefield; no architect was to be employed; it was to be built as the Lord directed. The house was to belong to the society, for the 'House of Israel.' Appeals were made; subscriptions poured in, and an immense sum of money was raised. However, Wroe managed that the house and farm of one hundred acres should be settled on himself. He made a public will, leaving all his property to the society; and a few weeks after a private one, devising all to his family. He visited and preached in Australia several times, and at last died there. His Australian converts declared he had not kept faith with them, as he had promised he would never die!

A much more agreeable and lovable character was Miss Margaret Wharton, a lady of good family and large fortune. She was one of the Whartons of Skelton Castle, Cleveland, and possessed two hundred thousand pounds, half of which she gave to a nephew. She was well known in Scarborough, where she used to send out for 'a pennyworth of cream' and 'a pennyworth of strawberries,' always paying her penny down. From this little peculiarity she became known as Peg Pennyworth. On one occasion while in Scarborough, she had a meat-pie made; it was very large, as it was for herself, some visitors, and the servants. She ordered her footman to take it to the bakehouse. He refused, saying it was not consistent with his dignity to be seen dressed in plush and tags, carrying a meat-pie. Mistress Peg then desired the coachman to take it; but he also declined. 'Bring out the carriage,' was then the command. The carriage was harnessed, the coachman donned his powdered wig, and mounted the box; the footman ascended behind, and Mistress Margaret Wharton sitting in state in the carriage, bore the meat-pie on her lap. 'Drive to the bakehouse,' was her command. In an hour or two, the same state being observed, the pie was brought back. 'Now,' she said to the coachman, 'you have kept your place, which is to drive; and you'—turning to the footman—'have kept yours, which is to wait; and now we will all have some of the pie.'

The passion of love often reacts strangely on undisciplined minds, and frequently produces on them most unlooked-for results. At Keithley, at the beginning of the present century, lived a young man named William Sharp. He fell desperately in love with a girl, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Everything went smoothly till the wedding morning, when the fathers could not agree how much to give the young couple to start them in life; and literally at the last moment in church the match was broken off. This was too much for the weak mind of William Sharp; he went home, went to his bed, and never rose from it again. He was just thirty when he thus isolated himself from active life; and he died in his bed at the age of seventy-five. His room was about nine feet square. The floor was stone, and generally damp. The window was permanently fastened; some of the panes were filled in with wood; and at the time of his death it had not been opened for thirty-eight years.

In this dreary cell did this strange being immure himself. He obstinately refused to speak, and gradually every trace of intelligence faded away. His father left an ample provision for his eccentric son, and he was well looked after. He ate as much as an ordinary day labourer, and at his death weighed above sixteen stone. In Harrogate, several years ago, lived a woman who for the same cause behaved in exactly the same manner. Her parents having prevented her marriage with a worthless character, she took to her bed, and had kept it for fifteen years; and if not dead, is probably keeping it still.

The living of Leaseholme in the North Riding, was held by three successive generations of a family named Wikes. They were all men of great learning, popular preachers, and of eccentric dispositions. The first of the family who held it was an old soldier of Charles I. On the Restoration, he hung up his sword, and the living of Leaseholme being vacant, applied for it. Charles II. thinking it an easy way of paying off his debts, gave it him very readily. One year when the 30th of January fell on a Sunday, Mr Wikes went to the church at the usual time. On arriving there, he found both clerk and sexton in the churchyard watching with great interest a domestic quarrel that was going on across the brook that ran down the middle of the village. Mr Wikes at once plunged over the brook, and tore the pair asunder, shouting: 'Be quiet, you rascal!' to the husband; and 'Hold your tongue, you vixen!' to the wife. Of course both fell upon him, and he had hard work to defend himself from the irate pair. In the fray, his yells of 'Peace, you monster!' 'Have done, termagant!' and 'Hands off, coward!' were mingled with the abuse and blows of the disputants, till the absurdity of the scene struck the by-standers, and priest and people burst into a roar of laughter. But matters could not end here. According to local custom, when husband and wife quarrel, and a third person interferes, all three are doomed to 'ride the stang.' The parishioners insisted on this custom being observed, and the whole village prepared to join in the procession. But though the parson sat complacently on his pole, the original combatants refused, and arming with poker and pitchfork, defended themselves against the attacks of the villagers. In the confusion, the clergyman was upset into the brook, where he vigorously withstood all attacks by the aid of his pole, till seizing a favourable moment, he made his escape to the church, and placed the sanctity of the place and his official dress between himself and his opponents. The people poured into the church, and the service proceeded, the clergyman making trails of wet on the floor as he walked from desk to chancel, and from chancel to pulpit. He preached a pathetic sermon on the martyrdom of his royal master, and then hurried home, to counteract the effects of his wetting.

One of the inhabitants of a village near Thirsk went by the name of 'Old John Mealyface.' He was very miserly in his habits, and didn't allow his wife enough to eat. To stay her hunger, she would often—when her husband was out of the way—bake a loaf for herself. Old John found this out, and to prevent it, adopted a singular plan. Before going to market he would press his face in the flour in the bin. When he came back, he put

his face again in the impression, to see if it had been disturbed!

In the time of our grandfathers, the Dean of Ripon was a Dr Waddelove, a gentleman more fond of his bottle than his parochial duties. Near the railway station is a very old tiny chapel dedicated to St Mary Magdalen. By ancient endowment, there ought to have been daily service in the chapel for the benefit of the inmates of the almshouses close by. But the stipend went into the pocket of the Dean, and the duties were neglected. Now, both the Dean's wine-cellar and his credit were at a low ebb. How was money to be raised? A bright idea struck him. He had the ancient bell removed from the gable where it had hung silent for so many years. The bell went to the foundry; the money went into the pockets of the wine-merchants, and the Dean's cellar was replenished. But though long-suffering, the good people of Ripon could not stand this. The Dean was remonstrated with; and the effect was, the bell again adorned the gable of St Mary Magdalen. The next spring, the swallows built as usual among the eaves, and when the nesting-time came, the boys climbed about the gable in search of eggs. One of them, seeing the bell-rope dangling, began to pull. No sound replied. Much amazed, the urchin climbed nearer. There was no clapper! In fact the bell was made of wood, painted to represent bell-metal. The story rung farther than the old bell had ever done, till, for very shame, the Dean was obliged to take it down, and it was placed in an old oak chest in the little chapel, where it remains to the present day, a monument of misdirected ingenuity.

✓ A FAR-TRAVELLED POST-CARD.

On the 24th of May 1878, a gentleman in Chemnitz, Saxony, made a bet that a post-card which he intended to despatch the same evening would travel round the world in one hundred and twenty days. The card was first addressed to the Messrs H. Gerbel & Co. in Alexandria, Egypt, where it arrived on the 4th day of June. From here it was immediately mailed to the German Imperial Consulate in Singapore, and reached there on the 29th June. The same day it was despatched to Yokohama, and was delivered there on the 14th July. Here, however, it was detained until the 31st July. It reached San Francisco on the 24th August, and New York on the 2d September. At one o'clock on the 18th of September the card was delivered to Mr Ludwig Ploss, the gentleman who had despatched it, in Chemnitz, and he had the pleasure of winning his wager. Before posting his card, Mr Ploss wrote on the back a polite request, in English, that each person receiving it would immediately remail it, cancelling the old address and filling in the next one. The different addresses were then given as follows: From the Messrs H. Gerbel & Co., Alexandria—1st, To Imperial German Consulate, Singapore; 2d, Imperial German Consulate, Yokohama; 3d, Messrs Murphy, Grant, & Co., San Francisco; 4th, Franz Hahmann, P. O. Box 1126, New York; 5th, Ludwig Ploss, Chemnitz, Saxony. This post-card has been photographed, and bears the embossed German stamp, a Japanese and two United States adhesives, and thirteen different post-marks. It is also in perfect preservation.

THE RUINED HAMLET.

SILENCE now reigns where once was heard
The varied sounds of human life;
The feelings and the thoughts that stirred
Each heart amid its cares and strife,
All that could move, or sad or gay,
Have, like a vision, passed away.

The crumbling walls, whose roofs of thatch
Time's ruthless hand hath tumbled down,
Are gray with mould and lichen patch—
For Nature ever loves to crown
Decay with life—and round them all
The clustering weeds grow rank and tall.

The stone seat by each cottage door,
Where gossip whiled the time away;
The oak, beneath whose branches hoar
Rose children's merry shouts at play,
Time's touch hath spared; but now the hum
Of those glad sounds will never come.

Each little plot of garden ground
Neglected lies, nor more are seen
Well-cultured plants and flowers abound,
With trimly tended walks between;
The hedgerow round the garden space
Nettles and tall weeds interlace.

Yet here is felt the solemn truth—
Though men and all their works may fade,
Nature, fresh in immortal youth,
Smiles at the ruin Time hath made;
And round me now her aspects shew
Fair as in ages long ago.

The birds sing in the forest glade;
And still within each leafy nook,
Where happy childhood careless played,
The wild-flowers blossom; and the brook
Its pebbled bed still murmurs o'er,
Just as it did in days of yore.

The magpie on the topmost bough
Of the tall fir-tree builds its nest;
And on the distant mountain's brow
Sunshine and gloom alternate rest;
The uplands and the verdant plains
Smile still as fair when Summer reigns.

But where are they whose humble lot
Was narrowed to this quiet scene,
Whose very names are now forgot,
Their only record—'They have been';
Who toiled contented, laughed and wept,
Lived peaceful lives, and soundly slept?

Came adverse times, and, forced to roam,
When striving hard to live was vain,
Some in the city found a home,
And some in lands beyond the main;
But, just a stone-cast from their door,
Within the churchyard many more.

Ah! mournful change, ah! vain regrets,
Memorials sad of vanished years!
Here, as the sun in glory sets,
My eyes are blind with burning tears,
To think thus all life's joys must wane,
Depart, and never come again!

GEO. DONALD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 789.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

SEEMING ODDITIES IN NATURE.

THE marvellous profusion and varieties of animal life give naturalists considerable trouble in the way of rigorous classification. Setting out on the principle that each living thing must belong to one or other of the divisions which have been arbitrarily formed, the result is far from satisfactory. Nature refuses to be bound by strict rules to suit any classification however learned and specious. The distinction laid down, for example, between beasts and birds, is in some cases very illusory. Nature beneficently introduces creatures on the scene which can be called neither beasts nor birds, but form a kind of combination of both. Some would describe this as an eccentricity, and that the animals so created rank as natural wonders. They are doubtless in a sense wonders; but all animated nature is wonderful, and we are not entitled to say that any living creature is an oddity, or something off at a side. We are to understand that nothing has been made in vain, or in a spirit of frolicsomeness. Each animal, small or large, from the crawling mite to the elephant, has its assigned use, and is provided with a form and faculties precisely adapted to its state of existence. When we seriously think about it, the subject is tremendous, overpowering. We are lost in awe of the Infinite Wisdom manifested in Creation.

These observations are not made as preliminary to a dissertation on natural history, but to point out an instance of a tribe of animals possessing that combined or half-and-half character which perplexes men of the Cuvier stamp, in their straining to classify everything according to some conventional standard. In any such combination there is obviously no mixture or monstrosity. The simpler plan has consisted in piecing on, as it were, some of the attributes of a bird to the general structure of a quadruped. This is conspicuous in the different species of bats, or *cheirop-tera* as they are scientifically called, from two Greek words signifying a hand and a wing. The designation does not by any means express the

true character of these very remarkable animals. They might more correctly be described as flying quadrupeds; some would say flying mice; for to such they have a considerable resemblance. Odd-looking as bats appear, they are a combination of beast and bird, so ingenious, so expressly calculated to perform their principally required function of clearing the air of night-flying insects, that nothing better could be conceived for the purpose. Let us present a few particulars concerning these curious creatures.

There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their part in different parts of the world, but they are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform, and to the climates in which they are located. The bat common in Great Britain is small in size, and known only as a harmless and peculiar autumn-evening flutterer in villages and barn-yards where its prey is likely to abound. In some of the English counties it is known as the Flittermouse, while in Scotland it is poetically celebrated as the Bankie-bird. Thus Burns refers to it in the opening lines of 'The Jolly Beggars'—

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bankie-bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast.

Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two at a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extended from the vertebra. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow-joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to the membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs, the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the

ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes help the thumbs in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs, and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Everything in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfil their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat-wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places, is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made, by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The exquisitely radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal physiology, or we might say in natural theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration. Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionality wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow, or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

It would seem as if some professed physiological inquirers would stick at no sort of cruelty in their assumedly scientific experiments on harmless and helpless animals. We have a notable instance of this inexcusable atrocity in an experiment said to have been performed by Spalanzani, an Italian naturalist who flourished towards the end of last century. He probably would have scorned to commit an act of wanton cruelty; yet in what he deemed to be the interests of science, but which we impute to nothing else than idle curiosity, he was guilty of an act that can be spoken of only with horror and detestation. Desirous to ascertain by what sense—hearing, touch, or sight—bats are able to avoid obstacles in the dark, he prepared a darkened room, in which he performed the following experiment, as described by Mr Jesse in his 'Cleanings in Natural History.' He hung up some cloths across the room, with holes

in them here and there, large enough for a bat to fly through. He had previously prepared some for this experiment by depriving them of their sight, and as much as possible of their hearing. On being turned loose, he found that they flew without the least difficulty through the holes in the cloths. It is inferred, that as they did not anywhere touch the cloth, they must have been warned of their approach to it by feeling the repulse of the air set in motion by their wings, and have distinguished the hole by no such reaction taking place.' We are by no means satisfied that this is the right explanation; for in avoiding strings stretched across a darkened room, bats must be guided by something else than the repulsion of the atmosphere. Be this as it may, the putting out of the eyes, and destroying the hearing of several bats, for an experiment of no practical value, was an act simply infamous. In the name of humanity, we must hold Spalanzani, however great a naturalist he was, to have been guilty of a base and reproachful action. In the present day, he would have exposed himself to a just prosecution for cruelty to animals. The time has come when under no pretension of serving the interests of science will the mutilation or other acts of cruelty on creatures claiming our sympathy and protection be tolerated.

Only one species, chiefly inhabiting the dense forests of South America, and designated the Vampire bat, is known to have a taste for blood. This appetite, like that of the gad-fly, is demonstrated principally in settling on the shoulders and flanks of quadrupeds, and with their teeth inflicting wounds that are apt to be troublesome. In the absence of animals to be attacked, natives sleeping in the open air are said occasionally to suffer from incisions in their feet or toes. Waterton, in his South American rambles, was exceedingly anxious to be bitten by the Vampire bats, and slung his hammock in an open loft for the purpose, without effect. The bats that fluttered about all night declined to meddle with him; but a native Indian lying near at hand suffered by the abstraction of blood from his toes. Fowls were likewise attacked, and an unfortunate donkey came in for a large share of attention. Vampire bats wherever found, are provided with sharp-pointed incisors, so arranged as to make a triple puncture like that of a leech; and as in the case of leeches, these bats might possibly be rendered medically available as phlebotomists. Their habits appear to have originated the eastern superstition of the Vampire, a troubled spirit that with carnivorous appetites preyed on living beings by sucking their blood during sleep, and which under the name of Ghoul figures in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the designation Vampire given to the poor bats was derived from the Vampire of legendary superstition. Anyway, the bats are guiltless of the hideous revelries we hear of in the old legends.

Viewed as strange creatures, neither exactly one thing nor another, bats possess strong characteristics of their own. For one thing, bats do not live gloomily aloof from each other, but form communities in which, we may suppose, they derive much mutual comfort. Some species are more gregarious than others; but on the whole, they indulge in the pleasure of living together in places away from other animals. They are to be found

in garrets, church spires, and caverns, where during winter they can socially suspend themselves by their claws to rafters or to the clefts of rocks. If the place be particularly suitable for their hibernating habits, they may be seen hanging in myriads with their heads downward, yet not so dormant as they seem; for upon any noisy intrusion, they will burst away like a cloud overhead.

In an American newspaper, an account was recently given by a gentleman of his visit to a cave in Texas of unknown extent, which for that part of the world might be termed the metropolis of bats. The cave, we are told, 'is entered by a mouth some thirty or forty feet wide by twelve or fifteen high, and the interior walls, of a hard bluish limestone, are perfectly dry. No crystallisations of any kind were discovered by the explorer, but the interior was perfectly alive with uncounted millions of leather-winged bats. Hanging to the walls and ceilings were everywhere clusters of these creatures, like bees that had settled, while the air seemed alive and vocal with the incessant hum of myriads in ceaseless and apparently objectless flight. Every evening, we are further told, the bats come forth to seek food. "First," says the narrator, "came a small detachment of a thousand or two, and after an interval of some minutes, the flight commenced by millions and billions. For two and a half hours the bat stream was incessant, filling the mouth of the cave completely; and on our way to camp we could see the undiminished stream of animal life still flowing, and looking in the distance not unlike long lines of black smoke from the chimney of a sea-steamer." At the first blush, a bat cave like this does not seem a very desirable thing for a man to have on his "home lot." But the shrewd Texan proprietor is of a different opinion. The floor of the interior was found to be twenty-five feet deep in a deposit smelling so strongly of ammonia, that forthwith a sample was despatched to the nearest analyst, who pronounced it to compare favourably with the guano of Peru. Here was an important discovery, inasmuch as the known parts of the cave are estimated to contain eighty thousand tons.' The last thing heard of is that the proprietor was busily sinking a shaft down to the main chamber, and receiving the congratulations of his friends on having fallen upon a mine of guano. We await with interest the practical issue of this strange discovery.

Besides being companionable in their seclusion, bats may challenge any living creatures for the care of their young. They shew immense parental solicitude. The female carries her infant bats about with her, covering them the best way she can in her cloak-like wings, and from time to time resting to suckle them. On these occasions the papa bat lends a helping hand. He watches over the mother and her charge, tending them assiduously, and nestling close to them, to impart warmth and protection. In some respects, therefore, the good conduct of bats might afford a lesson to beings of much higher pretension. Facts like these acting on the higher emotions, should materially qualify the ordinary ideas about bats. From their retiring and crepuscular habits, they can hardly be made pets of, like dogs or canaries. Nevertheless, as observed in their aerial flights, they are gentle and amusing; and instead of

being pelted, abused, and shot at, they invite our interest, compassion, and gratitude. As auxiliary to certain birds, they are of much service to the agriculturist and gardener, by keeping down the numbers of noxious winged insects. In particular, young persons, who are too ready to fall on defenceless creatures, should be taught that in the physical constitution of the often maltreated bats there are perspicuously demonstrated the wisdom and goodness of that ALMIGHTY BEING, 'who made and loveth all!' W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WATCHERS.

LONG MICHAEL, first-officer, according to modern euphemisms, of the *Western Maid*, certainly deserved his distinctive appellation, being immoderately tall, high-shouldered, lean, and lathy of build. Even in Kentucky his unusual height would have attracted notice, and the more so perhaps because of the apologetic and somewhat bashful bearing that was familiar to him, as though he felt himself to blame for the superabundance of his inches. He was nearer to fifty years than forty; and had a hardy weather-beaten face, that contrasted oddly with his mildness of manner, as he stood hat in hand in Captain Trawl's parlour.

'You're welcome, Captain,' said the grizzled mate of the steamer, as with indescribable awkwardness he made a sort of bobbing bow to his young commander. 'I've taken the liberty, ye see, to come up here, with Captain Trawl's good leave, to report the *Western Maid* ready for sea. We'm got the fires banked up; but we could get a goodish head of steam in a matter o' seventy minutes after signal.'

Hugh shook hands with his gigantic subordinate. 'I feel more than half-ashamed,' he said in his frank way, 'at the notion of giving orders to an older and more experienced seaman like yourself, the more so, as all this pilchard business which my kind friend Captain Trawl here was trying to explain to me, is just so much Greek to a newcomer such as I am. It seems hardly fair that I shall have to depend on your good-nature to teach me my work.'

Long Michael's honest face glowed with mingled shame and satisfaction, and he shuffled his great feet to and fro like a bear on a heated floor. 'No trouble, Cap.—none at all,' he returned, coughing behind his broad hand, as he looked benignantly down at Hugh from under the pent-house of his grizzled brows. 'Tain't possible now to get to know your bearings all at once when you cruise in strange waters, and our Cornwall coast and its ways must in course be puzzling to a stranger at first. I've been a Channel groper myself, I have, man and boy, for nearly forty year; and even in a fog I think I could feel my road about somehow; but that comes of practice.—Before winter and the wreck-weather come upon us, the skipper will be used to steamer and used to coast; won't he, Captain Trawl?'

Hugh's host assented to this proposition, remarking that the pilchard-fishing was a nice easy job to begin with, and that the new skipper was in luck to get afloat so early. As he spoke, he mixed a glass of 'something' for the mate; and Long Michael—ceremoniously prelude his draught by saying, 'Your good health, captains both—Yours,

Miss Rose, I'm sure!"—sipped the steaming compound with modest enjoyment of its fragrance. Meanwhile old Captain Trawl related how, so anxious had been the vigilance of the fishermen that day, that the very bugles of the coaches on the roads skirting the sea had been silenced; and that there had been an order given to postpone the firing of 'shots' in certain quarries that stood but a little above high-water mark, lest the precious visitants should be scared away.

'There be they that say,' observed the old seaman dogmatically, 'fish have no ears. Anyhow, a drum, or a gun, or so much as the squeak of a fiddle in a ship's foc'sle, is enough to head back the whole drove on 'em. And if pilchards fail, there'll be cold hearth-stones and children crying for hunger, in many a village from St Mary's to the Seal Rocks. They're a bit latish this year.'

Presently the mate said good-night, and departed, not, as he explained, to 'turn in regular,' but to lie down, waiting for the summons to action. He recommended his new commander to do the same. 'One of the lads'll run, once the cry's given, Cap,' he said; 'and 'twill be as well for the men's tempers—asking your pardon for the freedom—not to keep them waiting over-long.'

Hugh followed his lieutenant's well-meant advice, and lying down full-dressed on the spotless little bed with its snow-white curtains, slept as he had slept on many a night when the war-cry of the savage or the howl of storm-wind through the rigging was likely to awaken him, ready to spring up at the first call. But the pilchards were capricious, and Hugh's slumbers were undisturbed. Even at dawn, no cry burst forth from jutting crag or hill-top. The morning passed quietly away, and Hugh began to fret at the delay which doomed him to inaction. His own desire had been, as was natural, to go up to the Court at as early an hour as the habits of gentlefolks permitted, and to pay his thanks to his benefactress in person for the great kindness she had rendered him. But old Captain Trawl was strongly against his going up to Llosthuel. 'Suppose you to be absent there, my bo,' he said, 'and the cry to sound, and the *Western Maid* to be waiting for her skipper, and perhaps a thousand barrels lost through that. Even my Lady wouldn't like it.'

But at last, as the dreamy golden morning went on, Hugh could no longer endure the suspense; and he was in the act of sallying forth from the garden-gate, when a breathless lad in red shirt and flushing serge ran hurrying up.

'Cap'en Ashton! They want you, sir. Long Michael the mate bid me say they've signalled.'

Clear and distinct to Hugh's ear came through the distance the far-off cry from cliff and crag: 'Fish, ho!' 'I'll not keep them waiting for me,' answered Hugh. A boy can run better than a man; but it was all that the young apprentice could do to keep abreast of his young commander as they traversed the cobble-stoned streets and emerged upon the quay.

'Yon's *Western Maid*!' cried the boy.

There were vessels in plenty in Treport harbour, or in local parlance quay-pool, on that day, over and above the *Western Maid*. No steam-ships it is true, but a pack of fishing-craft, with red sails, brown sails, white sails, hastily getting ready for

sea, and being hauled and towed out of harbour, bronzed, black-bearded giants springing on board, women, striplings, and children buckling to the tow-rope. The *Western Maid* had steam up by this, and lay alongside the harbour'snorting like some angry crocodile in the Egyptian mud. Her crew were bustling like alarmed wasps, to and fro. There was no landing-stage ready, no gangway manned, none of the preparation which we see in passenger steamers. Hugh caught hold of a rope and swung himself on board, dropping from the quay to the deck more deftly than did the ship's boy who followed him.

'That's something like! Cap. be a sailor, I see that,' muttered several who saw the act, men and women alike; for women along that storm-beaten western coast are smart critics and severe judges of what a man who grapples with the all-devouring sea should be to make him worthy of such a foe. There was nothing, so far as the natives of Treport could observe, to object to in Hugh Ashton. A stranger he was, a 'foreigner' in local speech; no Cornishman, not of the 'one and all,' of the famous mining, fishing, wrestling county that was once a kingdom.

But that was the head and front of his offending; and once pardoned on that score, he promised to make friends rapidly on the strength of his own merits. That he was a gallant young man was clear—lithe, active, taller than any of his crew save Long Michael and one son of Anak, who however, was from Beer, of smuggling fame, in the bordering shire of Devon. 'Bustle about, lads! Clear away there! Take the helm, my man, will you! And you, boy, run below and tell the engineer to be ready to put her at quarter-speed till we're out of port!' ordered Hugh; and Long Michael, whose generous soul was aglow with pleasure at finding his young superior equal to the situation, seconded these orders with all the zeal he could muster.

'Wish ye luck, Captain!'—'Good-luck, skipper!' said twenty rough, and as many shrill voices from the pier, as the steamer glided out. Hugh waved his cap in reply. The sunbeams glinted on the young man's dark hair and proud handsome head, as he stood, gracefully and quite at home, on his deck.

'Looks as if he'd been born a skipper,' was the word in many a humble home that day when Hugh was mentioned. The *Western Maid* slid softly out to sea, the helmsman's main difficulty being to avoid fouling any of the red-sailed smacks that were creeping out of Treport, or making their slow way, like so many wet-winged moths, across the heaving sea, under the pressure of the tantalising breeze, that was not steady for ten minutes at a time.

'Cap,' said Long Michael, sidling up to Hugh, 'we'm safe out o' harbour, and that's thanks to you. Let me tell 'ee between ourselves, that if you'd rubbed a penn'orth of paint, or so much as rattled a block, off one o' them smacks, they'd have grumbled—men are that onreasonable. And if I'd stood by you, sir, and helped, they'd ha' grumbled then, and said: "Old Michael be a dry-nursing him to know the sea." That ain't true, Cap, for you've been long-voyage; hev'n't ye?'

'Long enough! Four months, once, whaling and sealing in the Antarctic Sea,' answered Hugh with a smile.

'But,' said Michael argumentatively, 'you can't know the Channel, and specially our pilcharding, without bein' taught, no more than I knows Commodore Johnson's Greek Dictionary, or whatever it is, by the right name of it. Now here we are blick out, ready to help; but we mustn't go too fast.'

'Why too fast?' asked Hugh, surveying the sea.

'Because,' the mate made answer, 'we're no more good by ourselves than a mill is, bless ye, when there be no grist to grind. We'm got no nets to shoot. All we can do, I reckon, is to help them that has. There's two ways we can do that. Take the boats in tow—that's one; but they're all loath to pay for that so long as there's a breath to fill the sails; and I can't blame them. T'other way is surest. We can tow nets inshore to beach, and get the pilchards landed, when, but for us, tons-weight of the shiny things would break away and get lost. But there's them as be mortal jealous of our steamers. Some of the free fishers be. Enterprisers be more so.'

In answer to Hugh's inquiries, Long Michael at once informed him of the existence of certain irregular associations on the Cornish coast called Enterprisers, the members of which were fishermen who fished in mison.

'Twarn't bad at the beginning,' explained the mate. 'The idea war not a bad one. The men ye see, Cap., had been ground down by the Jowders, and they was sore against them.—Yon don't know, sir, what a Jowder is. Well, I'm sorry to say he's a precious old rascal, that buys fish, and buys it on his own terms, having money in hand, and fishers none, and Jowders hanging together to keep down prices. So it was natural the owners of boats should wish to help one another and be free of the Jowders, and sell all at one rate, and get a smack out of bay in case of need, and be like brothers. But the Jowders—cunning old sea-dogs!—they bided their time, they did; and through having one man under their thumb, and lending to another, and what not, Enterprisers are obliged to bid them fair, they be.'

Long Michael went on to say that Jowders and Enterprisers were combined in a strong dislike to the steam-vessels of the Western Tug and Salvage Company; the former because their co-operation at critical moments tended to cheapen the price of fish; and the latter on account of that unreasoning jealousy which uneducated Labour has at all times exhibited towards Science backed by capital.

'There have been riots north-west way agin the use of steam,' Long Michael said; 'and though there's been none o' that among our chaps, it's best not to thwart their prejudices. If the shoals war to turn tail, and we be near, they'd lay all the weight of it on the *Western Maid*. So we'm better keep a good offing, Cap., until the pilehard drove be well inshore and every seine cracking with the netted fish; and then they'll be glad to call us to their help, and won't grudge the pay neither.—Yon's the lighthouse; and there, beyond the Point, that's St Mary's Bay. Once the shoal gets well in, their own pressure will keep them moving; and sometimes girls and boys from the beach can wade into the shallows, and get them in creels and caps and anything, they're that

thick.—Keep her away, Peter Mawgan, d'ye hear! —And I think the engines had better stop altogether; not the steam-head, though. We'll want speed when the hurry comes.'

SKETCHES IN THE HIMALAYA.

It is commonly understood that there is a considerable mortality among the children of the white population of India; but of late years this evil has been greatly reduced by the establishment of Sanatoria and 'Children's Homes' in the Himalaya Mountains. To the former regularly resort, at the commencement of the hot season when the plains are no longer enjoyable, those who can command the means of a residence in that vast mountain-chain familiarly called 'the Hills,' where civil and military stations are now numerous, and life is spent in a temporary round of amusements, unknown to the people of England.

Access to these sublime and beautiful regions is easy; and between the mountain-tops and the picturesque valleys, perpetual summer may be found. These mountain-homes of our countrymen are not only thoroughly enjoyable to the lovers of Nature's beauties, but they also enable them to reproduce the domestic life of the mother-country with all its homely joys; and in so genial a climate, a sound mind in a healthy body finds abundant opportunities of following the pursuits of science and of literature, in comparatively fresh fields.

Leaving Unballa early one morning at the commencement of the hot season, we rode across country to Lalroo, a small village, where we changed horses. Thence we cantered nine miles through a rich country, diversified by many pleasing bits of scenery, to the *dak* or staging bungalow of Bussi, where we again mounted fresh horses, and galloped forward to the village of Munnmajra, at the entrance to the pass of the Sewalic or outer Himalayan range, which towards its eastern extremity presents a sharply serrated outline, with an average height of about thirteen hundred feet.

Next morning we passed through this range—a distance of several miles—by tortuous water-courses and fragmentary roads, and entered the Valley of Pinjore, near the village of which are the splendid terraced gardens of the Maharajah of Patteala, a chieftain of the Cis-Sutlej States, whose miswerving fidelity to the British government during our wars with his countrymen the Sikhs, has been rewarded with extensive additions to his territorial possessions.

Here are innumerable fountains and artificial cascades, sparkling with the pure waters of the mountain-streams which feed them; *jets-d'eau* shoot aloft and adown the marble canals; whilst elegant pavilions of the same material afford the most charming retreats, where lulled by the murmurs around, in an atmosphere filled with the perfume of the rose, jasmine, oleander, and orange, the oriental sybarite, with his hookah and pomegranate sherbet, may conjure up waking dreams such as may have inspired the *Arabian Nights*. Now confronting the traveller, rise the bold bluffs of the outer range of the Himalaya proper, to an

elevation of about seven thousand feet; and putting spurs to our horses, a five-mile ride along an excellent road brought us to the small village and English hotel of Kalka, at the base of the mountain on which stands the military station of Kussowlie. The ascent is by a steep and tortuous road about eight miles long.

As we continue to ascend, the Sewalic range no longer obstructs the view of the plains beyond; and in the far distance may be seen the winding Sutlej, pursuing its way like a silvery pythou along the boundary of the Punjab. A sudden turn of the road carries us to the northern side of the mountain, and the station of Kussowlie breaks at once on the view; first the parade-ground, about an acre in extent, around which are the low flat-roofed barracks; and gradually the various bungalows of the residents, perched here and there upon every available scarped spur or ledge of rock, and surrounded by dark fir-trees (*Pinus longifolia*) and various shrubs, of which more presently. A stranger arriving during the dry season would not be aware of the splendid panorama, which a dusky haze obscures; but after a day's rain the magnificent scene is revealed in all its wondrous features. This station, one of the earlier established sanatoria, is named after the small hamlet of Kussowlie, which is situated in a valley below. From the roads which wind along the spurs of the mountain, the view looking north embraces seven distinct ranges, including the sublime Snowy Range, whose sharply serrated peaks rise to an altitude nearly twice that of Mont Blanc. In the middle distance lie the military stations of Subathoo, Dugshai (and the Lawrence Asylum); while farther off may be distinctly seen the *deodar* (Himalayan cedar, often a hundred feet high) crowned heights of Simla.

From about the 1st of May until the rains commence on the 15th or 16th of June, the aspect of these mountains is barren and parched, reminding one of sheets of crumpled brown paper; the foliage of the fir-trees is reduced to scanty brown tufts; the incessant hum of insect-life becomes tiresome; while occasionally the sun breaks forth with great fervour through the reddish haze. At night, thousands of fire-flies cover the stations as it were with glittering sparks, and not unfrequently one may hear the distant rumbling of thunder. But in the valleys the aspect of Nature, even at this season, is very different. Here, instead of fir-trees and the wild pear, we find magnificent walnut and apricot trees; and wherever a spring of water gushes from the cleft rock, one is generally sure to find the delicate Himalayan primrose, the dark-scented and pale violet, strawberries, and at certain periods of the year, yellow and white jessamine, St John's wort, wild-roses, azure rocket, flowering ferns, thickets of the crimson rhododendron, and gnarled oaks; besides a great variety of other flowering shrubs and plants.

One of these romantic little streams at Kussowlie has its source in a ferny cleft, shaded by willow and walnut boughs; while along its course the narcissus and iris, marvel of Peru, blue pimpernel, eglantine and musk-roses, grow in abundance; but although the spot seems to be in a state of nature, it may be questionable whether some of the plants just mentioned are really indigenous. The curious 'leaf-insect,' as well as the 'walking-stick' or

twig-insect, may be seen at Kussowlie, but more rarely than at the stations of Mussoorie and Landour, at certain times of the year. There is also a singular tree-beetle, which attaching a crooked instrument with which Nature has provided it to any twig which it wishes to cut off from the tree, spins its body round on this curious axis, until after a loud buzzing sound it falls, with the twig which it has sawn off, to the ground. These beetles at certain seasons are so numerous and active as to become a positive nuisance.

The north-eastern extremity of Kussowlie is bounded by a finely stratified peak, which rises sharply at the farthest turn of the road, and is understood to be the highest point of this ridge. It is called by the Puharries or hill-men, Kama Deva or the Mountain of the Hindu god of Love, Kama; but by the English residents, 'Tapp's Nose.' On the summit is a rude shrine of unhewn stones about two and a half feet high; and on the horizontal stone over the aperture there is a rude representation in relief of the god Rudra. (This deity or idol is sufficiently rare to be worthy of special remark.) Being interested by the discovery of a comparatively rare image, we made some slight excavations, and were able to trace the foundation of a more extensive building, and also the remains of a well; but in such a situation, for what purpose it was used, except as a tank, it would be difficult to say. This fine rock commands a magnificent view of the plains on the one hand, and of the inner Himalaya on the other. It is sometimes also called Monkey Hill, from the vast numbers of small brown monkeys that frequently resort to it; although it does not bear any herbage whatever but grass, and does not present any special attractions to the lower animals, unless we assume that monkeys are capable of appreciating the picturesque.

Europeans after but a short residence in the Himalaya, acquire a facility in even cantering down roads on their sure-footed mules and ponies which at first might have appeared only suited to the careful pedestrian. The widest of the roads connecting the stations are seldom more than about six feet broad, with rocks on the one hand, and a precipitous descent on the other. In some places however, the roads are so steep that precautions are necessary, at the slowest pace, to prevent the saddle slipping over the pony's neck. Occasionally, and especially after heavy rain, accidents occur to those who try 'short-cuts' by the *pag-dundis* or narrow footpaths used by the natives. How the celebrated Mohammedan invader of yore, after the sack of Delhi, managed with his wild hordes, laden with plunder, safely and rapidly to penetrate these mountains, and to leave no trace behind, in the short space of time which history records, is still a problem. They came and went like a flight of locusts; and the difficulty of their retreat can only be realised by one who has actually travelled in the few and tortuous passes of the tremendous barrier interposed between India and Central Asia.

Leaving Kussowlie at five o'clock, we used to consider it a fair average ride to reach Subathoo by seven, although the actual distance cannot be more than nine miles. Two-thirds of the way are occupied in the descent of the Kussowlie range, at the base of which a stream must be

crossed ; and after that there is a gradual ascent to Subathoo, which lies about three thousand feet lower than the other station. The station of Subathoo is, for a hill-station, comparatively flat ; yet it has been found necessary to build many of the houses on the lofty eminences surrounding it ; while a square native fort, flanked at the angles by round towers, has a picturesque aspect beside the low flat-roofed barracks. Beyond Subathoo, the road again descends. The bare rocks on which only euphorbiaceous plants seem to grow, present a forbidding appearance, which is increased by the grotesque forms of this genus of plants. At the bottom of the next valley, about five miles on the road to Simla, there is a beautiful and rapid river, which is spanned by an iron suspension bridge. Imposing rocks rise on each side of the stream, along the face of which, by blasting, a road has been made. About a quarter of a mile beyond this river is the uninteresting dāk bungalow of Hurrypore ; and beyond it the road is tiresome and monotonous.

On one occasion, although during the dry season, we were overtaken by a storm, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had observed heavy clouds gathering in the north-west, accompanied by the distant muttering of thunder. The darkness rapidly increased, and in half an hour more the storm burst overhead with astounding fury. Peal upon peal of thunder reverberated from rock to rock, and from mountain-top to valley, in rapid succession, accompanied by incessant flashes of lightning and wild squalls of sleet. Urging on our pony to its utmost speed, we soon reached the next staging bungalow at Synie thoroughly drenched ; and glad of a refreshment of milk and excellent wild raspberries. The storm had now died away. It was about six o'clock when the setting sun burst forth from a canopy of golden clouds with a startling effulgence. There was something solemn in the sudden and profound repose of Nature ; and the grandeur of this effect was much heightened by a magnificent and perfect rainbow completely spanning the valley before us, and dyeing the rocks at each extremity with its iridescent hues.

Leaving Synie at dusk on government mules, after a most fatiguing ride we arrived at Simla about ten o'clock, and proceeded at once to the *Pavilion Hotel*, when having had supper, conducted by a guide, we soon found the bungalow which we had rented for the season. On awaking next morning we were charmed with the situation of our new residence, which was perched on the top of a spur of the mountain, and commanded a fine view. The garden in front of the veranda was not more than twelve feet from the brink—not indeed of a precipice, but of a steep descent, the angle of which was so sharp, that any one falling over must have rolled down at least a thousand feet. In this small garden-plot there was a profusion of the loveliest pink cabbage-roses in full bloom. Over the amphitheatre of mountains directly in front one might see, through a gap, Subathoo and Kussowlie ; and in the extreme distance, the carpet-like plains stretching far beyond Umballa to the horizon's verge. Our bungalow was shut in at the sides by gigantic pines and cedars. Beyond these to the eastward, at a higher elevation, might be seen the bazaar ; and still farther off, the picturesque Jocko, dotted

over with Swiss cottages and bungalows. The station of Simla rose at the back of our house, and occupied the remainder of the scene.

The grandest feature in the scenery is of course the majestic Snowy Range, which rises from the valleys and lower ranges to the north of Simla in a stupendous mass, that at the first view is almost overpowering in its effect on the mind even of those who have travelled in the Alps. It is with difficulty that the mind realises such vast altitudes. Far above the region of animal life, these stainless peaks rise into the blue empyrean, so little of the earth earthy, that in the early morning, when first struck by the beams of the rising sun, before the latter have illumined their bases, which are lost in the gray blue of distance, they seem, cut off by the limit of perpetual snow, like a magic canopy, midway between heaven and earth. Sometimes at sunset, for a few minutes the Snowy Range assumes a roseate hue, which suddenly vanishes, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, and presents them in a silvery gray aspect—'distinct but distant ; clear, yet oh, how cold !' But it is in the moonlight that these awful solitudes seem most ghost-like, for at such an elevation there are no clouds ; and when the lower atmosphere is also clear, the effect is in the highest degree sublime.

But from the stations to the eastward, such as Mussoorie and Landour, the Snowy Range appears even grander than from Kussowlie and Simla, for from the former, the peaks above the sources of the Ganges and Jumna, beautiful in form, are conspicuous ; while farther to the east may be perceived, overtopping the range, the extreme point of Kanchinchnuda, one of the highest elevations on the face of the globe.

The aspect of these *hill* stations, as they are called, varies considerably. Thus while the noble cedars and pines of Simla and its sisters give a cold character to the scenery, the noble oaks of Mussoorie and Landour, garnished with beautiful ferns and epidendrons on their mossy trunks and branches, clothe the mountain-sides with the beauty of almost tropical vegetation. During the rainy season the atmospheric effects are quite magical. Thus when one is enveloped in rolling clouds which shut out the sunshine, a sudden break in the former will disclose some sunny spot, bright and green like a landscape painted in enamel, on some loftier mountain, near enough to be quite distinct.

One of the earliest harbingers of the rainy season is the gigantic adjutant bird ; and about the beginning of June these solitary storks may be observed standing like sentinels on projections of rocks facing the plains, at an elevation of between six and seven thousand feet. At this season the sudden changes from light to darkness and from darkness to light, the roar of waterfalls leaping a thousand feet and more in some places into the ravines below, and the beauty of the floral world, present combinations on so grand a scale that it would be impossible for the best of artists to give even the faintest idea of the whole. These effects in spring are even more remarkable, when amid the lingering snows, the crimson rhododendron rises like a pyre of flame, to the height of thirty feet and even more ; while the wild-vines and the white wild-roses, on wither-like stems, entirely envelop the largest

pear-trees with a profusion of blossoms. But it is in winter that these mountains are grandest, for it is then—in January—that the most terrific thunder-storms prevail, and the lightning illuminates the pathless snows away in the far distance. In the inky blackness of night, from Landour for instance, the whole of the sister-station of Mussoorie will suddenly be revealed by one brilliant flash; and the next moment, darkness the most profound shuts out even the nearest objects a few paces off, while the thunder rolls not only above and around but below. In winter however, there are generally but few Europeans resident in these mountains; for those who are not required to return to the plains, seek summer again in the enchanting Valley of Dehra Dhoon, which may be reached in an hour and a half; and whence, amid flowers and sunny gardens, there is a pleasure, with the aid of an opera-glass, in surveying one's late home buried in snow, and exposed to the fury of the elements, while we are enjoying the temperature of Italy, in the late spring; and picnics and sporting excursions in the neighbourhood with their endless round of amusement.

During 'the season' in the Himalaya, the gaieties are incessant, and the entertainments given by the wealthier visitors are generally on a princely scale. Balls, parties, picnics, shooting-matches, archery, and other games, rapidly succeed each other, and at these gatherings many marriages are annually 'arranged.' But although one might suppose that the English in these charming summer retreats were the most frivolous people on the face of the earth, there are always a few who 'love not man the less, but Nature more,' and who profit by the opportunities afforded, of making many valuable additions to our store of knowledge. Indeed amongst the officers of the Indian army are many excellent naturalists, unknown to fame, and also others whose scientific acquirements generally have not always been sufficiently brought to public notice.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY HELP.

CHAPTER II.

A LONG drive, as it seemed to me, from Paddington to South Kensington. My eyes grew tired of watching the shops; but whether I would or not, their glare attracted me, and I had to look at them while my thoughts were straying—Where? To those whom I had left at home, to their probable remembrance of me, now that I was reaching the end of my journey? Not so. I was thinking of my fellow-traveller, the one who had just wished me good-bye; and I felt considerably depressed as I recalled his look of disapproval when he heard my reasons for becoming a Lady Help.

I was at last approaching my self-chosen destination; and we drew up at a high, narrow, new-looking house not far from Earls Court Station. The man opened the door, and I stepped out. My heart was aching and beating with a painful quickness. Where was my resolution and spirit? My depression increased on being informed that the fare was five shillings. I paid it without

demur, and the cabby received it with a grin of satisfaction which he could not conceal. As I walked up the steps of Oxygen House I began to experience the wide difference there was between home without a farthing in my pocket, and London among strangers, with a half-crown and a florin in my possession. The cabman, pleased with his own good fortune, and perhaps touched by my youth and imbecility, said in a kindly tone: 'I'll see to your boxes, miss.'

'Thank you,' I replied absently; whereupon he grinned again in a pitying way, which was not reassuring, and proceeded to batter the door with the knocker, while I rang nervously, weakly. I heard some one run up-stairs; the door was flung open, and I was confronted by a grimy and pert-looking servant-girl, who evidently feeling puzzled how to address me, said 'Oh!' Then after a good stare: 'Step in, please.'

I did as she told me, and the cabman followed me with the luggage, which he deposited in the hall, and then departed with a bang of the door which made the whole house shake.

'You'll step down this way,' continued the girl. 'Missis is very sorry; but she and the young ladies was given tickets to the theaytre to-night, so they was obliged to go of course.'

'Thank you; it does not matter,' I responded, wondering when we should reach the bottom of the stairs. At last I was ushered into a small stuffy room on the ground-floor, with unwashed tea-things lying on the table, dirty boots strewn about the room as if waiting to be cleaned, whilst a tallow-candle stuck into a bottle displayed these novelties to my wondering eyes.

'We'll take your boxes up-stairs after a bit. I've scarce looked at you yet. Sit down; I daresay you're tired,' said my new acquaintance, whose name she informed me was Jane.

I took the only available chair in the room, while she planted herself opposite to me with her arms akimbo and had a hearty stare at me, then spoke, saying: 'Now I'll just tell you all about it; there's nothing like putting new hands up to things at once.'

I felt inclined to remonstrate, and plead that Jane was not the person to tell me my duties; but she was of a wilful disposition, and checked any attempt at speech on my part.

'You see,' she went on, 'I'm the General. Some calls it maid-of-all-work; but I prefer being the General. It means the same, but sounds better, you know. And you—you're the Lady 'elp.'

'Yes,' I faltered, with a groan and a smile.

'Well,' pursued the General, 'all the work in this house has to be performed by us two, that's clear; and between you and me there's enough of it. I was General in a boys' school afore I came here, and you mayn't credit me, but 'twas nothing to the work after these three young ladies. They're always a-partying and a-going out. It's a real wonder to me they're not worn out afore now; but then they eats well, and there's nothing like that

to keep you up. Now I shouldn't venture for to say so to them; but you are much more the lady, the real thing, to look at than them, with all their society and going out. Now, you are genteel.'

'I'm very tired,' I said, feeling rather disgusted.

'Never mind; you'll be better after a cup of tea. I kept the pot warm for ye. Ye see they think of nothing but what's the Fashion here, and that's just the reason they've got you. It was done all in a sudden. Miss Adelaide came home one evening and told her Ma that Mrs Smith-Jackson had a friend who knew Lord and Lady Something, and they was going for to have a Lady 'elp. So of course we must have one; and here you are.'

Yes; there I was. I could quite realise the fact. The inexhaustible Jane went on: 'They sits most of their time down here, as you may see by the muddle the place is in. Now just throw off your things; and I'll fetch you a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter, and perhaps you'll like a bit of cold bacon. There won't be supper till they come in, and I'm sure I don't know what to give them.'

'A cup of tea will do for me, thank you, Jane; and I wonder if I might go to bed; I would be up early in the morning to help.'

'Never mind about bed; I haven't laid your sheets yet. You can lie on that sofa, after the room is cleared a bit and them things washed up.'

I felt sick at heart, but roused myself. This would never do. I stood up, took off my hat and jacket, then turning to the General, said plaintively: 'You will let me have tea soon?'

'Yes, miss, I will,' she said, looking at me in a bewildered way, and leaving the room.

'She sees I am a lady, after all,' I thought with a sad satisfaction. Then I looked round the room for a book; but such a thing might never have existed, for all the trace, there was to be found of it at Oxygen House, at all events in that room.

'You have no books here,' I remarked, when Jane returned with my tea, which she set down on a corner of the table, having pushed various other things aside to make room for it.

'O yes; there are two somewhere,' she replied. 'They always takes *them* in;' and from beneath the heterogeneous mass on the table she drew forth two journals on Fashion. I seized them eagerly, and studied them while I drank my tea, remembering that I was to assist in costuming the Misses Porter.

Jane began fussing about the room, and soon renewed the conversation.

'The Smith-Jacksons have got a Lady 'elp too; but I've seen her. She's no more a lady than I am. *She* cleans her own boots. Now I had made up my mind that you should too; but now I've seen you I couldn't think of it. You're safe to please 'em; they wants a lady to teach 'em true manners; I heard 'em say so.'

'Oh, I shouldn't mind cleaning my own boots, Jane; I have done such a thing at a pinch.' I really pitied the poor General, who looked quite hot and tired with 'righting' the room, as she called it.

'I feel better now,' I continued. 'I will wash up the tea-things while you finish the room. You'll make up my bed; won't you?'

'O yes; I had just forgot,' she replied, bustling off. When she returned, she took me up to my room. It was at the top of the house, small and scantily furnished, with no fireplace, and but a small window. But it was to be mine, and mine only. When I had been left alone in that strange sitting-room, I was assailed with the horrible fear that I might have to share Jane's room. Had this been the case, I had determined to write to my parents with all contrition and beg for money to return to my home at once.

I came down-stairs again, thinking it better to see Mrs Porter that night in spite of my fatigue. I endeavoured to impart an air of neatness and comfort to the sitting-room, and suggested to Jane that she should lay the places at the supper-table, instead of leaving the spoons and forks in a bundle at one corner, the knives at another, and the plates heaped up in the centre.

It seemed very late when she informed me that we might expect the ladies in at any moment.

'These young ladies and the Missis,' said she, 'as often as not they brings a friend in to supper; that is if it's one they know well and can bring down here. But there, sometimes I've had to carry everything up-stairs all of a sudden, and light the fire.'

At last came a loud ring at the door-bell, which Jane flew to answer; and then I heard loud cheery voices, which as the speakers drew nearer, dropped into an audible whisper. I wonder if a *débutante* facing her audience for the first time, or indeed any one standing on the threshold of a great enterprise, ever felt more strange than I, as I rose to meet my employers. Mrs Porter entered the room first. She bowed to me with an assumed stiffness, saying: 'Miss Danvers,' and looked at me with an air of scrutiny; then she lapsed into what was evidently her natural manner, one of extreme urbanity.

'These are my daughters,' she explained with a wave of the hand.—'Now sit down, my dear, and make yourself at home—yes, quite at home; we agreed it should be so, you know.'

I murmured something, feeling more awkward than I had ever felt before.

'Now Jane, let us have a bit of something to eat; we shall get sociable over that.'

Meanwhile I quietly observed the Misses Porter. They were three fully developed damsels, varying in age apparently from twenty to twenty-five; a strong family likeness existed between them; they all had glossy black hair, dark eyes, and a good deal of colour.

We did not talk much at supper nor advance many steps towards sociability. When the meal was over, the girls withdrew into a corner, and carried on an animated conversation in whispers, interrupted now and then by giggles and exclamations. Mrs Porter invited me to draw near the fire, and commenced to talk. First of all she drew out of me all she could about my home and my reasons for leaving it; and in return she bestowed her confidence on me. The girls saw a good deal of company one way and another, got on well in society; they would all have 'something' when they married; she would like me to move in their circle; I should not find the work hard; and so on. It was not easy from this to form an idea of what my life at Oxygen House would be; I only knew that when I took my candle and wound my

way up to my attic bedroom, one word kept whirling through my brain, almost forcing utterance from my lips: *Vulgar, Vulgar, Vulgar.*

I had never met vulgar people before; but I had read of them; besides, we perceive this failing by instinct.

The following morning I rose early and found my way down to the room to which I had been introduced the previous evening. There I found Mrs Porter in a strange deshabille, busy making tea and coffee; and I heard the General frying something in the kitchen, which was opposite.

'Good-morning, Miss Danvers. I daresay you are surprised to see me this figure; but it is hardly worth while being smart in the morning, when one has to see to the breakfasts. My girls lie in bed; but they go out so much; fashionable people can't burn the candle at both ends, you see. I am glad to find you are an early riser. You can help me a good bit in the mornings, clever or not.'

I felt terribly shy when I started up-stairs with the breakfasts. Adelaide liked her egg boiled hard, Julia preferred it poached, and Amelia had a passion for timed delicacies. All these tastes were explained to me.

'You'll take Miss Porter's first, my dear; and please don't stay and talk with her; Jane often does, and then the tea I have poured out for the others gets cold, and I have to make fresh: and dear me, there seems no end to it;' and Mrs Porter sank back in her chair, as though exhausted by the idea of such a misfortune. As I went up-stairs carrying a huge tray, the postman knocked. A London postman's knock is startling to country ears, and I nearly dropped my freight; but I recovered myself just as Mrs Porter rushed eagerly into the passage to get the letters. I had to awake Miss Porter; and to my relief, she proved to be far too sleepy to embark in conversation with a stranger. The two other girls who occupied the same apartment, were awake, and seemed quite ready to be entertained.

'Can you dance, Miss Danvers?' asked Adelaide.

'O yes,' I replied; 'but I have not been to any parties for more than a year.'

'Oh, how dreadful! We are awfully fond of it. We could not live without it.'

'Yes; you could if you were obliged to,' I said.

'Indeed I cannot imagine such a thing,' said Julia with a shudder.

'It is very strange without Jane this morning,' remarked Adelaide; 'she generally brings us news about Ma's letters, or tells us the plans for the day. We must take you sight-seeing, Miss Danvers. Now do you mind running down to see what letters Ma has?'

No sooner had I reached the sitting-room door than Mrs Porter addressed me: 'My dear, would you mind just running up to tell the girls that Algernon' (she pronounced it *All-geruon*) 'is coming? He is'—here she nodded and winked. 'Ah, you must ask *Miss* Porter.'

I conveyed the said piece of intelligence to the three sisters, and found that Algernon was a cousin.

'Such a gentlemanly young man!' said Adelaide. 'Wait till you see him. He's well to do in the City. Sometimes he doesn't know where to throw his money, he has so much.'

'And he generally brings such nice friends with

him,' said Julia. 'But wait till you see him; and you must ask Amelia about Algernon.'

'I had better go and see if Mrs Porter wants me,' I suggested; for I did not feel interested in Algernon, and I had had no breakfast.

When I got down-stairs, Jane exclaimed: 'Why I do declare miss hasn't had a bite o' nothing all this time!'

Mrs Porter pressed numerous dainties on me. Though I had not much appetite, I was thankful to sit down—it seemed years since I had left home.

Having carried that terrible tray down-stairs, I assisted the General to wash up; then Mrs Porter said: 'Would you mind running up to the first-floor, Miss Danvers? Just put the sitting-rooms straight and the fires alight; by that time the girls will have brought down some of their evening dresses that we must do up.'

Was my heart breaking? Could I bear it? I asked myself, as I ran up-stairs, if I should ever rest again; and wondered what I should say in my letter home. Then a vision of that face which had looked sorrowful for me but yesterday came across me; I felt a lump rising in my throat, and I cried—yes, cried for a moment or so; then I recovered myself, did my work, and rejoined them.

The whole morning was spent in repairing evening costumes and arranging what I could do in the afternoon. At one time they talked of taking me out; but this idea was soon abandoned; they had shopping that must be done; besides they must call upon the Smith-Jacksons.

About noon a telegram came from Cousin Algernon to say that he could not come over that evening. The girls seemed a good deal disappointed; but Mrs Porter suggested that they should accompany the Smith-Jacksons to a concert at the Albert Hall. I brightened up a little at this, thinking that being very fond of music they might take me. But not a word was said about it; till just as they were starting, and I had run up and down stairs for the twentieth time, Mrs Porter remarked: 'It is just as well you are not coming, Miss Danvers; you look tired.'

This was indeed true, and I was thankful when they had really gone, and I could sit down and rest. Then I felt rather amused. The General came and asked me to remain up-stairs in the 'best' rooms, as her young man was coming to see her. She would tell me when he was gone. I readily complied with her request. How can I describe the delightful feeling of rest earned after a long day's work, such as mine had been! And ah! how swiftly my thoughts flew to my home, already viewed as a far-off Paradise; how lovable all the little failings of its inmates, which I had resented or turned into ridicule, appeared to me now! I was tired of needlework; and there was not a book in the house that I cared to read. I had simply nothing to do, no one to speak with. So I sat by the flickering embers of the fire, and began to think I had not been so wise after all in leaving home. I did not consider for a moment whether I had been right or wrong; I only thought of the matter as it affected my happiness. About nine o'clock, to add to my depression, a street-organ struck up a most doleful *Home, Sweet Home*, and my tears came again for the second time within the twenty-four hours.

Mrs Porter and her daughters returned a little

earlier than on the previous evening. The next morning was a counterpart of the one already described; and for the next few days my life and duties remained unvaried.

One Sunday afternoon they took me for my first walk in the Park. I did not care about it much, in spite of the motley crowd and the many amusing figures. I felt weak, and unable to enjoy life under any circumstances. But an event of that afternoon created a slight change in my circumstances. We met Mr Algernon Dykes in the Park, and he accompanied us home to tea. It is easiest said in a few words—this gentleman was seized with a violent admiration for me from the first moment we were introduced. He was rather below the average height, inclined to be stout, with dark hair and moustache. He was extremely fond of dress and jewellery, could talk a little on every subject, but was too fond of trying to extract jokes from all that passed. It became wearisome.

When tea was over that evening, I disappeared as usual to assist the General, who had been, if possible, working harder than usual all day. When we had finished our work, I seated myself by the fire. Then Mrs Porter appeared, and I saw at once that she had something of importance to say.

'Look alive, my dear. We are going to take you to church with us this evening. The fact of it is,' she continued confidentially, 'Algernon thinks very highly of you, and says it is a great thing for the girls to have you, and you must be with them as much as possible; and *he* knows what's what, I can tell you.'

'Really, he's very kind, I am sure,' I said, laughing heartily for the first time since I had left home.

'He says you're such good style, quite the thing. Now my girls dress well, but they have no style; Algernon says they want it terribly.'

'I don't know what "style" means, Mrs Porter,' I remarked.

'That's just it, my dear; that's the beauty of it. Now go and get ready.' I obeyed.

We went to St Mary Abbot's Church, and had some difficulty in obtaining seats. I was not pleased when I found that Mr Algernon had managed to get next me, while the rest of our party were scattered here and there. The sermon seemed to be preached at me and meant for me; it dwelt on the virtue of contentment, on being satisfied with the life God lays before us, instead of striking out new paths for ourselves, and attempting untried tasks for the sake of novelty. I need not say that I applied these words to myself; and I wondered if any other individual in that large congregation was so nearly touched by them as I was.

But all this was banished from my mind by an incident that occurred just as we were leaving the church.

A young lady in front of me said in a voice loud enough for me to hear: 'Oh, I have left my Prayer-book.'

'I will go back for it,' replied another voice, which sent the colour rushing into my pale cheeks. *It was the voice of my fellow-traveller.* As he turned to go back, he caught sight of me, started, and smiled. I wondered often during the rest of the evening whether it was only my fancy, but I thought he coloured too. After this we

were soon out and walking briskly up the High Street; the Porters joined some friends and were soon talking and laughing. I managed to fall back and walk alone; this was all I wished, that I might again and again recall that smile, and the face which I had already enshrined in my heart as an idol.

EVENTS THAT NEVER HAPPENED. ✓

ATTEMPTS of an instructive kind have been made to shew that, if slight circumstances had been other than they were, many of the great events of past history would not have occurred at all, or would have been so modified as to wholly change their character. The history of events that never happened is of course merely one mode of expressing a guess, a conjecture as to the probable result of something happening different from that which really did happen; but though only a guess or conjecture, it may possess value if well chosen and carefully traced out. Isaac Disraeli, in the early part of the present century, treated this subject in an ingenious manner; and Mr Lecky has done the same in his recently published work on the History of Civilisation. To our own columns the subject *if* is not new.

Suppose Xerxes had been successful: what then? Mr Lecky argues that the Greek intellect has been the great dynamic agency in European civilisation; that, directly or indirectly, it has contributed more than any other single influence to stimulate the energies, shape the intellectual type, determine the political ideals, and lay down the canons of taste for Europe as distinguished from Asiatic countries. But how easily might all this have been otherwise! If the invasion by Xerxes had been successful, and an Asiatic despotism established in Greece, it is difficult to imagine how Greek civilisation, poetry, art, influence could have survived. Yet he *might* have won the naval battle of Salamis, or the land battle of Plataea; for his ships and his soldiers greatly outnumbered those of the Greeks.

Livy presented an imaginary history of an invasion of Italy by Alexander the Great, shewing what *might* have happened if such an invasion had really taken place. He took a pride in the prowess and efficiency of the Roman legions, and was annoyed at the way in which certain Greek writers had insinuated that the great name of Alexander would have intimidated the Romans and checked their patriotic resistance. The historian entered into a parallel of soldier with soldier, general with general, strategy with strategy. He traced out an imaginary campaign, and shewed (to his own satisfaction at least) that his countrymen would have won, because the Greeks had only one Alexander, the Romans many. Livy and the Greek writers differed in their guesses as to probable results; but they all alike sought to grapple with events that did not happen.

A different strategy *might* have enabled Hannibal, after the terrible battle of Cannæ, to march

upon Rome and burn it to the ground. The Carthaginian general, as we know, gained this momentous victory somewhat over two centuries before the Christian era, killing more than forty thousand of the Roman troops. Had his march upon Rome been made, and made promptly, it is within the bounds of probability that the long series of important events which attended the formation of the Roman Empire would not have taken place; and a nation widely different in its position, its character, and its pursuits, would have presided over the development of civilisation.

Suppose Mohammed, the founder of Islam, had been killed in one of the first skirmishes of his career—what would have followed? There is no reason to believe that a great monotheistic religion, a military ecclesiasticism, would have been organised in Arabia, destined to sweep with the fanaticism of faith over an immense portion both of the Pagan and the Christian world. That system which has been maintained for more than a thousand years, and in three continents of the globe, would (as Mr Lecky contends) have been nipped in the bud. The early death of Mohammed was one of the events that did not happen; and it is open to us at anyrate to speculate on what might have been the history of the East, had accident removed the great ruler in early life.

Charles Martel, the titular mayor of the palace, but the real ruler of the Franks in the first half of the eighth century, had to contend against a formidable invasion of the Saracens, who conquered Bordeaux, crossed the Garonne, and threatened Tours. Charles Martel advanced, and defeated them with immense slaughter near Poitiers—the Saracen leader Abd-ur-Râhman being among the slain. Again and again they renewed their incursions, ending at last in their final defeat near Lyons. So disturbed was every part of the continent in those times by the intrigues and wars of kings, semi-royal feudatories, and aspirants for power; and the Duke of Guienne was so nearly balanced in opinion whether to aid the one side or the other; that if the first onslaught of the Saracens had not been checked at Poitiers, the whole tenor of European history might have been changed. Fancy has pictured that 'The least of our evils now would be that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Greek; while the public mind would have been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish university.' The victory of the Christians was only gained after several days of doubtful and indecisive strategy; had it been lost instead of won, Mohammedanism (it is contended) would certainly have overspread Gallic and Teutonic Europe. The event which did not happen was perhaps as trifling in itself as that which really occurred. 'The obscure blunder of some forgotten captain, who perhaps moved his troops to the right when he should have moved them to the left, may have turned the scale

against his general Abd-ur-Râhman, and determined the fate of Europe.'

Another event that might have happened, and changed the course of modern history in momentous particulars, would have been the earlier arrival of a certain papal letter. When the fall of Anne Boleyn was determined on, the pope proposed to Henry VIII. terms of reconciliation between the king and the see of Rome, so flattering as to have a fair chance of acceptance. But the letter containing this proposal came to hand too late to be of service; for Henry married Jane Seymour the very day after he had decapitated poor Anne, and was content to defy the pope as he had hitherto done. If the letter had arrived a day or two earlier, might not the course of ecclesiastical and national events have been affected in a marked degree?

Another course of proceedings in the same critical century is connected with the history of the rival queenly cousins, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. At a time when Queen Elizabeth was in ill health, and when mingled hopes and fears agitated the minds of her subjects as to the probable or possible results, the Countess of Shrewsbury desired her son to remain on the watch in London, with two good horses constantly ready to gallop off. If the queen died, he was to travel with the utmost speed to Edinburgh, there to announce the news to Mary Queen of Scots. Should this not improbable event (the death of Elizabeth at that precise period) have taken place, Mary Stuart would have been the heiress to the English throne, with the Roman Catholic influence of France powerfully influencing her conduct. But Elizabeth recovered from her illness, the son of the Countess of Shrewsbury did not make his hurried gallop, and the current of affairs flowed on in the course so well known to all of us.

The next following century brought about a crisis in the struggle between the two great religions of Europe. Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, after carrying on wars with Denmark and Russia for territorial rectifications, engaged with the Imperialists in what was really a religious war, Lutherans against Roman Catholics—a war in which Tilly, Wallenstein, and other redoubtable generals took part. Gustavus had immense success; his pressure on the Imperialists was becoming fraught with vast consequences. But a fatal shot ended his life at the battle of Lützen in 1632. Now comes the application of the theme under consideration. If the great Swede had survived that battle, in addition to having won it, a wonderful difference might have occurred in the effect upon Europe. The Reformation might have spread through Germany much more rapidly than it actually did. But Gustavus fell, 'the fit hero for a history which never happened.'

One generation later, and we find our own country engaged in a struggle which has influenced the destinies of England in a multitude of ways. If the battle of Worcester in 1651 had been won by the young Charles II. instead of by Cromwell, it would have been succeeded by other severe struggles, ending possibly in a permanent discomfiture of the Roundhead party.

Many and many a thoughtful mind pondering on the miseries produced in so many parts of Europe by the unbounded ambition of the First

Napoleon, preceded by the horrors witnessed in France during the Reign of Terror, has sought to show what might have been *if* so and so had not happened at the time and in the manner it did. The military despotism of Napoleon had as one of its producing causes the desperate character of the Revolution commenced in 1789; this Revolution was mainly caused by the miseries of the people and the profligate vices of those classes which ought to have given the tone to national life. It has been asked—Was there not a time when a better chance might easily have been given to the French in the second half of the eighteenth century? 'The breaking out of the terrible Revolution, prepared as it undoubtedly was by a long train of irresistible causes, might have worn a wholly different complexion had the Duke of Burgundy succeeded Louis XIV., and directed, with the intelligence and liberality generally expected from the pupil of Fénelon, the government of France. Profound and searching changes in the institutions of France were inevitable; but had they been effected peacefully, legally, and gradually, had the shameless scenes of the Regency and of Louis XV. been avoided, the frenzy of democratic enthusiasm might never have arisen; and the whole Napoleonic episode, with its innumerable consequences, would never have occurred.'

We have taken the above illustrations partly from Isaac Disraeli, partly from Mr Lecky; because both writers attach importance to the little word *if*. If some single incident had occurred which did not occur—an incident perhaps regarded as of minor importance at the time—a great course of events might have been materially affected for generations or centuries in advance. Should any students of history maintain that events *cannot* be other than consequences of preceding events, and that all proceed in accordance with a chain of laws—then there is a fair field of fight between the two bodies of reasoners.

In scientific discovery and mechanical invention, events that did not happen might so very easily and probably *have* happened, that it is often difficult to award praise in justly due proportions to those who deserve it. Palissy the potter made many years' experiments to discover the art of obtaining white enamel; he impoverished himself, and when he had no more money to buy fuel for his furnace or kiln, he broke up household furniture for that purpose: if he had listened to the reproaches of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbours, he probably would not have attained the brilliant success which brought him competence and fame, and gave an important stimulus to the manufacture of porcelain and fine pottery. If Mr Edison had not pricked his finger while experimenting on the telephone, it is by no means certain whether or when he would have invented his phonograph: the form of the little spot of blood, affected by the movements of a vibrating diaphragm, suggested a new idea which struck root in his mind. The history of chemical manufactures, if traced in detail, would tell of more than one instance in which the accidental boiling over of a pot, kettle, caldron, or other vessel—perchance involving some workman in trouble at the time for negligence—resulted in a discovery bringing fortune to manufacturers and great advantage to the public. If the intended

process had gone on as usual without accident, the world would have been the worse for it; and yet the difference between what did and what did not happen was very slight in itself.

GETTING A BARGAIN.

AN eccentric friend of ours, fond of picking up good bargains, on one occasion attended a sale of old military stores in Edinburgh Castle. A lot of twenty drums with their drum-sticks were offered at the rate of sixpence a drum. Such a chance was not to be missed, and at his nod the hammer fell. He had to hire a cart to take the drums away, and then remembered he had no proper accommodation for them; so he called an open-air meeting of the juvenile population and distributed his prizes among them, more to their delight than that of the older inhabitants, who were nearly driven distracted by the constant din of the spirit-stirring drum.

A more profitable deal in military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some six hundred rusty old helmets, that had long lain in the Church of St Irene, from the Turkish government at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despised martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions shewing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for twenty piastres apiece. Finding they went off readily at that figure he raised the price to thirty, then to forty, and finally to fifty piastres; until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like eighteen shillings per helmet; and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up for sale at the bazaars; and then the authorities waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from two to three pounds apiece, and thought they did very wisely—a proof they had made a shocking bad bargain in the first instance.

They owed their expensive mistake to not knowing what they were selling. On the other hand, certain enthusiastic young painters threw away their money and much of their time too, through not knowing what they were buying. They had heard that the secrets of a great artist's colouring might be learned by carefully peeling one of his pictures coat by coat, and resolved to try the experiment. Clubbing together all their available cash, they became the owners of a Madonna by Titian, and went to work with a will. Mr Leland—our authority for the story—relates how the eager seekers after knowledge laid the precious picture on a table, and removed the outer varnish by means of friction with the fingers, until they raised a cloud of white dust that set them all sneezing, and made them look like so many millers. They thus arrived at the naked colours, which had by this time assumed a very crude form, owing to the fact that a certain amount of liquorish tincture, as of Turkey rhubarb, had become incorporated

somehow with the varnish, and to which the colours had been indebted for their golden warmth. This brought them to the glazing proper, which had been deprived of the evidence of age by the removal of the little cups which had formed in the canvas between the web and the woof. The next process was to remove the glaze from the saffron robe, composed of yellow lake and burnt sienna. This brought them to a flame colour in which the modelling had been made. The robe of the Virgin was next attacked; and upon the removal of the crimson lakes, it appeared of a greenish drab colour. So they went on removing every colour in the picture, diligently dissecting every part, loosening every glaze by solvents, and at last had the ineffable satisfaction of feeding their eyes on the design in a condition of crude blank *chiaro-scuro*. Blinded by enthusiasm, they flew at the white and black with pumice-stone and potash; when lo! the bubble burst, and the Titian proved to be a farce, as something very rubicund met their astonished eyes, which proved upon further excavations to be the tip of the red nose of King George IV.! So much for the genuine Titian!

The shrewdest of men are sometimes taken in. Barnum wanting to be shaved, went into a barber's shop. The place was pretty full of customers, and anxious to save time, Barnum got an Irishman to give him his turn on condition that he paid for both. Next day he found Pat had made the most of the opportunity, the knight of the razor presenting the following little bill for payment: To one shave, twenty cents; to one hair-cutting, twenty cents; to one shampooing, fifty cents; to one hair-dyeing, one dollar; to one bottle hair-dye, one dollar; to one bath, seventy-five cents. Total, three dollars sixty-five cents. Barnum settled up, and turned the bargain to account by having a picture painted for his Museum, representing the Irishman as he appeared before and after he had passed through the barber's hands.

A defendant in a suit heard in the Bury County Court being questioned as to what had become of five hundred pounds left to him by his mother, answered that it had gone where it was owing. Pressed for further explanation, he said he had paid it over to an innkeeper, according to the terms of an agreement made between them, that the legacy, little or much, which his mother might bequeath him, should as soon as it was received be paid to the publican; the latter on his part undertaking to keep him while he lived, and bury him respectably when he died. Who got the worst of the bargain in this instance it is impossible to say.—The profit and loss on such contracts are liable to be affected by undreamed-of contingencies. An intemperate ne'er-do-well was persuaded by a sharp man of business to turn some property he held over to him, in consideration of receiving two suits of clothes every year, and an allowance of twelve shillings a week so long as he lived; his speculative benefactor calculating the dissipated rascal would soon drink himself to death. He was doomed to be grievously disappointed. As soon as the agreement was signed, sealed, and delivered, the wily fellow forswore intoxicants, and lived respectably to a ripe old age, leaving the bargain-monger and his trustees after him, with a balance, so far as that

speculation went, very much on the wrong side of the ledger.

Some eighteen months back, a London newspaper informed its readers: 'The two islands known as the Barker Islands, which suddenly disappeared a little while ago, persist in declining to be found. It may be remembered that a Tasmanian capitalist named Fisher bought from the Australian government the right to remove guano from these islands, and that he despatched three vessels for guano cargoes to the latitude mentioned; but when the ships arrived, no trace of the islands could be discovered. It was supposed that they, together with their inhabitants, had disappeared through a volcanic eruption. Mr Fisher had unfortunately paid for his guano in advance; and now that the islands are nowhere, the guano is in exactly the same place. The worst of it is that the Australian government does not seem to have the smallest intention of returning the money paid by Mr Fisher, who also lost a large sum in fitting out the vessels.' A perplexingly bad bargain for the capitalist!

The Tasmanian however, had the consolation of knowing that he was the victim of an abnormal catastrophe of which he could not be expected to have prevision; which is nothing like so aggravating as falling a prey to designing craft, as happened to the proprietors of an American magazine, who paid a 'humourist' ten thousand dollars for the exclusive right to the product of his pen for twelve months, but omitting to make any stipulation as to the minimum quantity they were to receive, had to be content with a solitary contribution.—Just such another contemptible trick was that played by Peter Pindar in making up as a man nigh unto death, thereby obtaining three instead of two hundred pounds a year for the copyright of his works; an annuity the hypocrite enjoyed for many a year after his verse found readers.

Tired of fruitlessly demanding the settlement of an account, Horace Greeley sent it on to a western attorney for collection, advising him he might keep half the amount for his trouble. Some time elapsed without his receiving any communication, but at last came this gratifying note: 'DEAR SIR, I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim; the balance is hopeless.' Having nothing else to pocket, Horace was fain to pocket the joke, and resolve to be more cautious in business dealings with strangers.—Through being over-cautious that way, a livery-stable keeper came off second-best. A wealthy German intent upon a day's outing, wanted to hire his best horse and trap; but not knowing his man, the horse-dealer demurred at trusting them in his hands. Determined to have his drive, the German proposed paying for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the other saw no objection; so his customer's wants were supplied, and off he went. He was back to time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go. 'Hold on!' exclaimed the dealer; 'you have forgotten to pay for the hire.' 'My dear sir,' was the cool reply, 'there is no hiring in the case; I have been driving my own horse and trap all day;' and he left the astonished man to his reflections.

Years ago there lived some miles from Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Foster, noted for

eating much and spending little. One day he took a wagon-load of butter, eggs, potatoes, and ready-dressed pigs to the city; and before he had been long in the market disposed of all his stock save one pig. Driving round to a tavern the landlord of which was wont to supply market-folks with a dinner for twenty-five cents, he sold his roaster to Mr Randolph for seventy-five cents, and departed to while away the time until the dinner-hour. Jerry was punctual to the minute, and found no one ready for the meal but himself, the landlord, and his wife. Just as they were sitting down, Mr and Mrs Randolph were called away, the former telling Jerry not to wait for them, but go ahead. Before him, nicely crisped and brown, was his own roaster, with plenty of potatoes, cranberries, turnips, bread and butter; and the farmer went ahead to such good purpose that when the host and hostess returned to the room, they found Jerry leaning back in his chair picking his teeth, complacently regarding all that remained of the porker—its bones. He never dined there again.

Mine host is not usually, like Armado, ill at reckoning, but he does sometimes meet his master. A soft-looking stranger inquired at a Portland hotel what they charged for board, and was told he would be lodged and boarded for ten dollars a week. 'That's reasonable enough,' said he. 'But I may be away a bit; what deduction will you make for that?' 'Fifty cents a meal, and fifty cents a lodging,' replied the landlord; and Jonathan concluded to stay. Sometimes he was at the hotel, sometimes he was not. At the end of three weeks the landlord presented his bill for forty dollars, which was met by another to this tune: 'Meals eaten, three—one dollar fifty cents; lodgings, seven—three dollars fifty cents. Meals missed, sixty—thirty dollars; lodgings missed, fourteen—seven dollars. Balance against landlord, two dollars.' Jonathan's arithmetic was peculiar; but the landlord was too astonished to criticise it; and seeing his perplexity, his boarder considerably remarked that he need not mind about the two dollars, he would take them out in board; an observation that so complicated matters, that the puzzled hotel-keeper cut the Gordian knot by insisting on Jonathan's departure then and there, as he felt it was impossible to keep even with such a customer.

A couple of Irishmen thinking to combine pleasure with profit by doing a little unlicensed trafficking in liquor on the Derby Day, bought a small jar of whisky and started for Epsom. Knowing they would want a drop themselves on the way, it was agreed that neither should drink without paying. They had not travelled far on the road when one drank a glass and paid his partner threepence; he followed suit, and handed the money back again. It was a dusty toilsome journey, and upon reaching the Downs, they were dumbfounded by discovering the whisky was all gone, and that although they had honestly paid for every dram, they had only threepence between them, as the final result of their speculation.—Worse luck than this waited upon another Irish pair, if we may accept as authentic the story from the States: 'Mike,' said Dennis, 'I'll fall overboard, and you jump in and rescue me, and we'll divide the reward, which'll be a pound apiece.' 'Agreed,' said Mike, as he floundered

into the water. Then, and not till then did it dawn on Dennis that he could not swim a stroke. He stood leaning over the rail staring at the place where his friend went in. Once Mike came up, twice Mike came up, and Dennis made no sign. A third time Mike came to the surface, and looking up at his fellow-schemer, faintly cried: 'Denny, av ye ain't mighty quick, it's only ten shillings aich we'll get for recoverin' the body!'

DUST AS AN EXPLOSIVE. ✓

WE have more than once drawn attention in this *Journal* to fires and their causes, and have endeavoured to point out certain rules for their prevention. Dust has hitherto been looked upon by tidy housekeepers and others, as simply so much unwholesome refuse which it is desirable to sweep away as it accumulates; but we will now proceed to shew, by quoting from an American contemporary, that accumulated dust is a highly dangerous as well as a disagreeable neighbour, and that to this cause may be attributed many of the fires the origin of which is 'unknown.' The notes, which we quote from the *American Exchange and Review*, are as follow:

'Since ordinary fire consists in the combination of the combustible body with the oxygen of the air, it is evident that in general the rapidity of the burning will be greatly increased by the degree of comminution of the combustible. Other things being equal, the finer the state of division the more energetic the combustion. The reasons for this are twofold—namely, First, the cohesion of the particles being partly overcome by the fine state of division; and second, the extended surface thus given to the combustible favouring its rapid union with the oxygen of the air. So powerful are these influences in increasing combustion, that many substances which in bulk are either relatively non-combustible, or are ignited only with considerable difficulty, are, when in a fine state of division, so very readily inflammable as to ignite spontaneously—using this word in the sense of combustion without the intervention of direct human agency. In some instances this spontaneous ignition is so rapid as to cause an explosion.

As an example of lessened cohesion influencing combustion, we may cite the case of iron. In large masses, iron burns or rusts but slowly; this rusting being a real burning—namely, a combination of the iron with the oxygen of the air. Iron filings burn with brilliant scintillations when dropped into a flame; iron in a finer state of division, as iron reduced from the oxide by hydrogen, can be ignited by a match like tinder. In a still finer state of division, obtained by the decomposition of the oxalate by heat, the iron is spontaneously inflammable when poured through the air.

Phosphorus in masses oxidises slowly in the air. Dissolved in carbon bisulphide, the subsequent evaporation of the solvent leaves the phosphorus in such a finely divided state as to render it spontaneously inflammable.

The fine condition of comminution of numerous materials, known as dust, affords various examples

of the influence of this condition of matter on the rapidity of its combustion.

Flour-dust—a name given to the very fine material which collects in various parts of flour-mills during the grinding of the wheat—has been found in a number of instances to possess the power of explosively igniting on the approach of a lighted candle, or perhaps by the passage through air charged therewith of an electric spark, produced by the friction of a belt on a pulley.

Explosions from similar causes have been known to occur in breweries. It is customary to raise the crushed malt from one floor to another by means of a series of cups revolving on a leather band. The casing which incloses the band is of course during the operation filled with floating dust, as is evident on opening any door leading into such casing, when a stream of malt-dust is shot out into the room. Now it has occurred, in a case cited in *Nature* for December 13, 1877, that in a large English brewery, that of the Messrs Allsopp, at Burton-on-Trent, a workman provided with an undefended light, shortly after the starting of some new works, on attempting to make an examination of the working of the leather band, was met, on the opening of a door leading into the casing, with an explosion sufficiently powerful to throw the band out of gear.

The publication of the above called forth the statement from a brewer, who asserts that no less than three explosions have occurred at his establishment from similar causes; so that it would appear that explosions from this cause are by no means uncommon. In one of these explosions the combustion was very sudden, and the flash quite sufficient to singe the whiskers of the operative causing it; while the force of the explosion was powerful enough to blow open the door of the engine-room, although the only communication between it and the place where the explosion occurred was a small hole, through which the shafting worked. The writer states that since he has taken the precaution of having a number of holes bored through the wooden box, to permit the free entrance of air, and so prevent the accumulation of the dust, no explosions have occurred.

From the foregoing instances it will be evident that no inspection of the smut-boxes of flour-mills, or of places where fine dust from crushed grain is thoroughly mingled with air, should ever be attempted with unprotected lights. Safety-lamps, of the same general type as those employed in collieries, alone should be used.

Carbon, as is well known, is one of the most valuable of our fuels, from the energy of its combination with oxygen. We might suppose therefore, that when this substance is finely pulverised, it would, like those already mentioned, have increased the power of rapid combination. We shall find on examination, that the facts of the case are in full accord with the supposition.

The power which charcoal possesses of condensing various gases within its pores is well known. This condensation is of course, like any other case of condensation, attended with the evolution of heat. If the charcoal be in a finely divided state, it will, if recently made, absorb oxygen so rapidly as to become spontaneously ignited. In the manufacture of charcoal for gunpowder, the charcoal is prepared by heating some dense hard wood, like dogwood or willow, in closed iron cylinders. After

cooling, it is then ground in mills, preparatory to being mixed with the sulphur and the nitre. Here then, we have freshly prepared charcoal in a finely divided state, and it is a well-substantiated fact that this material frequently ignites spontaneously on being removed from the mills. In some instances this ignition has been known to take place several days after the grinding. This however, is not the only instance in which charcoal in the condition of fine dust has been known to ignite spontaneously. Lampblack is one of the finest states in which carbon can be readily obtained in large quantities; and in this fine state of division, as might be expected, its ease of spontaneous ignition is very greatly increased. Cases have been known in which fires have occurred in manufactories of lampblack by the mere exposure of freshly prepared lampblack to air. Moisture appears to be especially active in determining the combustion. A mere drop of water, as of perspiration, or a small quantity of grease, will start a fire in a mass of the material, which will spread with great rapidity. The simple condensation of the moisture of the room on the window-panes requires, it is said, to be carefully looked after, lest, by igniting the dust settling thereon, it should cause a destructive conflagration.

One of the most interesting cases of the ready combustion of carbon in a state of fine division is perhaps the influence it exerts, when in the condition of fine coal-dust, in the destructive explosions of the gases in coal-mines. From the freshly cut surfaces of the coal, and from fissures in the veins of the mine, gas is constantly being evolved in large or small quantities, and (as we lately shewed while treating of *Fire-damp*) much of this gas forms, when mixed in certain proportions with air, a highly explosive mixture, which is ignited at once by contact with an uncovered flame. For this reason, as is well known, the necessity exists for the use of the safety-lamp of Davy, or any of its many equivalents.

TRANSLATION OF GOETHE'S 'HAIDEN-ROSLEIN.'

GREW a baby rosebud rare
 Lonely 'mong the heather;
 Morning was not half so fair.
 One looked long who, ling'ring there,
 Fain had looked for ever.
 Dainty, wayward, crimson rose;
 Rosebud 'mong the heather.
 'Sweet, I'll steal thee, ay or no!'
 Quoth he, from the heather.
 'Then I'll prick thee,' laughed she low,
 'Heedless, heartless—even so,
 Thou 'lt think on me ever.'
 Rosebud, rosebud; red, red rose;
 • Rosebud 'mong the heather.
 Willful wooers are not slow,
 Rosebud's o'er the heather.
 Thorns can wound till life-drops flow;
 In two hearts a weary woe
 Woke to slumber never.
 Rosebud, rosebud; red, red rose;
 Rosebud 'mong the heather.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 790.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

✓ SLEEP—SLEEPLESSNESS.

ALTHOUGH every one is familiar with sleep, and knows it to be a period of perfect repose, it is only within the present generation that any considerable progress has been made as regards the physiology of the phenomenon. Forty years ago the question, 'What is Sleep?' would have proved almost unanswerable. A writer on Physiology in 1835, says, speaking of the phenomena of sleep: 'Of these phenomena we frankly confess we can assign no physical cause that is satisfactory.' And again: 'The present state of physiology is so limited that we cannot assign any precise physical cause for the natural kinds of sleeping and waking, nor for their regular periods of return.' Since then, much has been accomplished; and we may at length attempt to point out adequate physical causes of those interesting phenomena with which countless generations have been familiar.

During sleep, the action of the lungs, the heart, and the stomach still continues, but in each case more slowly than during the waking hours. One great organ, and only one, appears at first sight to be completely torpid—namely the brain. In thoroughly sound healthy sleep, the sleeper seems sunk in absolute dreamless unconsciousness; the brain appears wholly and entirely inactive. This is however, not altogether the case. The difference between this and the other great organs of the body is one of degree only, not of kind. The brain does not cease its functions entirely. During life, in fact, that is impossible. Life consists in motion; hence a complete cessation of action on the part of any one of the great organs of the body means the stoppage of all the others and the dissolution of the system. The brain therefore, notwithstanding the lethargy and unconsciousness in which it appears to be steeped, exerts still a large amount of force. That fact however, being admitted, it is nevertheless plain that the brain is the organ chiefly affected, and the one therefore which demands especial study, if we would understand the phenomena of sleep.

Experiments have accordingly been conducted

with this object. Advantage has been taken of the necessity of trepanning in the case of human beings, and dogs also and other animals have had portions of the skull removed, and in each instance glass has been used instead of the usual gold plate to replace the bone. By this means the various changes in the appearance of the brain have been accurately observed. During the waking hours, the brain is seen to be full of blood, and presses with much force against the skull, insomuch that in those cases in which the portion of bone removed had not been replaced by any other substance, the brain protruded considerably. From experiments made in France some fifteen or twenty years since, it was observed that in the state of profound sleep the brain became pale and ceased to protrude through the opening in the skull, or press against the glass, as the case might be. It thus became evident that the unconsciousness of sleep resulted from a large diminution in the active circulation in the brain. And it was further noticed, that when the animal or person experimented on was observed to give evidence of dreaming, by movements of the limbs—barking in the case of dogs, or speaking in the case of human beings—the pressure of blood in the brain obviously increased. Thus proving that the partial activity of the sentient faculties during sleep, which we call dreaming, is really a partial resumption of the normal waking circulation of blood through the brain. In other words, when a person dreams, his sleep is not sound. He is partially awake. The curious feature in dreaming is that certain faculties being dormant, fail to control the imagination; the consequence being incoherent fancies, and shreds of remembrances tagged together in perplexing confusion. The imputing of anything serious to dreams is therefore mere idle folly. Whatever over-stimulates the circulation of the brain causes imperfect sleep, if not absolute sleeplessness.

Although sleep is a natural and involuntary state, it may be greatly promoted by maintaining a good state of health; by daily open-air exercise, or by riding or sailing with the face exposed to

the air; by having the stomach free from a heavy meal, or any indigestible substance; and by the mind being undisturbed with cares. Over-fatigue, indulgence in food or drink beyond what nature requires, want of proper exercise, and mental disquietude, are all causes of sleeplessness. Breathing in a confined or overheated apartment is also a not unusual cause of broken slumber. The temperature most suitable for sleep is about sixty degrees, which gives the sensation of neither heat nor cold, and admits of a moderate amount of bed-clothes being used.

The best posture for sleep is to lie on the right or left side, with the arms crossed over the breast in front, and the head well up on the pillow. The mouth should be shut, so that the breathing may be carried on exclusively through the nose. Some persons acquire a habit of sleeping with the mouth open, which causes the grotesque and offensive action of snoring. Going to sleep while lying on the back should be avoided, as, besides inducing the sleeper to snore, it is apt to cause disturbing dreams.

When lying down to sleep, the mind should be as composed as possible. Thinking ought to be guarded against, as productive of wakefulness. Those who, from nervous irritability, are habitually bad sleepers, resort to various expedients to secure the blessing of repose. One of the most successful plans consists in mentally repeating a familiar poem or psalm, so as to alter the train of thought, and hush the consciousness.

It is a well-ascertained fact that sleep begins at the extremities; the feet sleep first, and then the rest of the person. On this account, in order to fall asleep, we require not only to compose the thinking faculties, but to keep the feet still. The feet must also have an agreeable warmth. With a consciousness of this fact, the North American Indians and others who are in the habit of bivouacking in the open air when on distant expeditions, sleep with their feet towards a fire which they kindle for the purpose.

Certain drugs act as an opiate and produce sleep, when ordinary means fail; but these should never be taken unless by medical sanction. The practice of using opiates is most detrimental to health; and if persevered in, is ruinous to the constitution. Coffee and other beverages act variously on different individuals. They exhilarate some, and others they send to sleep. Tea usually acts as an exhilarant, by stimulating the nervous system, and should not be taken less than four hours before going to bed.

While it is ascertained that sleep is connected with the state of the brain, there remains the extraordinary fact that some persons possess the power of summoning sleep by an effort of the will. Napoleon Bonaparte is known to have possessed this faculty. During his campaigns, when no regular repose could be taken, he embraced opportunities of sleeping for a quarter of an hour, or some other short period, and of waking up exactly when the assigned period had expired. This subjection of sleep to the action of the will is in practice comparatively rare. More commonly, habit and predisposing conditions, such as darkness and quiet, induce sleep. There are occasions however, when, owing to great fatigue for example, an uncontrollable heaviness and drowsiness will cause a man to drop to sleep

in a moment even in the most uncomfortable positions and amid light and noise. But an attentive consideration of this invincible drowsiness, due to long watching or over-fatigue, throws great light on the primary cause of healthy sleep and of the periods of its return. We begin to perceive that the diminished pressure of blood in the brain is after all only a leading and important symptom of a general physical state; and in bringing about the condition of altered and lessened activity of all the organs which we observe during the period of sleep, some one organ must assume the initiative. And reflection assures us that this physical first cause is the nerve-force of the body which, centred in the brain, controls the whole system. Sleep is the means by which this force is recruited, no more of the force being expended than what is necessary to maintain the action of the involuntary muscular movements of the lungs, the heart, and the stomach.

On waking, the eyes are opened, one rises, one walks and works, one eats and drinks; and especially—in some cases at all events—one thinks. Every one of these operations, more particularly the thinking, involves an expenditure of nervous force, is a tax on the vital energy, and diminishes to that extent that fund of nervous force on which all the complicated functions of the body depend for their healthy exercise. After this great flow of and strain on the nervous force, there sets in an opposite and compensatory movement, an ebb and relaxation of nerve-force, and this produces the phenomenon of sleep. Of course it is possible, by means of stimulants or excitement, to counteract this natural reaction of the system, and for a time to ward off its result. But that only amounts to saying that it is possible to live on one's capital instead of one's income. Nature in due time will take her revenge. To maintain health, the expenditure of nervous power during the waking hours must be balanced and compensated by an equivalent proportion of sleep. Consequently we find that since mental work is more exhausting to the nervous energy of the brain than muscular exertion, even so must it be made up for by an increased amount of sleep.

We have now obtained, it may be hoped, a true picture of sleep, and the controlling physical causes of its wonderful phenomena. Physiology—no longer altogether ignorant or silent—explains the most marked and, at first sight, strange and inexplicable feature—namely the unconsciousness, by pointing to the pale and bloodless brain, free literally for the time from the pressure of the waking hours. Yet, whether the mind during sleep be as absolutely still and inactive as it seems to be, is an interesting problem. Most remarkable would it be, should it appear that during sleep, powers are exercised by the mind, of which there is no trace during the waking hours. And such is, we have some reason to suppose, actually the case.

Nothing is more strange than the inability of man during his waking hours to measure or estimate the flight of time by any mental effort apart altogether from the observation and aid of external objects. That one should wake after the lapse of the number of hours spent in sleep to which he is accustomed, would not be surprising; the nerve-force having been recruited by the normal

period of rest, again resumes its activity. But that one should be able to *limit beforehand* the duration of sleep, might seem clearly impossible, in view of our presumed inability to measure or keep count of the lapse of time. Suppose one were to lie down, close the eyes, keep awake, and without any aid from sounds, attempt to get up again at the expiration of two, three, or four hours; does any one pretend that the reckoning of time would be other than mere guess-work, or that the guess would be at all likely to be near the mark?

Yet there seems much ground to suppose that the power to do this during sleep is common to all, although more or less dormant in most. Servants and others whose usual hour for rising may be six, find little difficulty in awaking at five or four, or indeed at any hour that may be fixed on the previous night. In fact, by determining beforehand to wake at a certain hour, especially if it be on important business, any one may exercise the faculty. The writer of this paper is naturally a sound and even heavy sleeper; nearly all his life he has depended on others to rouse him from sleep at the hour for rising; habit therefore, as well as constitutional predisposition, was unfavourable to any limitation of the duration of sleep by an act of will; yet on more than one occasion, and it may be added much to his own surprise at the time, the writer has awakened precisely at a desired but very unusual hour. In such a case as this, one instance is as astounding as ten thousand. The marvel is not of number; but that while the waking man is so helpless in this regard, so easily misled by his emotions and the current of his thoughts, so little able to measure time aright, so dependent on external aid; the sleeper, unconscious, unheeding friends or foes, lost to all that is taking place around him, is yet able to measure—accurately now—the flight of time which he appears to have forgotten, and return at an appointed hour to the world which he was hardly conscious of having left.

There are doubtless other aspects of the psychology of sleep, and other problems arising out of a consideration of the subject, of great importance and interest; but none probably stranger or more worthy of study than this power of limiting the duration of sleep by an act of will.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER IX.—IN ST MARY'S BAY.

It often happens that sportsmen, with all appliances and means to boot, find the time hang heavily on their hands. It is not cheerful, the hour spent on damp heather, beneath a gray rock in the Highlands, before experienced Donald comes to pronounce that, if the wind does not shift and nothing happens, fifty minutes of penitential crawling among stony places may bring one within rifle-range of a browsing stag. Those half-hours spent beside the outer edge of a dense wood, within which the hounds give spasmodic yelps, and whence a fox may break in any conceivable direction but the right one, are the reverse of enlivening. And so it is, sometimes, in business. Hugh Ashton, for one, was bent on business. Yet it tormented him that the *Western Maid* lay so steady on the sea, gently heaving, but otherwise absolutely motionless.

In the Mediterranean the weather would but have harmonised with the scenery and the surroundings. There would have been the violet sea, the violet sky, the sharp outlines of the coast, the thin transparent air, bringing remote objects near to us, that some of us know so well. But in West Cornwall it was entirely different. There Nature's alchemy gave a blended haze of gold and silver and sapphire, of mist and haze, and brightness and shimmer, prettier, softer, more vague, than anything on which southern eyes ever rested.

Long Michael kept strict watch. The crew were eager and ready. The sooty gnomes below hatches were prepared to 'fire up' at a word; but for weary hours the word remained unspoken, and the pilchards declined to come in. Something—who could tell what—had frightened the scouts of the gleaming shoal, and the whole army, clad in silver mail, kept out in deep water and hesitated to advance. They might head back altogether. They might trend off towards France or Wales. They might hang for weeks about the Land's End, thinned by the multitudes of dog-fish and porpoises that tracked them as wolves track sheep, and then be broken up and dispersed by the rough weather of the equinox. Their presence meant comfort to humble dwellings. Their absence meant the pinch of poverty.

'Fish, ho!' They were coming closer in. The shrill cry from watchers who, with straining eyes, craned over crags and clung to projecting stones; a shrill cry that boded well.

Hours went by. Hundreds of red sails, white sails, brown sails, dappled the sea, and scarcely came a breath to stir them. There was a golden film like gilt gossamer over the softly heaving sea. There were, to artists, impossible effects of green and silver in the western distance.

While awaiting the call to activity, Hugh Ashton had time enough to inspect the vessel under his command. The *Western Maid* was a trim little steamer, only too elegant in her build and coquettish in her neatness, as some might have thought, for the humble sphere of her vocation. A tug-boat is usually a rusty, bluff-bowed little prodigy of useful ugliness, puffing volleys of Acherontic vapour from her stumpy smoke-stack, and churning up the waves with grimy paddle-wheels.

'All my lady's doing!' said the mate, in reply to Hugh's remarks on this point. 'She insisted that the Board should contract with a firm of famous ship-builders, instead of buying, as the rest wanted to do, a brace of cheap tubs, second-hand. And she keeps us as taut and smart as a recruiting-sergeant in his ribbons, just as she will have patent ploughs and steam-thrashers and improved drain-tiles on her property. Some folks grumble, but my lady does a mort o' good.'

It was evident that Long Michael was a loyal vassal to the autocratic Dowager up at Llosthuel. It was none the less manifest that he was a thoroughly good fellow, without an atom of malice or envy at the bottom of his honest heart. That he should resent a younger man's being put over his head, while he still remained mate of the steamer, would have been unjust, probably, but extremely natural. Such was not however, Michael's own way of regarding Hugh's promotion. 'I'm no scholar,' he said modestly; 'never

could get the pith and marrow out of a printed book. And, though I can scuffle along, I can't navigate, and never sailed foreign but once, when I was cabin-boy aboard a Plymouth barque out in the Azores for oranges. A mate's berth's the right sort for me.'

It was deep in the afternoon, and the sloping sun had flung a royal highway of burnished gold across the mysterious waters to the west, before a shriller scream than had been heard before came pealing from the cliffs. 'Fish, ho!' The cry was caught up, echoed, repeated, confirmed from crag to crag. Not a doubt of it, the shoals were coming in. Still, there was no hurry. The Armada of fishing-vessels lay motionless yet, as prudence dictated, until at length a fresh call, louder, wilder, more jubilant than before, rang out: 'In shore! Fish, ho!' And then there was no more silence, no more inaction. Every sail was trimmed to make the most of the faint breeze that blew in catpaws, ruffling the water, and then dying away. Out came the heavy sweeps, tugged at by sturdy arms, to force the lugger along through the still sea. Oar and sail did their best; but it was late; and the declining sun burned crimson in the distance, before the leading smacks were able to form in crescent order, and spread their acres of net for the insnarement of the finny spoil. Loud shouts from time to time resounded. There was little need for caution now. The fish, fairly embayed, could easily be cut off from their line of retreat to the depths of ocean.

Hugh, new to this animated scene, chafed at the delay; while the crew bustled feverishly to and fro, longing to join in the onslaught on the pilchards; but Long Michael shook his grizzled head.

'Wait till we're wanted, Cap.,' he said. 'There's chaps among the Enterprisers would find fault, and perhaps law the Company, if our very wash put a net awry. Plenty of work for all!'

At last, when the twilight was darkening into evening gloom, came over the waters the far-off hail: 'Ahoy! steamer! *Western Maid*, ahoy!'

'Now it's our turn, Cap.,' said Michael cheerily; and, with engines working at reduced speed, the steamer threaded her way into St Mary's Bay, crowded with sails of many colours. A picturesque scene it was. On shore, fires were burning brightly, and torches gleamed with ruddy light, and excited groups of workers ran hither and thither, or clustered thickly around the fires; for there is always work in plenty to be done before the captured fish can be stowed away, layer above layer, in barrels neatly headed, branded, and ticketed for exportation. The curing, the packing, and the conveyance of the spoil give employment for the time to many hundred people.

But the chief interest to Hugh's unaccustomed eye was in the spoil itself, in the live silver that leaped and struggled, striving to burst the nets; trying to slip through the meshes; and sometimes, by dint of sheer weight, breaking through the cruel toils that environed the glittering captives by myriads. There was hauling and dragging; there were orders hoarsely shouted; the bronzed giants in sea-boots and blue or red shirts, bending their brawny backs over the gunwale, have enough to do; the boys tug, gasping, at the ropes. There is much talk, some reproach, a trifling amount of

praise, and some strong language, since nobody at pilchard-fishing, as in a storm, picks his words.

Long Michael was the guiding spirit as concerned the *Western Maid's* share in the work to be done. Work that must be done, like Ariel's spiritings, gently. Well done, nameless engineer below, whose fine touch played on the levers that kept the *Western Maid's* throbbing heart of steam precisely at the right speed, stopping now, stealing on a pace, and anon forging ahead, just as a skilled organist brings out the powers of his instrument! Well steered, helmsman, whose dexterous hand and watchful eyes were never for an instant idle! And well managed, honest Michael, to whom it would have been so easy to discredit his young chief by the negligence of a moment, had there lurked a spark of malevolence in his honest mind, but who had never been so careful that no shadow of blame might attach to the repute of the steamer, as on the maiden day of Hugh's new command!

The steamer had helped, and helped well, to further the work of that evening. Overgorged seines, full to the throat with struggling fish, had been by her gentle but resistless force drawn to shore. Smacks lying helpless on the still sea had been by her towed into snug stations. And Long Michael, exact in business matters as he was careful in affairs of seafaring, had got from every boat's skipper the due acknowledgment that would enable the Company to claim what was fairly owing for help in time of need.

At length the work was done. The last of the weighty nets had been dragged heedfully over reef and shingle to dry land. The packers and curers were as busy as flies around honey. The fires blazed. The dark figures of those who toiled around them flitted to and fro across the patches of flickering light like images of a magic-lantern. Suddenly in the glare of the torches appeared a group of sight-seers, at once distinguishable by their garb and bearing from the bulk of those around. There were several ladies and two or three gentlemen.

'Quality, no doubt come down to see a sight worth looking at, as happens most years when the day's a fine one,' said Long Michael. 'Yes, yon's my lady herself in front—Lady Larpent, I mean,' he added, thinking that Hugh had not understood his words. But already Hugh Ashton had caught sight of the graceful girlish form at the Dowager's side, and he had scarcely eyes or ears for any other sight or sound than Maud's face, Maud's voice. Hugh sprang into a boat, one of several boats that were alongside the steamer, and in a minute was on shore. Lady Larpent smiled and nodded with unaffected pleasure as the new commander of the *Western Maid* came up to offer her his thanks for her generosity, and to explain the reasons which had prevented him from already presenting himself at Llosthuel.

The Dowager, who like most of her sex, was much influenced by external advantages, acknowledged to herself that the young man looked singularly handsome as he came up to meet the party from the Court, and that he played the difficult part of being grateful without a touch of servility, very well. The gold-laced cap that he lifted in salute became him well when it rested on his dark hair and broad forehead. The boys Edgar and Willie were demonstrative in boyish fashion, as to their welcome. Maud was very

silent; but she put out her little hand, by a quick impulsive feeling, for Hugh to take; and Sir Lucius frowned till his dark brows met ominously as he noted this.

'A picturesque spectacle,' said the Dowager, looking around her. 'I have often seen it before; but to some of us, to my niece in particular, it is a novel sight.' Then Lady Larpent proceeded to say that it was growing late and dark, and that there was a long homeward drive in prospect, and presently the party from the Court returned to the carriages in waiting near the beach. 'I shall be happy to see you, Mr Ashton—Captain Ashton—at Llosthuel to-morrow, if you can find the time to come,' said the Dowager graciously. And so the carriages drove off. And thus did Hugh Ashton and Maud Stanhope meet again.

THE YORKSHIRE PENNY BANK.

PENNY BANKS are of recent origin. The earliest, as far as we have heard, began at Leeds, in Yorkshire, in May 1859. As the name imports, the object was to promote the deposit in a bank of so small a sum as a single penny, and thereby encourage saving habits on the humblest scale. The idea took amazingly. So successful was the Yorkshire Penny Bank, as it was called, that in April 1860, it had already fifty-eight branches opened, and the deposits had accumulated to nearly eighty thousand pounds. We wish to make known the nature of the undertaking.

The Yorkshire Penny Bank is not in any sense a commercial undertaking for the sake of gain; it is an association founded solely with the following objects. First, 'The receiving deposits for safe custody and investment, the keeping and investment of the same, and the repaying the amount with interest to the depositors.' Second, 'The doing all such other lawful things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.' It follows of course that there are no dividends, bonuses, or divisible profits; indeed any such motives are at once emphatically prohibited in the association's Board of Trade license. In short, it is simply a great mission formed for the purpose of inculcating thrift upon the poorer classes in the vast county of York, within the area of which, by its name and its use too, its operations are confined; or to be accurate, a latitude of ten miles beyond the county is allowed. Officially described, the association is a 'Joint-stock Company,' being limited by guarantee; that is to say, no shares are taken up in it; but a certain number of gentlemen have given their names as security, so to speak; and by signing the articles of association, have guaranteed an amount, which is placed opposite their names. In the event therefore, of any untimely end or liquidation of the bank—which however, is not feared—these members are liable to be called upon to pay the whole, or such part as may be required of the sum they have made themselves responsible for. There are at the present time upwards of one hundred such members, although the number can, if desired, be increased to five hundred. Among these guarantors—as they are officially styled—we notice a host of honourable and distinguished names, many being dukes, marquises, earls, judges, privy-councillors, &c.; and with such strong support one would only

be surprised if the institution did not flourish. In 1877 the bank had a reserve fund, invested in government securities, amounting to more than twenty-eight thousand pounds, which had accrued from an accumulation of profits after all working expenses and interest on deposits had been cleared, added to the original subscriptions of the guarantors; the income thus derived being now the primary fund for paying salaries, rent, commission, and other expenses incurred in the carrying on of the business; current profits being only used to defray the balance of such expenses. The principal of the fund is as far as possible kept intact.

The head office of the Yorkshire Penny Bank is at No. 2 East Parade, Leeds; and the county is divided into thirty-nine districts, each having one or more branches; the total number now established amounting to nearly five hundred. The largest is the Leeds district, which has about seventy branches; and the Halifax and Bradford districts come next in point of numerical strength. Each district has a treasurer, and generally also a banker; while every branch has an actuary and several managers, numbering never less than two. There is an allowance of ten shillings per cent. per annum on the amount belonging to each branch, made to cover the expenses of managing the branches; and also one shilling for every hundred transactions—that is, deposits and withdrawals; and these allowances are generally given to the actuary as a slight remuneration of his services. But the managers give their services and time gratuitously to the mission, being actuated by motives of pure philanthropy and charity. The whole of the extensive system is under the direction of a general manager, aided by a sub-manager and a staff of paid officials. The accounts are periodically thoroughly investigated and audited, and are presented to the annual general meeting of directors held at Leeds, usually about March.

The great aim of this institution being, as already said, to inculcate thrift and the spirit of saving upon the minds of the poorer classes in the county in which it has been established, it follows of course that all the rules and regulations are accordingly based upon the principle of affording every facility and assistance for the accomplishment of so praiseworthy an object. Deposits of any amount from one penny upwards may be made; and there are no restrictions as to withdrawals, for which, as regards the branch banks, a week's notice must be given for sums not exceeding five pounds; and a fortnight's notice for all larger amounts. In the case however, of the central bank at Leeds and those places at which daily banks have been opened, depositors are allowed to withdraw their money to the extent of twenty pounds without any notice at all; and those depositors who have a balance of twenty pounds or more standing at their credit, may withdraw their money by cheques under such restrictions as the Board of Directors may deem advisable to impose.

Interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum is allowed on deposits of one pound and upwards which remain in the bank for the period of one calendar month or more; but no interest whatever is allowed upon smaller sums or on deposits of less than a month's duration. It is also in the power of the directing Board to open investment

accounts for sums of not less than fifty pounds, which must remain in the bank not less than three calendar months, on which interest at the rate of three and a half per cent. per annum is allowed, such deposits being subject to one month's notice of withdrawal.

Having thus briefly glanced at the system and organisation of this astonishingly successful county institution, it would be unfair to leave the subject without turning our attention for a few moments to the results achieved. We are loath to introduce figures into a paper intended for popular reading, but we cannot refrain from giving the following, because they tell such a wonderful tale of what can be done by a private enterprise in a 'mere county,' albeit it is the largest in the kingdom. The last Report to which we have had access, namely that for 1877, records 791,873 as the total number of deposits in that year; being an increase of 71,802 over the deposits of 1876. The amount deposited was L.650,714, 17s. 9d.; giving an increase of L.187,911, 7s. 3d. over the previous year. The number of withdrawals was 104,335, and the amount L.513,738, 8s. 5d. There were 100,158 open accounts at the end of 1877; and the total amount standing to the credit of depositors at the end of that year, L.811,685, 13s. 1d. This was the largest increase of the bank's business in any year since its establishment, and is the more satisfactory from its having been effected with comparatively little exertion on the part of the officers of the institution; for, said the Directors, 'It is not now, as formerly, that your officers have to travel over the county persuading gentlemen to open branches; the Penny Bank system has become a recognised institution; and those who are desirous of training up the young in habits of prudence, forethought, and self-denial, now readily avail themselves of the opportunity held out by the branch to foster and carry out these commendable duties.' We have only to add by way of figures that L.5520, 10s. 2d. were made as profit in the year 1877, and carried according to the rules to the Reserved Fund Account, thereby raising this fund to L.28,099, as previously stated. And now turn we to the moral effects and influences of the bank.

The cardinal principle of the Yorkshire Penny Bank—as pointed out by Colonel Akroyd, ex-M.P., its chief founder we understand, and present President of the Directors—is *to help the poor to help themselves*; and in this great aim we have every reason to believe it is admirably successful. Dr Samuel Smiles cannot but be thoroughly gratified by this most practical illustration of his popular work *Self-help*, afforded by the fruitful results of this missionary institution, which might appropriately take the title for its motto. But besides its success in impressing upon the poorer classes of the immediate neighbourhood in which its most useful and beneficial work is carried on, the inestimable benefits to be derived from thrifty and saving habits, the Yorkshire Penny Bank does a world of good in what may be termed an extraneous sphere. It brings many individuals of the community closer together, gives them an object of common interest, and creates between them a bond of sympathy that otherwise would probably be lacking. It tends too, in a very material degree we believe, to soften and tone down the rougher element of the poorer classes

amongst which the operations of the bank are prosecuted; and not only so, but it likewise appears to unite families more closely, and awakens that honest pride, that self-respect, or better still—as the French so aptly term it—that *amour propre* which is necessary for the success, the respectability, and the general welfare of any community.

Such influences as these are the more apparent in the country districts, where everybody knows everybody. Mr Peter Bent, present general manager of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, who is not only an indefatigable and adroit worker in that capacity, but also appears in the character of a close and keen observer of class temperaments and idiosyncrasies, seems to agree with us in this respect, and remarks that in these districts 'everybody knows when John Brown buys a pig, or when little Jemmy Short gets a new Sunday suit, or Sarah Smart gets a new bonnet and shawl or dress, &c.; and they have a shrewd guess, if not an actual knowledge, how they have got them. "Doesn't ta kuaw," one woman will say to another, "he's been saving money it benk?"' And we fancy this very cognizance of one another's doings tends very greatly to spread the good work; for the knowledge and indeed ocular demonstration of the substantial benefits and comforts being derived by those who are 'saving money it benk,' create a fine spirit of emulation amongst those who have as yet not begun to save in any way.

Were we to attempt to record instances of the good that has been felt and done through the agency of this Penny Bank, we might easily run into more than a sheet of this *Journal*; but far from doing this, we have only space to say that such cases as a father being maintained during a long and tedious sickness *without parochial assistance*, by the bank deposits of his sons and daughters; a mother being decently buried by the savings (ten pounds) of her son; a poor man, by means of his bank savings buying himself *the first top-coat he had ever had*; parents putting by a shilling a week in order that their only son might have something when of age—are only two or three out of the host of illustrations on written record of the self-denial, the thrift, and moderate frugality which the Yorkshire Penny Bank has engendered amongst the humbler classes of the county it takes its name from. Its influence has also been used to good purpose in helping to smooth down 'class asperities,' as Mr Bent terms them, especially in the branch districts, for there the managers have excellent opportunities of saying kind words to or making gentle inquiries about the depositor or his family; which words we may be sure are always taken home and treasured by the circle.

It may be thought by some that the institution of Post-office Savings-banks tends to lessen the usefulness of the Yorkshire Penny Bank; but this is not the case. The figures we have already given prove this; for although at the time of the establishment of the postal banks, grave doubts were entertained as to whether there was any further necessity for the Yorkshire institution, the existence of the two concerns is not prejudicial to the interests of either, nor have they been found to clash in any way. The postal savings-banks offer the greatest convenience and accommodation

to those artisans and work-people who are of a migratory disposition, inasmuch as they can deposit or withdraw money at any of the more than five thousand Post-office banks now established throughout the United Kingdom. The Yorkshire Penny Bank reserves to itself the special duty of teaching the young of both sexes the habit of saving, and its attendant blessings; and also affords a convenient receptacle, brought close to their homes, for the savings of adults. The two institutions thus work smoothly and peaceably side by side; and so far therefore as the advantages, influences, and general good briefly mentioned above are concerned, we can create no ill-feeling in heartily wishing continued success and prosperity to the philanthropic work of the Yorkshire Penny Bank. Let us hope too that our brief account of the work may not only evoke admiration as to its results, but may also excite a spirit of emulation in other counties of this populous country, and that benevolent-minded gentlemen may be induced to follow in the steps of their Yorkshire compatriots by organising similar penny banks.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY HELP.

CHAPTER III.

MATTERS went on much in the same way for about a month. I was often taken out sight-seeing and visiting when Mr Dykes was of the party; and as he generally brought two or three young men with him, the girls were well pleased, and amused themselves to their hearts' content, except perhaps Amelia. But I did not care for these expeditions, and often longed to decline them from sheer fatigue, having plenty of needlework and much running up and down stairs. Besides, I daily dreaded receiving a proposal from Mr Dykes, and had only managed to avoid it so far by the greatest vigilance. At last I found a way out of my difficulty. Amelia gave me a strong hint that people should keep in their places and mind their work. The remark was addressed to the luckless Jane, but was so palpably meant for me, that I willingly took it to myself, and firmly declined any further indulgences. I went on with my daily duties mechanically, not even having the energy to think of fresh plans. There was just something that reconciled me to staying on in Kensington—the hope of seeing that face once more, the face of my fellow-traveller. But the hope proved delusive, and I grew weary-hearted.

Christmas drew near, and a wild longing for my home took possession of me. In my innocence, I thought that every one had Christmas holidays, and that my employers would give at least three weeks; but I soon learned that I was mistaken. When Mrs Porter paid me my three months' salary, I made my request; but was told that she could not possibly spare me just then; they were going to have grand doings, in fact a ball in the house, and my assistance would be invaluable. I chafed a good deal under my disappointment; but sought consolation in sending a few presents to my needy sisters at home.

Bessie's answer ran as follows:

AMBLESIDE MANOR, December 16.

DEAREST ARNIE—You send us visible and welcome proofs of your success, but do not tell us

enough about yourself; you never do. We want to know whether you really like the life. I hope you are not suffering from neuralgia, and that you look well. We were dreadfully disappointed to hear that you could not come home for Christmas; we had ever so many surprises and treats in store for you. First of all, I must tell you that Honeywood Chase is tenanted at last; a Mr Medway took it some time ago, and his coming has brightened us all up, I can assure you. I am so thankful that papa made up his mind to call on him. He lends us lots of music and books, and there are nice people staying at the Chase. We go there a good deal, Clarice and I. His old mother is staying with him now; but we hear he is going to be married. This is a pity, for we had arranged a little romance: you were to come home and marry him, and become the lady of Honeywood Chase. Then everything would have been *couleur de rose* for ever after. But I must not tantalise you with all this, and thank you again for our presents.

There is some talk about Mr Medway's procuring an appointment for Basil. He is evidently a philanthropist, and has turned his benevolent efforts in the direction they are most needed—that is, towards the gentlefolks, who have the wish, but alas! not the means to attain honest independence. I must say good-bye now. Everything goes on much the same.—With love from all.
Your affectionate sister,
BESSIE.

I put the letter away with a sad indifference. Indifference is mental loss of appetite, and its effects are most depressing. I began to wonder why I had lost the power of entering into little interests; but the perpetual: 'Miss Danvers, would you do this or that?' drove meditation to the winds.

One cold bright morning at the end of December, when, for a wonder, the whole family had assembled at the breakfast-table, Mrs Porter laid down a letter she had just been reading, with a sound something between a sigh and a gasp.

'Why does Algernon always write to you, you wicked mamma?' remarked Adelaide, stealing a glance at Amelia, who endeavoured to appear careless and dignified, but only succeeded in looking perturbed and cross.

'All our plans are upset,' exclaimed Mrs Porter, in a tone that suggested tears.

'How? Do tell us. Give it to me;' and Julia snatching the letter from her mother's hand, soon made us acquainted with its woful contents.

Mr Algernon was obliged to go to Paris on business the very week in which they had determined to give the ball, and the only alternative was either to put it off indefinitely or to give it at once.

'That is out of the question,' exclaimed the girls. 'We have not decided upon our dresses, nor arranged the invitations; in fact no preparations can be made in such a short time.'

'A bright idea has just struck me,' said Amelia, after the first burst of dismay was over. 'Have a small hop now, and put off the ball until Algernon's return; and meanwhile, mamma, we might really spare Miss Danvers for a short holiday.'

'Perhaps Miss Danvers will not care for it now?' said Adelaide, partly to watch the effect

of her words on Amelia, who was evidently most anxious for me to go.

'I should like to go home above all things ;' to-morrow, if convenient, I replied ; 'and if you really want me to help with the ball, I will return for it ; but I do not intend to dance this winter.'

'Really? How very odd! We cannot allow that. But we will leave it until the time comes. At any rate, I suppose we must allow you a holiday if you are so bent upon it,' said my employer in a patronising way.

'Well, I suppose one thing is certain,' remarked Julia—'we are in for a spontaneous hop.'

'A what?' I exclaimed, laughing heartily at the apt phrase, and nearly upsetting my tea.

'A spontaneous hop,' repeated she with a giggle. 'That means a dance to-morrow night, or next night, say.'

'Oh, I see!' I replied in quite a cheerful tone, for the idea of going home had quite revived me.

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of the great Algernon himself in alarmingly good spirits.

'Girls!' cried he, 'we must have some fun to-night. Aunt, you must knock up some refreshments. Ask the Smith-Jacksons, the Murrays, half-a-dozen other girls, and any dancing-men you know. I'll make up the complement. We'll have one of my celebrated spontaneous entertainments to-night.'

'To-night!' we all exclaimed in amazement.

'Yes; to-night. You do not manage things in this way in the country; do you, Miss Danvers?' he asked with a self-complacent air.

'No, indeed,' I answered.

'Why, she did not even know what a spontaneous hop meant!' remarked Julia.

'Ah, I hope soon to make her acquainted with all its details,' said Mr Dykes, gazing at me in an admiring and confidential manner, to my great annoyance.

'You will have to make her change her mind,' said Adelaide; while Amelia moved on to the sofa and took up *Punch*, which peeped out of the pocket of Algernon's huge ulster.

'May I?' said she, holding it up playfully.

'Certainly; I brought it for you; and this for Miss Danvers,' he said, drawing a *Graphic* from another huge pocket.

'You are very kind,' I said; 'but really I have no time for reading; I must run off to my work now;' and I handed it to Adelaide.

'We will look at it now, and you can have it in the train to-morrow,' said the two younger girls.

'Train! What do you mean?' demanded Mr Dykes sharply, as I moved across the room.

'Miss Danvers is going home to-morrow,' said Amelia in a tone of ill-concealed triumph.

'Then you must promise me one dance this evening,' he exclaimed eagerly, planting himself before the door to prevent my egress.

'You place me in the awkward position of refusing you; I do not intend to dance,' I replied, relapsing into my usual reserve.

'What can I do to persuade you; do tell me?' he asked, looking puzzled and deeply mortified.

'No persuasion could induce me to alter my mind. I like dancing; but in my present position I prefer not to join in it.'

'I know what it is,' said Amelia; 'Miss

Danvers thinks that our friends are not good enough for her. We are not so high up in society as she is; there is no denying it.'

I blushed to the roots of my hair. I could not contradict her.

'You are unkind to say such things, even if you think them,' I cried.

'Yes; I must say it is not fair play,' said Algernon, coming to my assistance, for which I mentally thanked him. 'Shew her she is wrong, by giving me a dance,' he urged.

'Very well; but that shall be my only one during the evening,' I replied, fairly driven into a corner, and much exasperated. My usual morning routine finished, I was sent up to the drawing-room to work at some evening attire, and to arrange a head-dress for Mrs Porter, while they all went out to give the invitations and to order some refreshments for the evening. Mr Dykes had disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

'What do you think, mamma?' Adelaide exclaimed as we were partaking of a hurried lunch. 'Algernon is going to bring some swell with him to-night.'

Exclamations of surprise came from all.

'He forgot about it, but told me the last thing. He is a Mr Dennison, just come into a large fortune. I am not joking: he is really a gentleman. Algernon wants us to have everything as nice as we can.'

'Now, Miss Danvers, do you feel inclined to change your mind?' said Mrs Porter in a tone which shewed me that she had really been vexed by my determination.

'If you had all the peers of the realm at your party, I should still be your Lady Help, Mrs Porter,' I replied.

'Well, well; I can't pretend to enter into other people's feelings, of course,' said she; 'but it seems to me nothing can prevent your being Miss Danvers, or Miss Arnadine Danvers. I'm sure the name's grand enough to speak for itself. But "Live and let live" is my motto; and now you can come and help me cut the sandwiches.'

'There!' said Mrs Porter, when our task was accomplished. 'I hope these will be good enough for Master Algernon's grand friend. I never saw such a fellow to get on as that boy; he is certainly making his way in the world.'

Much as Mrs Porter loved her daughters, I had already surmised that she cherished a still deeper affection for her nephew, and that it would pain her less that Amelia should be crossed in love than that he should be a rejected lover.

When I made my appearance that night in by no means elaborate evening dress, I was greeted enthusiastically by the two younger girls.

'O Miss Danvers, how nice you look! You must dance. I must have a pattern of that dress of yours to-morrow.'

The guests were expected to arrive every moment, so I answered shortly: 'Don't tease me about the dancing, and I will cut the pattern out for you to-night, before I pack up.'

Julia, who sometimes seemed really fond of me, put her arm round me and gave me a hearty kiss, saying: 'How nice you always look, and yet you do not seem to know it a bit.'

'I'm glad you like my dress; I was afraid you

might not think it grand enough. And now I must run off and see if the tea is all right.'

Dancing had commenced with some vigour when I joined the party about an hour later that evening. Mr Dykes had arranged that our dance should take place towards the end, and I looked forward to it as to an ordeal. A good-natured looking widow was playing as I came in, and it was a pleasure to hear her. Her time and style were perfect, and yet she lingered over the most bewitching strains of the valse as only a musician can. I took possession of a vacant corner near the piano and began to watch the dancers. I soon attracted the attention of Mr Dykes, and to my surprise, directly he saw me, he rushed away from his partner and disappeared into the other room. When he returned, I perceived that he was coming across to me accompanied by another man. I did not look up, for I was angry. I was to be worried into dancing after all.

'Miss Danvers, may I introduce Mr Dennison?'

I looked up to bow, and the next moment I had almost started out of my chair. I tried to compose myself, trusting and hoping that I did not look so confused as I felt. In Mr Dennison I beheld my fellow-traveller!

He did not ask me for a dance nor did he make any commonplace remark, but simply sat down by my side, and regarding me with a quiet triumph in his eyes, said: 'I was beginning to think that you would never appear.'

'Why should you expect me to appear?' I exclaimed. 'I was never more astonished than when Mr Dykes introduced you.'

'But I have known where you lived ever since I left you at Paddington. Your address was on your bag which I took out of the carriage.'

'But you are not a friend of Mr Dykes?' I asked with more curiosity than politeness.

'Not a friend exactly, but I know him; and I happened to be in his office early this morning when he was inviting some young fellows to come here this evening. He was not able to make up the number; and I saw that he would not object to my company, so I offered to come.'

Neither of us spoke for a second or two; then the low sweet music of one of Waldteufel's vales summoned the dancers once more. My companion gazed into my face with that intense look which seems to command and to entreat, simultaneously.

'You will dance with me?' he said.

'No; I cannot,' I replied.

'Do you not know how to dance?'

Feeling rather foolish, I told him of my morning's determination.

'May I say just what I like to you?' he said.

'Yes; please do; perhaps you may help me.'

'Well, putting the present question aside as immaterial, I think you have made a mistake from the first. You have accepted a false position, and have chosen to employ the lower instead of the higher attributes of your nature.'

'Yes; you are right,' I answered sadly. 'I have often felt all this, though I could not have expressed it, even to myself. Do you think I ought to have been a governess, instead of a Lady Help?'

He smiled. 'I doubt if you were justified in taking upon yourself to be any one but yourself; but as you suggest, the office you hold here might be filled by a woman of far less education than

you possess. It is not right that you should lock your brains up in a box, and perform the work that hands without brains might do. Do you see what I mean?'

'Yes. But was I not right to try and earn some money?'

'Not unless you were obliged; and that, you told me in the train, was not the case. I will lend you Kingsley's *Life and Letters*, and you will see what he says about the duties that lie nearest.'

'I should certainly like to read them; but I am going away to-morrow for my holidays; I may not see you again.'

'Are you going home to-morrow?' he exclaimed in a tone that betokened real delight; and he seemed about to add more, but checked himself; and I, watching his countenance, wondered to see it change so suddenly from grave to gay.

'Yes, I am really going home; but I should like to have had the book,' I said; 'I shall have plenty of time for reading at home.'

'Are you sure of that? Will there be no winter gaieties to engross you?'

'Oh, I believe there is to be a ball at Honeywood Chase; but that will not make much difference to me.'

'Do you not care for such festivities, then?'

'I do not know; everything seems indifferent to me now.' As I spoke, my eyes met his, and I feared lest they had betrayed to him the secret of my indifference to ordinary pleasures. The colour rushed to my cheeks, and I began to play nervously with my fan. He rose, took my hand, drew it through his arm, and led me into the other room. Here we were met by Mr Dykes, who informed me that he should claim me for the next waltz, so I knew I was only to have a few minutes more with Mr Dennison. A vague feeling of regret seized me, for I feared that after that evening I might never see him again, never more listen to his counsel, nor feel gladdened by his smile. Perhaps I might look back to this evening of my life only as the aged do to the brightness of their youth. Still these sad presentiments were overpowered by the actual delight of his presence as we stood arm in arm silently watching the dancers. Then I went off for my dance with Algernon, which I enjoyed after all, for he really waltzed well. What followed was not so pleasant. 'I think I may as well scratch my name off, Miss Danvers; I haven't a chance,' said he despondently.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Oh, directly that fellow asked to be introduced to you, I knew which way the wind blew. An old friend, of course. Did you know he was coming?'

'You are mistaken, I assure you,' I said. 'I met Mr Dennison for the first time the day I travelled up here; I shall probably never see him again. I did not even know his name until you introduced him to-night.'

'That does not surprise me. He has only lately taken the name of Dennison, since he came into some money. He has bought a fine estate somewhere in your part of the world. Well, Miss Danvers, you have my best wishes; and before long I may ask for yours when Amelia'—

'I wish you would not talk in this manner. I hate it.—Oh, I am so glad I am going home to-morrow!' I exclaimed involuntarily.

'Yes; I've said all along you were a step too high for us.'

'Oh, I'm sure I did not mean that; but you provoked me, Mr Dykes.'

'Well, never mind. Sit down and rest now; and I daresay you will not have to wait long for some one to talk to.'

This vulgarity alarmed as well as disgusted me, for I feared lest Mr Dennison should overhear it; fortunately he was not near enough to do so. I sat there for about an hour, feeling myself to be proud, ill-tempered, and miserable; for Mr Dennison was dancing, and in my heart I longed to be dancing too. My spirits sank still lower when he came and wished me good-bye. I longed to say: 'Shall I ever see you again? Is this the end, which I feel to be but the beginning of life?'

He handed me a scrap of paper. 'I have scribbled down one sentence of Kingsley's which struck me forcibly when I read it; perhaps it may be useful to you. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' I said mechanically. I had half-hoped he would have sent me the book, and that it would have been a means of future communication with him; but I was disappointed, and he left me without another word.

I now pleaded an excuse to retire. I was really fatigued, and had to start early in the morning. As soon as I was alone, I unfolded the paper, and read as follows: 'The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.'

These words spoke to me strongly of the mistake I had made, as did also my dearly bought experience; and I resolved to inform Mrs Porter that it was not my intention to return.

I was really sorry to say good-bye to them all in the morning; and although I had spent the most miserable hours of my life under their roof, my happiest moments had been spent there also—only a few hours ago. They heard of my determination good-naturedly, and seemed pleased when I offered to come and see them as a friend some day. On the whole, they had treated me with great kindness, and their ways and manners were those of their own class. I had laid myself open to annoyance by needlessly stepping down from my position to assume that of a Lady Help. Such an individual must always be an anomaly. Moreover, I had conjectured that my help was to be given to ladies who would work with me; but instead of this I had been chiefly employed in assisting the General.

Poor General! She shed bitter tears at parting with me, but brightened up at the last, saying: 'It won't be slaving for me much longer, miss; for Joe's got the driving of one of them Hammer-smith buses with the white horses, so you'll find me "General" in a little home of my own when you comes again.'

They all accompanied me to the station; and at the last moment Mr Dykes appeared on the platform with a huge bouquet of exquisite flowers, which he presented to me. As I waved my adieux, and the train slowly glided out of the station, I saw Amelia Porter disappear on the arm of Mr Dykes, and said to myself: 'All's well that ends well.'

I did not find myself the all-engrossing object of interest that I fancied I should be when I got home, for they were all in a high state of excitement about the ball at Honeywood Chase. It was to be on the following Thursday, and I had but little time to prepare for it. I did not even announce my intention of not returning to the Porters; and in the general bustle I escaped questioning, for which I, in my cowardice, was grateful.

'You look thinner and older,' said Bessie, as we gathered round the fire in the same room where, so short a time ago, I had taken upon myself 'to shape my own destiny.'

'London is very different from the country,' I remarked vaguely, turning away my face, for fear a conscious expression might be written thereon. How little they knew that the whole world, every little trivial thing had been altered in my eyes! I was no longer the same Arnadine who had sat in that room when the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees; I had commenced a new inner life; I had awakened to fresh thoughts, keener aspirations, and above all and beyond all, I had learned to love!

'Well, Arnadine, I never thought you would have come home from London without a gown fit to wear at a ball,' said Clarice, who was eagerly turning over a book of fashions.

'I don't think she wants to go at all,' said Bessie.

'Why should you say so?' I retorted, with a sharpness produced by a painful consciousness that she was speaking the truth. 'You seem to think that I take no interest in anything; but it is only natural that I should not be so excited as you are about this ball. I do not know, nor care to know, this man with whom you are so infatuated; he is too good-natured. I hate people who are always lending you things—stuffing their good-nature down whether you want it or not.'

'But we do want it; and we like it; and so will you when you get a taste of it. But perhaps you will refuse game at dinner to-night, because it came from Honeywood Chase.'

'Well, don't let us quarrel,' I said with a gulp; 'and I will do my best with that white muslin.' I suppose it will do?

'Have you told her?' called out Basil, poking his head in at the door.—'Have you heard, Arnadine, of the honour that awaits you?'

'No. What is it?' I asked, somewhat aggressively, looking from one to the other.

Upon this Basil came in, and perching himself on a chair, asked with a bantering air: 'Have you seen any one you like better than yourself during your absence, Arnadine?'

He looked very mischievous. I fancied that in some unaccountable way he had become possessed of my treasured secret. 'That is no business of yours,' I cried, growing crimson with shame and vexation.

'Ah, my child, it is a pity; but you must throw romance and sentiment aside, and go in for nineteenth-century common-sense; so stifle your recollections of this youthful Potter or Portor.'

'How can you tease so?' said Bessie, seeing that I looked really distressed.

'Why do you talk so absurdly?' I exclaimed.

'I can assure you that your preconceived dislike to Mr Medway is not reciprocal,' went on

Basil. 'The Pater had a letter from him to-day on business or something; and at the end he said this: "If your eldest daughter has returned, will you ask her to honour me with the first dance on Thursday evening?"'

'Stupid old fellow! Just because I am the eldest, I suppose.'

'But he's not old. Wait till you see him,' exclaimed Clarice.

'What is he like then?' I asked, feeling bound to display a feeble curiosity about the man, who at this Christmas-time had assumed the office of Santa Claus in our family.

'There is nothing remarkable about him,' said Bessie, 'except that he is *awfully nice*; the sort of man you read of in a book, you know; quiet, but with a certain depth and cleverness.—But description is useless; on Thursday you'll see for yourself. He only returned from town late last night.'

'Yes, wait till you see him,' repeated Clarice.

Wait! I did wait until I lost my small stock of patience. On that eventful Thursday evening, we started for the ball in good time. Bessie was in high glee; and even I had contrived to throw off my depression, and allowed myself to feel elated at the prospect before me. When we stepped out of the carriage into the brilliantly lighted hall, the whole place seemed to me like fairyland. The walls were draped with crimson cloth, and mirrors festooned with the choicest flowers were hung at intervals in the anteroom. The music as yet came but in snatches. I felt in a kind of happy dream. But when we entered the ballroom and the quadrilles began to form, the tuning of the musicians burst into melody which displayed impatience. Every one seemed to be waiting. I was waiting too. My mother was busily engaged in conversation with a friendly dowager; and I, tired of looking for my unknown partner, who came not, was indulging in that sweetest though most 'dangerous' of pastimes, retrospection. The witching sound of the music, the scent of the flowers, the low hum of voices, all conspired to carry me into fancyland. But was it in that imaginary world, and there alone, that a voice sounded in my ears, a voice I knew and loved? Some one was bending over me, and it was his voice that said: 'Will you come?'

I looked up; and seeing my fellow-traveller before me, my eyes told him I would come, ay, come to the end of the world at his bidding! I could not utter a word; but he had already clasped my hand within his arm, and was leading me to my place among the dancers.

'You are surprised,' he said, 'to find that I am the master of Honeywood Chase.'

'Yes,' I answered breathlessly. 'I thought I should never see you again.'

'I could not have borne that,' he replied in low deep tones. 'You made a victim of me from the first moment I saw you.'

'How?' I asked, speaking at random, feeling too happy and confused to know or care what I said.

'I will tell you when this is over,' he whispered.

When that time came, he led me away into a deserted conservatory, and leaning over me, said: 'I loved you at first sight, and I love you now, Arnadine. I have plotted and arranged this

for months. You shall never go back to the Porters.'

'I never intended to,' I replied quickly. 'I could not have gone on with what you thought a mistake.'

'Did I influence you as much as that—I, almost a stranger to you?'

'I suppose I was a victim from the first too,' I said, burying my face in my bouquet.

'You little thought that Mr Dennison and Mr Medway were the same person?'

'No. I thought that Mr Medway was a person I should dislike very much.'

'And you do not dislike him after all?'

'You know I do not.'

'Will you be my wife, Arnadine?'

'Can you forgive me?' I replied, hiding my head on his shoulder.

'What for, my darling?'

'For being a Lady Help!' I murmured.

'O my brave, true, earnest Arnadine!' returned he, 'should I ever have known you so well, or loved you so much, had I not learned from yourself that you did not look upon the world only as a big playground, but took life seriously, and were willing to work! Only you set about it in the wrong way, my darling. Now your work will always be at my side.'

No answer in words came from me, but my happiness was complete. It could not be hidden from any of the eyes that followed me with wonder, and perhaps a little envy, throughout the evening; and it soon became known that I was Mr Medway's affianced wife. The news was also spread that he had taken the name of Dennison.

Some months after our marriage, we invited all the Porters to come and stay with us, and made them very welcome; for we could never regret that I had once tried to be a Lady Help.

MORE ABOUT ELECTRICITY.

DISCOVERIES and improvements in connection with new applications of electricity are of frequent occurrence, and have already been referred to in this *Journal*. In inviting further consideration of this subject, some better idea may be formed of the grand and valuable results now achieved by this powerful agent, results undreamed of by Franklin when he made his celebrated little experiment with the kite-string.

Prior to the general use of lightning-conductors at sea, accidents to ships were of common occurrence. Though the possibility of conducting an electric current by means of a metal rod had been sufficiently demonstrated, the insulation and arrangements for discharging the fluid were only at first imperfectly understood. When therefore some vessels fitted out with newly invented lightning-rods were struck and injured quite as frequently as before, the sailors called them 'lightning-traps;' and the notion grew that all conductors increased rather than diminished the danger from the electric fluid. Owing to the failure of these early attempts to protect ships from a peril which has often proved so serious, lightning-conductors were for many years dis-

credited; and it was not till 1842 that they were adopted throughout the navy, since which our fleet may be said to have been practically exempt from damage by lightning.

The large iron vessels of these days offer peculiar attraction to the electric fluid, an instance being lately furnished by the experience of the ship *Yorkshire* when voyaging from London to Melbourne. The vessel was overtaken by a heavy thunder-storm, in the midst of which the lightning was seen playing all round the ship in various shapes. Large drops of liquid fire apparently fell amongst the sailors who were reefing sails. Though no injury happened to the sailors, the ironwork on the mast was fused, and the woodwork blackened, and a yellow deposit resembling sulphur covered part of the yard. Whether the ship was provided with a lightning-conductor is not certain, but vessel and crew must have had a narrow escape from destruction. Another vessel when on a voyage to Bombay not long since, was struck by the electric fire, which instantaneously melted large quantities of the ice which formed part of her cargo.

In a French agricultural paper, the discovery is announced of a very simple and cheap means of protecting buildings, said to be very effective. The apparatus consists simply of bundles of straw attached to sticks or broom-handles, and placed in upright positions on the roofs of houses. In consequence of the success of this experiment, eighteen communes of the Tarbes district provided their houses in this manner against the effects of lightning; and we are told there have been no accidents in the district since. French *para-grêles* are also other forms of lightning-rods. They are small conductors set up by means of poles in the vineyards in France, to draw off the electricity from the atmosphere over them, and thus prevent the accumulations which, when they occurred, were found to generate hailstones.

With regard to the telephone, M. D'Arsonval has compared that delicate instrument with the animal nerve as an indicator of electricity. According to that gentleman, the poorest telephone is at least a hundred times more sensitive than the nerve. In the silence of the night he has heard the telephone vibrate when the induction coil was removed to a distance fifteen times greater than that of the minimum nervous excitation; indicating a sensibility more than two hundred times greater. He regards the telephone as the best of all galvanoscopes, both for feeble electric variations and for feeble continuous currents. Claiming attention among recent inventions in the way of telephones is one by Mr J. Ewing and Professor F. Jenkin, suited for the transmission of two or more messages simultaneously in either direction along the same wire. It has wires capable of vibrating to definite musical notes, and the wires are so turned that one wire or group of wires at each end is in unison with one wire or group of wires at the other. When one wire or group is made to

vibrate at the sending end, the wire or group in unison will vibrate at the other end, but the other wires will remain practically silent. By having a number of pairs or groups, means are afforded of transmitting independently a number of audible signals at the same time along the same line without interference.

Interesting exhibitions of the microphone, by which the most minute sounds become distinctly audible, have been followed by experiments with an instrument termed the megaphone. This invention in fact appears to do for the ear very much what the binocular will do for the eye. We are told that 'it can be taken to a theatre by a person hard of hearing, just as a person now takes his opera-glass. All you do is to place it on your lap, let the tube touch your ear, and all sounds come to you magnified fifty times if necessary. The loudness can be regulated for the ear as you regulate a telescope for the eye.' From this it seems likely that the megaphone, for those who are deaf, will come to be as indispensable a personal appendage as spectacles for those whose vision is defective. The inventor has, we are told, been inundated with applications from deaf people; but any person of ordinary hearing who happened to apply one of these instruments to his ear in time to hear a salvo of artillery or a clap of stage-thunder magnified a few score of times, would scarcely, we presume, be anxious to repeat the experiment.

When we consider how quickly these startling results of the applications of electricity in various forms have followed one another, it is almost impossible to imagine the future that is yet in store for this potent agent. This will easily account for the report of the invention of the 'telegastograph,' by which the flavour of any food or liquor can be transmitted to the palate from any distance; which does not seem such a very fanciful idea after all, when we reflect on what wonders have lately been achieved by means of electricity. To enable a man to enjoy a banquet without the expense of paying for one, would indeed be a triumph of science, and a realisation of human felicity probably undreamed of by the most sanguine sybarite!

Some valuable practical applications of the discovery of a new method of electro-plating are said to have been made by Professor A. W. Wright of Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut, which are certainly interesting and remarkable, and according to the *American Journal of the Telegraph*, promise to be of great utility. Taking advantage of the fact, that the various metals may be reduced to vapour by the electrical current, he provides a hollow vessel from which the air is partially exhausted; within this vessel he arranges, opposite to each other, the two poles of an induction coil; the article to be electro-plated, a bit of glass for example, is suspended between the poles; to the negative pole is attached a small piece of the metal that is to be deposited on the glass. From three to six pint Grove cells are employed, yielding by means of the induction coil an electrical spark from two to three inches in length. Under the influence of this spark, a portion of the metal of the electrode is converted into vapour, or volatilised, and condenses upon the cooler surface of the suspended glass, forming a brilliant and uniform deposit. The thickness of the plating thus

produced, may be regulated at will by simply continuing the action of the electricity for a longer or shorter period. That the metal is actually volatilised is proved by the examination with the spectroscope during the progress of the operation, the characteristic 'lines' of whatever metal is used for the electrode being fully revealed. In short, this interesting discovery consists in plating the surface of substances with metals by exposing such surfaces to the hot vapours of whatever metal it is desired to plate with.

A simple, cheap, and efficient method of working punkahs, likely to supersede all other methods of keeping these useful contrivances in continual motion, is said to have been recently patented. By means of an electric motor, punkahs, so essential to the Anglo-Indian in his stifling bungalow, can be worked at the cost of a few pence daily; and being very moderate in price it is probable that it will ere long be largely employed in military establishments and private residences throughout our Indian Empire. It is thought that the motor can be employed for innumerable purposes, such as the working of sewing-machines, organs, harmoniums, and so forth; and when its merits are more widely known, will probably be in great demand.

Electricity has now become useful in protecting life and property by means of other agencies than lightning-conductors. A safe has recently been patented which is ingeniously connected with a battery and alarm apparatus, so as to defy all attempts of burglars in drilling, picking, or removal of the safe without instant detection. Any improved contrivances by which the dangers of railway travelling are diminished will be hailed with satisfaction, and in the furtherance of such improvements electricity again claims our attention. An instrument for stopping trains in foggy weather without any chance of error has been devised by French engineers. It consists of a metal-faced disc rising out of the permanent way between the lines of rail, and placed so that any engine going along the line must brush against it as it passes. The engine is provided for this special purpose with a brush made of iron wires, which has an electric communication with the handle of the whistle. It is thus only necessary, in order to bring the train to a standstill, to pull from its recumbent position the disc, or 'crocodile' as we believe it is called, when the train in passing must naturally come into contact with it and give itself its own danger-signal. This system is said to have some great advantages over the fog signals in general use.

Of the various inventions in which electricity is the chief motor we have another example in Mr Peppard's curious contrivance for awakening a sleeper at any required hour. According to the *Electrician*, the apparatus is to be fixed to an ordinary clock, and is so arranged that when the hour-hand of the clock touches a button, an electric circuit is completed; the minute-hand passes over the button without effect. There are a series of holes for the different hours, into any one of which the button can be pushed according to the time selected for awakening. The completion of the electric circuit may ring a bell or sound any other ordinary method of alarm. And amongst other curious applications of this power, we may allude to the certain

detection of impostors feigning paralytic affections in order to escape punishment, by the judicious administration of a few smart electric shocks. In such cases the curative properties of electricity are wonderful!

But it is the electric light, now receiving so much attention from experimenters, that is likely to produce some of the most startling results, and promises to be of greater general utility than perhaps any other uses of electricity we have mentioned.

Some two centuries ago, the first public lantern in Paris (containing a candle) was put up—a feeble forerunner of the dazzling spectacle now offered by the Avenue de l'Opéra and other places, where the brilliant sheen of the electric light excites universal admiration. The application of the electric light is in Paris daily extending; but no attempt was made in London and elsewhere to imitate French enterprise till long after Parisians were familiar with the new light.

Invention is busy with several ingenious substitutes for gas, and men of scientific ability are working energetically with a view to supersede gas by electricity. They have not yet attained that desideratum, and a good deal must doubtless be accomplished before the new light will become available for the general illumination of private houses. As a means of public illumination the new invention is obviously a success, and according to some authorities, is much cheaper than gas. Mr Hollingshead says that the French scientific gentlemen who manage the light for him at the Gaiety Theatre in London, declare that with machinery valued at three thousand four hundred pounds, they are prepared to light an area of one thousand five hundred and forty yards long by forty-four yards wide, with thirty-six electric lamps, having an illuminating power equal to two thousand of our existing street-lamps at a cost of ten shillings and sixpence per hour for consumption and superintendence.

The new light is not only vastly superior to gas, but it is not injurious; and there is an absence of noxious smell both in the production and combustion; and heat in a room, so often unbearable in the case of gas, is scarcely felt; the most delicate colours are preserved, and there is no chance of an explosion. A great deal of time and expense would also be saved by the instantaneous lighting and extinguishing. On the other hand, it has been contended that the present arrangements for electric lighting are unsuitable for long distances. Still, if unsuitable for general street-lighting at present, it can be utilised with splendid effect in large squares and public buildings, and we must recollect that the electric light is as yet in its infancy. Nevertheless, the difficulties of electric lighting will doubtless be overcome, though in the opinion of Dr Siemens, a practical scientist, gas and electric light have two separate circles to move in, and these will rarely if ever interfere with each other.

According to report, it has been reserved for Mr Edison, the indefatigable scientist, to solve the problem that has puzzled many scientific men; we mean the division of the electric light into many smaller ones, for purposes of cheap and practical illumination. As our readers already know, he proposes to utilise the gas-burners and chandeliers now in use. In each house he intends to place a

light meter, whence the wires will pass through the house, tapping small metallic contrivances that may be placed over each burner. Whenever it is desired to light a jet, it will only be necessary to touch a little spring near it. No matches will be required.

The same gentleman promises that as the wire that brings light will also bring power and heat, you can work a sewing-machine or any other mechanical contrivance that requires a motor; and by means of the heat you may cook your food. To utilise the heat, it will only be necessary to have the ovens or stoves properly arranged for its reception, which can be done at a trifling cost.

Such are a few of the most recent applications of that subtle power which ere long will doubtless revolutionise many of the world's present appliances.

CHASING SLAVERS.

IN the early part of 1863, Her Majesty's steam-corvette *Zebra*, carrying fifteen 32-pounders (smooth-bore) and two 40-pounder Armstrong guns, lay off the west coast of Africa at the mouth of the Congo River, in latitude about six degrees south. She had been sent to this forlorn and uncivilised region to repress as far as possible the growing slave-traffic, which was at that time assuming formidable dimensions. To one who has never experienced the tedious monotony of blockade duty under the burning sun of the tropics, the most vivid description will fail to convey adequately a realising sense of its intolerable dullness. With a temperature of some eighty degrees Fahrenheit by night, and one hundred degrees or thereabouts by day, men naturally possessed of the most active and energetic temperaments find it impossible to resist a feeling of lassitude. The eye tires for ever gazing on the lazy swell of the waves; the ear becomes fatigued by the ceaseless plash of water against the hull; in fact all the senses are wearied and dulled by only a few weeks of such an existence. Occasionally, if not at too great a distance from the coast, hunting or fishing parties may be organised; but even these recreations demand too much exertion to be frequently participated in; so that by far the greater portion of the time will be passed idly lounging on deck beneath the awning, watching the hot pitch bubble from the seams during the day, and after nightfall the peregrinations of the immense winged cockroaches with which all vessels abound in hot latitudes. O ye who complain of the monotony of a ten days' trip across the Atlantic, surrounded with all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, how your patience would be tried were you condemned to pass a few months on board a blockading vessel in the vicinity of the equator!

It was under such circumstances that positive information was received of the shipment of a cargo of some fourteen hundred negroes about thirty miles up the river. The consequent excitement on board our vessel may be imagined. For some time back we had known that a large barque named the *Ocilla* was anchored off a place called Ponta de Lenha, ostensibly engaged in legitimate traffic with the natives. Our suspicions however, had been awakened that her errand was of an

entirely different character, and one which it was both our duty and our interest to prevent. The confirmation of these suspicions was therefore no surprise. Convinced that she was only awaiting an opportunity to elude our vigilance and get to sea, we took up a position off Shark's Point, the southern bank of the entrance to the Congo, feeling certain that both ship and cargo would shortly be in our possession. Had any person on board the *Zebra* at that time intimated the possibility of her escape, he would have been considered guilty of high-treason. But alas! for 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men.' At sunset all deck-lights were extinguished; the scuttles tightly closed with blankets, clothing, &c., that not the least ray of light might betray our position, and every precaution used that foresight and experience could suggest. All proved unavailing. In the darkness of the night, rendered still more obscure by the overhanging foliage on each bank of the river, the *Ocilla* silently dropped down with the current, which here runs at the rate of seven knots an hour; and at daybreak we had the mortification of learning that our prey had escaped, and was far away to the westward. I may here mention that both the volume and the velocity of the Congo are so great that its course may be traced for nearly five hundred miles at sea by the discoloration and freshness of the water. Knowing she would take advantage of this, the wind also being in her favour, we followed in pursuit as rapidly as possible, but only to return disappointed, fully convinced that the fastest vessels, the best seamen, and most skilful officers were engaged in this nefarious traffic. To add to our chagrin, a smaller vessel, the *Mondego*, taking advantage of our absence, followed our track until well out to sea, when changing her course, she too managed to escape with a load of negroes.

Several months elapsed, and our disappointment had not yet ceased to be a topic of conversation, when just at daybreak one morning, as the fog cleared away, the look-out at the mast-head descried a strange vessel on the horizon. Steam was immediately got up; and under full speed, with all available sail set, we gave chase, determined not to lose our prey this time if possible; her actions indicating clearly that our appearance was far from gratifying to her. Coal was piled in the furnaces, and amidst the utmost excitement, we found the distance between us slowly decreasing; but so slowly, that the chase would have been a long one, had not the wind, which so fortuitously cleared away the fog in the morning, thus making the stranger's proximity known to us, now begun to diminish in force. She proved a fast sailer, going at the rate of fully a dozen knots per hour; and though our engines became so overheated that a portion of the crew were detailed to drench them with water, still our progress was unsatisfactory. About noon, the breeze, on which her salvation depended, failed almost entirely; we then made her out to be a top-sail schooner of about two hundred tons burden, flying Spanish colours.

Nearer and nearer we approached, the excitement of officers and crew increasing as the certainty of overhauling her became apparent; when within five miles, a blank cartridge was fired to bring her to, but no attention paid to it. This

was followed by a more urgent invitation on our part in the shape of several solid shot; when finding her situation hopeless, she let fly her sheets, hauling down her colours at the same time, and sulkily resigned herself to her fate. On arriving alongside, our cutter was manned by an officer and half-a-dozen blue-jackets, who at once boarded her; and in a very few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing the British ensign flying from her peak. Four hundred and eighty-five negro men and women were found crowded between decks. These poor wretches had been shipped at Cahenda only the day before, and thanks to our vigorous pursuit, no time had been allowed to stow them in the ordinary painful and torturing position. When it is known that vessels specially fitted out for this traffic have a space of only about three-and-a-half feet between decks, that the poor creatures are placed in rows packed closely against each other in a squatting position, and with no opportunity for exercise or fresh air, some faint idea of their sufferings may be formed.

Our prize was supposed to be the *Maraquita*, which had been fitted out at the London Docks with an assorted cargo for Lisbon, and when cleared, was apparently bound on a legitimate voyage. As usual in such cases, no person on board would acknowledge to being the captain; the officer in charge representing himself as the supercargo. It afterwards proved however, that he was the notorious Captain Bowen, unquestionably the shrewdest sea-captain ever engaged in the slave-trade; one who united in an extraordinary degree both caution and daring; unequalled for pluck, determination, and power of resource in cases of emergency; the man who on one occasion had successfully resisted an attack by the boats of the United States man-of-war *Saratoga*; and as we learned, the same who had commanded the *Ocilla* when she so provokingly gave us the slip. On that occasion he had volunteered to run the *Ocilla* out through sheer love of adventure, her regular commander not possessing sufficient nerve to brave the stringent blockade, and consequent risk of capture. When this was made known, we felt in some degree recompensed for our former disappointment. The *Maraquita*, containing her miserable freight, was sent under a prize crew to St Helena, together with her self-styled supercargo and one of her seamen who had been permitted to remain on board. Illustrative of the character of this noted slave-dealer, I may state that on the voyage thither he actually entertained the scheme of recapturing his vessel and cargo—a fact which he afterwards admitted, and which no person who knew the character of the man had reason to doubt.

That the escape of the *Ocilla* and *Mondego* was not attributable to any want of vigilance on the part of Her Majesty's officers, the following incidents will prove. So closely were the slave-dealers watched, that many of them despairing of escaping with their human chattels, and being unable to provide them with food, actually hastened their deaths by poison. And again, in the case of the *Ocilla*, she had been compelled to discharge her cargo of slaves more than once at Ponta de Lenha, and afterwards reship them, before her final successful voyage. Moreover, there has seldom if ever been a period during which the

slave-trade was as active as at that time; or so much money and diabolical ingenuity used to defeat the efforts of those engaged in its suppression. It is now however, being rapidly abolished, and at the present time is confined almost exclusively to Spanish and Mussulman dealers.

GERMAN HEROES.

WHENEVER two nations have been at war, the fame of the most striking acts of heroism on either side spreads all over the civilised world; newspapers mention the names of the generals and commanders, history takes possession of their career, which future generations admire, and point to as examples of heroic bravery. Whilst according all due praise to their commanders, perhaps a few instances of daring on the part of the subordinates may not be out of place. For the following instances of German intrepidity we are indebted to a lady whose friends were engaged in the Austro-German war.

In the battle of Königgrätz, on the 3d July 1866, the Austrians, whose positions were most favourable for defence, occupied the numerous wooded hills between the banks of the Elbe and Bistritz, from which sheltered places they fired with impunity at the defenceless enemy marching in the open plain. The Prussian commanders, perceiving how much blood would be wasted if they allowed the enemy to retain his favourable positions, ordered their troops to attack these dangerous ambuscades. One regiment belonging to the seventh division, under the command of the celebrated General Frauseky, as it advanced towards an Austrian embankment was greeted by such a shower of bullets that the colonel's horse was killed on the spot, and several men were likewise shot or severely wounded. But the brave regiment struggled on, the colonel and the major leading. The latter, a Herr von Gilsa, when turning round to give an order was shot through the side and thrown off his horse. The pain he suffered was intense; but seeing the colonel dismounted for the second time, he gathered all his strength, raised himself from the ground, and leaning on a drummer's arm, he commanded the whole regiment, his voice husky with the agonising pain.

After about half an hour's violent fighting, the regiment was forced to withdraw; but the valiant major, who had meanwhile been lifted on horseback, led them on again, and the Prussians took the position. One of the last bullets the retiring enemy fired lodged in the major's breast and proved fatal, although death was not the immediate result of the shot. When he found himself on the box of a carriage, a sergeant of his battalion supporting him, he said: 'I know I shall not recover, but I rejoice that we have gained.' The surgeons at the hospital whither he was brought declared his case to be hopeless. Then he—always full of regard for others—entreated them not to place his name in the list of the severely wounded, so that his wife and children might not be alarmed. He hoped to live some time longer; and his ardent desire was to be conveyed home; but mortification setting in, he expired that same

night. A letter written by the colonel of the regiment to the widow of the deceased, expressed the heartfelt sorrow and the esteem akin to veneration which all his comrades professed for that man, who by his life and death had set them a glorious example of true heroism.

At the same battle of Königgrätz, a regiment of hussars had captured a body of Austrians. As they were laying down their arms, one of the prisoners took up a rifle from the heap of weapons on the ground and aimed at Lieutenant Count Schulenburg; but before he had time to fire, his treacherous design was discovered by some hussars, who in their indignation pressed around him sword in hand. The noble lieutenant, wishing to save the traitor's life, interposed, quietly ordering him to put down the gun; instead of which the villain shot him in return for his humane sentiment. A sad instance of unrequited heroism.

A Bavarian officer had received orders to clear a thick forest of the Prussians who occupied it. He saw the impossibility of succeeding with only a body of cuirassiers at his disposal, and respectfully informed his chief of his doubts. The latter coolly told him to choose between the fulfilment of his order or resigning his post. Thereupon the captain rode up to his squadron and addressed his soldiers in the following terms: 'Comrades! we are to take yonder forest. That is impossible, and I will not allow *you* to be slaughtered; but I will prove that I do not fear death.' With these words he shot himself before his men.

Honour to whom honour is due. The band, whose strains inspire courage even in the timid, is generally placed behind the troops in action, so as to be sheltered from the enemy's fire; but when the battalions separate and advance in troops, the musicians' position becomes critical, and sometimes flight alone may save them. In the same battle it happened that the band of the 67th Regiment was cut off from their battalions and discovered to the enemy, who immediately attacked the defenceless musicians. They were almost unarmed, and in the desperate struggle which arose, some fought with their musical instruments for weapons. Many were wounded, several killed—amongst the latter two intimate friends, one a married man; the other one charged by the anxious wife of the former to take good care of her husband and to watch over him. His promise that either both or none should return proved a true prophecy; the faithful friend was killed when endeavouring to ward off the blow which an Austrian soldier was about to deal on the other man's head. He sank down, calling out: 'I do not surrender!' and expired. The Austrians challenged the surviving men to lay down what arms they had; but Germendorf was intent on revenging his friend; refusing to surrender, he fought like a lion, till several stabs from the bayonets and a shot in the side laid low the hero.

In every regiment, similar acts of heroism have been performed by men, who in consequence are looked upon by their comrades with envy and admiration. At night, when the brave soldiers gathered round the watch-fires in the silent camp, and rested from the day's hot labour—thankful that their lives have been spared—thousands of noble deeds were narrated by those who had witnessed them. Those tales went from mouth to mouth, and served to cheer the drooping spirits

and to double the courage of the hearers, and inspired them with the desire of imitating examples, such as that of the brave gunner who stuck to his cannon though a fragment of a shell had carried off one of his legs; or that of the drummer, a lad scarcely seventeen years old, who went on beating his drum, holding one stick between his teeth, when his right hand was shot off.

Such wonderful proofs of valour are by no means isolated, for the spirit that prevails in the German army is one of true heroism, perfect union, real patriotism, and blind obedience to the leaders; each individual staking his whole force, good-will, nay his life, for the benefit of the whole, and the success of the ideal for which he is fighting. Be it his liberty or his fatherland, the German soldier will always do his duty, and know how to conquer or die as a hero.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

'DEAR little flower! dost thou not fear
To venture forth this dreary day?
Thou shouldst have slumbered snug and warm
Till winter-storms have passed away.

'Thou art so delicately fair,
So sweet, so tender, and so pure!
Thou look'st as if thy fairy form
A summer breeze could scarce endure.

'Thy lovely sisters sleeping lie,
And will not wake till sunshine smiles;
Nor will they leave their Mother's breast
Till coaxed by Spring-time's merry wiles.

'Then wherefore dost thou lonely brave
The biting blast, the chilling rain?
Thou hast no pleasure in a life,
Quoth I, 'that must be full of pain.'

The snowdrop raised her dainty head,
And looked at me, and seemed to smile—
'Who art thou that thus vainly tries
From Duty's path me to beguile?

'Dost thou not know we must obey
Unquestioning, the Chief's command!
It is not ours to choose our lot;
Our destinies are in His Hand.

'And if He hath ordained that I
Shall bloom alone, when days are drear,
Shall I refuse to do His will,
From sinful sloth or foolish fear!

'Nay! Rather shall I do my best
To serve my Maker as I may;
And duty done for His name's sake,
Shall brighten e'en the darkest day.'

Dear little flower! I thank thee for
The grand example thou hast set;
The lesson thou hast taught to me,
I pray I never may forget.

E. M. D. R.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 791.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

THE BONE-SETTER'S MYSTERY.

How an uninstructed class of men, known as 'bone-setters,' should possess the knack of curing ailments which baffle the surgical profession, lately formed the subject of an article in these pages (November 9, 1878). We there suggested that instead of denying the validity of these cures, the medical faculty should fairly investigate the methods which these bone-setters pursue. It was our conviction that there was a mystery to be solved. The world wanted to get at the truth, and would not be put off with jeers in a matter so intimately involving the assuagement of human suffering.

When making these remarks, we were not aware that a regular practitioner in surgery had actually investigated the bone-setter's mystery, and written a book on the subject: 'On Bone-setting, so called, by Wharton P. Hood, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Macmillan, 1871).' This book has fallen under our notice; and it so clearly expounds the mystery, that we wonder how members of the medical profession should still have any doubts on the question. For general information, we shall present an analysis of Dr Hood's explanations on this very curious topic.

Through the effects of accident, painful injuries occur to shoulder, elbow, knee, and other joints. The parts usually swell and stiffen, and surgical aid is properly called in. Unfortunately, the surgeons are sometimes unable to effect a cure. When such is the result, a bone-setter, as a last resource, is invited to operate. In every instance, the bone-setter declares that the joint is 'out,' or dislocated. In thus offering his opinion he has no intention to deceive. He believes what he says. Often, the joint has an appearance of being dislocated, and as the operator acknowledges his ignorance of anatomy, he may naturally enough commit a mistake in his diagnosis. Impressed with this notion, he by a smart jerk and wrench, a kind of *coup de main*, instantly sets the unfortunate joint to rights. Now this is decidedly clever. It matters little that he erred in imagining that the joint was out.

He has cured the ailment that had baffled three or four surgeons in succession, and that surely should be mentioned with something like respect. The mystery of the cure lies in the rapidity of its execution. Yet, though rapid, there must be a particular manœuvre with the fingers. This will be understood from Dr Hood's account of two or three cases. He speaks of Mr Hutton, the now deceased bone-setter in London.

Mr A——, a gentleman, happened to twist his left knee, by which he endured great pain. He underwent medical treatment without effect, and sought the advice of Mr Hutton. He, however, changed his mind, and again went on with his medical attendants. Not recovering, he at length resolved to let Mr Hutton operate upon him. Hutton came. Dr Hood, who at the same time attended, says: 'We found the knee-joint enveloped in strapping; and when this was removed, the joint was seen to be much swollen, the skin shining and discoloured. The joint was immovable, and very painful on the inner side. Mr Hutton at once placed his thumb on a point over the lower edge of the inner condyle of the femur, and the patient shrank from the pressure and complained of great pain. He (Mr Hutton) made no further examination of the limb, but said: "What did I tell you two years ago?" Mr A—— replied: "You said my knee was out." "And I tell you so now," was the rejoinder. "Can you put it in?" said Mr A——. "I can." "Then be good enough to do so," said Mr A——, holding out his limb. Mr Hutton, however, declined to operate for a week; ordered the joint to be enveloped in linseed poultices and rubbed with neat's-foot oil, made an appointment, and took his leave. During the dialogue I had carefully examined the limb, had satisfied myself that there was no dislocation, and had arrived at the conclusion that rest, and not movement, was the treatment required. At the expiration of the week I went again to the house, and Mr Hutton arrived shortly afterwards. "How's the knee?" was his inquiry. "It feels easier." "Been able to move it?" "No." "Give it to me." The leg was stretched out, and Mr

Hutton stood in front of the patient, who hesitated, and lowered his limb. "You are quite sure it is out, and you can put it right?" There was a pause, and then: "Give me your leg, I say." The patient obeyed reluctantly, and slowly raised it to within Mr Hutton's reach. He grasped it with both hands, round the calf, with the extended thumb of the left hand pressing on the painful spot on the inner side of the knee, and held the foot firmly by grasping the heel between his own knees. The patient was told to sit steadily in his chair, and at that moment I think he would have given a good deal to have regained control over his limb. Mr Hutton inclined his knees towards his right, thus aiding in the movement of rotation which he impressed upon the leg with his hands. He maintained firm pressure with his thumb on the painful spot, and suddenly flexed the knee. The patient cried out with pain. Mr Hutton lowered the limb, and told him to stand up. He did so, and at once declared he could move the leg better, and that the previously painful spot was free from pain. He was ordered to take gentle daily exercise, and his recovery was rapid and complete. In a few days he returned to business, and from that time until his death, which occurred three years afterwards, his knee remained perfectly well.

Another case was that of the Honourable Spencer Ponsonby, who is suffered to tell his own story. "On November 26, 1864, in running across the garden at Croxteth, near Liverpool, I felt and heard something crack in the calf of my left leg. It was so painful that I rolled over like a shot rabbit, and could scarcely reach the house, a few yards off. I at once put my leg up to the knee in a pail of hot water, and boiled it for an hour. Next day, being no better, I sent for a medical man in the neighbourhood, who told me I had snapped a muscle, and must keep quiet for a few days. He rubbed in a strong liniment, there being no sign of inflammation; and put on a strong leather plaster. In a couple of days I was able to hobble; but being telegraphed to London, and going into an empty house, I knocked my toe against a tack in the floor, and hurt myself worse than ever. From this time (December 2) to the beginning of May, I was attended by Mr A—— and Mr B—— in consultation, who agreed in saying that the "stocking of the calf was split" (gastrocnemius, I think they called it), and treated me accordingly. Occasionally my leg got better; but the slightest exertion produced pain and weakness.

"On the 2d of May, Mr C—— undertook me. He agreed as to the injury, but thought that, constitutionally, I was out of order, and gave me some iron, &c. without effect. My leg was also fixed in an iron machine to relieve the muscles of the calf from the weight of the leg. Another eminent surgeon came in consultation on June 26. He agreed in Mr C——'s treatment, and in the cause of the lameness; as did Dr D——, who was consulted as to my going to Wildbad.

"August 14.—As I did not improve, Mr C—— put my leg into a gum-plaster for a month. I then went yachting, so as to obtain perfect repose for that time. My health, which had been getting bad, was improved by the sea-air, but my leg was no better. The surgeon on board the yacht, Dr E——, also examined me, and agreed as to

the cause of the lameness, but said: "An old woman may cure you, but no doctor will."

"On September 7 the gum-plaster was removed, and galvanism was then tried for about three weeks. At the end of this time I went on a yacht voyage for four months, and, during the whole of this period had sea-water douches. All this time I had been either on crutches or two sticks. My health was much improved by the sea-voyage, but my leg was the same as before, and had shrunk to about half its proper size.

"April 5.—Mr F—— began his system to cure my leg. His idea was, that the muscles were separated, but that if brought together continuously, they would rejoin. I wore a high-heeled boot during the day, and during the night my heel was fixed so that it was kept in the same position. No good arose from this treatment; and consequently, after a month's trial, I went to Mr Hutton, who, on seeing my high heel, said: "What do you wear that machine for? Do you want to lame yourself?" I was proceeding to tell him the opinion of the various surgeons on my case, when he said: "Don't bother me about anatomy; I know nothing about it: but I tell you your ankle is out, and that I can put it in again."

"After a few weeks, during which he had been to the North, and could not therefore undertake my case, I returned to him on June 27, telling him that I had in the meantime consulted surgeons who had assured me that, whatever else might ail me, my ankle was most assuredly "all right," but that I would notwithstanding submit to his treatment. He again examined me most carefully, beginning at the ankle round bone, and he then put his thumb on to a place which hurt me a good deal, and produced a sensation of a sharp prick of a pin. He proceeded to operate upon me, and after a time there was a distinct report, and from that moment the pain was gone. Mr Hutton desired me to walk moderately, but to take no violent exercise for a long time, and to use a good deal of cold water. From that moment my leg gradually got better. I was able to walk out shooting quietly in September, and on the 14th October, having missed a train, walked home fifteen miles along the high-road. In the following year I resumed cricket, tennis, and other strong exercise, and have continued them ever since.

We present one more case. In 1859, a gentleman sustained an injury in his knee by leaping from a wall. The surgeons whom he consulted ordered blistering, bandaging, and the use of crutches in order to rest the limb. He was six years in their hands, and continued as bad as ever. In 1865, he consulted Mr Hutton. He asked what was the matter. "I told him I was lame. "Are these your sticks?" pointing to the crutches. "Yes." "Well, let me look at your leg." He then instantly placed his thumb on the tender spot inside the knee, causing me great pain. I said: "Yes; that is the place, and no other." "Ah," he replied, "I thought so. That will do. How long have you been lame?" "Six years." "What treatment have you had?" I told him; and also that I was advised that my lameness resulted from constitutional causes. He said: "Bah! If you had not had a pretty good constitution, they would have killed you." I told him that I had

seen Mr D—. "Well," he said, "you might as well have seen my cook. He can't cure that knee." I asked him what he thought was the matter with it. He said: "That knee is out; I'll stake my reputation on it, and I can cure it." I was ordered to apply linseed-meal poultices for a week, and then go to him again, which I did, and happily with the best results. I have never needed the use of crutches since; and although it was some time before I gained much strength in the legs, I am now able to walk as well as before the injury.

Frequently the cause of pain and immobility in the joint is not dislocation, but an injury to ligaments, which become contracted, with an attendant stiffening and swelling. 'On careful examination, some spot will be found, often very limited in extent, at which pain is produced by pressure, and it will be from this spot that the pain movement radiates.' The knack of the bone-setter consists in rupturing the contracted ligaments, or it may be inflammatory adhesions, by dexterous manipulation, and so producing flexion in the joint. The operation is not without hazard, for inconsiderate and rough treatment might have disastrous consequences. It is likely enough, that the reason why surgeons fail to cure the ailment is a not unreasonable apprehension of doing more harm than good by using physical force. 'Perhaps,' says Dr Hood, 'the most noteworthy feature of bone-setting is the ingenuity with which the leverage of the limbs themselves is rendered available for the purpose of obtaining the power necessary for the accomplishment of the object, so as to dispense entirely with mechanical appliances. . . It is also noteworthy that little or no use is made of extension. Mr Hutton used to say: "Pulling is of little use; the twist is the thing." And I have no doubt that this method of evading muscular resistance might be made very extensively useful.'

If, on rectifying an injured joint, a crack was emitted, Hutton used to say that it was the sound caused by the head of the bone slipping into the socket. It might be so in real cases of dislocation; but for the most part, the crack only signified the snapping of the ligaments which had held the limb in restraint. The strong pressure with the thumb on the seat of pain, the firm grasp of the hands, the sudden and dexterous twist! In these few words, along with natural shrewdness and experience, the mystery of the bone-setter seems to be revealed. We have not gone into a tenth part of the explanations offered on 'his interesting subject. The book should be perused by those young practitioners who are immediately concerned. To illustrate his definitions, Dr Hood gives a number of drawings of the various methods of rectifying injured joints. Small as it is, his work, we should think, will form a useful addition to the surgical library; nor is it without value to general readers. At all events, a service has been done in clearing up The Bone-setter's Mystery.

P.S.—We have received a number of letters from medical practitioners on this subject to which we cannot reply separately. It will be obvious from the above, that we entertain no prejudice in favour of bone-setters, and have no wish to disparage the surgical faculty; to which, in its now advanced stages, the world owes so much. What we have insisted on from the first, is that the

bone-setter's mystery, knack, or whatever it may be called, should be honestly unravelled, instead of being indiscreetly and contemptuously thrust aside, as some of our correspondents were disposed to do. Now that the subject has been scientifically looked into, any discussion regarding it may be allowed to drop.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER X.—AT MIDNIGHT.

THE steamer *Western Maid*, belonging to the Tug and Salvage Company, was on her homeward trip to Treport, her natural home and harbour. It had been black night long before she could leave St Mary's Bay, and even now she had a leash of smacks in tow, each laden gunwale deep with shining oily fish, destined one day to be the solid *pièce de résistance* at many a frugal meal in Spain or Portugal. These pilchards were to be cured and barrelled at Treport, not at St Mary's, and therefore the skippers were willing to pay for the coals that had to supplement the coy Atlantic breeze. Long Michael the mate, very tired, more fatigued indeed than he cared to own, had turned in below, and was sleeping the sound sleep that attends honest toil. His young Captain had insisted on taking upon himself the night-watch, as they ran slowly up the coast back to harbour.

Hugh Ashton, a poor fisherman and letter-out of pleasure-boats in a Welsh lake-side village but a few weeks since, to-day commander of a pretty coasting-craft, walked the deck with the assured step of one who had trodden ship's planks many a time beneath quite other constellations than those pale homely stars that twinkled above him in the familiar English sky. There was the Bear, and there was Charles's Wain, there Orion's Belt, and there the Pole Star; but where was Canopus, one blaze of yellow flame, and where the Southern Cross, that lent hope to the first discoverers of island-continents hidden amidst the unploughed waters of the far Pacific?

Hugh paced slowly to and fro. There was a good steersman at the helm. The look-out ahead was briskly kept. The proper lights were burning bright. At intervals—for there was a vapour that hung hazily, half-fog, half-shade, over the sea—the steam-whistle sounded. Small risk of a collision either with smacks working home to Treport or with ships bound up Channel, on so calm a night and with such precautions; yet Hugh kept his eyes open, and scanned sea and sky in his walk, as a seaman should.

By-and-by there arose, like a lover's sigh, a breath of western wind, and it lifted the fog-curtain in a moment, like some decoration of a theatre, and left the pale dark sea with its thousand ripples and wrinkles clearly visible. Not a craft was to be seen save the three in tow astern of the *Western Maid*. As yet, Treport lights were not to be descried. There was the Head to round first; and on the Head burned, as usual, the revolving red light that shewed the mariner where he was, and had saved many a life and much cargo, and many a stout ship from being ground to powder among Cornish rocks.

Hugh Ashton, walking the deck of his own ship for the first time, might have been pardoned had his air and step indicated some elation due to his sudden rise in life. He had, partly through the

caprice of a rich old woman, partly through his own merits, abruptly mounted several rungs of that great ladder up which we are all supposed, with less or more of alacrity, to climb and push and jostle and worm our way. It is no mighty authority or lofty station which the command of a tug-steamers confers; but still the appointment to such a post was high promotion to a poor toiler for daily bread. Yet the young man's dark, handsome face was thoughtful, and even stern, as he paced to and fro, never so deeply absorbed in his reverie as to forget the vigilance that befitted his position.

Steady and gentle was the *Western Maid's* progress towards Treport, the still sea growing lambent with phosphorescent light, that glowed mysteriously in watery depths, or sparkled into flashes as the surface rippled at the touch of the breeze. Often had Hugh Ashton marked that living light on a grander scale than this, in the far-off Indian Ocean, or on the glassy spread of the Pacific, where the tiny creatures, glow-worms of ocean, that yield it, swarm in millions beyond the dream of an arithmetician; but never had it so impressed him as on that night, his first experience of his novel position of responsibility and trust. He glanced upwards, and his lips moved, in prayer we well may deem; and then, with the same steady tread and air of quiet watchfulness, he resumed his solitary walk.

Presently Hugh Ashton halted beside the binnacle, and drawing from an inner pocket of the coat he wore a thin packet, proceeded to undo the wrapper and examine the contents. There were five or six letters, old, all of them, since the paper was slightly yellowed and the ink faded. There was also a little diary or memorandum book, most of the pages of which were covered with a fine close handwriting. It was evident from the manner in which the young man glanced his eyes over these that the purport of the documents was sufficiently familiar to him, and that he only consulted them now with the object of refreshing his memory as to minor details. It was with a heavy sigh that he closed the book and, carefully folding the letters, replaced the packet within its wrapping of stout paper.

'A sacred duty!' murmured Hugh, as he thrust the little parcel back into its former place of concealment. 'Not lightly undertaken, not easy to perform; but I will never flinch from it, or be false to it, so Heaven help me at my utmost need!' It was beside his grave at Bala that I made my vow, that my resolve shaped itself into a fixed and steady purpose. Poor father! A gentler, purer soul never yet left this earth than his, who bore through half a lifetime uncomplaining what it fires my blood to think of! He shall be righted yet. His innocence, his good name, and fair fame shall be established, or I will live and die—as I am!

'Treport lights, Captain!' said the man at the helm gruffly, as they rounded the Head and came in sight of the town. And Hugh stepped aft, and chatted for a while good-naturedly with the steersman, until Long Michael, rubbing his eyes, came drowsily on deck.

'You would have me turn in, Cap.,' said the mate bashfully, and then added: 'You're as bright as a beagle, without even forty winks, skipper!'

Hugh laughed. 'I learned to do without

sleep,' he said cheerily, 'unless convenient, when I was among the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo. But if I'd had your work yesterday, mate—we may call it yesterday now—I should have been drowsy enough. You slaved, Michael, to make my first day's labour seem like a holiday.'

Long Michael, permanent mate, as it seemed, of the good steam-ship *Western Maid*, reddened and chuckled as he took his young commander's offered hand, and wrung it in a grasp that would have crushed and galled some joints and fingers sorely. 'I'm glad, Cap., if I've eased it off a bit!' was all the worthy fellow said; and then he bestirred himself, that the entering Treport quayside should be as prosperous as the outward cruise had been. It was late, or rather early—since the church clock had struck two while he was traversing the ill-paved streets—when Hugh Ashton reached his lodgings. He had no latch-key. Houses such as Captain Trawl's pretty white cottage, in counties so remote as that of Cornwall, are seldom provided with latch-keys for the accommodation of bachelor indwellers.

'Nezer, the dwarf factotum who, with a raw-boned elderly woman from the town or village of Treport, did the roughest of the work, opened the door when Hugh knocked, and Neptune bounced and barked a complimentary reception.

'He's larned to like ye a'ready, Nep has!' grumbled the dwarf, half grudgingly. 'The dog don't take to some and all, Master Ashton, I can tell 'ee, on so short an acquaintance, he don't.'

To Hugh's dismay, he found his host the superannuated captain and his grandchild sitting up for him, and supper prepared.

'We heard,' said the veteran, 'as how it had been a good catch; and a good catch is a blessing from Heaven to us poor coast-folk here. It's not for myself that I speak. I've enough, thanks to God, for the evening of my old life, and to leave Rose here comfortable when I am asleep in Treport churchyard. But I feel as if I couldn't rest in my bed when fishermen's little ones are fractious and pining for want of a meal. All's right now; and so, Captain, tell us all about it.'

It was late before the old man would allow his guest to retire for what was left of the night. Hugh said, modestly but with perfect truth, that his own part in the business of the day had been scarcely more than that of a spectator. And he praised Long Michael warmly as the real discharger of the duties of commander of the *Western Maid*. But his audience did not appear to be easily kindled to enthusiasm on the subject of the steamer's mate.

'Ay, ay!' Captain Trawl would say, in answer to Hugh's hearty encomiums. 'A good seaman and an honest lad is that Long Michael of ours.'

But that was all. And pretty Rose smiled pityingly as she spoke of poor Michael's trick of blushing, and of his huge hands and clumsy feet. Presently the conversation drifted away from Cornwall and pilchards to wild people and tropic scenery at the other side of the world; and the two Captains, old and young, compared their reminiscences, Captain Trawl as charmed to have found a good listener in Hugh, as ever was Scott's Antiquary with his phoenix Mr Lovel; while Rose hearkened, breathlessly attentive, to the few short anecdotes of adventure that their young guest related.

Hugh Ashton, when at length he fell asleep in his neat little room up-stairs, with the scent of flowers in the garden below stealing up to his lattice through the still autumnal air, dreamed of a female form, that floated, vaporous and indistinct, over the murmuring sea. Sometimes the shadowy presence wore the features of Maud Stanhope; and anon Maud's beautiful face would fade away, and be replaced by the wistful blue eyes and golden hair of Rose Tráwl. And then he was in a church, where a bridal company had gathered. He—Hugh—was the bridegroom; but the veiled bride, who stood with her face averted, who was she? Just as he sought to clasp her hand in his, a wild ghastly form, draped in the cerements of the grave, rose shrieking, to forbid the blessing to be spoken; and Hugh awoke, to find the early light of day streaming into the room. It was morning, and he had other things to do than to dwell upon the phantasies of the night. On that day he was free to go up to Llosthuel Court, and pay his respects to Lady Larpent.

CHAPTER XI.—YOUR FORTUNE.

It is a steep though winding road which leads up from Treport, low-lying, as a harbour must perforce be, to the bold heights on which Llosthuel Court is perched. And the latter occupies, as regards the former, at once an ostensibly commanding and a protecting position, dear to the appreciative mind of the Dowager who dwelt there. It is very improbable that the Penrhyns, when they chose that site for their abode, thought very much of scenery or effect. The picturesque had not as yet been invented, and people planted their dwellings where they were snug or safe, without much thought for anything but warmth or convenience. It was enough in those days that Llosthuel was out of reach of the pirates, Moslem or Christian, who sometimes made a dash at the exposed coast of Cornwall, even so late as Charles I.'s reign, and that it lay adjacent to the cream of the property, farm and mine, on the high table-land that towered majestically aloft.

Up this winding road, Hugh Ashton, walking briskly, but pausing now and then to drink with his eyes the beauty, new to him, of the landscape that lay within his range of vision, made his way. The road led past steep meadows, where the active little Cornish cows had to display mountaineering qualities as they browsed; past barren banks, amidst the stones of which a querulous goat occasionally tugged at the rope that tethered it; and then among rocks, mingling their gray scalps with the dark green of fir plantations. As he turned a rocky corner, the sound of two voices, apparently in altercation, fell upon his ear; one, which was raised in remonstrance, being sweet and soft, and emphatically that of a lady; while the other, harsh and petulant, could scarcely be recognised as feminine.

'Let me pass you, please. I told you at first that I had no money with me. If you will come up to the house'—said the first voice.

'If I will come up to the house!' vehemently interrupted the other speaker. 'You will sing another song, then, sweet one, when there are men and maids to hasten to your call. Then it will be: "To jail with the Bess o' Bedlam! Away with her, the gipsy, thief and threatener—the

cheat and cozeners, that knows the inside of nigh every prison from Caithness to Cornwall!" No, no; I'm too gray and too old a weasel to be caught napping.—What's that you say?' she added in a sort of shriek. 'Alms, charity! Yes, a grudging sixpence, and a basin of the thin soup that is good enough for the poor. No, no; I ask none such! Let the poor gipsy tell your fortune, pretty lady,' continued the woman, with a sudden resumption of the fawning tone peculiar to itinerant soothsayers of the class to which she presumably belonged. 'Let me read your hand, as now I read your face, and tell you what the stars have in store for you; and as for payment, if you cannot cross my palm with silver, gold will do as well; that brooch, or those rings in your dainty ears, or'—

At this moment Hugh stepped forward, and came in sight of Maud Stanhope, evidently much alarmed, standing face to face with a wild-eyed, gaunt-faced woman, tall, grim, and menacing of aspect, whose ragged gray hair hung down from beneath a battered bonnet, and whose travel-stained and squalid garments were in part concealed by the yellow shawl, threadbare, but once no doubt of costly make, that was wrapped around her. The woman turned round at the sound of a man's footstep, and snarled at Hugh like a wild-cat balked of its prey.

'O Mr Ashton, I have been so frightened, perhaps foolishly!' exclaimed Maud, trying to smile, as she stepped forward.

Her tormentress stretched forth a bony hand, as if to bar the way. 'I'll have the yellow gold!' she hissed out.

'This is some poor crazy creature,' said Hugh, advancing. 'In any case,' he added, 'you must not annoy ladies, mother, please.—I will see you safely, Miss Stanhope, to the house.' The gipsy, if such she was, as her swarthy complexion might have implied, recoiled with a scream of terror as Hugh drew near.

'Mr George!' she exclaimed, with a frenzied look of alarm, and stretching out her skinny hands, as if to shut out some horrid sight.—'Mr George!' And in an instant she was gone, striking into a side-path among trees and rocks, which for pedestrians afforded a shorter cut to Treport than did the winding carriage-road. Scarcely had the echo of her steps died away, before Sir Lucius Larpent, on horseback, and looking very indolent and handsome, came in sight, riding with a loose rein, and seeming with his half-shut eyes and lounging air, as if he were only as yet half-awake. He opened his eyes widely enough, however, and with a displeased glance as he saw who was Maud's companion.

'Why, cousin,' he said, dismounting, with an affected little laugh, 'this is an unexpected pleasure.—Ah! Mr—Yes—Ashton, good-morning to you.' And he favoured Hugh with a nod, which the young commander of the *Western Maid* returned by a bow of coldest civility. Now in point of fact Sir Lucius was not quite veracious in his late speech. He had expected to meet Maud, and on her account had given himself the trouble to be thus early abroad. But he had not expected to find Miss Stanhope in company with Hugh Ashton; for whom he had, even in Wales, conceived a profound dislike. His looks so clearly expressed his annoyance and surprise, that Maud,

although she owed her kinsman no sort of duty or obedience, was eager to explain what had occurred. Sir Lucius listened to her narrative with a frigid politeness that was almost impertinent.

'So that the beggar-woman frightened you, and you did not know how to get rid of her importunities; and this Mr Ashton came up in the very nick of time and drove her away. I envy his luck in turning up, as he always seems to do, in the character of a rescuer of young ladies.'

This was sneeringly spoken, and the words were in themselves flippant and contemptuous. Hugh Ashton's sunburnt cheek flushed crimson; but he had great self-control, as a brave man usually has, and his voice was calm as he made answer: 'I am glad, Sir Lucius, that I did "turn up" to-day, when I did. It is not that I believe Miss Stanhope to have been in serious danger'—

'There! that is candid at least,' interrupted the baronet with a jeering laugh. 'Your hero, Maud, you see, admits there was no danger but in your own imagination. I suppose you thought your life itself in peril from the claws and teeth of the devouring dragon from whom he saved you!'

'But,' pursued Hugh with forced composure, 'I believe that, had no one arrived, Miss Stanhope would have been robbed of her ornaments, and might have sustained some hurt, too, at the hands of the madwoman who had waylaid her.'

'Yes; I'm sure it is so!' exclaimed Maud with some warmth. 'And you are ungrateful and unkind, Cousin Lucius, not to thank Captain Ashton, as I do, I am sure; and as Aunt Larpent will, for the service he has rendered me.'

The mention of his imperious mother seldom failed to exercise a sobering effect over the evil temper of the baronet. 'I do thank Mr—well, Captain Ashton if you choose, for his opportune arrival,' he said smoothly. 'And I apologise, if I seemed to speak lightly at first, of your fright or of his assistance. You are agitated still, Maud, and would be better indoors. I will walk with you,' he added, passing his horse's bridle over his left arm; 'and we need not detain Captain Ashton, any longer.' And if a look could have dismissed Hugh, Sir Lucius would have been left alone to escort his beautiful cousin to the house. But Hugh did not choose thus to accept his dismissal.

'I was on my road to the Court,' he said, 'by Lady Larpent's desire, and my own wish. And in any case I mean to see Miss Stanhope safe home.'

Therefore Maud Stanhope returned up the winding road under the guardianship of both these young men, one of whom was inwardly anathematising the presumption of the other. But what was Sir Lucius to do? He could not bid this young Ashton, as if he had been an English groom or a Highland gillie, follow with the horse and know his place. There was something of quiet dignity about Hugh's bearing which forbade aristocratic insolence to be pushed beyond a certain point, where he was concerned. And he would not take a hint. Many a man in his position would have reddened and stammered, and said 'Good-morning' sheepishly, unable to face the baronet's haughty assumption of nonchalant superiority. But Hugh, though perfectly civil, was distressingly cool, to outward appearance at least, though in reality he chafed indignantly at

the persistent hostility which Sir Lucius manifested towards him. Perhaps Maud, with a woman's quick instinct of perception, recognised this, for she was very gracious to Hugh during the walk, and when the Court was reached, gave Lady Larpent a glowing account of her own alarm and of Hugh's welcome arrival to the rescue.

At Llosthuel Court, Hugh Ashton became again painfully aware of the subtle distinctions which a difference in rank creates. Out of doors, his social inferiority to Sir Lucius was not so marked as when, on entering the mansion, he was left standing by himself in the hall, while Maud and the baronet passed on towards Lady Larpent's favourite drawing-room. It is true that Miss Stanhope turned towards him, and said kindly, that she would herself inform her aunt of his presence; but the fact remained, and Hugh stood there alone.

'I was a poor fisherman but yesterday,' he thought to himself half-bitterly. 'I am little better now, and have nothing to complain of. It was I who forgot.'

Presently a servant came to usher him into a snug little study in which the Dowager gave audience to visitors of humble degree.

'Lady Larpent told me to say she will see you directly,' said the man.

Lady Larpent did not keep Hugh waiting for her very long. She sailed in, and was very good to him and very gracious, thanking him for the recent service he had rendered to Maud, and receiving with royal affability the expressions of his gratitude for his appointment to command the *Western Maid*. With respect to her niece's recent adventure she was not so bland.

'It is unendurable,' she said, knitting her strong brows, 'that a lady staying in my house, and my relative, should be terrified and threatened within a few hundred yards of my gate. I shall send for the superintendent of police down at Treport there, and have the matter attended to at once.'

'I think, Lady Larpent, that the woman who stopped Miss Stanhope will prove to be insane,' said Hugh.

'Mad or not,' rejoined the Dowager, 'I am determined to prevent such conduct from being repeated in the future. My son, Sir Lucius, is very indignant also at the occurrence.'

Then cake and wine were brought, and Lady Larpent insisted that Hugh should partake of both, and spoke cheerily to him as to his prospects, addressing him as 'Captain' Ashton, and assuring him how glad she should always be to hear of his prosperity. And then Hugh took his leave, not having the opportunity of again exchanging a word or look with Maud.

'It would have been fitter,' said Sir Lucius, who, lounging beside a bay-window, saw Hugh's receding figure disappear in the distance, 'if that confounded fisherman had come in at the back-door.'

'You forget,' said Maud reproachfully, 'the circumstances under which he accompanied us here, and what a debt we owe him.'

And the Dowager coming in at that moment, Sir Lucius postponed any disparaging remarks concerning Hugh Ashton till another occasion. Meanwhile Hugh himself, as he strode down the winding road, was moody and deep in thought.

'Mr George!' he muttered to himself. 'I could

not mistake the words. The name, it is true, is no uncommon one—and yet! I must find that old gipsy, wherever she may hide herself, and learn what her words meant.'

(To be continued.)

WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH.

We propose to offer to our readers a few instances of hair-breadth escapes, by which various human beings have been saved from death.

Colonel Gilmor relating the story of a fight in which he figured, says in his *Four Years in the Saddle*: 'Turning half-round in my saddle to call on my men, I received a sudden shock and felt deadly sick, and at the same instant saw a man trail his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats and stuck in a pack of cards in my left-side pocket. They were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broken open. The suits were each distinct. The bullet passed through all, stopping at the last card, which was the ace of spades.'

Such another literal illustration of the phrase 'Within an ace of death' is not upon record; but hair-breadth escapes are common in war. At the battle of Laon, Steffens saw a shell strike the horse of a Prussian officer. Entering near the shoulder, it caused the poor animal to make a convulsive spring and throw its rider; the fragments of the shell being projected on all sides, while the rider jumped up from the ground unhurt.—During the Crimean war, Colonel Wyndham, despatched to find out how matters were going in the first attack on the Redan, saw a soldier walking along the trench two or three yards ahead of him. Presently, a round-shot came flying over the parapet, and the man was hidden from sight by the dust. When it subsided, the colonel was astonished to find himself beside a living man, whose countenance presented a curious admixture of fright and joy, as scratching his head, he exclaimed: 'Why, dash my buttons, but that was amazing nigh!' 'Ay, ay, my boy,' responded the Colonel; 'we'd much better be digging trenches at threepence a rod in Norfolk!' To which his fellow-countyman only replied: 'What! Are yew tew from Norfolk?'

Amazingly nigh death, although in blissful ignorance of the fact, was the Confederate staff-officer marked down by a Northerner's rifle, and only saved by the officer commanding the platoon happening to recognise in him a client of the insurance office of which he was secretary; and striking up the levelled weapon with: 'Don't shoot; we've got a policy on him!'—Dr Brydon, the sole English survivor of the retreat from Cabul, during the last Afghanistan war, was quite aware of the narrowness of his escape, but never could understand how it came about. After a long and terrible ride, he was just congratulating himself upon having at last got clear of the enemy, when he found himself pursued by a solitary horseman. He had but a broken sword wherewith to defend himself, and with this he managed to intercept a cut at his head, directed with such force that it cleft through the base of his blade and left only the hilt, which the doctor hurled in his assailant's face; and the next

moment the Afghan cut through Brydon's head-piece and the magazine he had that morning placed inside it. Unarmed, half-stunned, and hopeless, he mechanically stooped to recover his fallen rein; when to his surprise and relief, his foe turned away and galloped off, leaving the Doctor to drag himself to Jelalabad.

The sword of justice is not always rightly directed, and sometimes comes near perpetrating murder. A young New-Yorker named Wells went one evening to Booth's Theatre. Taken with a fit of coughing, he left the theatre intending to go home; but after going some little distance, it came on snowing so fast that he retraced his steps. As he strode along, two men came rushing down the street, one of them dropping a gold watch and chain, which Wells picked up, and then went after the loser, running into the arms of a policeman, who marched him off to the station to explain matters. Presently a messenger arrived in hot haste, saying the thief was wanted at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Wells was taken there, and brought face to face with a man lying on a lounge, covered with blood. 'Is this the man who stabbed you?' asked the officer. 'It is,' said the poor fellow, falling back, never to speak again. Wells was tried for the murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; and hanged he would have been, if a fortnight before the day fixed for his execution, a prisoner in Sing-Sing had not confessed on his death-bed that he had robbed the man of his watch, then stabbed him and run off, afterwards dropping the watch as he ran.

Among the Communists tried at Versailles was Jean Baptiste Pigerre, charged with commanding the firing-party who shot the hostages at La Roquette. He protested he knew nothing of the dreadful business, and was not aware that the hostages had been shot until after his arrest. His denial went for nought. He had been denounced by members of his own party; three of them on trial with him declared he was at La Roquette. M. Chevrier, a prisoner there at the time, said he saw Pigerre from his cell dressed as a National Guard, trailing a scabbard after him; his face was fixed in his memory; and Soisson, a police-officer, asserted emphatically: 'That's the man.' Only one voice was raised in Pigerre's behalf, that of the Communist judge Genton. 'You can shoot me if you like,' exclaimed he; 'but Pigerre is innocent; he had nothing to do with it.' The prosecutor summed up, insisting upon Pigerre's conviction with the rest; the advocates for the accused said their ineffectual say; and then came an interruption. A man named Jarraud, whom everybody agreed was implicated in the murder of the hostages, and who was supposed to have been killed by the soldiers, was brought into court. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. 'That's not the man who commanded,' said Jarraud. 'O no; the leader of the band was Sicard.' The proceedings were suspended, and that same evening Sicard was found in one of the prisons. It was evident he had not long to live; but they carried him to Versailles, to testify Pigerre's innocence, and convince all the witnesses, save the three Communists, that they had been misled by the extraordinary resemblance between the two men. The prosecutor at once demanded that the accusation he had formulated against Pigerre should be

withdrawn; and so terminated what might have proved a fatal case of mistaken identity.

Yet more singular was the escape of a young Shropshire lady from an ignominious death. Staying in Paris during the Reign of Terror, she was dragged with other unfortunate 'aristocrats' before one of the tribunals. She pleaded that she was an Englishwoman; but was on the point of being hurried out to the waiting tumbril, when one of the judges asked her what province in England she was a native of. In her fright she exclaimed 'Salop;' a reply greeted by a general shout and clapping of hands, followed by an order to let her go; and amid cries of 'Salope! Salope!' the dazed girl was hustled into the street, to run home, wondering that her head was still on her shoulders, little thinking that by uttering the word 'Salop,' she had effectually rebutted the notion of her being one of the hated aristocrats, thanks to 'Salope' being a word then used to designate one of the most depraved of her sex.

Another remarkable escape of that terrible time was that of M. de Châteaubrun, for he was not only condemned, but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order, and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on; and as it began to grow dark M. de Châteaubrun found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators; so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a way had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding-place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

Major Duncan vouches for the truth of the following tale. In 1837, the Christino general Escalera was murdered at Miranda by the mutineering regiment of Segovia. About two months later, Espartero and his army arrived at Miranda; and on the 30th of October, the whole force was paraded outside the town, the regiment of Segovia being flanked by artillery and other regiments. Accompanied by his staff, Espartero rode up to it, and told the men he had come to ask for his old friend and commander, their chief Escalera. 'Where is he?' he cried. Then pointing to the dead commander's resting-place, went on: 'He is there, foully murdered! I call upon all of you who are true soldiers to give up the names of his assassins.' Twice he made the appeal, and silence was the only answer. Espartero then ordered the regiment to be numbered off from the right, and every twentieth man to be brought to the front and be prepared for immediate execution. At this a sergeant stepped forward and named ten men as the actual murderers of Escalera. These were marched off and placed in a line with their backs to a broken wall, one only protesting his innocence as he was dragged to the end of the line. Before the fatal volley was fired, he darted nimbly round the corner of the wall and ran along the front of the troops; but was recaptured, and taken back to his allotted place. A voice from the ranks cried out that they had the wrong man, the real criminal being a soldier of the same name in hospital at Burgos. Espartero ordered the man to be removed, while the rest received their deserts.

Upon inquiry being made at Burgos, the guilty one was found there, taken from the hospital and shot, his namesake of course being set free.

A snake once prevented a thief committing something worse than theft. A woman of Oude and her daughter once alighted at the station at Hurdui, and hired a conveyance to take them to their village. When they had gone half-a-dozen miles on their way, the driver pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewellery; and upon their demurring, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. Then bethinking himself that dead women could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand in the water to recover the knife; and as he clutched it, a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers, and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police coming on the scene, removed the body to the police station.

Of all the wonderful cañons or gorges of Colorado, the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, with almost perpendicular walls, in some places several thousand feet high, is the most wonderful. The gorge of this cañon used to be impassable except in winter, until railway operations were commenced and paths of a sort cut in the sides of the precipices. Wishing to see how the said operations were progressing, Professor Mallet and a party of friends set out one afternoon from Cañon City. As long as they kept to the horse-trail, all went well; but upon reaching a point just beyond it, Mrs. Mallet's horse stumbled and fell. The lady contrived to disentangle herself from the animal, and dropping some ten feet, caught with her fingers the end of a narrow shelf of rock, and there held on, dangling in air above the rapid rolling Arkansas; and to make matters worse, the horse, following its mistress, had fallen or slipped on the same ledge, where it stood close to the wall and almost as motionless as the rock itself. The horrified party hastened to the rescue; and the Professor, after some anxious minutes, had his wife safe and sound by his side. To help the horse was a more difficult matter; and an hour elapsed before men and ropes could be got from the nearest camp; and all that time the poor creature, seemingly aware that he was not to be left to his own resources, stood quietly on the narrow shelf, hardly appearing to draw breath; nor did he attempt to use his limbs until he found himself upon the sure footing of the pathway above.

On the 14th of October 1877, Miss Lizzie Wise made her twentieth balloon ascent at St Louis. She had no companion, and soon after starting found it advisable to throw out ballast. The balloon shot up half a mile, but only to descend as quickly again; and the aeronaut determined to make a dart for earth. 'Now,' says she, 'came the most trying of all my balloon experiences. I could not see a thing on earth, and the balloon made fearful plunges through the woods, crashing and cracking the limbs of the trees as it went along. All of a sudden I was lifted up several feet above the tree-tops, but only to plunge down more suddenly between the tall trees, where the balloon became hedged in, and I partly made

up my mind to have a night's lodging there. In another moment I heard voices, and called out for help, to which came the pleasant response: "Where are you?" I cried: "Up here in the tree-top; help me down, please!" Mr Sheva asked how he should do it; and I threw him a rope, and he pulled and pulled, but could not get the balloon low enough. My car was now partly bottom up, when he bade me slide down into his arms. He was big and strong. I slid down head foremost into his arms, and thus reached the earth unhurt.

Astonished as the deliverer of the distressed damsel must have been at coming upon a lady up a tree, his surprise was not greater than that of the wheel-examiner at Rugby when he saw a man's leg protruding from under one of the carriages of an express train, and found that it belonged to a sailor coiled round the break-rod, who had adopted that risky mode of travelling for want of the wherewithal to pay his fare; and was quite uninjured, after a journey from Euston, a distance of eighty-two miles, accomplished in a couple of hours; although when the engine while at full speed took in water from the between-rails tank, there were only six inches between him and the trough—a striking example of the fool-hardiness of Jack. Not but what railway servants are just as reckless as sailors, putting their limbs and lives in jeopardy without the slightest necessity, and so swelling the tale of railway disaster; for they are not always so lucky as the Ettingshall signalman who, attempting to cross the line in front of the 'Flying Scotchman,' was caught by the buffer of the engine and sent whirling over the embankment—nearly twenty yards deep—to come down on his feet unharmed.

MINOR PLUNDERINGS À LA MODE.

PLUNDERING à la Mode, that is to say by fraud and ingenious methods of cheating, is not confined to those grand schemes now agitating the financial world. The higher-class rogues have imitators on a comparatively humble scale, who make a regular business of preying on the community. Every one must know this who peruses the metropolitan police reports. We offer a few examples.

Perhaps the most despicable and easily executed of the multifarious petty rogueries consists in advertising that 'Any person of either sex can obtain readily without previous knowledge from two pounds to three pounds per week;' all that is required being an advance of a certain sum, usually five pounds, which may be forwarded with name and address to A. B. at a particular place named. The whole thing is a trick; but it is astonishing how often it succeeds. We have known at least a dozen instances of poor deluded individuals sending the last remnant of their little property to the writers of these fraudulent advertisements. Sometimes the swindler asks only six postage-stamps in requital for his information as to how two pounds a week can be realised. In such cases, hundreds of letters from all parts of the country pour in, each laden with six stamps, which are good for sixpence; and the unfortunate individuals who send them never hear any more about it. They have been cheated, and are wholly without recourse. Not an uncommon device consists in advertising 'An infallible cure for sea-sickness. Any person using the remedy

can never suffer from that distressing malady. Recipe sent by inclosing two postage-stamps and a stamped envelope.' The reply is: 'Don't go to sea.'

Advertisements of 'Partners Wanted' often emanate from the clever rogues. We saw a young man the other day who was just taking a passage for the Cape of Good Hope, trusting, as he told us, either to find a fortune or death at the Diamond Fields. For seven years he had saved the greater portion of his salary as a conveying clerk; a relative died and left him a small amount of money; and altogether he found himself in possession of one thousand pounds. Lawyer though he was, a clever rogue got hold of him through one of these advertisements of partnership; and with the promise of twenty-five per cent. per annum, besides a certain amount for services, he invested his money, and became the junior in a firm of wine-merchants. Within three weeks the senior partners disappeared, and the poor dupe was ruined. Instances of this kind constantly appear in London; and it is very difficult for the most sharp-witted man to distinguish the true from the false advertisements of this character.

Another mode of swindling is carried on by advertising for confidential clerks or cashiers to perform trustworthy duties; and on the applicant seeing the advertiser, he is told that two hundred, three hundred, or perhaps five hundred pounds are required as a deposit for his trustworthiness. Sometimes the sum demanded will be only fifty or twenty pounds, according to the advertiser's idea of the applicant's means. A good salary is promised; and when the deposit is paid, the young man is installed in offices with very trifling duties at first, and none to follow; his employer is always absent, and eventually the rooms are taken possession of by the landlord. The clever rogue, after swindling two or three young men in this way in the City, probably goes to the West End to carry on further operations of a similar nature. Now it cannot be too well known by young men of good character that there is a Guarantee Society who will become responsible for them to any amount required for a small annual payment; and large firms prefer such security to that of private individuals; for in case of any default, the young men are prosecuted by the Society, and the trouble and expense taken out of the hands of the employer.

In speaking of the clever rogues in London we do not enumerate the ordinary pickpockets, whose avocations have ever been the same; waiting for a crowd, when one more expert than the rest is allowed to operate while his confederates cover his actions. The police are pretty vigilant in looking after these gentlemen, and wherever there is a great crush, placards are stuck up reminding the people to take care of their pockets. The clever rogues are mostly to be found around the banks, the Stock Exchange, in the better-class refreshment-rooms, picking up information which, if not useful at the moment, may guide them upon a future occasion. They are more active than the secret police; they often know when any one is about to receive a large amount of money, and their best chance of obtaining it. A short time ago an old gentleman went into a London bank to cash a cheque for eight hundred and fifty pounds. He took the greater portion of it in Bank of England

notes, which he counted and put under his left arm, and set himself deliberately to count the gold. Finding this all right, he looked for the notes. They were gone. Some one had come slyly behind him, and withdrawn the notes. The old gentleman doubted his senses; searched his pockets, lest he might have put them there unawares; then he hurriedly told the clerk of his loss. The numbers of the notes had been preserved, and a fleet messenger was despatched to the Bank of England to stop them. When he arrived there, he was told they were all cashed in gold three minutes ago.

Another case may be given. A gentleman of great experience in the commercial world cashed a cheque at a London bank for eleven hundred pounds, taking the whole in one-hundred-pound notes. He was only a few yards from the bank when a person resembling a clerk, bareheaded and with a pen behind his ear, touched him on the shoulder, saying: 'Beg your pardon sir; will you allow me just to take the number of these notes again? I won't keep you a minute.' The gentleman, taken off his guard, handed the notes over to the supposed clerk, whom he followed into the bank. After giving the former time to reach the top end and return, he met the gentleman at the door, saying: 'Please walk this way; that gentleman will attend to you in a minute;' pointing to a clerk who was deeply engaged. Five minutes elapsed before the gentleman could draw the clerk's attention to his case; and he was thunder-struck to find that this official knew nothing about it. The other clerks were interrogated, and they were equally in the dark. Of course no time was lost in going to the Bank of England; but too late; the clever rogue had been before them, and obtained gold for the notes.

A case of almost a similar character must be given, to shew that the clever rogue does not work without accomplices. A gentleman was paying in a large sum of money into a bank at the West End of London, when a hundred-pound note was suddenly missed. In a moment a cab was called, and the number transmitted to the Bank of England. In a few minutes the note was presented, and the gold paid; and as is usual with the Bank authorities, the person was followed and given in charge; but to the surprise of all, the hundred sovereigns had disappeared. How the rogue managed to obtain access to his accomplice without being detected in transmitting the money, is a mystery, but it was done. The man did not get free however, for the handwriting on the note was proved to be his; and as he had given a false name and address, he was prosecuted, and London was free of him for a time.

The great Dimsdale frauds, which consisted of fabricating false title-deeds, have been described in these pages. We question whether any of these fraudulent transactions equalled the following in audacity. It reminds us of the tricks in 'Gil Blas.' A gentleman was going abroad for twelve months, and he desired to let his house ready furnished for that period. The ground-rent was forty pounds per annum, but the rateable value was two hundred and forty, and the gentleman held a lease for twenty-seven years unexpired. On his way from the club one night he met a military-looking man, who gave the name of an officer in the Army List, and assumed a knowledge of this gentleman's

family, making inquiries about relatives, with whom he declared he was well acquainted. Of course this naturally led to a revisit to the club, and the pseudo-officer was introduced by the gentleman, and a social evening spent. The next day this new friend called at the gentleman's house, and upon his saying that he required a furnished residence for himself and his family, what could be more satisfactory than that he should have that of his friend's friend. The bargain was soon made, and the gentleman thought himself particularly cautious when he demanded two hundred pounds for a quarter's rent in advance; which he obtained, and the privilege of leaving the old butler and housekeeper in the house to look after his property and attend to the new tenant. Scarcely had the gentleman quitted the English shores when the pretended officer went to a celebrated house-agent and announced himself as the lease-holder, assuming the name of the gentleman from whom he rented the house. He said he wanted to sell the lease together with the household furniture; and he actually obtained six thousand five hundred for it, and decamped with the money. Of course when the next tenant came to take possession, the butler telegraphed for his master, and it was found that the deeds were forged.

One could hardly expect that anything like Plundering à la Mode could have been developed in connection with the business of carriage-building. Yet, such we are assured was the case. It occurred some years ago. A certain builder of carriages made a practice of keeping a carriage on hand to palm off on the executors of deceased noblemen. It was a costly vehicle, handsomely fitted up. As soon as the death of a nobleman occurred, the carriage was decorated with the arms of the deceased in the best style of herald-painting. With this preparation, a letter was despatched to the executors respectfully inquiring when it would be convenient to remove the carriage which had been built according to the orders of his lordship. It had been some time ready to be taken away, and the price was one hundred and ninety pounds, or some such sum. This unpleasant announcement usually led to a compromise. The carriage not being wanted, a sum of money was paid by the executors to take it off their hands. This was precisely what was anticipated. The carriage was now ready for a fresh start in plundering. The armorial bearings were obliterated; and the panels were prepared to receive the heraldic blazonry of the next nobleman on whose executors the same trick could be played off. Very clever this; but like all rogueries, it was at length found out, and a loss of reputation ensued. What became of the carriage that had undergone so many transformations, we know not.

A remarkable matter, which will possibly be the groundwork of a lengthened trial, shews how the clever rogues are always on the alert. An old gentleman was very near to death; he was desirous of leaving his worldly affairs in such a straightforward manner that his executors should have no trouble. He had his nieces around him, the daughters of a sister; but his brother had settled in the West Indies, and died there, leaving two sons; and the old man thought it his duty, as he had no children of his own, to divide his property equally between his nephews and nieces. To the surprise of the family, a telegram was received from

Southampton stating that the eldest nephew had arrived at that port and would be in London next day. This was an unlooked-for event, and it gave the old man great pleasure. The nephew arrived, and was gladly welcomed; the nieces greeted him with affection as their cousin. His knowledge of the family was quite sufficient to satisfy them of his individuality. The uncle sent for his lawyer, made a new will, and appointed his nephew sole executor. A month afterwards, the old man died, and the nephew was excessively anxious to have the will proved at an early date and the estate realised. He paid the nieces their legacies; his brother's and his own he was supposed to take back with him to the West Indies. Some months afterwards letters were received from the *bond fide* nephews proving that they had not so much as heard of their uncle's death, much less received the legacies. There must have been more than one clever rogue in that adventure; but how the false nephew obtained information enough to satisfy every one concerned and make good his claim to the property, is a mystery.

It cannot be too widely known that roguery in the guise of elegant manners prevails in some of the best circles in the metropolis. Rascals on the outlook for dupes are found in the clubs, at the bar, in the messroom, at social parties, in the railway train, on board the steamboat, at the opera—yea, everywhere in London life where there is an opportunity of gaining money and sacrificing the unfortunate victim. The clever rogues are not now confined to the uneducated. Men with university training and aristocratic associations prowl about like wild beasts seeking whom they can devour, and are ever on the alert to capture the innocent and beguile them as serpents would their prey. That such a state of things should exist is certainly very melancholy. The only explanation that can be offered is, that vast hordes of young men with loose and extravagant habits, who despise all regular means of industry, betake themselves to schemes of villainy in order to maintain appearances. And it is sorrowful to think how the low type of morality which has been latterly developed in respectable circles, has spread like a canker through various conditions of society. A costly style of living at whatever sacrifice of principle, is undoubtedly at the basis of all the sorts of plundering we have specified. Very despicable! But to repeat an expressive phrase employed by one of Walter Scott's characters, 'meanness is the natural companion of profligacy.'

EXPERIENCES OF A BOW-STREET RUNNER.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

ONE of my journeys called me away to a town in Suffolk, where I was ordered to take charge of a prisoner to be discharged the next day from one of the local jails, in which he had been undergoing a year's imprisonment for a criminal assault. The man had been let out on a ticket-of-leave from the *Defence* hulk at Woolwich, and had speedily, as it appeared, got into trouble down in the country. As he was merely 'wanted' to complete his original sentence—having broken his

ticket-of-leave—there could be no bother about apprehending him inside the prison, and using such precautions for his safe keeping as seemed best to my judgment.

Just as I was about to leave the office in Bow Street, one of my comrades with whom I was rather intimate came in, having finished a journey such as I was myself about to set off on. 'Going out, Tom?' he asked; and on my telling him where I was bound for, he continued: 'Better have this "barker," Tom; you may find it useful.' At the same time he produced a small pocket-pistol, which he held out for my acceptance. 'I have not got any powder,' he added; 'but here are some caps and bullets.' It seems needless to remark that this was before the days of revolvers and patent cartridges; we had then to load in the old fashion, and had merely got as far as the introduction of the percussion cap. I had never before carried anything more deadly by way of protection than a life-preserver; but as my friend seemed to mean a kindness, I made no ado about accepting his offer; and having 'capped' the pistol there and then, I consigned it to the side-pocket of a pilot-coat, which I wore buttoned over my uniform.

My journey down to Suffolk calls for no particular notice. In due time the railway deposited me at my destination, and left me with ample leisure to call upon the governor of the prison over-night, with a view to arranging for my carrying off my charge the next morning. I asked what sort of a customer I would have to deal with, and must confess I did not feel much encouraged by the reply.

'He is what I would call a nasty customer,' was the answer. 'He has given us a deal of trouble while we have had charge of him; continually breaking prison rules, and more than once he has tried to commit suicide in the most determined manner by tearing open the veins in his arms with his finger-nails.'

This account of matters was not, as may well be supposed, at all enlivening; and when the governor added that the man was a perfect giant, and had been a 'navvy' before he fell into evil courses, I began to fear that my work was cut out for me. However, there was no help for it. We Bow-Street Runners had as fickle customers to deal with as any of your modern Detectives. All I could do was to ask that the prisoner should be detained until I got over in the morning. I told the governor where I had put up; but he did not seem disposed to offer me his company for an hour or two in the evening, and to me he hardly appeared the sort of man I could ask in an off-hand way to take a friendly glass; so my arrangements being thus far completed, I there and then left him.

The inn where I had taken up my quarters stood right opposite the jail entrance, and as the street was somewhat of the narrowest, the most complete view of all comers and goers could be

commanded from the front of my temporary residence. As my landlady knew the errand I had come on, and had a most becoming respect for the representative of the law, she kindly accommodated me with her own private parlour as a sitting-room; and a very pleasant evening I spent in the company of the intelligent daughter of the house, business leaving her mother but little time to bestow upon me. Next morning found me seated at a very comfortable breakfast, and the weather being fine, the window of the private parlour was open, affording a perfect view of all that might take place at the prison door opposite. While I was absorbed in the good cheer before me, I was startled by an exclamation from both the landlady and her daughter, which caused me to look up and instinctively to glance across the street.

'Did you ever see such a big, coarse, and clumsy-looking woman?' exclaimed the younger of my entertainers.

'Or is it a woman at all?' added her mother.

My attention was at once riveted upon the new-comer, whom I somehow could not avoid connecting with the criminal it would so soon become my duty to apprehend. Without saying a word to the two ladies, I carefully and closely watched every movement of the party opposite during the remainder of my morning meal. More than once I caught myself mentally repeating my landlady's query: 'Is it a woman after all?' The *it* must be excused, as the point was so entirely doubtful. For a woman, the individual was very considerably above the average height, and her whole physique indicated far more than the average strength of womankind. There was a swagger in her walk too, most unlike the carriage of a female; and once during her pacing in front of the jail door she stopped to adjust a boot-lace or some such matter in a fashion which shewed an entire absence of delicacy, and at the same time shewed a portion of a limb which might have done credit to an athlete in the highest state of training. I was fairly puzzled, and none the less so that I had twice noticed her ringing the prison bell, and that I knew there was but one individual to be discharged that morning, and that it was close upon my time to go and look after him. I had barely finished my last cup of coffee, when one of the prison warders came across to say that the wife of my prisoner was waiting outside, and had twice made a demand to see him; but that the governor did not care to accede to the request without first consulting me. After casting the matter over in my own mind for a minute, I told the warder that I did not mind the woman being admitted, but that the two ought to be very closely watched during the interview. The man re-entered the prison, and within a few minutes I observed that the woman was called in.

Punctual to my time, I crossed over to the prison, and found my charge waiting for me, his wife being still with him, and no one in the room but the governor. Contrary to my expectations, the prisoner held up his wrists and submitted to be handcuffed with the most lamb-like docility.

When we got out into the street, I suggested, as there was time to spare, that the stalwart pair should have a bit of breakfast at my expense, before starting on the journey for town. I thought the woman seemed a little taken aback at my invitation; however, it was acceded to; and we entered the inn parlour, where I requested the landlady to produce a plentiful supply of ham and eggs; and as the pair preferred ale to tea or coffee, I ordered them a pint apiece. I had of course to unlock one hand in order to allow my prisoner the free use of his knife and fork; and after what I had heard the night before, I thought it was rather a risky thing for me to do, as though he might not attempt to do me any mischief, it was just possible he might try to inflict some serious mischief on himself. All however, passed off safely; and when breakfast was finished, I told him he must bid his wife good-bye, as I did not want to attract any attention at the railway station. A kiss was accordingly exchanged, the bracelets were again adjusted to his wrists, and we set off at a brisk pace.

When we got to the station, I learned that the next 'up' train was an express, and that I would have to look sharp, as it might be expected immediately, and made but a brief stoppage. The train in fact came in almost to a minute after the information was communicated to me; and I hurried across the platform, got my man into a second-class carriage—the compartment I had only just time to notice was empty. The whistle sounded, and the train was beginning to move, when the door was flung violently open, and in jumped the prisoner's wife, taking her seat right opposite me. There was but time for the porter to slam the door when we were off. It need not be said that I was very far from being satisfied with the look of things, and that I had made up my mind to be carefully on my guard. I said nothing, being fully determined not to betray any uneasiness, though it must be owned I felt much. Before we had gone any great way, my prisoner turned sideways to me and said: 'Master, my missus and me have some small matters of our own we would like to talk over; and as they don't concern you in the least, p'raps you wouldn't mind looking out o' winder for a minute or two while we have our talk.'

'That I could not possibly do,' was my immediate answer. 'My duty is to keep you always under my eye and control; and besides, as you have just said, your domestic arrangements can be a matter of no concern to me, so you can discuss them as freely as you please without minding my presence.'

This answer seemed to disconcert both of them; but as if by way of compromise, I at the same time leant towards the window of the carriage for a moment, and glanced outside. My hearing is sharp enough now, but at the time I speak of was even more acute. Just as I turned my head, I heard, or fancied I heard, the man whisper the words: 'Both together.' Instantly the suspicion flashed across my mind that these words related to myself, and I turned round and faced the couple in a moment. What I saw in the expression of each of them seemed to warrant my acting with immediate decision. I seized the man between his manacled wrists so that he could not raise his hands. With an instinctive thought, I plunged

my right hand into the pocket of my pilot-coat, pulled out the pistol my mate had handed to me, cocked it with my thumb, and holding it within a few inches of the face of the woman opposite, I looked steadily into her eyes, and said with emphasis: 'If you attempt to stir before we reach the next station, you will certainly be a dead woman!'

It was something fearful to notice the immediate change on that woman's countenance. She became of a pallid whiteness, and her lips had the purple-bluish tinge that indicates so unmistakably an access of deadly fear. In the highly dramatic positions I have just described we sped on until the next stopping station was reached, and that occupied fully more than twenty minutes. The moment the train came to a stop, I thus addressed the woman, keeping her 'covered' with the muzzle of my pistol: 'Leave the carriage; and if you value your liberty, make what speed you can to get into hiding.'

She disappeared instant; and I felt a heavy load of anxiety lifted off my mind as she left us, for of all the encounters I most hate, an encounter with a woman is to be classed foremost. From the moment I saw the change in her face indicative of such intense fear, I knew I was master of the situation; but still I was glad to be rid of all further risk of a struggle. Not a word passed between my prisoner and me during the remainder of the journey to London, which we were no great while in reaching, and where I duly delivered him into safe keeping at Bow Street police-office.

Next morning I had to conduct my prisoner to Woolwich, there to deliver him to the authorities of the hulks, from whom he had obtained his ticket-of-leave. He seemed to have recovered from his scare of the day before, and on our journey spoke freely enough, and with an earnestness that left no doubt of the truth of his communication.

'Master,' said he, 'I am main glad you kept your head yesterday, and did not lean out of the window. Had you done so, missus and I meant to have pitched you out, and taken our chances after of getting off.'

'I was not very likely to be so easily put off my guard,' was my laconic answer.

'Ay, but master, your danger was not over then; for missus and I had made it up that she was to pin your arms—and she could a done it easy—while I was to smash your head with the "darbies." We should then a took the key, go off the bracelets, and heaved you out a window, afore you could come to yourself. That pistol fairly put us out, for it cowed missus, and she isn't easily cowed, I tell ye.'

'But the pistol was not loaded,' said I—'nothing but a cap and an empty barrel.'

'All the same master I'm main glad we failed. Now I've thought it over, I know I could not have escaped. It was known I left in your charge, and that missus joined us. When your body was found, we'd a been spotted at once, and most likely both on us would a swung for it. I'm main glad, I tell you, that you got out o' the mess, and I don't bear you no ill-will for having done your dooty as a man and a hoffer.'

Never before, to my knowledge, had I been in such deadly peril, and truly thankful did I inwardly feel for the providential escape I learned

I had just made. I was glad to hand my murderous-minded charge over to the care of the officers of the *Defence*; and I am thankful to add that I never heard more of him, or wished to do so.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

COLLECTORS of fossils, especially of fossil plants, have often had to deplore the destruction of specimens by hammering them from the rocks in which they were imbedded, or in splitting fragments of stone in hope of discovery. Destruction and disappointment are now obviated by a process described by Baron Ettingshausen, an eminent Austrian phytopalæontologist, in a Report on phytopalæontological investigations read before the Royal Society. The process is simple: the lumps of stone supposed to contain the fossil leaves and stems are soaked for say six months in water under a pressure of from two to three atmospheres. Wherever a fossil is imbedded, the substance of the stone is not continuous, however compact it may be, and these microscopic interstices become filled with water under the soaking and the pressure. The lumps of stone are then taken out and exposed to intense cold; the thin films of water freeze; the stones open of themselves, and expose their long-buried contents uninjured. In some instances the soaking and freezing have to be repeated; but the trouble is repaid by the fact that the more compact the stone, the less imperfect will be the fossil, as was demonstrated by specimens exhibited at the reading of the Report.

In the manufacture of alum there used formerly to be great loss by evaporation from the open pans in which the liquid under treatment was kept just below the boiling-point. Eventually this loss was prevented by covering the liquid with a thin layer of coal-tar; the consumption of fuel was in consequence diminished. 'This simple though important technical application,' says Dr Frankland, 'suggested to me a condition of things under which the existence of so-called "dry fog" would be possible. From our manufactories and domestic fires, vast aggregate quantities of coal-tar and paraffin oil are daily distilled into the atmosphere, and, condensing upon, or attaching themselves to, the watery spherules of fog or cloud, must of necessity coat these latter with an oily film, which would in all probability retard the evaporation of the water, and the consequent saturation of the interstitial air.'

This theory having been tested and verified by various experiments, Dr Frankland concludes that dry fog is accounted for, as also 'the frequency, persistency, and irritating character of those fogs which so often afflict our large towns.' Moreover, 'some of the products of destructive distillation of coal are very irritating to the respiratory organs, and to a large amount are scarcely if at all volatile at ordinary temperatures.'

The recent discussion about electric light has shewn more clearly than before the strong necessity under which operators are brought of finding some means for measuring and regulating the extremely powerful electric currents which can be produced by the dynamo-electric machine. Mr

Siemens, F.R.S., has discovered the means by which 'currents passing through a circuit, or branch circuit, are measured and graphically recorded.'

He takes advantage of the fact that when an electric current passes through a conductor, heat is generated. The conductor in this case is a very thin strip of metal, forming an important part of a complicated apparatus contrived to measure, regulate, and record the currents passing through it. One end of the thin strip touches a lever, and as the length of the strip varies with its temperature, the lever is moved accordingly, and affects the other members of the apparatus, including a pencil for the record, in a way which could not be understood without the aid of a diagram. But the movements are so ingeniously planned that the thin conducting strip never gets too hot, and consequently 'the current itself is rendered very uniform, notwithstanding considerable variation in its force, or in the resistance of the lamp, or other extraneous resistance which the strip is intended to regulate.'

Mr Siemens says further: 'It might appear at first sight that, in dealing with powerful currents, the breaking of contacts would cause serious inconvenience, in consequence of the discharge of extra current between the points of contact. But no such discharges of any importance actually take place, because the metallic continuity of the circuit is never broken, and each contact serves only to diminish to some extent the resistance of the regulating rheostat.' The papers summarised in the foregoing paragraphs are published with illustrations in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

Mr Schwendler, superintendent electrician to the government of India, has during eighteen months made experiments on electric lighting at the India Stores Depot, Lambeth, and a *précis* of his interesting Report has just been published by the India Office. He recommends that the light should be adopted for railway stations in India, and is now on his way thither to carry out the work.—At Marston, in Cheshire, the experiment has been tried of lighting by electricity a rock-salt mine, including from seven to eight acres of excavations, with complete success, and contrasting advantageously in brilliancy and in cost with the old tallow-candles.

Professor Greene of Troy, state of New York, having to superintend the erection of an astronomical observatory, decided that the dome should be made of paper, with a view to avoid the heavy weight, from five to ten tons, of a dome constructed in the ordinary way, and the machinery required to revolve it. The dome in question is twenty-nine feet in diameter: paper of the best quality, one-sixth of an inch thick, was made expressly for the purpose, and fitted in sections to the wooden framework. The structure (of the paper) is described 'as compact as that of the hardest wood, which it greatly excels in strength, toughness, and freedom from any liability to fracture.' The surface is painted, and as no external nails are used, this novel roof may be expected to last many years. The total weight is about four thousand pounds, which can be revolved by hand without the use of machinery.

Needles may be used as magnets, and made to float vertically in water by attaching a speck of cork to the eye end. If, while thus floating, a large magnet is held above them, they arrange

themselves in certain definite groups, which, according to Mr A. M. Mayer (United States) exemplify molecular structure and molecular action. In some instances the groups assume an unstable form; but by movement of the upper magnet, or at times a knock on the table, they take up a stable configuration. These configurations may be recorded (if before immersion the upper ends of the needles have been touched with printer's ink) by laying upon them a piece of flat cardboard, when the place of each needle will be shewn by a dot; and by drawing a straight line from dot to dot, the representative forms become at once apparent. From the triangle, square, and pentagon, they pass into hexagons, octagons, decagons, and compose groups within groups: 'stable nuclei which may be suggestive to chemists and crystallographers.'

Professor Loomis, untiring in his meteorological investigations, has by the aid of a series of charts succeeded in identifying a number of storms, and in following thirty-six in their course across the Atlantic. Eight of them became merged with other storms on the way; hence twenty-eight only reached the coast of Europe within the time included in the discussion, March 1874 to November 1875. Nearly all of these storms, says the Professor, pursued a course north of east, and passed considerably to the north of Scotland; hence they did not exhibit much violence on the coast of England. He concludes therefore that when a centre of low barometric pressure (below twenty-nine inches) leaves the coast of the United States, the probability that it will pass over any part of England is only one in nine; the probability that it will give rise to a gale anywhere near the English coast is one in six; and the probability that it will give rise to a very fresh breeze is one in two.

A noticeable fact in regard to Atlantic storms is their slow rate of progress, due partly to the erratic course of the centre of the low area, partly to the blending of two areas into one, which pushes the most eastern centre back to the west. And further, 'there seems in the Atlantic Ocean to be a special cause which frequently holds storms nearly stationary in position from day to day, and this cause is probably the abundance of warm vapour rising from the Gulf Stream, in close proximity to the cold dry air from the neighbouring coast of North America. Hence we see that when American storms are predicted to appear upon the European coast, and it is assumed that they will cross the ocean at the same rate as they have crossed the United States, the prediction will seldom be verified.'

Professor Loomis has begun a comparison of the observations made on the top of high mountains with those made at the foot, and with the winds and weather of the adjacent country. The result cannot fail to be instructive. Ere long, similar researches may be made north of the Tweed, for the Scottish Meteorological Society are about to build an observatory on the top of Ben Nevis.

Professor Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, is of opinion that the atmosphere of the sun is proved to be a thin stratum which cuts off one-half of the heat that would otherwise reach the earth. He calculates that if this envelope should be thickened twenty-five per cent, the mean

temperature of our globe would be reduced one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; and he suggests that such a thickening would account for the phenomena of the glacial period.

Observations on snow collected on mountain-tops and within the arctic circle far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, confirm the supposition that minute particles of iron float in the atmosphere, and in time fall to the earth. Some physicists believe that these floating particles of iron are concerned in the striking phenomena of the aurora. Gronemann of Gottingen holds that streams of the particles revolve round the sun, and that when passing the earth they are attracted to the poles, and thence stretch forth as long filaments into space. But as they travel with planetary velocity, they become ignited in our atmosphere, and thus produce the luminous appearances or auroræ. In his recent voyages, Professor Nordenskiöld examined snow far in the north beyond Spitzbergen, and found therein exceedingly small particles of metallic iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and fragments of Diatomaceæ.

From experiments made in France, it is ascertained that the amount of sugar in beet-root varies in direct proportion to the size of the leaves; in other words, the larger the leaf the more sugar. Sugar exists also in the leaves; but in small quantity except in the midrib.

The sweet substance 'nectar' found in blossoms and flowers, has been subjected to experiment by Mr Wilson, who from his results has worked out some curiously interesting calculations. For example, one hundred and twenty-five heads of clover yield approximately one gram of sugar; one hundred and twenty-five thousand heads yield one kilogram; and as each head contains about sixty florets, seven million five hundred thousand distinct flower-tubes must be sucked in order to obtain one kilo of sugar. 'Now,' continues Mr Wilson, 'as honey, roughly, may be said to contain seventy-five per cent. of sugar, we have one kilo equivalent to five million six hundred thousand flowers in round numbers, or say two-and-a-half millions of visits for one pound of honey. This shews what an amazing amount of labour the bees must perform.' A notable part of the sugar is cane-sugar, which is remarkable, for honey containing cane-sugar is looked on by dealers as adulterated. A nice question here arises as to the way in which the nectar is converted into cane-sugar while in possession of the bee. It is worthy of notice that in this country the fuchsia does not part with its nectar, in consequence of the nectary being inaccessible to native British insects.

The Geographical Society, with a view to make geography more widely known, have enlarged the size of their *Proceedings*, and filled it with accounts of travels and explorations, and reports of discovery in all parts of the globe, interesting not only to scientific geographers, but to what is called the ordinary reader. Among the contents of the new number, illustrated by maps, are the Arctic Expeditions of 1878, in which the northern coast of Asia was visited; the mountain passes of Afghanistan; and Signor D'Albertis' voyage of five hundred miles up the Fly River in New Guinea. This voyage was undertaken in the hope of, collecting birds and novel objects in natural history; but it was diversified by many

adventurous incidents. New Guinea is not more than eighty miles from the northern extremity of Australia: the intervening sea-channel is shallow, and Mr D'Albertis is of opinion that the two countries will at no distant day be united, not, as he remarks, by Nature's great agencies of subterranean upheaval, but by 'the modest yet laborious and industrious operatives which are now at work. It will be the polypus and corals which will gradually unite in one those two largest islands in the world.'

The Rev. W. E. Griffis, who has been Professor at the Imperial University of Tokio, states as evidence of progress in Japan since that country joined the postal union, that the number of letters sent through the post-office in 1877 was 23,657,052, of which not more than 140,631 were for foreign countries. The post-cards were 6,764,272, and newspapers 7,372,536. Of post-offices throughout the country there are 3744, of receiving agencies 151, of stamp agencies 916, and of street letter-boxes 866. This shews that the Japanese were in earnest when they undertook to change their civilisation for that of the western world. And further, there are around the coast thirty-four lighthouses, three light-ships, sixteen buoys, and five beacons.

As announced, Captain Burton delivered his lecture to the Institute of British Architects on 'Remains of Buildings in Midian,' and stated among geographical particulars that Arz Madyan, as the country is called by natives, has a coast-line of about three hundred miles on the eastern side of the Red Sea; and that 'topographically speaking the whole tract is a prolongation of the great Hauranic Valley, of the land of Moab; of the Negeb or south country; of Idumæa, which the Hebrews called Edom, and of the classical Nabathæa, whose western capital was Petra, the Rock.' Traces still exist of an ancient road which passing eighteen cities and towns, was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of 'overland routes' to and from India. 'Here,' says Captain Burton, 'before the Nile route to Alexandria was opened, merchants disembarked their goods, preferring the long and toilsome camel-journey to the dangerous ship-voyage northwards; and, reaching Petra, the imports were passed on to Phœnicia and Egypt.'

Building materials were abundant, stone of different kinds, alabaster, gypsum, and fireclay, and were turned to good account by the architects and builders of Midian, as is testified by the numerous ruins of houses, temples, tombs, aqueducts, and mining and smelting works. At one of the sea-side settlements the aqueduct was three miles in length; Shuwák, we are told, is a place that 'could hardly have lodged less than twenty thousand people;' and this is but a section of a once inhabited district through which can be traced 'a water-course for a total of at least four miles.'

Desolation now prevails in this once populous and busy mining country. But the copper and the lead and the gold are not yet exhausted; and it may be that modern enterprise will find scope for its energies in the ancient land of Midian.

With regard to our recent paper on 'Ostrich Farming,' we have to state that those who desire further information may have it by applying to Mr S. Probst, 8 Brunswick Square, London.

HOW WE CAME BY OUR PET BLACKBIRD.

It is not every one who cares about keeping a pet in a cage. The idea of confining a poor little thing to a cubic foot or two was always repulsive to our feelings, and yet for some years we kept such a pet so confined. The reason we did so is simply given. One beautiful forenoon in August, some five years ago, our little dog Prin came bounding into the parlour, evidently in a state of very great excitement, and commenced pulling at my wife's dress in a manner to cause her great uneasiness, from fear that he had been seized with hydrophobia. After pulling and tugging at her, he would rush whiningly into the kitchen, and then back to the parlour, where similar action was repeated. So frightened was my wife, that after managing to get the parlour-door closed on him, she rushed out to the garden to find me, and relate the story of the sudden and strange turn which our usually sedate dog had taken. It was the Dog-days, and might not the old fellow have been struck with madness?

My wife is somewhat of an invalid, and by consequence a little nervous and easily excited; so without laying too much stress on her statement, I preceded her to the house, to see what was the matter with the dog. On my arrival, the poor old fellow (a beautiful Maltese terrier) danced with excitement, howled, whined, rushed into the kitchen, back again to the parlour, tugged at my trousers, then at my wife's dress, and in short went on at such a rate as I had never witnessed before. I was certainly very much surprised and struck at his proceedings, but was confident that none of his actions gave the slightest indication of hydrophobia, as my wife had supposed. The strangest thing was his continual bolting to the kitchen and returning. On following him into the kitchen, we found it was the cat that was engaging his attention; for poor old Puss was standing in a corner with her back highly arched, and looking as if she were determined to maintain her position at all hazards. She evidently was at a loss to understand what the row was about, and looked to us imploringly, as much as to say: 'Would you kindly put an end to this tomfoolery, and let me have my sleep in quiet?'

'Come, come Prin,' I said. 'What is all this nonsense about? Why are you annoying poor old Pussy so?'

But he was out at the kitchen-door in a moment, and making all the efforts possible for us to accompany him down to the orchard. After him we went accordingly—he bounding on before us, barking with all his might, and bounding back again, as if to encourage us to walk faster. He seemed filled with delight and anxiety as on he scampered.

'What will the old fellow be about to shew us?' we said as we followed quickly after him. 'Perhaps a rabbit-hole; but we'll see.'

On he went until he was about two hundred and fifty yards down the green ride that intersected the orchard, when he stopped, and crept slowly under a large black currant-bush, where he seemed to snuff about for a few seconds. When he reappeared, all symptoms of anxiety seemed to have disappeared, and only delight at finding the object

of his search safe seemed to possess him. He did not now come back to us with a bounding rush, but slowly and in a sort of half-dancing way, switching his erect tail, and moving his head from side to side, all the while looking to us, as if he meant: 'He's all right here—you'll be as pleased as I am presently.'

And what was the object of all this anxiety and delight? I looked into and round the bush, but for a time could see nothing. I knelt down, removing the low boughs gently; and there, sitting close by the main stems of the bush, sat a poor little blackbird, gasping and evidently in sore distress. It made no effort to get away as I reached my hand to bring it out, but even sat motionless on my palm when I raised myself up to examine it. And what a sad plight it was in, to be sure! One wing was broken, and one eye struck clean out of the socket, and hanging down close to its bill. My first thought was to strike it out of misery, as all hope of saving it seemed folly. But my wife would not hear of such a thing, and begged for a chance to save its life, on account of the interest which Prin had taken in it. She took it therefore in her hand, and the poor dog evinced the greatest pleasure possible, bounding before us all the way to the house, where the cat came in again for a good round of canine abuse.

After having given it a little water from the tube of a straw, and a little soft food administered in much the same way, the poor bird seemed wonderfully refreshed; and it was put into a basket until we saw whether it was of any use to purchase a cage. A bird-lancier in the vicinity, who was also a veterinary surgeon, called and cut the eye that was hanging clean away, and he also lopped off the broken part of the wing. In about a week after (so successfully had he been treated and tended), Mr Blackbird might have been seen seated on his perch in a brand-new wicker cage and looking as proud as Lucifer.

And a merry merry fellow poor Blackie was for many a long day after! It would be tedious to speak of his tricks; but the affection he had for old Prin, and Prin for him, was the most remarkable thing I ever noticed. He would oftentimes not touch his breakfast unless Prin sat beside him on the window-table on which his cage was placed. His delight with the old dog was boundless. But if the cat appeared on the scene he would get into a state of the greatest excitement, and actually scream with terror until Prin turned Puss'out.

Poor Blackie died very suddenly one winter morning, to our great grief, and we have never had a cage-pet since. He was buried in a geranium vase in the garden.

We could never be sure as to how he came by his wounds. They certainly looked more as having been inflicted by a hawk or an owl than a cat. Yet why was Prin so guardful of Puss in the first instance, and why was the poor blackbird during all his captivity so timorous on the approach of the cat? To be sure all birds are fearful of the feline race, but long habit accustoms them in general to their presence. It was not so however with our blackbird; and the manner in which he came to his mutilated state must therefore remain a mystery.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 784.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'HELENA, LADY HARROGATE,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—IT GROWS DARK.

'ALONE? Why, father, you surely did not let them go alone, the boys and the young lady, in our boat, with a storm-cloud on Moel Vawr that will lash the lake into a sheet of foam when once it breaks. If so'— And then came a pause, as the speaker, who had come hurrying up in breathless haste along the rugged reef of slippery rocks that stretched out like a narrow promontory into the lake, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked intently out over the expanse of sun-lit waters, now rippling as the breeze freshened.

'I did,' said the elder of the two men, as in his turn he strained his eyes to gaze over the glittering lake; 'and if harm comes of it, heaven forgive me, for I feel now that I was to blame.'

And yet it was a lovely scene on which they looked; for the blue sky overhead, almost Italian in its violet depth of hue, was mirrored in the bright waters of Bala Lake; while the Welsh mountains wore their gayest garb, moss and turf and heather and lichens blending their green and gold and purple to contrast with the bare crags and ghastly scaurs that were strewed with crumbling shale and loose stones, amid which even the hill-fox could scarcely pick his way. Every glen, every cleft, each tiny thread of trickling water could be seen with unusual distinctness; while the majestic peaks to the northward stood out bold and well defined in sharp relief against the horizon. Over one huge mountain that towered aloft, the giant sentinel of the vale, floated a misty cloud of blackening vapour.

'Moel Vawr,' said the younger of the two boatmen, pointing towards it, 'does not wear his cap for nothing. But they are blind to it, yonder.' And again he looked out over the sun-lit sparkling waters, already heaving, as the wind increased, towards the pretty pinnace, with her white sail

and fluttering crimson flag, that was the only craft in sight. Far away on the left, nestling among trees and green meadows, were the white walls and slated roofs of the village; while nearer to the rude landing-stage, beside which were heaped cart-loads of rough ore awaiting transport to the smelting-works, stood the solitary cottage of the boatmen. These two, father and son, were very unlike to one another, save for that indefinable something which we often observe to make an outward and visible link between those who are near in blood. The elder was sickly, bent, and with haggard features, and hair prematurely gray. The younger, fair, blue-eyed, and strikingly handsome. Englishmen who come to Wales to earn a living there are not always very popular; but Hugh Ashton was liked and respected, somehow, far and wide, from Bettws y Coed and Pillwnt to Beddgelert; and for the sake of the frank, bold lad, people were tolerant to his silent sad-eyed father.

It needed a sailor's eye or that of a mountaineer to note the first signs of the impending change of weather. First the topmost peak of Moel Vawr assumed that cloud-cap which the hill-folk, with lambs grazing far afield or corn half-stacked, regarded as a warning worth attention. Then there came creeping from above, gray patches of cloud-mist that clung to the copse and lurked in the hollow and filled the gorge, like an ambushed foe waiting to break from his ambushade when the battle should begin. Next the wind swept in fitful gusts over vale and lake, and threads of vapour spanned the sky, and the other mountains put on each his cowl of storms, as if in obedience to the signal given by Moel Vawr; and the sigh of the breeze became a sob, and the sob a shriek, and presently the veriest tyro could see that mischief was brewing.

The cattle were running to and fro, lowing uneasily in the fields, and the pigeons had fluttered homeward, and the rooks flapped past with hurrying wing and complaining caw, and farming-men were hastening to the more exposed uplands, where live-stock or ill-built haystacks might need protection.

'Nhuile ar pen monith!' called out one of the shepherds, pointing upwards at the mountain top with its blackening veil of clouds, as he passed the reef of rocks on which the Ashtons stood. The latter made no reply, but gazed with painful intentness at the distant boat.

'They are going about now,' said the elder man with somewhat of a sigh of relief. 'They have seen the signs of a storm, and may perhaps get to shore in time.'

'No, no!' answered Hugh, as his quick glance was cast upward to the darkening sky. 'In five minutes, at most, the squall will be upon them. Look at that flapping sail, and see how the boat dances already on the waves; and no hand upon the rudder but the weak one of a boy!'

Meanwhile those in the boat had perceived, though somewhat late, the threatening portents of the approaching tempest. They were but three in number; two boys, the elder of whom was perhaps fourteen years of age, and a beautiful girl some five years older.

'We'll put the boat about at once, and get back before the rain comes on,' said the bigger of the two boys, with the sanguine confidence that belongs to youth alone.—'Look sharp with the rudder, Willie, while I ease off the sheet a bit.—There's no danger, Cousin Maud, of anything worse than a wetting, I do assure you.'

Yet the pinnacle, as she came slowly round in answer to the helm, heeled ominously, and a shower of spray flew over her bows as she laboured among the glassy waves that were rising fast. A dark curtain seemed to have suddenly been drawn across the sun-gilded azure of the sky, and the crystal waters of the lake wore a sullen leaden hue streaked with white froth.

'We ought to lose no time, Edgar, in returning to shore,' said the girl in a tone that she vainly tried to render steady and unconcerned. 'These mountain lakes I have heard are treacherous. Surely we ought to go back.'

'Not a bit of danger!' replied Edgar as he hauled at the wet rope, casting an eager look upwards to the blackening canopy of cloud. 'Why, cousin, I've been out with the fishermen fifty times on the Cornish coast when it really did blow great-guns, and then to think of this little lake—Steady, Willie, steady! We shipped too much water that time!' as a drenching shower of spray broke over the reeling boat, and the sky wore its darkest frown, and the shriek of the wind grew bodingly shrill. The pinnacle heeled over under the force of the blast; but she righted, and fought a good fight, riding gallantly over the white waves. Far and near, nothing could be seen save inky sky and angry water. The foaming billows rose menacingly, as if to bar the path; and on the dim shore-line, blotted and blurred by the driving rain, miniature breakers could be vaguely descried.

'They'll run her, stem on, against the Lion Rock,' cried young Hugh Ashton, pointing to a great weed-grown stone protruding from the water

not far from the reef, and which derived its name from some fancied resemblance to the head and shoulders of the King of Beasts. 'Quick, father, now, to help, when the boat goes to pieces.'

Crash! The sound of the shattered woodwork could be heard even above the roar of the gale, as now the pinnacle struck upon the Lion Rock, and nothing of her could be seen but a confused medley of broken timber and drooping mast, and human forms half-submerged, and the white foam that rose up all around like a spotless shroud. Then came a splash, followed by another, as the boatmen, father and son, plunged boldly into the water to render aid.

'Save Willie—Willie can't swim!' gasped out Edgar as the elder Ashton approached. 'I shall do well enough. Where's Cousin Maud?' Maud was in better keeping than that of her stripling kinsman. Hugh Ashton was a powerful swimmer, and he had seemed to tear the lake-waves asunder in the force of the swift strong strokes that brought him to where the sinking girl's loosened hair floated on the surface. As she felt his grasp upon her and felt her head raised above the cruel water, she clung to him with the blind instinct of the drowning, and for a moment both sank.

'Don't be afraid, young lady; and hold me, but not so firmly. I want to swim my best now,' panted Hugh, as he battled with the waves. 'Let your head rest on my shoulder—so; and now leave it all to me.'

Just then the lightning flashed forth from the riven clouds, and the roll of heaven's artillery was echoed back from gorge and glen, from cairn and cave, filling the startled air with deep and threatening sound. And then again flared forth the lightning; while the lake boiled and seethed like a witch's caldron, and overhead the gloomy sky stretched like a funeral pall.

ROBERT DICK THE THURSO BAKER.

THROUGH the indefatigable and genial labours of Dr Smiles, we are favoured with an account of a self-reliant genius, whose biography will be a suitable companion to that of Thomas Edwards the Banffshire naturalist, and which we doubt not will be equally popular. While Edwards still lives in deserved esteem as a man of science, unfortunately Robert Dick died twelve years ago, and is beyond the reach of either praise or succour which the world might have been pleased to bestow. The circumstance imparts a certain mournfulness to Dr Smiles's narrative; but for general interest it comes up to any of his previous productions. As an incitement to a perusal of the work, 'Robert Dick, Baker of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist' (Murray, 1878), we offer the following condensed sketch—premising that the book abounds in beautifully executed wood-engravings illustrative of the picturesque scenery on the northern coast of Caithness.

Robert Dick was born in 1811, at Tullibody, a village situated at the foot of the Ochil Hills, Clackmannanshire. He had a brother and two sisters. His father was an officer of excise, and noted as an attentive and able man. Robert had a good plain education, which included a little

Latin. His schooling, however, was abruptly cut short by a family calamity. His mother died, his father married again, and the second wife minding only her own children, treated her step-sons and step-daughters badly. Robert was taken from school, and bound an apprentice to a baker, when he was thirteen years old. At once he was plunged into a routine of severe and ill-requested labour. He got up at three in the morning to light the oven fire, and worked and drudged until seven or eight, and sometimes nine at night. As he grew older, he was sent out with a load on his head, to deliver the bread in the neighbouring villages. Though toilsome, these excursions imparted much pleasure to the boy, for they gave him an opportunity of observing nature, which had charms for him in all its moods. He was fond of examining plants, and watching their character and development. In this way he acquired a practical knowledge of botany, while other boys only spent their time in mischief or idleness. At the age of seventeen, his apprenticeship expired, and he went to be a journeyman baker in Leith. From this place he went to Glasgow, and afterwards to Greenock.

His father meanwhile had removed to Thurso, in the county of Caithness, and by his recommendation Robert went to that town to commence business on his own account. He arrived in Thurso in the summer of 1830, when he was about twenty years of age, and set up as a baker in a house in Wilson's Lane. In trying to begin the battle of life in so small and remote a town, he made a mistake, which was repented of when too late. Thurso is the farthest north town in Great Britain. It is situated at the head of an inlet from the Pentland Firth, which divides Scotland from the Orkney Islands. The country around is for the most part bare and desolate, and exposed to fierce driving winds. Hedges will not grow. The arable fields are inclosed with flag-stones set up on end. The sea-shore consists of tall precipitous cliffs of red sandstone, worn into fantastic shapes by the incessant dashing of the waves, which come rolling in impetuously from the Atlantic.

No place could be seemingly less favourable than Thurso, either for beginning business or for pursuing researches into botanical science. But from the force of circumstances, Dick had no choice. With his small means, he opened shop as a baker of bread and biscuits, he doing all the operative work himself, and trusting by diligence to succeed. It was so far in his favour that there was only another baker in the town, and there was a hope of being able to supply ship-biscuits to the mariners and herring-fishers who frequented, and at times took refuge in the Bay of Thurso. Usually a Scotch baker starts with very little capital, and he needs no hired assistance. All he has to do is to buy a bag of flour, and make a young woman his wife. He bakes the bread; and the wife, installed in a small room in which by a single pane of glass she can command a view of the counter, takes charge of the shop. It is a cheap and convenient arrangement, and answers until better times. Dick had at first a notion of marrying; but not being successful in his wooing, he for a time was assisted by his sister Jane; and when she and other members of the family quitted Thurso, he was fortunate in securing the services of a steady young Highland woman, named Annie

Mackay, who became his housekeeper and attended to sales in the shop for the long period of three-and-thirty years. Never was there a more honest or simple-minded being than Annie. When Dick was in the bakehouse, or away for hours on his rambles, in search of plants or fossils, Annie took charge of affairs. She was not troubled with book-keeping. It was all cash down. When any wandering beggars petitioned for a morsel of bread, she told them 'the bread's no mine to gie'; and so got rid of their importunities. A good hint this to servants.

The maltreatment which Robert Dick endured in his youth had somewhat soured him, and this unhappy feeling clung to him through life. Driven in upon himself, he made no companions, visited no one, and invited no one to his house. Living in the most economical manner, and strictly temperate in his habits, he devoted himself entirely to his daily labour as a baker, and to scientific inquiry. At first, he had no books to assist him, and no one to advise with concerning the nature of plants and geological theories. On this account he became an original inquirer; and by dint of perseverance and the few books he was at length able to purchase, he acquired an amount of knowledge far beyond that of ordinary amateurs in science. By rising and going to work at three o'clock in the morning, he had his batch early out of the oven, and ready to be disposed of by Annie to his limited number of customers. Then off he set on his rambles across the moors or along the sea-shore; and with no other sustenance than one or two biscuits and a drink of water from a brook, he would spend hours and hours in his investigations. People thought him crazy. They could not understand what he was seeking for among the mosses or the rocky precipices. In these pursuits, which were scarcely interrupted by bad weather, he derived the greatest enjoyment. Shy in his general intercourse, he was happy in himself. Often his feelings broke out in singing, for he was fond of the lyrics of Burns; and with a literary turn, he composed some clever pieces in verse for his own amusement.

Nothing that was interesting in nature escaped him. Besides plants and flowers, insects, such as beetles and moths, were his delight. The smallest creature lifted up his mind to the great Creator of all. 'He collected,' says Dr Smiles, 'no less than two hundred and fifty-six specimens of beetles in nine months—in fact all that could be collected in Caithness. He collected two hundred and twenty specimens of bees, and two hundred and forty specimens of butterflies and moths. The boys soon found out the strange baker and his ongoings. He said to them: "Whenever you find a rare butterfly, bring it to me, and I will give you something for it." When an unusual butterfly was brought to him, he took great care of it, saw its various transformations, and noted the results.' He would take nothing for granted, because it was said in books. He tested everything by acute and patient investigation. This is the true way to discover the workings of Nature. It was nevertheless necessary, for the sake of knowing the names and classification of objects, that he should have certain books. These he procured from the merchant in Leith who supplied him with flour. The books were packed in paper and placed in the flour-bags.

In the same manner he procured a powerful microscope. All came safely packed in the flour. By means of the microscope he vastly added to his botanical knowledge; and in fact mastered the entire subject of botany as exhibited in northern parts. 'It was a long and arduous work, but he successfully carried out his purpose. At length the plants of Caithness from one end of the county to the other—from the Morven Hills in the south to Dunnet Head in the north—from Noss Head in the east to Halladale Head in the west—became as familiar to him as the faces of familiar friends.'

In one of his night excursions, he was taken for a poacher in quest of salmon. A watcher kept him in sight for several hours, sometimes creeping on his hands and knees, sometimes hiding behind bushes. At length the man thought he saw Dick lifting what seemed a fish. He rushed upon him, with the exclamation: 'Now I have caught you poaching!' Dick 'turned round in a composed manner and said: "No, sir; I am not poaching; I am only gathering some specimens of plants!" He then opened his handkerchief, which contained some herbs, plants, and flowers. The watcher was disappointed and disgusted. He had been crouching for two hours on his hands and knees, coming up with his man, and finding in his possession, not a salmon, but a lot of things, which in his estimation were worse than useless. . . Many people about Thurso who saw Dick coming into the town with his feet bedabbled with dirt, and his jean trousers wet up to the knees, said that he would be much better attending to his baking than wandering about the country in search of beetles, bumblebees, ferns, and wild plants.' Invectives of this kind, so like the petty detractions which prevail in small country towns, did not discompose the baker. He never neglected his business, though it may be admitted he took no means to extend it.

Dick was not in the least particular about his dress. He for many years wore an old-fashioned swallow-tailed blue coat with metal buttons; and his hat would be thought hardly worth picking up. On his feet he wore a pair of strong hobnailed shoes. In his long journeys in quest of plants, he always dipped his feet, stockings and all, in a basin of water, then tied on his shoes, and set off. He was now prepared for wading through rivers and burns, and the more his feet were wet he walked the better. He derided the idea of walking any great distance with dry feet. He cared nothing for walking for an hour up to the ankles in salt-water, when looking about for a plant along the shore. These feats did not seem to have any immediately bad effect. Possibly they contributed to undermine his constitution.

Having mastered the entomology and botany of Caithness, and formed a large collection of specimens in these departments of science, he next took to Geology, for which the bold coast-scenery offered favourable scope. A casual glance at the Pentland Firth demonstrates that it is an inburst of the Atlantic, which in some long-past age had severed the mainland on the south from the Orkney Islands on the north. The coast of both is of the same old red sandstone, worn into precipitous cliffs, also isolated stacks, one of which, on the Orkney side, called the Old Man of Hoy, is seen

standing weirdly out like the presiding genius of the waters. All along the rocky shores, one may spend days and years in excavating fossiliferous remains of fish and plants, that by some convulsion of Nature had been imbedded in clay or sand, which are now transformed into stone. Here, with hammer or chisel in hand, Dick was in his element. Going down to the shore one morning after a terrific storm, 'he found a piece of old land strewn here and there with prostrate hazel stems, and picked out of the clay five nuts; but how long it was since they grew, no one knows, but it must have been ages ago.'

At Holborn Head on the west and Dunnet Head on the east of the Bay of Thurso, the scene is the grandest on the coast of Great Britain, and singularly wealthy in fossils. In relation to a fossil fish, the *Holoptychius*, which Dick discovered, he opened a correspondence with Hugh Miller, in 1840. Miller was delighted with the discovery, and by it was able to make an important correction in one of his geological works. Not the least selfish, Robert Dick from this time forward sent numerous new fossils that he found to Miller, accompanied by letters that are partly incorporated in the work before us. The discovery of such vast numbers of fossilised fish in the clay-slate strata led to interesting speculations. The fish had been submerged in their clay, which layer above layer was changed by pressure into flag-stones. In fact, the commercial value of Caithness flags consists in the amount of dead fish they contain; for the bitumen of the fish has imparted prodigious hardness to the stone. 'Thurso is built of dead fish,' said Robert Dick; 'and the capitalists and labourers are also maintained by the same article.'

Hugh Miller visited Thurso, and spent a few days with Dick, who hospitably gave up his bed to him. The two had some interesting wanderings in the neighbourhood. After Miller went away, Dick continued to send him fossils, but keeping duplicates for his own collection. One day in a long ramble he was at a loss to know the proper route, and seeing a farm-house, he went to inquire his way. Finding an old man thrashing barley in a barn, he addressed him. 'We give the account of the interview. "Please," said I, "how far is it to Dalemore, and which is the best road?" "Eh? Are ye gaun to Dalemore?" "Yes." "And where can ye frae?" "Dunbeath." "Did ye come from Dunbeath the day?" "Yes." "An' where are ye gaun to?" "Thurso." "Are ye gaun to Thurso?" "Yes." "And did ye wade the river?" "Yes." "An' are ye gaun to wade it again?" "Please tell me the road to Dalemore." "Hae ye snuff?" "No; I am sorry I have no snuff." "Oo ay. Haud doon the strath; doon by the river; strecht doon!" "How many miles is it to Dalemore?" "Four miles; ay, just four miles." Dick went as directed, and after a long and weary march found that he had been deceived. The old fellow had taken him for an exciseman, and purposely sent him wrong. After a toilsome journey, Dick thankfully got home.

Obscure and unpretentious as were the labours of Robert Dick, he gradually became known as an earnest, practical worker in geological science. After the death of Hugh Miller, he was visited by Mr Charles W. Peach, a person of congenial tastes, who in the humble position of a coastguardsman

in Cornwall had acquired general respect from his diligent investigations into the nature of Zoophytes. Having been promoted in the service, he removed to Peterhead, and thence he made a pilgrimage to converse with Dick and see his collection of specimens. A much more eminent individual was anxious to be acquainted with the Thurso baker. This was Sir Roderick Murchison, Director-General of the Geographical Society. In the course of a journey through the northern counties, he called upon Dick, who was so busy with his batch at the time that he could pay no attention to his visitor. When he visited Thurso on a subsequent occasion, he was accompanied by Mr Peach, and was fortunate in finding the baker disengaged. 'Dick was in the bakehouse, and still in his working clothes. A conversation took place about the dip of certain rocks in Caithness. Sir Roderick complained of the want of any sufficient map of the county. Dick agreed with him, but said: "I will endeavour to shew you a map of the county." Taking up a few handfuls of flour, and spreading it out on the baking-board, Dick proceeded to mould a model in relief of the geological structure of Caithness. He shewed all the principal features of the county—the hills and dales, the rocks and cliffs, the dislocations and fractures, the watersheds and the drainage; and in fact an outline of the entire geography of the county.' Sir Roderick was surprised and delighted; and in a letter before his departure from Thurso, he thanked Robert Dick for the valuable information he had received. At the meeting of the British Association held at Leeds in 1858, Sir Roderick took occasion to make the following remarks on the Thurso baker.

"In pursuing my researches in the Highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification a second time to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named Robert Dick, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness, and pointed out its imperfections. Mr Dick had travelled over the whole county in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking-board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress on my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by hard work, and yet who is able to instruct the Director-General of the Geographical Society. But this is not the half of what I have to tell you of Robert Dick. When I became better acquainted with this distinguished man, and was admitted into his sanctum—which few were permitted to enter—I found there busts of Byron, of Sir Walter Scott, and other great poets. I also found there books, carefully and beautifully bound, which this man had been able to purchase out of the savings of his single bakery. I also found that Robert Dick was a profound botanist. I found, to my humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science—ay, ten times more—than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty plants that he had not collected—the whole of his specimens being arranged in most beautiful order.'

This eulogium pronounced by Sir Roderick

Murchison at Leeds, made the name of Robert Dick known far and wide. 'He was,' says Dr Smiles, 'spoken of as one of the most extraordinary instances of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Even the Thurso people began to look upon him in a different light. . . The lion-hunters came upon him. Point out a man who has done something out of the ordinary way, and immediately a tribe of nobodies flock to see him. If they cannot get introduced to him, they will look at him through his window, and try to see the lion through the bars of his cage. Dick hated all this nonsense. He would not be lionised.' Only a few individuals brought by Sir George Sinclair were admitted. Among these were Mr Thomas Carlyle and the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

With all his diligence, Dick's business fell off owing to competition, and this caused some bitterness in his feelings. At length, a great misfortune overtook him. Twenty-three bags of flour on their way from Leith were lost in the wreck of the steamer at Aberdeen, and were not insured. It was a loss of £45, 13s. 6d., and Dick had not the money at command. In despair he was obliged to sell his magnificent collection of fossils which he had gathered with so much assiduity over a period of thirty years. A gentleman in London bought the fossils for forty-six pounds. The collection should have been secured for Thurso. Latterly, Dick returned to the study of botany, chiefly in connection with mosses, which though commonly despised, are most interesting in their variety and character. Linnæus considered that a small quantity of moss that could be covered by the hand might be the study of a lifetime. 'Every one remembers how Mungo Park, when lost in the desert, was delighted with the sight of a tuft of moss. The little living jewel growing amongst endless wastes and arid rocks, melted the traveller's heart. "If God cares for the moss," he said, "surely he cares for me;" and Park went on his way with an uplifted heart.'

Dick had numerous eager applications for specimens of one kind or other from persons in London and elsewhere; and he was liberal in his donations. No one appears to have thought that he should be requited in some shape for his generosity. Everything was taken for nothing. Dreadfully disheartened by the loss of his fossils, and also the falling away of his business, he still struggled on. He would not be beat, he said, while he was able to work. It was some consolation that his sister Jane survived, at Haddington, and that she corresponded with him in a sympathising spirit. In 1865, he was still baking his small batch, and rambling along the shore in his favourite pursuit. But his health was giving way. The ceaseless, pitiless, pelting rain, he said, was killing him. He took his last journey on the 29th August 1866. It was too much for him. He staggered home—to die. Pious and noble-minded, he declared he was ready to depart. 'He was wearied of life. It was better he should die. He had been oppressed with poverty, and now he was oppressed with agony. Why should he remain a little longer? He had done his appointed work, and was now more than resigned to leave it. He longed to be at rest. In the morning of the 24th December, Robert Dick's spirit returned to Him who gave it. He died quietly and peacefully.'

Thus was terminated the life of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Every one must appreciate the resolute independence and simplicity of his character, his persevering industry, frugality, and modesty as regards his own services to science. His whole life presented a striking instance of self-sacrifice for entirely unselfish ends. Fortunately, by the sale of his books and other effects, sufficient was realised to pay all his debts, which amounted to only seventy-two pounds. His nephew, as nearest relative, presented his herbarium to the Scientific Society of Thurso; and we regret to learn that through neglect it is fast sinking to decay. It is sorrowful to think how Dick had been misunderstood, and sometimes cruelly misrepresented, by those immediately about him. Only when he had passed away did the people of Thurso realise and acknowledge that a distinguished man, an honour to Caithness, had been amongst them. As if to atone for their error, they conferred on him the dignity of a public funeral, and set up a costly monument to his memory. Perhaps the only sincere mourner for the deceased was poor Annie Mackay, who still lives to praise, amidst tears, her kind and good 'maister,' ROBERT DICK THE BAKER OF THURSO.

W. C.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

It has been said by 'Georges Sand' that love and courtship end together; so that he who would be always in love must be ever a wooer. Such however, was *not* the opinion of the famous physician Dr Abernethy, whose courtship, like his prescriptions, was short and to the point. The Doctor had been attending a lady for several weeks, and had observed during those hurried visits certain qualities in the daughter which he considered would render her invaluable as a wife. Accordingly on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: 'You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come to pay you my farewell visit. But in the meantime I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to — pounds, and I can settle — pounds on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and a ladylike member of a family. Such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday when I call I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship.' It would have been interesting to know how this was received by the patient and her daughter. The blunt intimation of annual receipts; the 'my character is known to the public, so you may readily ascertain what it is;' then the declaration, 'and no time for courtship,' shall expect an answer on Monday: all this must have been somewhat startling to the patient 'who was now so well.' To medical

men, who above all others long to kill two birds with one stone, the above prescription may prove a useful one, and might with advantage be placed in the Pharmacopœia. It was at least thoroughly successful in the case recorded, for 'a happier couple never existed.'

A woman of mean intelligence, one might imagine, would seldom be chosen by men of great intellect as a life-long companion. Yet such *mésalliances* seem to be the most fascinating for our greatest geniuses. The wife of Dr Johnson is described as a vulgar woman. She was fifty years of age when the Doctor (who was only twenty-seven) married her, and according to Garrick, she was very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials. She was flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and general behaviour. It must be admitted however, that Johnson himself was not altogether a 'brow wooer.' 'He was then,' Miss Porter (the lady's daughter) tells us, 'lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule.' But as Johnson said to Beauclerk with much gravity: 'Sir, it was a love-marriage on both sides.' It certainly was so on the Doctor's part; and his affection and esteem for 'Tetsy' remained as strong up to the day of her death as it was on that of their marriage.

But if Johnson with his rugged exterior could scarcely hope for a great prize in the lottery, no such remark can be made of the courtly, handsome, intellectual Goethe. This great man, an intimate friend of his Prince, and the idol of the Weimar court, was captivated by a girl in humble life whose father was a drunkard, and who herself made artificial flowers for a livelihood. So sensible was the girl of the *mésalliance* that she herself refused Goethe's offer of marriage. The marriage did take place however, but not till the lapse of years had stolen away all her charms, and the family complaint drunkenness—had seized upon her. Still Goethe's affection remained, and the great poet worked patiently if sorrowfully by the side of a foolish and drunken wife.

Such another bride did Rousseau choose, and he himself gives the following account of her abilities. 'I wished from the first to form her mind, but my toil was in vain. I do not blush to avow that she has never been able to read; though she writes fairly. When I went to live in the Rue des Petits-Champs, there was a clock opposite my windows upon which I strove to teach her to distinguish the hours for more than a month. She does not quite know them now (after twenty years). She has never been able to follow the order of the twelve months of the year; and knows not how to do the simplest sum, notwithstanding all the trouble I have taken to teach her. She does not know how to count money; and has no idea of what coin to give or how much change to get back in any marketing transaction. What she says is often the opposite of what she wishes to say. At one time I made a dictionary of her phrases for the amusement of Madame de Luxembourg; and her "Qui pro quo" have become celebrated in the circles I frequented.' One would think that with such a catalogue of defects, the husband could

scarcely much esteem the wife; what follows sufficiently enlightens us on this point. 'But this person, so shallow, so stupid if you will, is an excellent adviser upon difficult occasions. Often it has happened in Switzerland, in England, and in France, in the misfortunes which had overtaken me; she has given me advice which was the best in the circumstances; she has removed me from dangers into which I was blindly rushing; and before women of the highest rank, before nobles and princes, her good sense, her replies, and her conduct inspired universal esteem; and compliments, which I knew to be sincere, were repeatedly addressed to me upon her merit.' And to the end of his life the philosopher loved and admired his Thérèse, as he did in his younger days when they lived in their Parisian garret, looking for hours together upon the pale moon, until the mother-in-law came upon the scene and broke the spell.

It certainly appears from the evidence which we possess on the subject of such marriages, that one of two conditions is necessary in order to secure abiding domestic comfort. The lady must be unusually simple or stupid; or she must be unusually intelligent and wise. The very habits of abstraction and self-study of a man of genius lead him frequently and sometimes for long away from all communion with his family. Thus it is necessary, in order calmly to suffer such neglect, to have an intense sympathy in the work and with the genius which demands it; such sympathy, for example, as we find the wife of Niebuhr giving evidence of on her death-bed. Niebuhr had never spoken to her of her approaching death, much as he longed to receive her parting wishes, because the physician forbade all excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was no pleasure he could give her, nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied with a look of unutterable love: 'You shall finish your *History* whether I live or die.' That was her only desire.

Or as we have said, failing such nobility of mind, it would appear that the next best hope of happiness for the genius is to be found in the opposite extreme—that is, perfect humility or simplicity, or in the downright stupidity of his wife. An example of this latter success, more particular and striking than those we have given, is to be found in the life of one of the greatest of German authors. He was subject to fits of the fiercest passion, in which he denounced his wife (a simple creature) in torrents of the most tragical and scathing language. Any woman of a finer susceptibility or better education must have trembled with terror under such paroxysms of rage; but this lady listened with calm admiration; she did not understand a syllable of the speech; but the unhesitating flow of high-sounding words and the expressive gestures captivated the mind of the simple woman, and the torrent of abuse which should have overwhelmed her with grief, only drew from her some ingenuous expressions of sincere admiration. She was always under the impression that at these moments her husband was but rehearsing to her, parts of the play he had just written; and she was no doubt flattered too in her little way with the rôle of critic apparently assigned to her. Obviously, passion which had so

entirely missed its mark could not be continued with any reasonable hope of success; besides the failure was not more signal than comical, and it never failed to restore the good-humour of the choleric author.

Now if we turn to instances in which men of great genius have married women who have been neither distinguished for sense nor for the want of it—whose mental calibre has been of a mediocre kind—we cannot but be struck with the frequent unhappiness which has followed. Such ladies are not foolish, as the term is usually understood; they perform the duties which they imagine belong to their station, and they expect the privileges also which pertain to it. Thus they make excellent partners for our business men, whose duties and whose pleasures they understand and generally share. But if such a lady thinks of uniting herself to a man of great genius, let her reflect upon the fate of her sisters who have made that experiment. Take first the experiences of Dryden our great English poet and of his wife Lady Elizabeth. The lady, though belonging to the aristocracy, and therefore presumably well educated, had no sympathy with the genius of her husband—a genius that required his retirement so frequently from the family circle; she was moreover a woman of a violent temper and of but moderate intelligence. Dryden had suffered much from that temper; and 'his invectives,' says Malone, 'against the married state were frequent and bitter, and were continued to the latest period of his life.' And as Sir Walter Scott gently remarks: 'His excursions to the country seem to have been frequent; perhaps the more so as Lady Elizabeth always remained in town.'

Milton's unfortunate matrimonial engagements are well known to all; and his *Treatise on Divorce*, which his domestic misfortunes stung him into writing, has been widely perused by all classes. But in this instance we can feel less sympathy for the austere Milton than for that girl of seventeen, who was brought up in a home where there was plenty of company and merriment and dancing, and who when she came to live with the author of *Paradise Lost* found it so solitary! No merriment and dancing in Milton's house assuredly; but all studying as if for their lives—the great poet reading, writing, and conversing in a dozen or more languages; his nephews struggling hard with two or three. A veritable mill this new house of hers, from attic to basement; and the never-ceasing grinding of verbs and declensions a plague to her ears. What would the poor child not have given to have had it changed into a real mill; the one, for instance, near her home at Forest Hill in Oxfordshire; and instead of hearing the valuable opinions of Lucretius and Epictetus and Demosthenes, how her heart would have thumped with joy to have heard the voices of Tom and Jerry shouting to the terriers! Some such thoughts the young bride must have had, for after a few weeks she fled back to her country home, promising to return—some day, as all children do, on the eve of their release.

And now in conclusion, may we venture to ask the young ladies who may read these lines to reflect before giving their hands to genius—let genius press them ever so eagerly. Let them ask themselves if they are stupid enough for

such a fate; or are they clever enough. Perhaps no better test in the matter could be applied than that mentioned above. Having duly reflected, let the young lady say to herself: 'Do I feel certain that I shall *always* prefer Epictetus and Lucretius to Tom and Jerry and their more active pursuits?'

THE SILVER LEVER.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

IN SEVEN SECTIONS.

I.

ON the 20th of October 1875, a hunchbacked dwarf looked in at a London pawnbroker's shop-window. It was night-time, and Fleet Street was filled with flaring lights and dreary shadows. The rain plashed down mournfully, and oily tears within and without smeared the glass of the window-panes. The hunchback was waiting for the clock to strike. His battered hat and seedy cloak were agleam with rain, and he shivered as he looked at the window. Passers-by hustled him; the raw stealthy wind nipped him at the nose, the toes, the fingers. He was a sorrowful little figure, and had a sorrowful story, if anybody had cared to hear it. He was an ugly hunchback; not ugly in any half-and-half fashion, but marked from head to foot, on face and body, with unlovable lines and ungracious colours; and his expression was one of starven misfortune, and servitude to Fate. As a matter of fact he would not have either solicited or accepted aid from any living creature—save one. But your first impulse regarding him would have been to put your hand in your waistcoat pocket and fish out half-a-crown. Unless you are a dull man, you would have gone no further; for he wore a look of pathetic dignity, despite his shabbiness and his ugliness and the squalor of his misery, which no creature with a heart could have insulted. I have seen just such a look of pathetic endurance on a donkey's face no later than this afternoon. It was in the Seven Dials, and his master beat him causelessly and brutally. The nobler animal stood quite still with tears upon his ragged cheeks—long-suffering, uncomplaining, with such unspoken sorrow in the poor dumb face that my heart burned and melted with sudden tenderness and anger. You shall laugh if you are foolish and brutal enough; but that was the look which made this hunchback's ugly misery pathetic, and his grotesqueness dignified.

This is a world of trifles, and there are no such things as trifles in the world. There is no such thing as chance in the lives of any of us, and life is made up of the most trivial chances.

The hunchback, waiting for the clock to strike, paused in rainy Fleet Street and looked in at a pawnbroker's window. And lo! he was wet and cold and hungry and despised and poor no longer; and no longer middle-aged and weary of the world. Dingy Fleet Street vanished, and the City clerk might as well have hustled Vesuvius as this shabby little figure. For the poor thing's soul was back in Warwickshire with the honeysuckle's breath in the balmy air; and the cawing of rooks and the lowing of far-off oxen were clearer in his ears than the growl of cab and omnibus wheels; and a face divinely sweet was close to his, and a warm soft arm round his neck. You could not have guessed it had you seen him; but the heart

within his dingy black cloak was the one which Nature chose at that minute of time from the whole world, wherein to work her supremest emotional miracle. There dwelt within this hunchback the most extravagant soul of hope, the tenderest memories, and the most passionate single-mindedness of purpose which inspired any man living at that time. He was a man transformed. And what do you think acted as the spring to impel him into the midst of this chaos of feeling? Nothing more than the sight of a very old silver lever watch in the pawnbroker's window, labelled: 'A great Bargain. Second-hand. Only 12s. 6d.'

This was just three years ago. The night, as already indicated, was that of the 20th October 1875.

II.

ON the night of the 20th October 1830, five men lay *perdu* in a fissure of the rocks in that pass in the Balkans which leads from Tashkesen to Orkhanie. There was snow upon the ground, the first snow of winter, and the glitter of its whiteness made the very darkness dazzle and wink upon the eyes of this waiting five. They were all stalwart and bearded men, all warmly clad and all armed. And they spoke no word, but sat there and crouched from the wind, and looked out across the snow into the darkness. The silence was so deep and dead that they could hear each other breathe; and the shuffle of a foot was startlingly distinct and noisy. Out of this silence came a far-off voice, tuned through the nose in true Turkish fashion, singing with a snuffling jollity ill befitting a love-song,

Chök güzël Fatima, amân!

This voice came nearer up the sloping pass, and by-and-by came the noise of muffled hoof-falls on the snow, and the jingle of bells and the sound of animated converse. A low voice said: 'Hush! Not a shot till I fire;' and the five crouched forward, and the clustered barrels of five revolvers gleamed dull against the snow. The noises in the pass came nearer. 'Pig of a horse!' shouted the singer as his steed stumbled. 'Git, git!' And again the nasal love-song broke out in snuffling jollity:

Chök güzël Fatima, amân!

Ping! sang a bullet, and the amorous prayer to the most beautiful Fatima ended in a yell and a groan. Ping, ping, ping! sang the revolvers sharply following. Ten shots. Six empty saddles. Six horses flying up or down the pass. Six bleeding figures on the snow. Two horses heavily weighted floundering on their knees, and a man at the head of each standing amazed, and not knowing where to turn. Another half-dozen shots, and the bleeding figures on the snow counted eight. The five men dashed at the two horses, dragged them to their feet, forced them up a narrow and winding path on the face of the hill, stumbling, now up, now down, panting, breathless, bathed in perspiration, every echo of the lonely night a scare. Then down hill on the other side at a break-neck pace they tore; and an hour after that wholesale murder in the pass, the two horses, each freed from its burden, were crashing wildly through the brushwood of the lonely valley east of the Baba Konak.

The five worked with spade and mattock in the

snow-lit night like giants. The light was gray on the eastward hills when the work was done.

III.

A pleasant place. A pleasant time. Homely gilly-flowers bloomed in the garden. 'Old Man' and 'Old Woman,' quaintly named plants of rich and aromatic odour, flavoured the summer evening air. Red and white currants, gleaming like pearls and rubies, and rough hairy gooseberries, swollen with summer fullness, gave signs of careful cultivation; but the flowers of the garden were a rich and lovely tangle. Lilies and roses drooped their pure pallor and their blushes together, and mignonette ran freely at the stem of everything that grew there. Ivy and Virginia creeper mingled perennial green with hues of autumn on the walls of the old cottage. The garden-gate was open, and the owner of the cottage and the garden sat just within it in a wicker-bottomed chair, and smoked his pipe and took things tranquilly. He was not the sort of man to be met often by the wayside in quiet Warwickshire. A man of enormous width and weight, but carrying no more fat than a greyhound; sunburned, and scarred across the face by a stroke which must have gone near to finishing his story. Prematurely bald and gray. Eyebrows, eyes, and beard as black as night. Expression resolute, defiant. The man's age five-and-forty or thereabouts. It seemed a terrible pity that such a splendid body as the man had should have been so disfigured; but he wore a wooden leg. I say he wore a wooden leg. The leg for which the wooden substitute was used was there in apparent completeness; but the knee was always bent, and the wooden leg was strapped to it. As he sat within his garden-gate with the lame leg leisurely cocked over the sound one, the wooden stump perked itself up like the horn of a unicorn, and the man had a knack of laying hold of it and playing soundless tunes upon it, as though he were fingering a dumb bagpipe.

On the opposite side of the road there was another cottage so exactly like that in the garden of which the wooden-legged man was sitting that anybody with a little fancy might have been excused for believing that the two houses had been built together side by side—absolute twins, and that one had quarrelled and parted company, and had crossed the road and set itself down to stare the other out of countenance. The garden of the second cottage was tidier than that of the first, and as rich in bloom. Within it, facing the wooden-legged man, sat a big grizzled fellow, whose skin warmer climates than that of Warwickshire had embrowned. If daring defiance and resolution were written plainly on the scarred face of the wooden-legged man, they were absolutely blazoned on the face of his opposite neighbour. The great ragged sandy moustache drooped over a mouth which looked as firm as granite; the chin was broad and square, and the jaw was obdurate and even cruel in its firmness. Big, handsome gray eyes, with thick sandy eyebrows coming close down upon them, looked calm willfulness even at the tranquil summer sky above him. He sat with his head a little back, with his chest bare, and his corded arms hanging lazily at his sides. His sleeves were turned up and his shirt-collar thrown open for coolness' sake, and there was an air of lazy massiveness about him

such as you may fancy about Hercules when he resigned athletics for Omphale. A forehead low but broad and squarely modelled, and a nose of unusual dimensions but perfect form, told the same story as his eyes and lips and chin, and the man sat there self-proclaimed—a possible terror to society, but anyhow a living force, an active and strenuous will, a creature absolutely out of the common, and a born commander of men.

These two near neighbours, seated opposite to each other, each ignored the other's presence. Each looked calmly at times at the other's cottage, at the hedge which ran in front of it, at the garden-gate, but never at the only human figure within sight. There was so little ostentation in this calm carelessness of the other's presence, that each man might have been actually invisible to the other without making any observable difference. One was playing a waiting game against the other; and it had been played so long that use had grown to second nature. They sat there until the dusk came slowly down, and never spoke, or even moved except to take their short pipes from their lips, shake out the ashes, and fill and light up anew.

Suddenly the man with the wooden leg arose and stumped across the lane to the opposite garden and addressed his neighbour: 'Joby! Joby Rogers!'

The sandy Hercules gazed calmly through the wooden-legged man's head and smoked as stolidly as though he were an automaton in a desert.

'Look here Joby!' said the wooden-legged man. 'Ain't it time as something was a-being done?'

The man addressed might have been deaf and dumb and blind for any notice that he took.

'We're a-getting middle-aged Joby, both on us. We can't last for ever. I can't say fairer than half; now Joby, can I?'

The other smoked on stonily. The faintest light of amusement dawned in his eyes, and died again; but he gave no other token of having heard or understood. The wooden-legged man lost temper.

'Look here Joby Rogers! I've waited twenty year, an' I'll wait a hundred an' twenty 'ear but what I'll tire you out.'

'You will, will you?' said the other dryly, regarding him with an air of amused interest.

'Yes, I will; and if I have to wait much longer I might do somethin' as both you an' me 'ud be sorry for.'

'Ah!' said the other, knocking his ashes from his pipe. 'What could you prove?'

'Perhaps I can't prove nothing Joby. Anyhow, proving nothing didn't ought to be my game, and won't be if I ain't drove to it. But I wants a share, and a share I'll have; or else, mind you this Joby, you'll never get a penny. I offers fair enough, don't I? Half I asks and half I'll have, or you gets nothing. Five-and-twenty for me, five-and-twenty for you. Fair do's Joby, fair do's my boy.'

'Now you listen to me, Bill Dean,' said the other, rising slowly and confronting the wooden-legged man. 'Mutiny's a thing I don't look over. You tried for the watch once, and you'd try for it again if you thought you'd get any good by it. But you were always a sneaking hound and a coward, and you dare not risk it. And I tell you once more that I'd rather let every piastre rot

there underground and rust to powder than you should even look at it.'

'You're a-cutting off your nose to spite your face Joby,' said the wooden-legged man, 'that's what you're a-doing of. Now, listen to me. You can't last for ever. Five and twenty thousand's about as much as you can get through at your time o' life. Why can't you share the fifty with a old chum? Why can't you divide and go fair do's Joby?'

'You're a prime old chum,' the other answered with just a shade of scorn in his deep voice, but smiling placidly the while, as though he were innocently amused at something. 'Who was it who tried to knife me in that Bulgarian khan at Strigli?'

'That was a quarter of a centry ago Joby,' said the wooden-legged man. 'Let bygones be bygones.'

'You don't want another mark of mine, do you?' the red-haired Samson asked with bantering good-humour in his face and voice. 'If you don't, you'll get out of my garden and keep clear of me in future, at your peril; for look here, Bill Dean,' he went on, with a look before which the other shrank back, 'if it wasn't for my girl, I'd end you where you stand; and that you know.'

'O yes,' said the other in propitiatory accents; 'I know you're a man of your word Joby. But do listen to reason. Now, lookee here'—

The other seized him by the collar, and took him unresisting through the gate and across the road. There he forced him into his chair, and laying a hand upon each shoulder, stooped down and looked him in the eyes. 'Did you ever know me break my word, Bill Dean?' The question might have been a comic conundrum, the questioner smiled with so much enjoyment of it.

'No Joby; no,' the wooden-legged man answered uneasily with shifty eyes.

'No,' said the other; 'and you never will.'

'No; I daresay not Joby,' said Bill Dean pacificatorily.

'And therefore when I tell you that if you ever speak to me again about that little business we've just been talking about, I'll find a way to quiet you—you understand me and believe me, eh?'

'Why I can't say as I don't Joby,' said Dean, by this time abjectly reduced.

'That's all right then,' said the other with the same cruel calmness and good-humour. 'Don't forget Bill. If you ever speak to me again about that matter, I shall find a way to quiet you, even if that way's for good. You're looking a bit dazed William. But you understand, don't you?' With that he went back to his own seat and struck a lucifer-match on his trousers and lit his pipe. The wooden-legged man looking across the road saw his face with the light upon it, and shivered.

Whilst this scene was enacting, a boy and a girl, presenting as great a contrast to each other as to the pair we leave here for the time, were strolling slowly down the lane towards the two cottages. The girl was rarely beautiful. She was dressed in a pink-spotted white print dress, and wore her white straw-bat set coquettishly on one side, with a dog-rose or two in her hair. That hair was nature's true gold, as different from the lifeless tint

produced by dyes as yellow sunshine is from yellow fog. Her eyes were of almost any colour; you chose to fancy between blue and black; and you might see her thoughts floating in them (so candid and open were they) as you see the reflection of clouds and clear sky alternating in still water. Her figure was very graceful; but was more commanding than beautiful, lovely as it was. She was a sort of rustic young Juno; and though she was dressed like a peasant, she looked like a princess. And yet a very sweet and lovable princess in spite of all pride and coquetry. Some little traces of girlish vanity there were about her, and a certain consciousness of beauty; but these were mingled with so sweet and perfect a grace, and were indeed in themselves so slight and pardonable, that you are a sterner judge than I am if you had not forgiven them at once. When beauty is only nineteen and surrounded by lovers, who shall blame it if it rejoice in itself as others rejoice in it?

Her companion was of her own age; but whereas Nature had been bountiful to the girl, she had been but a cruel mother to the lad. He was withered and twisted and dwarfed almost out of all manly seeming. His back bore a hump, his chest projected, and his legs were mere spindles. His face was pallid, and his hands were long and clawlike.

These two were cousins, and had been companions ever since either of them could remember. They were both motherless, and neither had brother or sister. The girl loved the lad with a pitying and sisterly tenderness which displayed itself in every look and movement. The lad loved the girl with a wild and hopeless passion which no look or word betrayed. Playmates in childhood, companions until now, they were here each confessing inwardly that the pain of parting was beginning. To the girl it was a very deep and real pain. To the lad it meant death in life, or seemed to mean that, in those young and ardent days. She put her arm about his neck and bent over him sideways as they walked. They were cousins and companions. To her in her heart they were brother and sister, and these caressing ways were natural to her and a part of her.

'Bob dear,' she said after walking along in silence for a little while, 'did you ever have a secret?'

He looked at her, and saw that she was blushing ever so faintly, and that she had just the slightest light of tender laughter in her eyes whilst her lips were grave. He thought of the one secret which he meant to die with him, and answered: 'No; not from you!'

She looked down at him, whilst the blush and the smile both grew. Then she stood still, and he looked at her calmly, through large brown eyes with bistre lines below them. She said: 'Bob dear, I'm going to be married.'

He nodded gravely in assent, but made no other answer.

'We shall only be in Coventry, Bob. I'm not going far away, and you'll be able to come and see me very often, and make long stays, I hope. Father says that if ever I get married he shall live quite alone. He doesn't know about this yet; and when he does, I think I shall persuade him to change his mind and live with me. Don't you think so Bob?'

He nodded again, and murmured something.

The girl looked at him anxiously. 'Are you in pain?' she asked.

'Yes dear,' he answered hoarsely, and holding both hands out, weakly clutched her arm, as if about to fall. She placed her arm round his waist, and half-lifting him, walked slowly to the cottage where the red-haired Hercules sat smoking.

'Father,' she said, 'poor Bob is very ill to-night.'

'Ah?' he answered, rising and coming swiftly into the road. He bent over the lad's writhen and stunted figure, and took him in his arms as if he had been a child, and carried him into the cottage and laid him on a couch. He did all this with surprising tenderness, and having set his slight burden down, he went up-stairs three steps at a time, and came back again gently with a scent-bottle in his hand. He poured a quantity of the scent into his left hand, and turned the moist palm on to the lad's forehead softly, as a mother might have done it.

'Eh, dear me,' he said, looking at the poor little figure and the pale face. 'It's a poor world Bob; isn't it lad? There now. Is that better? That's a brave little chap. Eh? want to go home? Why, so you shall lad, so you shall.—Get me a shawl Sarah. It strikes a little cold at night-time now.—There Bob; now you'll be nice and comfortable.' So saying he took the boy again in his arms with the shawl about him, and bore him from the room. His daughter followed him. 'Ay!' he said, turning round to her as if in answer to a question. 'Lock the door and come with me. We can walk back together. It's a lovely night.'

The lad lay still in those enormous arms, and felt himself borne along with a sense of rest which half subdued the mysterious physical pain which racked him. The pain itself had already numbed thought, and now that bodily ease returned, the fatigued nerves of soul and body sought oblivion and found it. Sleep came down upon him, and in a dream he felt himself carried smoothly in the vast arms of some great angel whose face was hidden. Suddenly the face revealed itself with a loud noise and a flash of light. It was the face of no angel, but a demon, and he awoke with a cry.

'No; I didn't hurt you lad?' said his uncle, looking down at him tenderly. 'Here you are at home.'

The hunchback surrendered to his father's care, Job Ryder and his daughter walked home together in affectionate and playful talk. There was a placid softness of demeanour in this resolute giant when he spoke to his daughter or his nephew, which made a singular contrast with his bearing towards all other people. Sarah took his arm and chatted blithely about a score of things, and he answered benignly and with such a smile as no one else could bring to his eyes. It was quite dark by this time, and the girl caught sight of a fiery spark a hundred yards ahead. The fiery spark grew larger, and died out again; then re-appeared, grew suddenly larger, and again died out. Who was likely to be lounging in front of her father's cottage smoking a cigar at that time of night? Who but one? The girl's blithe chatter ceased, and she blushed a little in the darkness.

'Good-evening, Mr Ryder,' said a voice.

'Good-evening to you, whoever you are.'

'It's Mr Glossop, father,' said Sarah.

'Oh, it's Mr Glossop, is it?'

Something in her father's tone hurt the girl, and she drew her hand away from his arm.

'Will you come in?' he asked the new-comer.

'Thank you sir, I will.'

The trio went into the house in the dark. Ryder struck a light and arranged the lamp, and then folding his hands behind him, looked down on Mr Glossop. A young man of rather dandified exterior. Not unhandsome in face nor ungraceful in carriage, but not prepossessing either. A small-souled young man, one would say. A young man one might have no great difficulty in despising if one set his heart that way.

'I have called on purpose to see you, Mr Ryder,' he said with a smile which carried no assurance of its source with it. The smile was purely a contortion of the facial muscles, and had no more to do with the heart than had the polish of his patent leather boots.

'Ay?' said Ryder.—'Good-night Sarah.' He kissed his daughter carelessly and absently, and putting a lighted candle on the table, motioned to her to take it.

'I would rather,' said Mr Glossop, 'that Miss Ryder heard what I have to say.'

'Ay?' said Ryder again. 'But I had rather hear it first.—Good-night, my dear.'

The girl rose, shook hands rather shyly with Mr Glossop, and went out of the room.

Her father turned on the suitor with a business-like abruptness. 'Well?'

Mr Glossop was not a man to be easily disconcerted. He smiled again. 'It would not be an easy thing, Mr Ryder, for anybody to avoid admiring your daughter. I have called here to-night on purpose to say how much I admire her and respect her, and to ask your consent to our union.' Then he smiled again, but anxiously.

'Well?' asked Ryder again.

Mr Glossop stared at him. It was evident that his thoughts were far away, and that he needed no answer. The young man doubted indeed whether he had heard what had been said already, and stood there silent and in some confusion.

Ryder withdrew his eyes from that far-off object on which he had been looking, and regarded Glossop gravely. 'Sit down,' he said gruffly, and himself drew a chair to the table. Leaning his heavy arms upon it, he looked steadfastly at the suitor and spoke with a certain heavy emphasis on certain words. 'Fathers know little about these matters. What I want is for my girl to be happy. The question I have to ask myself is: Are you the man to make her happy? You're not the sort of man who'd content me if I were a woman.' He seemed quite unconscious of any humorous or insulting side to this declaration. 'But I'm not choosing a companion for life, and she is. I shall do all I can to persuade her to a better choice; but if she *will* marry you, she will, and I can't have anything more to say about it.'

I have said that Mr Glossop was not a man to be easily disconcerted. But for a young man not quite armour-plated, this was a sufficiently disconcerting reception. Mr Glossop was an auctioneer in Coventry, an auctioneer and land-agent, and his position was superior to that of Job Ryder, who lived in a cottage so small compared with himself, that it seemed as if he could have taken it on

his shoulders and walked away with it, after the manner of the snail or the wandering showman who travels in the society of Mr Punch. When Ryder had done speaking, he seemed little inclined to begin again, and Glossop sat in considerable agitation of spirit. He was a young man who above all things desired to go through life with *aplomb*. There are many quaint ambitions in this world. To come in at the right minute and go out at the right minute, and thereby to leave on all concerned the highest possible opinion of himself, was his one great desire. But unhappily for Mr Glossop, *aplomb* is an achievement which depends upon the possession of many considerable qualities, which he had not. He would have won Job Ryder's respect, and perhaps his liking, if he had risen then and gone away appropriately, like a man whose business for the moment at least was concluded. But he was so far away from *aplomb*, that he could only stare vacantly at Ryder, and wonder for a moment whether he ought to feel himself insulted. Had Mr Ryder been a wealthy man, it would of course have been impossible that he could have insulted Mr Glossop. But when Mr Glossop had time to reflect that he himself was an auctioneer and a land-agent, and that his proposed father-in-law lived in so small a cottage, he was at once convinced that he had a right to be angry. Job Ryder was not the sort of man to whom an auctioneer and land-agent doing a good business in Coventry had any call to humble himself. Certainly not.

'Mr Ryder,' said Glossop, 'you shew very little consideration for my feelings.'

'What?' said Ryder, as though he were startled at Glossop's presence there.

Mr Glossop repeated his observation a little angrily.

Ryder looked at him for a minute very gravely. Then with his great arms thrown again across the table, he said: 'You talk nonsense sir. In this matter I have no consideration for your feelings. Look you here, Mr Glossop. If a poor ragged blackguard came to your office to-morrow morning and asked the loan of fifty pounds without security, would you consider his feelings, I wonder?'

'Really, Mr Ryder,' said the other, 'I am quite at a loss to'—

'Yes I daresay,' said Ryder, cutting him short in the same heavy voice and with the same strong gravity. 'But look you. You come to me and ask for the loan of my daughter's life, and my immortal soul'—the voice grew fiery with the words—'and expect me to be civil with you, when I've told you already that I can't trust you.' Ryder threw himself back into his arm-chair and resumed his pipe.

The *aplomb* Glossop desired was not to be his that night. He spoke again, nervously intertwining fingers damp with nervous moisture. 'Will you let me know, Mr Ryder, what you propose to do, and what you mean by saying that you can't trust me?'

'My intention is to persuade my girl to have nothing to say to you—if I can. And when I say I can't trust you, I mean that I can't trust you!'

Glossop, at once annoyed and troubled, as I think he had some right to be, still hankered after *aplomb*, and cast about in his mind for a way of dignified departure, finding none.

Ryder relieved him of his trouble. 'Don't mistake me,' he said calmly. 'I don't want to insult you. You come here and ask me for my daughter, and I tell you that you're not at all the sort of man I want to see her married to. That's all. And you must understand this at least, young man. You are not to see her again or write to her or send messages to her or make any advances at all, unless I give you leave. If I find—and I shall look out for it—that you have broken this order of mine, I shall throttle you. Good-night.'

A SCOPE FOR ENTERPRISE.

THERE is a complaint that all the ordinary means of getting on in the world are choked. It may be so, looking only at home affairs. We are about to shew that by turning the eyes a little further afield, the chances of making a fortune, or at least a respectable competency, are not at all hopeless. One of our old and valued friends, who quitted Scotland sixteen years ago with a wife and family, and settled in a good position at Dunedin, in the province of Otago, New Zealand, writes a letter, dated 10th October 1878, from which we propose to make a few instructive extracts, keeping out names that we are not authorised to give. Speaking of land as affording scope for enterprise, he says—

'Mr R——, an intimate acquaintance of mine, is about to take advantage of the demand for land, and to dispose of seven thousand acres of his fine estate in small farms of two hundred to four hundred acres. He will readily get from ten to fifteen pounds an acre. It is choice land, good for wheat-growing, with a fine climate, and a railway to a seaport. He says a man with four hundred acres of this land, with proper management, could have an income of a thousand pounds a year. Mr R—— and his wife and two daughters have been staying with us for a week. Fifteen years ago he had not a halfpenny. Now his landed estate alone will be worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. If he parts with ten thousand acres, he will still have a beautiful estate of seven thousand acres left. He is making an addition to his house which will cost him two thousand pounds. He spends a great deal on improvements, and has planted trees by the thousand. He and I rode over the country fourteen years since when it was selling at a pound to thirty shillings an acre. Now fifteen pounds per acre is freely given. A settler in that district bought two hundred acres from a neighbour last year at the rate of fifteen pounds an acre. He cleared from his barley-crop this last season the whole price of the freehold. This, however, was an exceptionally lucky hit, and it must be remembered the land was first-class. There are great differences. Some land I would not have as a gift.'

'Mr R—— intends selling on long terms to those who desire it, charging interest at eight per cent. Still, by purchasing on those terms considerable capital is required to stock and carry on. With the demand for land, as ruling at present, I expect a number of the large proprietors will be breaking up their estates and realising. Several fine properties are in the market which are thus being dealt with. There is none of the territorial dignity attached to land here as at home; so that if a man sees a good chance, he does not hesitate

to dispose of a part or the whole of his estate. The New Zealand Land Company of Glasgow, I understand, are about to place their estates in the market. They have high ideas of what may be realised; perhaps as much as thirty-five pounds an acre. But the land is said to have cost them ten pounds an acre with improvements, and is in fine condition.

Further on in his letter, the writer proceeds to speak of a matter which requires to be kept in mind. This is the tendency of certain lands to be flooded, by the melting of snow on the mountains. Here is what he says: 'We are having a fine spring, and yet paradoxical as it may appear, the warmth is producing destructive floods in some quarters. Many of our rivers take their rise in the mountainous country where there are glaciers and perpetual snow. This last winter the quantity of snow which fell was quite unprecedented. In consequence of warm rain and the heat of spring, the snow has been melted, and caused heavy floods. One of the lakes that I visited last summer, measuring fifty miles long by one or two in breadth, has risen seven feet. Some houses are inundated. The river Molyneux has been higher than any one has known. The township of Balclutha has been wholly under water, and the inhabitants have been obliged to leave their dwellings. Bridges in several places have been carried away. In Dunedin we have not suffered; but the merchants will suffer by the calamity which has overtaken their customers.'

These notes from our old and trusty friend at Dunedin may possibly be of use to persons who think of emigrating to New Zealand, and there investing money in land. Independently of what is stated, this very thriving colony offers numerous advantages to capitalists with a few thousand pounds who are disposed earnestly to go to work, and by frugality and industry to rise to fortune. Idlers, and the sottishly inclined, had better stay away, for besides speedily sinking to ruin, they are a pest to the community. Our friend, we believe, has been troubled with these torturations, and several of them have had to be shipped back to their relations. The intelligent, courageous, and industrious young capitalist has nothing to fear. So to speak, there is a world waiting for him to come and prosper. It has sometimes occurred to us that New Zealand is at present much in the condition that England was in the early part of the monarchy. The principal difference is that England was colonised by hostile continental invaders, who apportioned lands to themselves by the agency of the sword, and laid the foundation of families that became the great feudatories of the crown. The settlers who buy estates in New Zealand and continue to reside upon them, may be compared to Anglo-Saxon and Norman chiefs whose descendants now constitute no inconsiderable portion of the English peerage. Considerations of this kind might stimulate the bold and the ambitious. Instead of loafing at home, embarrassing relations, or wearing out their lives in some petty official employments, which will leave them as poor at the end as at the beginning, let them carry their brains, their sinews, and their cash to the farther end of the earth—only forty-five days by San Francisco—and there they will find a duplication of Old England, that offers immeasurable scope, not only for present needs,

but for becoming the honoured progenitors of a great nation.

One occasionally hears of younger sons of men of property who disdain trying to gain a livelihood by trade, embarking as sheep-farmers in the Highlands, for which they are able to command sufficient capital. Their enterprise is commendable, and is not without inducements. The profession of a Highland store-farmer can scarcely be called a line of industry. It is the next thing to doing nothing, for hired shepherds do all the work. The farmer, imitative of a Highland chief, amuses himself with shooting, and derives a pleasure from rambling about in kilts and tartans with a feather in his bonnet. No doubt there are drawbacks. It is a solitary sort of life, with few acquaintances to speak to. As regards food, it is mutton, mutton all the year round, varied only by potted meats, brought by the *Clansman* from Glasgow, and landed perhaps at a port fifteen miles off. How life would be endurable without the aid of the *Clansman*, or some other of Hutcheson's steam-boats, it would be painful to consider. Assuming that existence is not so objectionable as it might be thought, it is little better than killing time, and of sliding imperceptibly from youth into old age. Does it realise a sufficient family provision? Usually, the annual rent with working expenses eat up everything. Would it not be immensely preferable to try your luck in New Zealand, where for two or three times the amount of yearly rent paid in Ardnamurchan or Glenaladale, it would be possible to obtain the freehold of a fertile and beautiful estate under a climate resembling that of the finer parts of Italy? Besides which advantages, the settler would have the satisfaction of being surrounded by familiar faces, and of possessing the inestimable privilege of still living under the gentle and beneficent sway of our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

W. C.

GOLD-SEEKING IN SCOTLAND.

WE are indebted to Mr Cochrane-Patrick, a gentleman of property in Ayrshire and a well-known antiquary, for collecting together, under the title of *Early Records relating to Mining in Scotland* (Edinburgh: Douglas and Foulis), and supplementary to his beautiful work on the *Coins and Coinage of Scotland*, a large number of interesting facts, more particularly as regards the precious metals. Ten years ago, it will be remembered, licenses to work gold were issued by the Duke of Sutherland at Kildonan in the north of Scotland, at which time not less than about six hundred ounces of gold are said to have been obtained; and one of the most lively controversies of the time amongst Scottish geologists was the native or exotic character of a certain mass of gold-bearing quartz found at Wanlockhead. That native gold was formerly found in Scotland, in numerous localities and in considerable quantities, is clearly shewn from the information Mr Cochrane-Patrick has brought together. And the same is true of silver. As regards the latter metal, a statement is quoted from Sir Robert Gordon's *History of the Earldom of Suther-*

land, which might have the effect of setting to work some 'prospecting parties' in that region of Scotland.

Gold, it would appear, was wrought in Fife and Fotherif (Forfar?) as early as the twelfth century, for in 1153 David I. granted to the Abbey of Dunfermline, amongst other gifts, a tithe of all the gold that should accrue to the King from those districts. Earlier than this, 'record' does not go; but it is the general opinion of archaeologists that the gold ornaments of prehistoric times were made of native metal. Between the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries there are a number of records to shew that gold was wrought in Scotland to an extent deemed worthy of the attention of the King and the Parliament; but the statistics as regards quantity are of the most meagre kind. The chief seat of the precious metals was undoubtedly the upper district of Lanarkshire, and in the sixteenth century many bargains, grants, and arrangements appear in connection with the work there. The accounts of the Lord Treasurer give some hint as to the productiveness of the mines; and it is interesting to know that between 1538 and 1542, a space of five years, sufficient native gold was obtained to make a crown for the King and Queen, to add to the King's great chain, and provide a belt for the Queen, the total weight of the metal used for these purposes being above one hundred and twelve ounces. This was over and above a large quantity of gold used in coming 'bonnet-pieces,' in providing a gum-stick consisting of a *bratunthe* or boar's tusk set in gold for the Prince, a whistle for the King, a shrine for one of the bones of St Andrew of May, besides other nick-nacks described in the accounts.

About twenty years later, Cornelius di Vore, a Dutchman, obtained from Regent Murray a license to work gold and silver in any part of Scotland for nineteen years, having as his partners some well-known noblemen and others. It is stated that he employed six score persons in the summer in searching and washing for the gold, paying them fourpence a day; or a mark to twenty shillings per ounce of gold to those not on daily wages. One of the workmen, John Gibson by name, is mentioned as lucky in finding nuggets of large size, 'some as big as birds' eggs'—a wide margin, it will be admitted; while a Dutchman named Peterson, a partner in the venture, found enough gold to make a basin to hold a gallon of liquor, which was given by the Earl of Morton to the King of France. Mr Cochrane-Patrick does not add a statement found in other writers, that the basin was filled with gold coins also of native metal. Di Vore is stated to have sent as much as eight pounds weight of gold to the Mint at Edinburgh in the course of thirty days. This would seem to be the culmination of the art of gold-finding in Scotland, although other licenses and grants are subsequently recorded.

About 1578, Thomas Foulis, an Edinburgh goldsmith, employed Bevis Bulmer—afterwards named as Sir Bevis Bulmer—to work the lead mines in Lanarkshire; and Bulmer got the king's patent to seek gold or silver in any part of Scotland. In Henderland Moor, in the Forest of Ettrick, he obtained gold 'the like of it in no other place in Scotland.' Bulmer, who was the subject of a

Privy-council proclamation in 1604 for his protection in searching for metals, is credited with having presented to Queen Elizabeth a 'porringer' of Scottish gold, with an inscription couched in the terms of conceit prevalent at the period:

I dare not give, nor yet present,
But render part of that's thine own.
My mind and heart shall still invent
To seek out treasures yet unknowne!

Mr Cochrane-Patrick gives some documents found in the Record Office in London which illustrate the gold-mining operations of this time. Mr George Bowes, who received a sum of three hundred pounds by Exchequer warrant in 1603 to work minerals in Wanlock Water, writes a series of letters describing minutely his operations; which however, were brought to an end in 1604 in consequence of the opposition he met with. In a letter of 1604, an unknown writer mentions that Bulmer had come out of Scotland, and had brought some 'pure gold, without dross, unmolten,' which is described as 'sifted out of vein earth in droppes or crommes and little gobbets,' and in such quantity 'as must make ye King a cupp.' Sir Bevis Bulmer got a formal pardon and release for all arrears of rent, &c. in 1608, and in 1616 Stephen Atkinson, well known as the author of a *Description and History of the Gold Mines of Scotland*, comes on the scene. An Act of the Privy Council gave him the privilege for life of searching for gold and silver in Crawford Moor, Lanarkshire, a tenth part to belong to the Crown. The privilege was to be forfeited if the work was stopped for six months. It is not stated whether or not it was thus forfeited, but in 1621 another part of the same district was granted for twenty-one years to a physician named Hendrie. But the records shew no proof whether or not gold was found. In 1633, a medal to commemorate the coronation of Charles I. bears on its edge the statement that it was made out of gold found in Scotland. During Cromwell's time, the Council of State directed a search to be made for gold in Scotland, and the matter was remitted to a Committee. So far as the records shew, this Committee has not yet reported. It only remains to add that within comparatively recent times the precious metal has been sought for and actually found in certain districts in the west and south of Scotland, though not in sufficient quantity to repay expense.

CONY ISLAND.

BENT on a tramp to Cony Island, I turn my back upon Brooklyn, and go swinging round the corner of Prospect Park, passed on the way by two or three crowded horse-cars, whose open sides and rib-like benches make them look like the skeletons of starved omnibuses. Sitting at ease beneath their overshadowing roof, the occupants eye me in passing with the complacent scorn of a man who, looking through the window of his comfortable carriage, sees an acquaintance floundering blindly along through mud and rain without overcoat or umbrella.

At the south-western corner of Long Island, separated from it by a wide belt of swamp, and the windings of a narrow inlet, lies a strip of

sandy beach, eight miles in length by somewhat less than one in breadth, popularly known as 'Cony Island,' which is reached from New York by ferry-boat across the East River to Brooklyn, and thence by street-car to the crown of the ridge along which lies Prospect Park. From this point the land trends downward in an unbroken slope of six miles to the Atlantic shore; and the distance may be covered by railway, horse-car, or straight-forward walking, by which, after considerable fatigue, I catch sight of the huge skeleton of the 'centennial tower,' Cony Island's principal 'lion,' standing gauntly out against the sky far away in front; and brightening up like a weary camel at the first glimpse of the distant palm-trees that mark the still unseen well, on I go again. Twenty minutes later, the connecting bridge is crossed, and Vanity Fair lies before me in all its glory. It may perhaps be more fitly compared to Margate than to Brighton, for the vast expanse and stately terraces of the latter are better represented by aristocratic Newport, far away on the shore of Rhode Island; while its less dignified rival offers to the new-comer the startling spectacle of three monster hotels standing about half a mile apart on a perfectly untenanted waste of beach, like remnants of some forgotten civilisation. (The eastern portion is divided into 'Brighton Beach' and 'Manhattan Beach,' each having its own hotel and bathing pavilion.) Untenanted however, it will not be very long; for the swarm of bathing-houses, lager-beer saloons, restaurants, and what not, which are now springing up like mushrooms on every side, fully bear out the old saying that 'the Yankee carries a new town in each pocket.'

Very gay and pretty does the great popular resort look on this bright Saturday afternoon, with its fluttering flags and rolling carriages and painted pavilions, and its smooth shining sea dotted with the bobbing heads of the bathers, and its endless procession of promenaders along the asphalt of the 'Concourse,' or the hard flat sand of the beach. Here arm-in-arm go a brace of jaded heavy-eyed sub-editors, evidently very much in need of the life-giving breeze which they are drinking in so eagerly. Then comes a big pleasant-looking German tradesman, surrounded by a perfect body-guard of flaxen-haired children, who shout and laugh and scamper about, and trench up the sand with their little wooden spades, and run back from the advancing tide with shrieks of mock-terror, enjoying themselves as only children can. Yonder, grouped together on one of the benches in front of the Brighton Hotel, sit three or four young girls who, kept on their feet for eight or ten hours a day in some fashionable Broadway millinery store, are almost too weary to enjoy their holiday when it comes. The pier itself is crowded with merry-makers, who seated around the refreshment tables, are ordering ice-cream, lemonade, fried clams, and what not, as if the purse of Fortunatus were in their pocket. Farther along the shore, an excursion-train has just disgorged its noisy hundreds at the Manhattan Beach Station.

Far out at the end of the pier, away from all

the noise and bustle, sit a couple whose whispered conversation engrosses them as completely as if they were alone together on a desert island. Both are plainly dressed, and bear the stamp of hard and tiring work upon their pale cheeks and drooping eyelids; but for the time being they are so happy in each other's presence as to be utterly oblivious of the weary toil that must recommence with to-morrow's sunrise, and the long years that may have to elapse before it can come to pass. But at this moment the black cloud that has long been gathering unheeded explodes in a torrent of rain; and instantly the beach is covered with fleeing figures, like one of Doré's pictures of the Deluge. Here flies an umbrella-less beauty, shuddering as the merciless drops patter on her new dress; there a luckless Paterfamilias, with a child firmly clasping each hand, feels his hat suddenly whirled far away to seaward, while his wife stumbling into an unexpected pool, shrieks to him for help. And to crown all, the very bathers instinctively join the rush, and burst into the nearest piazza all dripping as they are, like an invading army of mermen.

But all discomforts are forgotten when, half an hour later, I find myself under the hospitable roof of *Thompson's Hotel*, bountifully catered for by my good host and his charming wife, whom no influx of guests can ever find unprepared. Several brother-correspondents are already quartered there, and the evening is ushered in with a jovial symposium.

But the great 'transformation scene' must be waited for till nightfall, when scores upon scores of lamps glitter along the front of every building, and around the flanked space before the piazza of *Cable's* (as the principal hotel is familiarly called), in the centre of which, environed by a quadrangle of commodious seats, row behind row, stands the little Chinese pavilion set apart for the band.

The musicians are hardly settled in their places when every bench is already crowded, and all eyes watch eagerly for the first appearance of 'Arbuckle the great cornet soloist,' who, as countless placards inform all whom it may concern, has been 'engaged for the entire season.' At length the hero steps forward, bowing his acknowledgment of the boisterous applause of his admirers, and proceeds to execute in admirable style a selection of favourite airs. The soft artless melody of *Way down upon the Swanee River* succeeds the grand Cromwellian march of *Old John Brown*, and is succeeded in turn by the buoyant lilt of *Yankee Doodle*; till at length, amid a deep and reverential silence, he begins *Home, Sweet Home*.

On my right sits a brawny weather-beaten man, whose dark-bearded face has evidently confronted many a peril and many a storm. Hitherto he has remained utterly impassible; but as the first notes of the sweet plaintive music steal upon the air, he gives a sudden start, and bends forward as if anxious not to lose a single note. What thoughts that simple air awakens in his mind—whether of a far-off home in quiet England hastily abandoned in his hot youth, or of a later home laid waste by Death, or of a future home brightened by the love of one chosen inmate—who shall say? When the last note has died away, he sits motionless for an instant like one in a dream, and then, starting as if from some overmastering spell, walks silently away.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, 1879.

WITH 1879, CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL reaches its forty-seventh year. It is within three years of its Jubilee. So tranquilly and successfully does the work continue to go on, that we might be spared saying anything about it. Perhaps, however, on entering on a new year, a word or two is expected. Sometimes we are visited in a complimentary way by ladies, who tell us that when girls, their father read the JOURNAL to them seated round the fire-side with brothers and sisters. The reminiscence seems to be cherished, as carrying them back to old times, ere the family was scattered, or before beloved parents had passed away. One lady lately said to us: 'I remember the first number of the JOURNAL, and I have read every number that has come out. I look for it, and cannot do without it.' There was a compliment! It was worth living for.

It has often been explained that from the very first, the conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL had two distinct objects in view. They wished to do their best to amuse and instruct apart from controversial subjects, and if possible to elevate the aspirations of the young. These aims have been steadily kept in view. Till this hour, the work is conducted on the same principles on which it set out. The needle is not more true to the Pole, than the writer of this has been true to his original profession. Seven-and-forty years is a long time for an individual to keep pulling at the oar, even though breeze and tide have been favourable. The labour, however, has been an unqualified pleasure. Early, it was seen what work was to be done, and no effort has been spared to do it. Looking to the unabated, indeed considerably increasing demand for CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, it is inferred that the reading public approve of the course of policy which has been pursued. One thing may at least be admitted. In being loyal to their own principles, the editors have never undervalued, or interfered with, the views of others. The world, as it has been thought, is wide enough for all. There are now twenty periodicals for one at the time the JOURNAL started. All whose aim is to do good in any particular line have our best wishes for their success.

Although unchanged in character, it would be absurd to aver that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is what it was in the decade 1830-40. The advance in the number of the population, the wealth, the intelligence, and literary tastes since the commencement of the Victorian era, is something extraordinary, and has led to considerable changes in the style of writing for periodicals. With novelties of this kind we have endeavoured to keep pace, and will continue to do so. At one time, as we recollect, every tale incorporated in our pages required to be completed in the number in which it appeared. The rage is now all continued fictions from number to number, perhaps over half a year. It is a harmless taste, which we attempt to satisfy by employing competent writers.

In the present number one of these continuous stories begins.

The early popularity of the JOURNAL was undoubtedly in a great measure due to the familiar Essays of the junior editor, Dr Robert Chambers. Since his decease, the general superintendence of the work has devolved on the writer of these lines. How he has acquitted himself is left for others to determine. The essay system being like an exhausted mine which has had its day, an effort of a different kind has latterly been made. It is to construct biographical sketches of remarkable persons and family narratives in the garb of romance, yet true as to facts, and designed to inspire popular interest. Besides this new feature, articles concerning social improvement, and articles likely to promote that kindly regard for animals which by reactive impulse tends to cultivate the higher sentiments, have been introduced at suitable opportunities. It is hoped that by these and such-like means, the readers of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, carried on by the progress of events, will not experience any falling off in the matters offered for their recreation.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL has at no time relied on the display of great names to secure purchasers; it has never pandered to party; nor has it courted notice from contemporaries. No paper of its kind did ever less depend on advertisements for publicity. It has been ever self-reliant. While thus pursuing the tenor of its way, and wishing to live on good terms with all, a strange cause of disturbance has arisen. Rights have been invaded which in decency ought to have been respected. An allusion is here made to a practice among American prints of copying articles from CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL without leave asked, or any acknowledgment of their origin. This petty larceny might in itself be of little consequence. Perhaps one might feel elated with the idea that his writings were copied and recopied into hundreds of papers from New York to the Rocky Mountains. The pinch arises in the fact that American newspapers, with these stolen articles, reach Great Britain. There, the articles are copied, still without acknowledgment, into English and Scotch newspapers, the proprietors of which are under the impression that the material they appropriate is of American authorship. Clearly, by these loose proceedings a great wrong is committed. In common justice, and in the interests of literature, articles copied from our pages and the pages of others *ought to be properly acknowledged*. Perhaps it would be too much to expect that the remonstrance now offered may be of use in stopping practices which furnish an additional plea for the introduction of international copyright.

It remains to be stated that the sub or acting editor of the JOURNAL is Mr R. Chambers.

W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Rater-noster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 785.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

SPEAKING FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

ALTHOUGH England is within twenty-two miles of France, and there is a large daily communication between the two countries, comparatively few English are able to speak French fluently, or even in an imperfect manner; and still fewer French people can speak or understand English. Practically, the intercourse of the two nations is of a very constrained nature. Geographically near each other, they seem to be inexorably kept at a great distance by difference in language. This is the more surprising when we consider that through the Norman invasion, the English tongue received a large infusion of French words. A language, however, is not to be judged altogether by its words, but very much by its grammatical construction. In this point of view, the English and French are wide as the poles asunder. The English verbs have exceedingly few inflections. They are simple in construction, and easily remembered. The French verbs, on the contrary, are inflected, or changed in their terminations, to an extent that to a learner who has not a good memory, appears absolutely bewildering. On this ground alone, the English do not take readily to French; while on the part of the French people, there are equally strong objections to the intricate pronunciation of English, and to the frequency of words with the same spelling having different meanings.

These apparent difficulties on both sides vanish on close mutual intercourse, that is to say, by dint of speaking with a will to understand. It has been remarked as something curious, that while English families travelling in France, are barely able to put a few words of the language together, their domestics who travel along with them very soon learn to speak French. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that these domestics do not trouble themselves with books or correctness of verbiage. They pick up words and modes of expression from the French servants with whom they happen to be associated. Not oppressed with timidity, they dash on through thick and thin irrespective of grammatical rules,

and thus speedily acquire a facility in speaking. In short, they mix with the natives, instead of standing shyly aloof, as the middle and higher classes usually do; and therein in a great degree lies their success.

One thing particularly favours domestic servants, and the working-classes generally, in learning to speak a foreign tongue. They do not use what are called high-flown words, or words that occur in philosophical dissertations. The English language is said to consist of forty thousand words; but a vast number of these are mere refinements in expression founded on classical terms, that have been absorbed from time to time into the language. In point of fact, we are constantly seeing new words starting into existence. Of the forty thousand words found in the Dictionary, it is doubtful if more than five thousand—some think not more than three thousand—are employed by the humbler classes. They rely chiefly on the simpler forms of speech, such as those used in that venerable repository of Anglo-Saxon, the good old version of the Bible, which may be said to represent the language commonly in use two hundred and fifty years ago. As the humbler orders in France in the same manner employ but a limited number of words, the seeming wonder of English servants so speedily picking up French is materially qualified. The truth is, in all civilised countries two varieties of language are spoken—a higher or refined, and a lower or simpler variety. It is the simpler that is easily acquired, and it is that with which children begin speaking. By a knowledge of these facts, it will be readily understood how the attempt to learn a language as presented in literature is invested in difficulty and discouragement. It is not a new remark, that the effort to acquire a modern foreign tongue by commencing with instructions in grammar, is a reversal of the method prescribed by nature, and results in corresponding disappointment. The whole system of teaching French in schools must be viewed as an expensive and imperfect makeshift. Seldom any practical good comes out of it. From any-

thing we have seen, not one in fifty who are so taught is able to freely converse in French.

As is well known, children will learn to speak three or four languages as readily as only one. Along with English, they will acquire French, Italian, and German, provided they are brought up in familiar communication with individuals who speak these languages. At first, they will, of course, make a sad jumble, not knowing one tongue from another; but in time they discriminate, and avoid any confusion. This is the true method of learning foreign languages; and the fact is evidenced by the growing practice in England of employing French and German nurses. Members of the Royal family, for instance, speak French and German indifferently with English, because they have been taught by foreign nurses. The Russians are reputed to be the best linguists in Europe. Many of them are proficient in half-a-dozen languages. This is chiefly owing to the practice of importing foreign attendants on their children. Accordingly, a Russian lady or gentleman who does not speak English and French is a rarity. The simplicity with which a young English family may in this manner be instructed in French, or German, according to choice, is striking and satisfactory. What toil and cost are spared in future years! How young people would bless their parents for having been played, as it were, into speaking and reading with correctness one or two languages beside their own, and been thereby saved the torture of laborious and often useless schooling!

The fishermen on the coast of Sussex and the opposite coast of France often have occasion to exchange civilities at sea. But how can they do so, not knowing each other's language? Some years ago, we were told they got over the difficulty without cost or trouble, by an exceedingly simple and satisfactory process. They exchanged children. A Sussex-man took the son of a Frenchman to board for a time in his family, and let the Frenchman have his son in return. In this accommodating way French fisher-boys learned English, and English fisher-boys learned French. It was a beautiful arrangement throughout, for besides any advantage derived from lingual intercommunication, feelings of good-will grew up between the two nations. We hope the practice still continues.

In only very few hotels in England are waiters able to speak French. The English waiter is for the most part an uninstructed and unambitious being. What he seems chiefly to care about is to secure a gift of a shilling or two from visitors over and above the charges in the bill. He perhaps began as a boots, and looking at him professionally we should say he has not graduated. He has no Alma Mater. The continental garçon is a very different sort of person. He is duly bred to his business, taking lessons at various high establishments. The best of all garçons are the Germans. To begin with, they

are well educated, which is a great point. In the next place, they nourish aspirations—at least many of them do. Starting from their homes, they travel about to acquire a knowledge of French and English, not with the view of being waiters all their days, but for the purpose of qualifying themselves to be hotel-keepers. In this way, previous to the Franco-German War—we hardly know what it is now—Paris abounded in German garçons. They came to learn their trade and at the same time to learn French, which they did in the course of their service. Next, they came to hotels in London, or Brighton, or Leamington, to pick up English. When this was accomplished, back they went to their own country, prepared to set up a hotel at Coblenz, Wiesbaden, or some other quarter largely frequented by tourists. We happen to have seen a number of these German hotel-keepers and heard the story of their professional wanderings.

On one of the occasions we visited Mentone in the south of France, we dwelt in a hotel, and were attended by François, a smart and obliging young French garçon. He could speak no English, but was exceedingly anxious to learn, for the height of his ambition was to go to Angleterre—the paradise, as he imagined, of waiters. He implored us to address him in English, and tell him the English names of things. He was delighted to be told the meaning of such phrases as, 'shut the door,' 'open the window,' 'bring up the tea.' One day he was heard muttering the words 'shut the door' all the way down-stairs, in order to fix them in his memory. When he heard us conversing with visitors in English, he hung about and listened to catch the sounds and familiarise himself with the intonation. This, we thought, was a fine specimen of a youth who deserved to get on. In reward for his assiduity, we translated all we said to him in French into English. How thankful the poor fellow was for this small condescension! We hope that François has ere this attained the object of his wishes, and is figuring as a waiter in one of the grand hotels in London.

As far as we have seen, Germans and Swiss monopolise the profession of couriers, on account of their wandering habits and aptitude in acquiring languages. To be a courier to English tourists on the continent, a knowledge of several tongues is indispensable. It has been our fortune to know several of these German and Swiss couriers. Their faculty in speaking four or five languages was astonishing. One of them, named Wallenstein, whom we heard of at Bradshaw's in Fleet Street, which may be called the Emporium of couriers, was the best we ever knew. We greatly esteemed him for ability and good conduct. On being questioned, he disclosed his history. He had been left a sum of money by his father, and he resolved to expend it in learning languages to fit him to be a courier. He took service in various places; and mastering one language after another, he confidently offered himself as a courier to a

family on its travels. He spoke German, French, Italian, English, Russian, and was making progress in Spanish. A single visit to the Peninsula would perfect him. His method of learning was to mix with the couriers and *valets de place* who loiter about hotels in quest of a job or in attendance on tourists. As shewn by his *livret* or book of credentials, he had visited most of the towns and places of fashionable resort in Europe, and had given much satisfaction in his calling. We feel assured that if he has by chance been taken to Athens and Constantinople, he will have added Greek and Turkish to his catalogue of accomplishments. Not many Englishmen in his rank of life, we think, would take the trouble to make themselves proficient in so many languages. The varied openings for industrial pursuits in Great Britain and the colonies, appear to forbid the attempt.

From whatever cause, and taking them all in all, it cannot be said that the English or Scotch are disposed to give themselves much concern about speaking foreign languages. Adopting an imperial policy, every one must succumb to them. Wheresoever they go, the English tongue must be uppermost. All other languages are contemptible. John Bull rules the roast. This is admirably observable in English colonies originally French. Do as they like, these colonies will be Anglicised in language, manners, and political institutions. Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-general of Canada, gracefully modified this peremptory spirit of superiority. He delivered orations to the French-Canadians in their own traditional tongue, which were faultless in elocution, and gained all hearts. But Lord Dufferin is an Irishman, and perhaps that makes a difference. It is interesting to learn that although two centuries have elapsed since the French colonised Canada, and more than a hundred years since the British flag floated predominant at Quebec and Montreal, the descendants of the French settlers still in ordinary speech adhere to their original tongue. Yet, there is something still more surprising. It is that the more educated of the French-Canadians, sinking all feelings of rivalry, acquire and speak English when it is necessary to do so. The two languages come equally easy to them, which for men of French lineage is a great triumph.

A Canadian newspaper, the *Montreal Witness*, lately referred to this remarkable fact, adding, as might be expected, that 'English-Canadians shew a strange distaste to the French language, and experience great difficulty in mastering it. Every observer must have been struck with the circumstance that in the city of Montreal, where one-half the population is French-Canadian, it is as unusual to find an English-Canadian speaking French as it is to find a French-Canadian who does not speak English. The English papers have more French-Canadian readers than have the French papers. In the City Council nearly one-half the members are French-Canadian, yet they all speak English, more or less, in the transaction of business; while most of the English members cannot speak French at all, and those who can

scarcely ever utter a word in that language. In the Canadian Parliament, containing a little more than one-fourth of French-Canadians, the leading men among them nearly all speak English fluently, and it is the exception for a Quebec member to speak French in that body. Indeed, many French-Canadian Members of Parliament speak English with greater ease than many honourable members with whom that language is the mother-tongue. On the other hand, no instance has occurred in late years, so far as we have heard, of an English member formally addressing the House in French. The Bar of Montreal presents the same singular circumstances. All the leading French lawyers speak English, some in a manner that a few of their English confrères might envy; while but two or three of the English lawyers speak French fairly well. Chief-Justice Dorion speaks English with a purity and an elegance even which are not surpassed by any of his English brethren on the Bench. The same curious difference in linguistic talent is observable all over the province. In some of the eastern townships, where the French and English populations are about equally divided, the former all speak English more or less, while the latter as generally are unable to speak French. Place at school together half-a-dozen French-Canadian boys knowing nothing of English with half-a-dozen English boys knowing nothing of French, and at the end of a year the English language will be spoken by the whole twelve, to the almost entire exclusion of the French. Now, it is evident that all these singular facts can point to but one result; at least they indicate a tendency in the relative position of the two languages which, in course of time, must issue in the prevalence of the English. It is, indeed, the very talent of French-Canadians for languages which is likely to prove fatal to the perpetuity of their own, while the absorbing power of the English and the guarantee of its perpetuity in presence of the French are to be found in its very inertia. Although such seems to be the ultimate destiny of the French language on this continent, the period of its decadence is still doubtless far in the future. French literature in Canada has probably by no means reached the zenith of its prosperity, and everything presages for it a history which will command the respectful admiration of men of letters everywhere.'

The significant fact gathered from these remarks is that the French-Canadian is considerably more pliable and versatile as regards language than his English or Scotch fellow-subject; and what is equally observable, he excels in speaking English, which as a rule is by no means the case with natives of France. We can at any rate say that in all our experience we never heard French gentlemen speak English with the correct pronunciation of a high-bred Englishman--there being usually something which they do not get over, try as they will. We, however, do not doubt that the contrary may be sometimes the case. Latterly, the practice has been creeping in of educating young Frenchmen in England, so as to thoroughly familiarise them with our language and institutions. Of this an example is seen in M. Waddington, at present French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who speaks English with a fluency and accent no way different from what is heard in the speech of a well-educated Englishman. One could wish that in the ranks of statesmen, literary men, and

politicians, the ability to speak and write the two languages was more common than it is on both sides of the Channel. The better it would be for all parties.

w. c.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER II.—ONE LOST.

As the storm burst upon the lake, a car came rattling down the mountain road that wound serpent-wise from the valley to the hill-pass, and thus its occupants were in a manner eye-witnesses of the shipwreck of the pinnacle. Not that they saw the disaster in its completeness. Theirs was, in accordance with the nature of things, not a full view, but a tantalising, almost maddening glimpse from the corners of the winding road, as successive twists brought them down from the steep slopes to the dead level of the lake-side. There was the pretty white-sailed boat battling for life against the squall; there were the curling waves; there the blackness of the sky; there the vivid glare of the lightning.

'For any sake, man, get along! Flog the old screw, can't you?' called out the solitary passenger in tones of unwonted excitement. The Cymrian driver needed no urging to make him ply the whip-thong and jerk the rein. He was standing up as he drove, with dilated eyes and pale face. So was his temporary employer, eager and anxious too, for once; for his quick eye had made out who were those on board the pinnacle.

Then came one of those provoking turns in the road, and when the lake was again visible the pinnacle was gone, and nothing remained but a heap of shattered woodwork, and a sail half sunk, and some human forms dimly descried. Another turn, and yet another, and then, amidst blinding flashes and crashing thunder-peals, and a continuous down-pour of such heavy rain as thunder alone and in a mountain district can bring with it, the car reached lake and landing-stage.

'Deed, sir, it is a bad job,' said the driver, as he sprang to earth. 'Ashton's was a clever boat, indeed she was, but she's to pieces now, and unless we can'—

The words were lost in the shriek of the gale and the savage growl of the thunder. Over the very planks of the primitive landing-place the spray broke in showers, and the reef was half hidden by whirling drift and lashing rain. In the midst of the angry water appeared a stalwart figure, that of Hugh the boatman, wading shorewards, and carrying in his arms the almost lifeless form of Maud. The girl's head rested drooping on his strong shoulder, and her long brown hair streamed loosely as he fought his way to land. Some distance off, and beside the weed-grown mass of the Lion Rock, could be yet distinguished the wreck of the pinnacle; and nearer to the reef could be seen the younger boy clinging to an oar, while a swimmer, readily recognised as the elder of the two Ashtons, was in the act of aiding him to reach a sheltered nook among the storm-beaten stones, whence it was practicable for Willie slowly to scramble, dripping and scared, up the rocky barrier.

Edgar, the bigger and bolder of the two boys, had already gained the beach. Fortune had befriended him; while Maud's rescuer, caught in a current that ran rapidly southwards, keeping

him and her, as such currents will, in the wash of the broken water, had had need of all his strength and skill to enable him thus encumbered to reach the shore.

'Well done, Hugh Ashton, gallantly done!' cried out the driver of the car. 'Sassenach or not, a braver boy never trod our Welsh ground; and that's as true as that my name's Owen Owen.'

His passenger, who had long since alighted, now stepped forward, a smile upon his lips, and said blandly: 'I have to thank you, Mr—Ashton, I believe, for saving my relation here, Miss Stanhope. You are a brave fellow, and I can assure you, in Lady Larpent's name, that your gallant conduct shall not go unrewarded.'

Something in the tone there was, or it may be in the words, which grated on the boatman's ear. 'I look for no reward, sir,' he said, as he aided in placing Maud, whose consciousness now began to return, among the cushions of the car. And then the eyes of the two young men met. In person, as in station, they offered a marked contrast to one another.

Hugh Ashton, in his rough working clothes, with his flushed fair face, his golden hair, and dauntless blue eyes, was very much taller, handsomer, and of a manlier presence than the undersized gentleman who confronted him. And yet that other, though slightly built and in stature below the middle height, was far from being insignificant in appearance. He was older than Hugh, being, it might be guessed, at least eight or nine and twenty years of age; and his keen face was quite pale, almost white, and seemed yet more pallid, since his hair was so very dark and his long black eyes so bright. He was well dressed, somewhat too carefully so, perhaps, for a tour in Wales, or for a fishing excursion such as was denoted by the rods, fly-books, and landing-net on the floor of the car; wore glistening rings on his white fingers; and had a subtle atmosphere, as of daintiest essences, always floating vaguely about him. There was a languid elegance in his bearing—though he could be prompt enough and even fierce enough when he chose—which matched well with the indolent drawl of his half-careless voice. These two men, idler and toiler, rich and poor, were certainly very unlike.

The elder boy, Edgar, now came hurrying up. 'It was my fault, every bit of it, Lucius,' he cried out, with all a boy's fervour of self-condemnation; 'and but for these brave fellows— This, Hugh, is my brother, Sir Lucius Larpent,' he added by way of explanation; 'yon haven't seen him before, because he only joined us yesterday at the hotel yonder.—Well, it was all my doing, as I said, since I persuaded Maud to go in the boat, and persuaded Ashton to— O look, look!' shrieked out the boy suddenly as his eyes lit on the lake, and he clutched Hugh by the arm as he bent over Maud, still helpless. 'Look! Your father!'

And Hugh starting, saw a group of men, one of whom bore a coil of rope, advancing from the village at a run, having been somehow made cognisant—for ill news flies fast—of the accident to the pinnacle; saw, too, young Willie Larpent on the rocky reef, calling aloud and pointing with extended finger to something in the water beneath, and divined rather than learned the worst.

What had happened was briefly this. Little

Willie, washed clear away from the broken boat and unable to swim, would have been drowned before rescue could reach him, had he not caught hold of an oar as it drifted past, and so kept afloat until the elder boatman neared him. George Ashton himself swam well, but he was a spare slightly made man, and it was all that he could do to tow young Willie and his oar through the breakers to a place where the child's hand could fasten itself upon a jutting angle of the reef, up which rough and slippery wall he slowly made his way to a place of safety.

To aid his son, still doing manful battle with the lake-waves for Maud's sake and his own, was George Ashton's next impulse, and with this object he struck out afresh; but scarcely had he got beyond the sunken rocks and into the deep water before he felt an icy hand contract upon his throbbing heart, a strange feebleness benumb his stiffening limbs, and with one unheard half-uttered cry for succour, down he went beneath the heaving waters! He rose, and with haggard eyes he gazed around him and tried to call aloud, but failed, and marvelled not at the failure, since he knew that the swimmer's fellest foe, cramp, the true water-kelpie of many a superstitious legend, had him in its grip, and that, in default of help, death was very near. And then he sank.

Three bounds, and Hugh was at the water's edge, and about to plunge, when a firm though friendly grasp restrained him. 'Not without a rope, no indeed!' said the good-natured fisherman who held him fast. 'Once is quite enough indeed, on such a day, but not twice.—Evans, Jones, Roberts! Give a hand, men!'

Hugh struggled to be free; but his well-wishers prevailed, and when at length they suffered him to breast the waters, it was with a tough rope around his body, by means of which, baffled and breathless, he was presently hauled to shore. Again he tried, and again, spent and weary, he was drawn to land. Of George Ashton there was not a trace. The scattered fragments of the boat had drifted far to leeward. Of the missing man nothing could be seen.

Meanwhile the car-driver, scrambling along the reef, had aided Willie to reach the firm land and flat road; while Miss Stanhope, who had partly recovered from the chill and shock, was able to ask feebly whether 'anything was wrong—any one'—She did not finish the sentence; but Sir Lucius, her cousin, completed it for her.

'Come to grief?' he said in a tone that jarred on Maud's more sensitive ear, but which yet expressed nothing but the serene indifference of an easy-going man of the world. 'Well, yes; I'm afraid so. It is the owner of the pleasure-boat, who swam'—

'What—that poor Ashton—Hugh's father!' exclaimed Miss Stanhope, raising herself in the car so as to gain a better view, through rain and scud, of the bustle on the quay.

'Hugh's father, if Hugh, as I conjecture, is the boatman who brought you ashore,' returned Sir Lucius imperturbably. 'I fear the poor man is'—

'Not dead?' interrupted the girl, half incredulously. 'Surely not dead—dead, and in trying to save us!' And then, as the blank gaunt horror of the truth rose up before her, she broke into a passionate fit of weeping.

'Now Maud, don't distress yourself, I beg,' said her kinsman, more affected himself by a young lady's tears than by the event which had caused them. 'You are weak and wet, and very cold, and must get back to the hotel at once, or you will be ill; and my mother will never forgive herself for having'—

'Never mind me!' murmured Maud. 'It seems so selfish to be intent on my own comfort while a man who risked his life for Willie and me is perishing almost before our eyes.'

The baronet had common-sense on his side of the argument, and he urged accordingly that no good, and much harm, could result from Miss Stanhope's remaining, in such weather and in her wet garments, by the lake-side. There were the boys too, drenched and chilled, with chattering teeth and bluish complexions, who would no doubt be the better, as Sir Lucius pointed out, of brandy-and-water, blankets, and dry clothes at the inn. Willie, the youngest, came reluctantly up to the car in obedience to his brother's peremptory summons, his knuckles screwed into his eyes.

'Poor, dear, good old George!' he whimpered. 'He was so gentle and patient, rigging us little ships, and telling us about the sea and abroad and the islands he had sailed to. And then to drown like that!'

Edgar, as he too was recalled from the quay, shook his head. 'They can't find him. And Hugh's half-mad,' he piteously exclaimed.

Sir Lucius Larpent drummed with one white bejewelled finger on the outer rail of the car, somewhat irritably. Sentimental regrets and gushing enthusiasm he identified with cheap newspapers and popular preachers, and each and all of these set his exquisite teeth on edge. But when Maud slowly said: 'It is shocking. I should like to thank young Mr Ashton, and to say—how much I feel—how sorry'—Sir Lucius, after a well-expressed word or two of consolation, went with the best possible grace to the wharf, and soon returned.

'He cannot attend now, Maud,' said the baronet, 'to you or to me. Poor fellow! We must give his sorrow time to calm itself.—Here Owen, catch hold of the reins, my lad,' he added more briskly to the driver following at his heels. 'And you boys, jump in! Lucky that the drive is a short one.' And off rolled the car through rain and mist towards the village.

Maud Stanhope might not impossibly have felt indignant had she been aware that when her urbane cousin assured her of Hugh's inability or unwillingness to speak with her, Sir Lucius was drawing on his imagination for the facts. The baronet had mingled with the groups on the landing-stage—for by this time there was quite a little crowd upon the wharf, and had asked a commonplace question or two—but to Hugh he had addressed never a word.

The younger Ashton was in truth quite unconscious of the disappearance of the family party or of the driving off of the carriage. Stupefied with grief and spent with toil, he lingered at the water's edge, heedless of the rain, heedless too of more than one bruise received among the rocks, or of the cut which some splinter of the pinnace had inflicted on his right wrist, from which a few drops of blood were slowly trickling. Those

around him were not sparing of rough kindness ; but their well-meant words of comfort were scarcely heard. Still amidst the heavy rain and the dying sounds of the now receding thunder, Hugh Ashton continued to strain his eyes so as to scan the surface of the lake ; and it was with difficulty and after long delay that the friendly Welshmen who surrounded him were able to draw him away from the fatal spot, promising that as soon as the storm should abate and a boat be brought round, a renewed search should be undertaken for the body of George Ashton.

TROPICAL LIFE AND ITS DEVELOPMENTS.

To the popular imagination, the tropics combine all that is lavish in nature—statelike forests, gorgeous flowers, brilliantly hued birds, and strange unknown animals of fleet foot and graceful form. In his interesting work entitled *Tropical Nature* (London : Macmillan & Co.), Mr Wallace points out another aspect in which the developments of tropical life are all-important, not so much on account of their strange and varied beauty, as on account of the many types of life which, extinct in the temperate, are now only to be found in the torrid zones.

Favoured by climate, the forest is a prominent feature of the tropics. 'There,' Mr Wallace tells us, 'a weird gloom and a solemn silence prevail, which combine to produce a sense of the vast, the primeval, almost of the infinite. These virgin forests of the equator are a world in which man seems an intruder, and the great mass of vegetation overshadows and almost seems to oppress the earth.' The first general impression of these mighty woods is uniformity ; but when you look around more closely, it is the diversity which strikes you, for almost no two trees within your sight are the same. The giants of the forest, such as the mahogany, teak, ebony, sandal, and satin wood trees are straight and stately, springing aloft into mid-air like the columns of a temple ; some, as the silk-cotton trees, being girt around with buttresses of slabs, which radiate from the main trunk, and rise to various heights on the tree from six to thirty feet. Under the shade of these arboreal Titans, there rises a second forest of moderate-sized trees ; and under these there is often a third undergrowth of palms, tree-ferns, and gigantic herbaceous ferns.

Another feature of the equatorial forests is the variety and profusion of climbing-plants, with tough woody stems, which pass from tree to tree, twisting and twining around their trunks like the rigging of a ship. The flowers of these plants are often very beautiful. In the shade however, they display neither leaf nor blossom, but twist on in huge serpentine coils till they reach the top of some tree, when with air and sunshine they burst at once into bloom and beauty. Palms are another special characteristic of the equatorial forests, and the natives put them to an infinite variety of uses. One of them, the *Arenga saccharifera*, the sugar-palm of the Malays, is so productive of sugar that a Dutch chemist, Mr De Vry, who has studied the subject in Java, thinks it might be cultivated with advantage instead of the sugar-cane.

Among flowering-plants, the ginger-worts and wild bananas are conspicuous from their large size, handsome foliage, and beautiful flowers. The plantain, which is a larger variety of the banana, has been called 'The Glory of the Tropics.' This plant is an annual, and produces an immense bunch of fruit four or five feet long, containing nearly two hundred plantains, and weighing about a hundredweight. The plants grow very close together ; and Humboldt considered that an acre planted with them would produce more food than an acre planted with any other kind of crop.

Bamboos, which are a species of gigantic grass, are also typical plants of the tropical zone ; and like the palms, their uses are endless. The posts, walls, floors, roofs, and furniture of the houses in Lombok and Macassar are entirely made of them ; and a single joint of bamboo makes an excellent pot, in which rice, fish, and vegetables may be boiled to perfection.

Mangroves, which grow between the tide-marks of coasts and estuaries, are also very characteristic of the tropics, as are also sensitive plants, which in some places completely carpet the ground. Flowers, strange to say, are scarce amid these countless leagues of verdure, so scarce that you may travel a hundred miles and see nothing but the dense luxuriant varied greens of the great overshadowing woods, and then you may suddenly light upon some climbing liana which has struggled into air and sunshine, and is one vivid mass of gorgeous colour. As a rule, these forests are oppressively lonely and silent. There is no cheerful song of birds, no pleasant hum of insect life ; nothing breaks the silence except the doleful shrieks of the howling-monkey, or the sudden crash of a tree falling to the ground ; and yet animal life is very abundant ; though the living denizens of the forest are widely scattered, and are very shy of man. Butterflies of great size and of the most gorgeous beauty abound. Mr Wallace says : 'The first sight of the great blue Morphos flapping slowly along in the forest-roads near Para—of the large white and black semi-transparent Ideas floating airily about in the woods near Malacca, and of the golden-green Ornithopteras sailing on bird-like wing over the flowering shrubs which adorn the beach of the Ké and Aru islands, can never be forgotten by any one with a feeling of admiration for the new and beautiful in nature.'

Bees, wasps, and ants are found in great numbers, as also Leaf-insects, which so exactly resemble a leaf, that a stranger when shewn a guava branch covered with them, supposes that he sees a branch actually clothed with green leaves. There are also wingless Stick-insects which are from eight inches to a foot long, and exactly resemble dead withered twigs.

Of birds, three groups—the parrots, the pigeons, and the picarix (birds of the cuckoo and hornbill type), give a special character to the ornithology of the equator. Lizards are also very abundant, and literally swarm everywhere ; and snakes, although not quite so plentiful, are far too often found in the woods for the comfort of a nervous traveller. Green whip-snakes glide through the foliage at your side without disturbing a leaf ; and one peculiarly dangerous species, also green, lies motionless coiled up upon the foliage, till in passing through the underwood you find with a start that your face is within a few inches of the

lazy reptile. Pythons of moderate dimensions are very abundant; while one species, the great water-boia of South America, grows to forty feet long, and is able to seize and devour cattle alive. Frogs and toads abound, some of them of a bright blue colour; while others don a harlequin livery consisting of a red body and blue legs.

Of the mammalia, only one group, the monkeys, make themselves prominent. In the mornings and evenings, the woods resound with the frightful howling of one species, which although a small creature, is able, by means of a large thin bony vessel in the throat, into which air is forced, to make a noise louder than the roaring of a lion! At all times they may be seen swinging by their long arms from the branches, lifting small objects from the ground with their powerful prehensile tails; or bounding from tree to tree at a hundred feet or more above the ground, as fast as a deer can pass below.

Bats are specially and largely developed in the tropical zone, and one group, the vampires, comprises several blood-sucking species. Mr Wallace says: 'I was once bitten by one of these bats on the toe, which was found bleeding in the morning from a small round hole, from which the bleeding was not easily stopped.' On another occasion, when his feet were carefully covered up, he was bitten on the tip of the nose, only awaking to find his face streaming with blood. The motion of the creature's wings fans the sleeper into a deeper slumber, and then with its tongue, which has horny papillæ at the end, it abrades the skin and produces a small round hole.

As an illustration of the luxuriant development of tropical nature, and the changes and varieties consequent upon natural selection, Mr Wallace gives a detailed account of the family of the humming-birds. These beautiful little creatures are found only in America, and are almost exclusively confined to the tropical zone. There are four hundred different species, the largest about the size of a swallow, and the smallest scarcely larger than a humble-bee. They live upon honey, which they extract from flowers, but require also a certain proportion of insect food. In Juan Fernandez, the humming-birds, which belong to a Chilean species, form a very good illustration in the changes through which they have passed, of variation and natural selection, the factors in these changes being abundance of food, and freedom from the competition of any rival species.

The tongue of the humming-bird is tubular and retractile; it is very long, and is capable of being extended far beyond the beak, and rapidly drawn back, so as to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and capture small insects. Seen in its familiar haunts poised on rapid wing in the vivid sunlight, the humming-bird gleams like a jewel with the iridescent hues of the amethyst, the ruby, and the sapphire; but like the parrots of its native forests, the basis of its brilliant colouring is green; not a soft silky green, such as adorns the parrot's neck and breast, but a bright dazzling metallic hue, which seems to reflect every varying gleam of the sunshine.

The flight of these little creatures is inconceivably rapid. 'The bird,' Mr Wallace says, 'may be said to live in the air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the greatest ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying

backward, pirouetting or dancing off as it were from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes descending, at others ascending.'

It was long thought that humming-birds would not live in confinement; and this idea is so far correct, that although easily tamed, they will not live long in captivity if fed only on sirup. If confined to this food they die in a month or two, apparently starved; whereas if kept in a small room the windows of which are covered with fine net, so as to allow insects to enter, they may be preserved for a considerable time in health and beauty. Their nests are very curious; many of them are cup-shaped and very small, sometimes no larger than the half of a walnut-shell; and they are often beautifully decorated on the outside with lichens, so as exactly to resemble the branch, in the fork of which they are placed. They are formed of cottony substances, and are lined inside with fibres as fine and soft as silk. The nests of other species are hammock-shaped, and are suspended to creepers; the Pichincha humming-bird has been known to attach its nest to a straw-rope hanging in a shed; their eggs are white, and they never lay more than one or two. Once, when on the Amazon, Mr Wallace had a nest of young humming-birds brought to him, which he tried to feed on sirup, supposing that they would be fed on honey by their parents. To his surprise however, they not only would not swallow the liquid, but nearly choked themselves in their efforts to eject it. He then caught some very small flies, and dropped one into the wide open mouth of the poor little orphan humming-bird; it closed instantly with a satisfied gulp, and opened again for more. The little creatures he found demanded fifteen or twenty flies each in succession before they were satisfied; and the process of feeding and fly-catching together required so much time that he was reluctantly compelled to abandon them to their fate.

In our cold clime we are not much accustomed to admire beetles, and it is therefore with some surprise that one reads that next to humming-birds they are the most brilliant ornaments of a tropical forest. They swarm on every fallen tree-trunk; they glow on every mass of foliage, shining in the brightest and richest metallic hues, as if myriads of many-coloured gems were glittering in the hot sunshine. 'Green and spotted rose-chafers hum along the ground; golden and green Buprestidæ fly about in every direction; long-horned Anthribidæ are disturbed at every step; elegant little Longicorns circle about the drying foliage; while larger species fly slowly from branch to branch.'

Spiders, scorpions, and centipedes also abound. Some of the spiders are very large, almost two inches long, and with legs six inches long when expanded. They sometimes kill birds, a fact which was discredited until Mr Bates actually caught one of these predatory creatures in the very act of pouncing upon his victim. The meshes of their large webs are composed of fibres as strong as silk, and as they weave them across the forest-paths, the traveller often finds them closing his way. The scorpions are as huge in their way as the spiders, and a great deal more dangerous. One variety, of a green colour, is from eight to ten inches long; it frequents the forest;

while a smaller species haunts houses and secretes itself under every box and board. The centipedes are also of immense size, and are very venomous. They seem fond of human society; for they not only burrow under the thatch of houses and ensconce themselves in canoes, but take every possible opportunity of crawling into beds and secreting themselves under the pillows, rendering a thorough examination necessary before the weary traveller can retire to rest.

Numerous as these creatures are, a wound from them is very rare; the reverse of the case being the rule with another pest of the tropical forests, the fire-ant. It not unfrequently happens that in forcing his way through the tangled brushwood, the inadvertent traveller strikes his head against some overhanging branch or mass of fern and dislodges a fire-ant, which falls, let us suppose, upon his cheek; and the odds are that the next moment a cry of sudden agony is wrung from him, for he feels as if a red-hot iron were thrust through it. Fortunately, although the bite is terrible, it is not venomous, and the pain soon passes away; unlike the bite of a larger species, the *Ponera clavata*, which causes intense pain and illness. From this it will be seen that these dense and gloomy thickets are not always the haunt of beautiful living things; they are also the chosen home of creatures which are hideous and terrible. Sometimes in the hot dreamy silent noon, when not so much as the rustle of a wing breaks the silence, the wanderer in the jungle comes upon a slimy stagnant pool, with an alligator basking in the steaming water, to all appearance half asleep, but stealing wary glances at him all the time out of its green, half-shut, death-like eyes; or tripping over the coils of an unseen liana, he perhaps crashes headlong upon the astonished back of an equally hideous but harmless lizard which is resting quietly among the foliage. These lizards are of all kinds and sizes and colours. The house lizards are gray or pale ash colour; the lizards that climb on walls and rocks are stone-coloured and nearly black; the forest lizards are mottled with ashy gray, like the lichen-covered bark of a tree; and the large arboreal lizards are of a beautiful green colour. The flesh of one species, which is called the iguana, is in much request among South American gourmands, and is justly considered delicious. The dragons or flying lizards of India and the Malay Islands are considered by Mr Wallace to be the most curious and interesting of living reptiles. They have wing-like membranes stretching along each side of the body, by which they are enabled to pass through the air for a distance of thirty feet at a time. In 'flying' they descend a little at first; but on nearing their destination, rise a little, so as to arrive at their journey's end with head erect. They are very small, rarely more than two or three inches long including the tail; and when their thin membranous wings are fully extended they resemble an insect much more than a reptile.

As day wears to its close and the shadows of evening begin to purple over the woods, a strange nightly concert of frogs begins; and the most remarkable of the American monkeys, the howler, makes the primeval forests discordant with his hideous din. This monkey, which is by no means large, is, as we have already hinted, enabled to produce a tremendous booming sound, which can

be compared only to the roaring of a lion or the bellowing of a bull. This it continues for some hours; and then having finished its vespers to its own satisfaction, it recommences its orisons when the first streak of dawn begins to gild the varied beauties of the jungle thickets. Then awake the restless lizards, which dart along the branches in gleams of golden light; the grass waves gently in the morning breeze over the gliding track of some early serpent; great flocks of parrots and macaws, intent on breakfast, fly off with harsh cries in the direction of some favourite fruit-trees, and settling down among the boughs, are lost to sight and sound; the sun bursts forth in a gorgeous flood of radiance, which under the great trees is mellowed to a green and tender twilight; and a silence deep as death sinks down on the renewed glories of the tropical forest.

Mr Wallace dwells at some length upon the colours of animals, and the theories of heat and light as producing colour, the colours of plants, and the origin of the colour-sense and its supposed increase within historical periods. He then considers the relation of living things to their surroundings, shewing how locality modifies colour in birds and butterflies, and how insular plants and insects are related to each other. He then touches upon the rise and progress of modern views in relation to the antiquity of man, and finally considers the distribution of animals as indicating geographical changes.

THE SILVER LEVER.

III.—CONTINUED.

WHEN George Glossop found himself in the road he gave way to the impulses of wrath which seized him. It is only fair to admit that he had a right to feel aggrieved. He was not at all in a worldly sense a bad match for the girl. He knew that he was better educated and better bred than nine-tenths of the trades-people of his native town; and he himself was nearly if not quite a professional man. He did not think ill of his own character. Few people set him examples in that direction. Looking over what Ryder had said, it came to this: 'I shall consult my daughter, and shall then answer you. In the meantime you must not see her.' Why could not Ryder have been content to say that? Why need he go out of his way to insult a man who at the very least came to pay the highest compliment in his power? It was wanton. It was shameful. It was abominable. It was unendurable. And then the threat! Why a gentleman—even a Coventry boot-maker—would never have dreamed of using it. 'I shall rely upon your honour, Mr Glossop, not to hold any further communication with my daughter until I have made up my mind upon this question. You shall have my answer in such and such a time.' That was the sort of formula which Glossop would have had employed; and it would have served the purpose amply—in some cases. Not in his, because he had no honour to be relied on. In his reading of George Glossop's character the father was right. It is scarcely necessary to say that his treatment of George Glossop was in-

some respects unkind and unwise. The threat which Glossop so resented was really the only thing which would have kept him away, and that Ryder knew perfectly well. Perhaps the fact that it was certain to prove effective had something to do with George Glossop's anger at it. But be that as it may, this one thing is certain, that George Glossop walked home that night the eternal and implacable enemy of his sweetheart's father.

Ryder when he was left alone, stood in his doorway and listened to Glossop's retreating footsteps. Then he turned into the room and locked and bolted the door and called his daughter. She descended with her candle in her hand, and looked anxiously in her father's grave face. He saw that she had made no alteration in her dress, and understood that she had expected this summons.

'Come here, my darling,' he said, and took her on his knee. Then looking into her eyes: 'That young man has just been here to ask me a question. Do you know what it was?'

She smiled a little and blushed a little and drooped her eyes, but made no verbal answer.

'You do?' he said with something like a sigh. 'Well: he wants to marry you.'

There was no misreading the happy bashful light in her eyes as she looked at him. She laid a hand upon his shoulder and rested her cheek upon it, nestling closer to him.

'My dear, you are only a child yet,' he went on, and there was a solemn passion in his tones which awed the girl. 'I love you very dearly. You know that?'

She kissed him and nestled closer still.

'I've led a hard life, and there have been things in it which you don't dream of, thank God! and I love you all the more for them, and I'm the more afraid for them, and all the more careful of your happiness. Now my darling, I want you to be happy, and the only way for a woman to be happy is never to find anything to hate in the man she sets her heart on. Now I want to warn you, and I want to do it gently. I don't like George Glossop. I'm afraid he's not the man to make you happy. I shall never come between you, my pet, never. I shan't put anything in the way of your marrying him. No; not for a minute; because if you thought I treated him unkindly, you'd get all the fonder of him. Now you needn't say a word unless you like. I've told him not to see you again'—there the girl started up and looked at him imploringly—'until I've got your answer.' She smiled and blushed again, and her hand and head went back to her father's shoulder. 'Take time to think. Don't marry a man you can't esteem, my dear. Don't marry him if you can find one grain of distrust in your soul. Do you feel quite sure about him?'

For sole answer she put both arms about his neck and laid her ripe fresh cheek close to his grizzled sunburnt face. He breathed hard and long, stifling a great sigh.

'My darling, you shall give me an answer when you like. You shall come to me and say: "Father, I love George Glossop, and there's no other man in the world can make me happy;" and then I've done.'

She slowly took her arms away, and rose slowly from his knee. He rose slowly too and looked down upon her with serious and pathetic tenderness. She laid her hands upon the enormous shoulders which she could just reach to, and rested her cheek upon his breast. Her bosom heaved high, and her face was flushed and hot as he laid his hand upon it. There was a tear upon the hot face too.

'Father!' she whispered.

'Yes, darling;' and he bent his head to hers.

'I love George Glossop, and there's no other man in the world can make me happy.'

Then she looked at him with a sweet, shy, saucy triumph for one second, and then threw herself upon his great breast and cried there quietly. He put his arms about her gently; but he looked far, far away, over many miles and years, and his lips moved with soundless words.

'A jealous God. Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. Even unto the third and fourth generation.'

By-and-by he kissed her again, and said: 'Good-night, darling, good-night.' She answered his kiss and went away to her prayers; only happy Love can know how happy; for we, whom Love made glad in bygone days, find memory dim.

And the rough sinful Hercules below was on his knees upon the hearth, with his face hidden in his hands. And the agonised cry of his soul seemed to fall back to him unanswered from a pitiless heaven.

IV.

If Nature were always kindly in her moods, she might have found it a question as to whether, having so mis-made Robert Ryder's body, she should leave with him any capacity for a love which should demand another love in turn. Perhaps after all, the holy joys of it balanced the pain. I am sure of this, that if he had had a word in it he would have kept his love, returned or unreturned. Anyhow, it was there now, and had grown up in him so strongly that it was an actual part of him, no more to be rooted up, or overgrown or trampled out of life, than his own immortal soul might be. What blundering libeller of the human heart first set afloat the faith that love cannot live without jealousy? Here at least was one heart in which jealousy had no place, and in which love made her natural home. There was the soul of a saint in this writhen and misshapen body. We are such fools to the end of our days, that the limpid eyes of faithless Cressid look truer to us even than those orbs wherein the pure and unflinching honour of Desdemona is quenched in tears. And so we love Cressid until we find her out, and we mourn for the Desdemona of our history until life closes. It is the same with women on their side. For men are to women what women are to men—the possible completion of a self-incompleteness. Only since men have been our poets mainly, we find readier examples among the women than on the male side. Here were spiritual Hyperion and Satyr, clothed each by some freak of Nature's in

the wrong flesh garments. A soul like Robert's would have dignified and made beautiful a face like Glossop's; and a soul like the auctioneer's would have sunk the hunchback's face to the degradation that the ugliness of its lines deserved.

It grieved the silent lover to the core to know on what manner of man his cousin's choice had fallen. They had been at school together, and Robert knew Glossop well. Torture was the latter's hobby, his pet diversion. At school, the hunchback had been a general favourite; and the only thrashing he had ever received there came from George Glossop, who found himself one day suddenly and unexpectedly assaulted in the act of drowning a nest full of young birds. The avenger was poor little Bob Ryder, who cast himself upon the torturer with all the puny vigour he was master of, and received a hiding for his pains. George Glossop received a hiding in return from a bigger fellow who beheld the *fracas*, and being already in Coventry in the body, was sent there in spirit by the whole school, who scorned him to a boy. These boyish memories were outlived with most of his old schoolfellows, and had been overgrown by later memories in Robert's case. But the hand of Fate came by and lifted up the newer growth, and brought the old to light once more.

But howsoever much he might regret the marriage, he had no power to prevent it. Time went on, and the wedding-day came and went again, and his love was out of his life. Ah! no. She whom he loved was far away, but his love was always for him, at once a sorrow and a solace, a comfort and a grief. But if George Glossop's wife stood at a greater distance now than she had ever done before, George Glossop came daily more intimately into his life, and grew by-and-by to be a very momentous figure there. It is a maxim in the country, none the less forcible because not enforced by law, that it is nobody's business to have dealings with anybody outside the family, when anybody inside the family can do the business. Thus. If my female second-cousin marry a shoemaker, I am in honour bound to buy such footgear as I stand in need of, of my second-cousin's husband. It was on this principle that George Ryder—Robert's father and Sarah's uncle—acted in placing the whole management of his small property in Glossop's hands. That the step was a wise one, nobody seemed to doubt. Outlay took to representing a return of at least two per cent. more, in this clever manager's fingers, than it had ever represented in the hands of the slow-going but highly respectable old Coventry lawyer who had originally conducted Ryder's affairs. Nobody knew until somewhat later on that George Glossop was living on Ryder's capital, and bringing every quarter-day a cooked balance-sheet for his client's examination.

The slow process by which a wife lets fall thread by thread the golden dream of her love, is a painful thing to watch or to write about. To find her idol made of clay, and clay of the poorest kind, was not an easy thing to Mrs Glossop. Her husband, had he not been both brute and fool, might have kept her worship until this day, and have been the hound he was at bottom all the while. For when a woman does once set her whole heart upon a man, it is as hard to persuade her that he is unworthy, as it is terrible when the persuasion is complete. The woman who loves

lives in a house with tinted windows, and looks on the landscape of her lover's life through stains which make commonplace beautiful. But if he who was the lover shall himself come that way and wilfully break the windows, who shall blame her if she find the landscape very bare and sterile? Ah, what a pitiful world it is! There is no creature on God's earth whose estate is so miserable, whose heart is so empty of joy, so full of sorrow, whose days are passed in so forlorn and lonely a perpetual grief, as hers—the good, tender-hearted woman, whose marriage has been a blunder. In fairy life it is but a pretty parable. When Titania wakes she can laugh at Bottom the weaver, and Oberon's generous arms are open to her. But when the gentle creature finds that asinine head beside her nightly on the pillow, and daily before her at the household board! When there is no Oberon to fly to, and no dream to wake from! Then that tragedy begins which makes up more than half of married life for a large section of human-kind. And if Bottom the weaver prove a combination of ass and wolf! Ah, then let the world turn its Argus eyes aside, and be sorrowful in secret, lest even its tears of sympathy should wound.

Whatever sorrows she had, and they were great and many, Sarah hid them from her father. To him she always shewed a face of tender and affectionate gaiety; and he on his side knew nothing except that his son-in-law seemed to prosper greatly in worldly affairs.

'I am glad,' he said one day, 'that your husband is a careful man. I shall have a little to leave you; and though I shall have to leave it some day whether I will or not, I am glad to know that it won't be squandered.'

He was living all alone in the old cottage now, doing his own cooking and his own cleaning, and making his own bed, and generally keeping himself like a hermit except from his daughter and his nephew. The wooden-legged man whom he called Bill Dean, and who, not being original in *aliases*, had called himself Tom Bowling this past score of years and more, still lived opposite, and still waited for that partnership of interest which Job Ryder had determined never to yield him. You will have observed that Bill Dean addressed Ryder as Rogers, which might have been either a slip of the tongue or the memory of an *alias* worn by Ryder. But since it was Job Ryder who played the chief part in that tragedy of 1830 in the pass north of Tashikesen, it appears not improbable that he, like his opposite neighbour, had worn that thin disguise. Since Job Ryder had returned to England in the year 1831, he had lived in the same cottage, and had never left it for a day. He had been driven into wild ways by an unprosperous love affair, and wild ways with Job Ryder meant ways that were wild indeed. After three years' absence, he had returned, and found her who had jilted him repentant. He married on the little portion his father had left him; and three years after marriage was a lonely man again, with a two-year-old girl upon his hands. That tiny creature he idolised, and it is not too much to say that she made up in her own small person nineteen-twentieths of the world to him. He lived alone with her, and lived for her alone. Sometimes he had great matrimonial dreams on her account as she grey towards

womanhood ; but we have seen already what they came to. The foundation they were built upon you may have guessed by this time. Job Ryder was not a man to find either remorse or repentance easy to him ; but it may be that he shrank from weighting his child with a treasure so ill-gotten as that we saw long since buried in the silence of the snow-clad Turkish hills. He had so far repented that he had determined that no penny of that blood-bought treasure should ever be spent by him. Any determination of his was likely to be held fast, and he had kept this resolve so far through more troubles than you can divine, and more temptations.

It came to pass one day—for I cannot bring myself to say that it chanced—that he sat alone smoking, and fell into such a reverie that his pipe dropped from his lips and broke. Waking at the sound, he went to a cupboard to look for a new pipe, and reaching down a cigar-box in which he commonly kept a number of short clays, noticed a book below it. It was a little book in a brown cover, less old-fashioned than now, but old-fashioned even then. A volume of the plays of William Shakspeare, opening naturally, as well-worn books will do, at the title-page of the play of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Job Ryder had not so much as thought of Hamlet for many a year now ; but he lit his new pipe and sat down to read in the summer afternoon. He was a man of strong though untrained intellect, and the masterpiece of God's masterpiece in the way of poetical humanity took hold upon him. Did any man ever read Shakspeare thoughtfully without finding something in his pages which reflected some new light upon his own life, either of thought or action ? If so, I am not that man, nor was Job Ryder. He read on until he came to that scene wherein the guilty king communes with himself, and sets before his own soul that terrible riddle which has confronted all successful villains sooner or later since the world began : 'Can one be pardoned and retain the offence ?' Job Ryder dropped the book upon his knees. What are years and miles to Fancy ? He was back over all the years ; one mental footstep consumed every foot of the way, and he lay *perdu* with four others in a fissure in those hoary Balkan rocks with the intense silence of the frozen night singing in his ears like a sea. He heard the far-off song again, and heard it come nearer, and saw the slow procession pace the winding pass towards the cruel death that waited in his hand. In his hand. For whatsoever share the others had in it, it was he who devised and led and ordered. At a word from him the procession would have passed unharmed. He called to mind now how for a second he had thought to let it go, telling his comrades that this was not the band he waited for, and then declaring afterwards that he had changed his purpose. He remembered how transitory that touch of mercy was. Memory's hand traced the whole deadly scene again for him. The slaughter—the flight across the hill—the horses crashing unburdened along the valley—the labour by the sullen pool in the snow-lit night. Memory carried him to many a scene beyond that, and he reviewed his life as though it had been another's.

What softening influence was on him now ? What doubts perplexed his mind ? There was no

fear for himself among all those doubts, for he had long since made up a most terrible mind with regard to his own fate. This man was another Prometheus, though an unholy one, and had no dread of Jove. The casuist's question which had hit him so hard, never occurred to him in relation to himself. It was his child of whom he thought. He knew that the unused gold had been a ban to him, and the stern old text was in his mind again : 'Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation.' Would the ban descend to her with the gold ? There was no one left now to whom to make restitution, and the gold itself was stolen before it fell into his hands. He had only spoiled the spoiler.

It was inevitable that when the only tender influence about him departed from his life, he should grow sterner than he had been in its constant presence. But now the gentle feelings his daughter had inspired within him came back upon him in full force, and his inwards yearned after the child, and he glowed and melted at the thought of her, and he rose to his feet resolved against earth and heaven. Whatever he could give her to make life smooth, she should have. Fate lay beyond control, but money was after all a power, and was at least one of the many ways to happiness. And it would do good in her hands, for she was as charitable as the sun.

'And as I live !' he exclaimed, bringing one heavy hand down upon the other, 'she shall have it every penny, and spend and spare with the best of them.'

One second later, whilst he still towered there, with his eyes glowing and his heart aflame, a rap came at the door, and before he could move to open it, George Glossop entered.

Since Glossop's marriage with his daughter, Ryder, having surrendered opposition, had extended to him, for his wife's sake, such rough courtesies as were in him to offer to any creature for whom he had not a cordial liking. Except for his daughter and her hunchbacked cousin, there had been no man or woman in the world for years who possessed the power to stir him to any semblance of friendship. No such power lay in George Glossop ; but the father would not be on evil terms with his daughter's husband ; and so, though Glossop slipped into the room just then no more cheerfully than snow falling on June roses, he welcomed him, and bade him be seated. The day was warm, but Glossop was pale and cold, so cold that Ryder dropped his hand in surprise, and so pale that he concluded at once on some misfortune.

'What's the matter ?' he asked, his thoughts flying to his daughter.

'Nothing,' answered Glossop with his well-practised smile. 'Why ?'

'Look at yourself in the glass, man,' said Ryder, 'and don't wonder at my asking why.'

Glossop looked at himself in the glass, and smiled again, and arranged his neck-tie, and ran his fingers through his hair. 'Well,' he said, turning round, 'I do look rather so-so, I must admit. Something the matter with the heart, I think ; and besides that, I've overwalked myself. Will you give me a cup of tea, Mr Ryder ?'

In answer, Ryder set a kettle upon the hearth, which was never fireless, winter or summer, after

the generous midland fashion, and spread the table-cloth, and set forth bread and butter and cold meat, with cutlery and crockery-ware for two. 'How's Sarah?' he asked, whilst he moved about.

'Remarkably well,' said Glossop; 'and growing lovelier every day, I do believe.'

'I don't,' said Ryder, with some return of his common gruffness.

Glossop made no answer, but took up the little volume of Shakspeare and turned its leaves over. Ryder sat down and poured out the tea, and they made the meal together in almost unbroken silence.

A more observant man than Job Ryder could not have failed to notice that there was something on his son-in-law's mind, which, whatsoever it might be, was grievous to be borne. It would have been obvious to anybody who had watched him, that he was keeping very strict and strenuous watch over himself, and that he suffered from some profound agitation. This agitation positively shook him at times, and once communicated such a tremor to the table that Ryder looked up and exclaimed: 'Why, good heavens, man! you're sickening for a fever. Here; let me look at your tongue. Your wrist. Tongue's all right; but the pulse is wretched. Take a glass of brandy, and when you get home, see a doctor at once.'

His anxiety for his daughter made him anxious even for George Glossop. If he had known how low George Glossop had fallen in his daughter's knowledge and esteem, he would have thrashed George there and then within an inch of his life, and have gone to Coventry straightway and brought Mrs Glossop back with him. But knowing his child's faithful and affectionate heart, and believing that nothing material had occurred to disillusionise her, he was solicitous of his son-in-law's well-being. He set the brandy bottle upon the table together with two glasses and a little jug of cold water, and with the simple observation, 'I take mine hot,' walked out into the back-garden towards the well to replenish the kettle which he carried in his hand. Glossop looked around and rose. His white face grew whiter as he seized the bottle, and with an unsteady hand uncorked it and poured out nearly a tumblerful of the spirit. Then he whipped a phial from his pocket, and with shaking fingers drew the stopper and poured the phial's contents into the bottle. He returned the phial to his pocket and shook the bottle, so that the two liquids within it mixed thoroughly. Then he took a gulp at the neat spirit in the tumbler, and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead. All this time he heard the leisurely creaking of the windlass of the well. He could hear now the splash of the water as Ryder caught the bucket and filled the kettle. And now he could hear the heavy step returning. He looked at himself in the mirror, and by a severe effort wrenched his troubled features smooth. Then he sat down with the little volume of Shakspeare in his hands, pressing its back against the table, so that Ryder might not see how his hands shook.

'You've helped yourself,' said Ryder, as he re-entered. 'That's right. And,' he added with a rough chuckle, regarding the bottle, 'you've dipped your beak in pretty freely, I can see.'

'My hand shook,' answered Glossop, in a shaky voice. 'I poured out more than I meant to take.'

'Odd I didn't notice that last night now,' said Ryder carelessly, as he took up the brandy and held it to the light. 'They've sent me brown brandy this time instead of pale. No. Yours is pale enough.'

'I've watered it,' said Glossop in so natural and calm a voice that it surprised himself.

'Ah, of course,' returned Ryder, and set the kettle on the fire.

They sat in silence for a time, Glossop's heart beating like a sledge-hammer all the time, until he feared that the sound must positively be audible. He took another gulp at the brandy and steadied himself. 'I came down here, Mr Ryder, to say that I think of making something of a change in my position.'

'Ah?' Ryder answered with his eyes upon the kettle, and questioning with evidently languid interest.

'A gentleman in London, a Mr Watson, wishes to enter into partnership. You won't mind my asking you to stay at my place for a week with Sarah while I am gone to town to arrange matters. It will be very advantageous to me to have a man with money like Watson at my back. I can extend operations considerably then. He proposes to put no less a sum than two thousand pounds into the business. I bid for a high sum, a higher sum than that; but I wouldn't take less.'

'I'm very glad to hear it, George,' said Ryder. 'You're a very good man of business, and if you're careful, you'll get on.'

'Oh, I shall get on, I have no doubt,' said Glossop. 'But about Sarah?'

'She shall come and stay with me,' said Ryder, with a pleasant smile; and he thought within himself that it would be a revival of old times.

Then they talked about the new business arrangement; and by-and-by the kettle gave tokens of boiling, and Ryder, grown quite genial at the prospect of a week's visit from his daughter, brewed his punch, smiling; and then sat with his hand round the tumbler, and one huge leg thrown comfortably over the other, and looked at the hissing kettle and the glowing little fire with a sense of home upon him to which he had long been a stranger.

'Well, George,' he said, 'here's luck to the new partnership,' as he took a draught from his tumbler. 'Queer taste,' he said, moving his lips doubtfully. 'Kettle's getting rusty, I'm afraid. I must set up a new one.' Then he filled and lit his pipe, and sat looking at the fire with smiling eyes.

George Glossop's heart still beat tumultuously; but there was a sense of triumph in its throbbing now. Ryder drowsed for a minute or two, then woke up again.

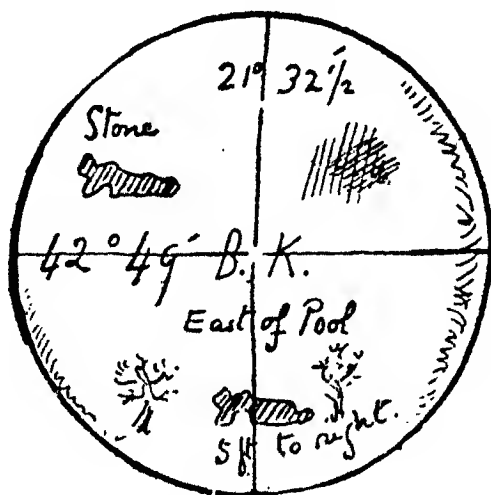
'No more hot water out of you, old kettle,' he said; and poured out more brandy and drank it neat. His lips moved doubtfully again. 'Isn't there something odd about this liquor, George?'

'No,' said Glossop, tasting the contents of his own glass. 'Nothing.'

Ryder looked back at the fire. That wild and stubborn soul of his was calmer, and in softer mood than it had ever been since the first lines of care and sin had marked his forehead. He half-

dreamed. He was back beyond sin and sorrow, and his gray-haired mother laid a hand upon his head. Then he came a little forward into time, and rambled with his sweetheart in the lanes about Shottery before she jilted him. The dream deepened, and his dead wife and living child were together with him, both in the spring-tide of their beauty, as never child and mother were outside the land of dreams. Then the dream slipped and faded into the great hollow of unconscious sleep; and he sat with his chin upon his breast and his arms hanging lax by his side.

George Glossop rose, stealthily and silently, and regarded him, pausing awhile in thought. Suddenly he took the tray which lay upon the table and dropped it on the floor, with a loud crash like the sound of a gong. The sleeper gave no sign. Glossop drew nearer and laid his hand upon the sleeping man's watch-chain—a slender silver chain, nearly worn through with long use; and drew the watch from the pocket in which it lay. He touched the spring and the body of the watch flew open, and there George Glossop saw this—inscribed within the case:



He pushed the tea-table so near to the sleeping figure that he could rest the watch upon it without detaching it from the chain, and drawing forth a note-book, essayed to copy the inscription. His haste was so nervous that his copy was illegible. He saw this, and tried again; but his hand shook as if with a palsy, and he groaned aloud. A step sounded in the still evening air upon the road, and Glossop seized the watch, and with one vigorous twist, broke it from the slender chain that bound it. The sleeping man made no motion, and the step in the lane went by.

'I might have saved myself the trouble of cramming him with that story about the partnership,' said Glossop to himself an hour after, as he strode through the twilight road towards Warwick. 'He'll miss the watch now when he wakes.'

Arrived at Warwick, he posted a letter, and then took train for London, where he betook himself to a small hotel. In the gray light of morning, he was at the docks, and went aboard a steamer bound for Alexandria, but chartered to call first at Amsterdam and Ostend, and Marseilles and Malta, and altogether to make a twelvemonth's voyage of the whole journey with loadings and unloadings at each port. Once in his cabin, he spread upon his bed the largest map of Turkey to be had at that time for money, and with Job

Ryder's silver lever-watch in one hand, began a search. The door of his cabin opened; a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said: 'You are my prisoner.'

FIRE-DAMP.

WITHIN a short time of each other, two lamentable colliery disasters occurred in different parts of Great Britain, differing only in the extent of the destruction of human life and property involved, and to a very slight degree in the actual and immediate cause of the catastrophe. Both at the King's Pit near Wigan, and at the Blantyre Colliery, Lanarkshire, a violent explosion of fire-damp occurred; caused in the first case, it is believed, by the firing of the gas by a shot; and in the second instance by the ignition of the gas by the no less dangerous 'naked light.' Both collieries were known to be 'fiery,' and both seem to have been worked on an approved system of precaution against disaster; yet each was visited by a fearful calamity, the total results of which put in the shade all previous occurrences of the kind.

Without attempting to apportion any blame to anybody connected with the pits in question, we propose to consider, as carefully as the present state of our knowledge on the subject permits, how far a repetition of such disasters may be guarded against in the future, by a closer attention to natural circumstances, which have hitherto been neglected in the framing of even the most stringent colliery regulations. We refer to the condition of the atmosphere, and its effect on the gas-producing powers of coal.

The existence of gas in certain kinds of coal cannot be prevented; and the emission of this gas in regular and stated quantities is a well-known fact. Whether we take the case of the Wigan or the Blantyre explosion, we shall find in both instances that the working of the colliery had gone on in safety for months or years, exactly as it was proceeding when the outbreak took place. Occasionally, if not regularly, the firing of shots or the use of naked lights had been practised without any danger, till suddenly, such a combination of circumstances arises, that a store of gas is fired by a chance shot or a particular light.

The obvious answer is, that the rule which prohibits naked lights from being used or shots fired while the men are in the mine, shall under no circumstances be broken. Experience too sadly shews that strictness prevails for a time, but laxity gradually follows immunity from accident; and unless the men can be made to believe that there is some more than ordinary chance of danger, they are with difficulty prevented from running the risks which the firing of a shot or the temporary opening of a lamp entails.

We are led to these reflections by the fact that both the explosions were accompanied by the same atmospheric conditions. On the day of the Blantyre explosion the barometer stood at 29 inches in the south-west of Scotland, and it had suddenly fallen to that point from 30.2 inches, at which it stood on the previous Friday morning. On Friday evening, little more than forty-eight hours before the explosion, the barometer marked an inch higher than it did at the time of the catastrophe. This record shewed an enormous

diminution in the pressure of the atmosphere, and it is probable that the sudden removal of the pressure which had previously existed, and which had been abnormally high, favoured the escape of gas, which, passing off in more than usually large volumes, was ignited by a chance light. If the light had not been there, no such explosion could have occurred. But on the other hand, if the gas had not been there, there would have been no danger from the presence of the light.

Very similar meteorological conditions attended the Wigan catastrophe. On the morning of the explosion, the barometer stood as low as 29.4, or over an inch lower than it had marked three days previously.

The effect of a relief of pressure in the atmosphere may be observed in the case of street drains, which invariably emit their noisome odours when the air is in that state which is indicated by a low barometer. This fact is popularly regarded as a symptom of approaching rain, and it is a natural result of the same cause which allows the column of mercury to fall in the tube of the barometer. The question to be considered is, whether the same effects may not follow in the case of the gas generated in seams of coal: whether the diminished pressure is not favourable to the escape of this gas, and even probably to its production?

The question is an important one. As we have seen, the circumstances of the weather in the period immediately preceding each explosion point to a connection between the state of the air and the condition of gas in coal-mines; and if this connection can really be established, we shall have advanced further towards the attainment of that great object, safety to our colliers, than by the framing of the most stringent regulations, the infringement of which by a single foolhardy or ignorant lad may bring hundreds of his fellow-creatures to death, or to injury and fearful suffering and sorrow.

The issue of a warning notice to every collier as he descends into the pit that there is special danger in the mine to-day, *as ascertained by the state of the barometer*, might entirely prevent the chance of an explosion, which the issue of general instructions to avoid that danger (a past experience and immunity from accidents have shewn him to be only problematical) has hitherto failed to do.

The theory which we have thus set forth is supported by the fact, that coal-gas will not explode, nor even ignite, unless mixed with a certain proportion of atmospheric air. While pent up in the seams of coal, the gas is harmless. It is only when liberated and mixed with the air that it is a source of danger; and it is the extreme diminution of the atmospheric pressure which, by liberating the gas in excessive quantities, enables this admixture to take place on a large scale. The colliers in 'fiery' mines are accustomed to partial explosions of gas: one of the witnesses who gave an account of the Blantyre disaster stated that he heard the noise of the explosion, but did not think anything of it, believing it was one of the ordinary results of a 'shot.'

Colonel J. D. Shakespeare, R.A., an authority on such matters, in a letter to the *Times* gives the following details of the nature of 'fire-damp' as produced by coal, and when diluted with various proportions of air. At least three-fourths of the composition of this gas, called by the miners

'fire-damp,' is, he says, 'carburetted hydrogen, which accounts for its lightness in comparison with air and its accumulation upwards; the remaining one-fourth is composed of other gases in varied proportions. It is therefore an uncertain compound. When unmixed with air, or mixed in such proportions as, say, three of gas to one of air, it will not explode, but produces drowsiness or suffocation, and puts out the flame of a lamp for want of oxygen. When fire-damp is diluted with from fifteen to thirty times its volume of air, it causes the flame of a lamp to enlarge, and to appear as surrounded by a blue envelope. In this state it flickers or burns rather than explodes. When, however, the atmosphere in a mine becomes in the proportion of about *eight of air to one of fire-damp*, then the danger is extreme, for the mixture is then explosive in the highest degree. From the foregoing, it will be seen that it is not fire-damp alone which produces such dire calamities, but rather fire-damp rendered dangerously explosive on becoming mixed with air in certain proportions. Perfect immunity, then, from accidents requires that the explosive mixture shall never be made.'

That the 'dangerous' point in the proportion of gas to air is the more readily reached when the atmospheric pressure is slight than when it is great, is from the above figures shewn to be very probable; and it must be remembered that the deeper down into the earth we descend, the more intense is the normal pressure of the air. In a mine like the King's Pit at Pemberton, which is about two thousand feet deep, the increase of pressure would be such that when the barometer stood at thirty inches at the surface, it would mark about thirty-two at the bottom of the pit. A sudden decrease in this pressure is therefore very probably followed by more extensive liberation of fire-damp than if the mean pressure and the consequent normal repressive power were more.

It is therefore impossible to take precautions by which 'the explosive mixture shall never be made?' and there are other ways than by the miner's light that the explosive compound may be fired. Many mines, for instance, are ventilated by means of large furnaces placed at the bottom of the up-cast shaft, the current caused by the air necessary to feed them being used to ventilate the mine; these very furnaces, the object of which is to create a means of carrying off the foul air and gases, may themselves set fire to the explosive compound and become the cause of widespread disaster. Towards the adoption of means for attempting to overcome the difficulty of preventing such catastrophes, we offer two suggestions. First, that the question of the connection which *primâ facie* exists between the state of the atmosphere and the emission of fire-damp should be fully investigated by competent scientific authorities. Second, that an attempt should be made to carry off the fire-damp by means of special ventilators. One or more special ventilating tubes or bores should be worked down directly into the centre of the seam—after the manner of the anti-spontaneous-combustion tubes used for hayricks—at a distance from the point where the seam is being worked. These bores should be quite distinct from the working and ventilating shafts of the pit. Up these tubes, which need be only of small dimensions, the gas

might possibly be pumped by a special apparatus, or it would probably ascend naturally, instead of being allowed to find its way at will into the main workings of the pit.

So long as miners continue to use lucifer matches and naked lights, they will carry danger with them wherever they go underground; and as long as shots require to be fired there will be danger to a greater or less degree. The unlocking of a Davy-lamp may spread disaster around. It is therefore to be hoped that the lights question may be sooner or later decided by the introduction of the electric light, which being independent of oxygen, may be burned in a vacuum; or might be introduced into the Davy-lamp itself. We commend the idea to mining-engineers and others who are directly interested in underground labour.

RHYMES FROM THE PRISON CELL.

AMONG prisoners condemned to confinement there prevails an extraordinary rage for scribbling on the door or walls of their cell; the practice apparently being a relief to the feelings. A scrap of pencil which is somehow secreted, a strong pin, or the point of a tool allowed in the cell for work, is employed for the purpose. What is remarkable in these scrawls is the attempt at versification and rhyme. Circumstances enable us to give a few examples, beginning with the following:

Cheer up, boys,
down with sorrow
Beef to day and
Soope to morrow

Keep up your heart
And do not fret nor
Don't give in to sorrow
For to day I will work
With all my might
And then go home to morow

Cheer up Barber me lad
Let Time not give you pain
We shall walk down Charles St again
In spite of Buffles and all his men.

Out 25 of December, O Christmas
On that day I will bee
loose

for to have my
Bunloaf, rum and goose

The writer of the last was evidently at a loss where to place the rhyming word. But the next example shews greater difficulty still, for the poor fellow, though having rhyme in his head, had no idea of verse:

Ther is 3 things that greeve my mind,
is leaveing the wife, the kid, and old people Behind,
With the help of God we will never be in it again.

The above examples are specimens of the way in which prisoners of the rudest type endeavour to unburden themselves in song; but even occasionally among this class one is found who aims at something higher. A stray piece of paper, or more commonly the slate left in the cell for teaching purposes, is used for these more ambitious attempts. The two following examples are the productions of a young man whose life and experience have been of the lowest kind. Sprung from Irish peasantry, his boyhood was spent in the slums of Glasgow, where his natural sharpness

was trained for tricks of dishonesty, and his strength and pluck for the prize-fighting ring. As champion of the 'light-weights,' Pat K——'s name was famous in such sporting circles, and he was not less known under other names amongst low betting-men and thieves. Instruction in the three Rs had scarcely ever fallen to his lot; but thanks to a long sentence for felony, he was enabled to profit from the teaching which prison-life offers, and his fine-looking head being evidently stocked with abundance of brains, his educational progress was rapid and most satisfactory. All his attempts at composition were in verse, and out of his numerous flights the following are selections. The first was evidently prompted by the birds that frequented the windowsills of the prison for the crumbs which prisoners placed there for that purpose, and as this particular jail is situated in the country, the feathered visitors are varied and numerous.

Hark pretty warbler on my window sill
The soft summer breezes with sweet music thou fill,
How mellow thy voice, how enchanting thy tune,
Art thou bidding adieu to lovely June.
Thine eyes are brightly shining with modest bliss
Hast thou come to cheer my loneliness,
Since nature hath spread her soft mantle of green
Thou would'st have me to join in the golden dream
If this be thy message dear warbler fly
To the greenwood and mimic thy lady love's cry
Leave me in oblivion to wander alone
The greenwood's thy palace, then away to thy home,

Yet beware little friend and ne'er be too fast
There are snares in the greenwood for thee ever
cast,
And like me if thou trifle with what instinct hath taught

Then pretty warbler thou too may be caught
And locked in a prison and left there to sigh
For the days of thy freedom for ever gone by,
Then away pretty bird, Oh would I were thee
Or at least that my heart from all guile was as free,
Away to the mountains where wild flowers bloom
Away little warbler and drink their perfume.
It is there where the golden streams gently glide
In dazzling beauty down the purple hill-side
Like emblem chains they ripple and flow
Birdie! dear birdie I pray thee to go
Thy pleasures sweet warbler I would I could share
But alas master Robin behold what's out there
Strong iron bars and walls dark and high
The thought brings the tear gushing into my eye,
And look at these bolts on this strong iron door
Away little warbler in liberty soar
From this picture of darkness at once take thy wing

For I master Robin must sorrow within.

The above is copied just as it was written. The reader will see that there is scarcely any attempt at punctuation, and only one or two mistakes in grammar—the spelling excellent. Here is a second flight—

Oh Death! Oh Death when shalt thou cease
To feed the hungry grave?
'When Time, when Time comes to an end
I'll stop my rolling wave,
But until then,—nor young, nor old,
King, beggar, slave, nor free
Without a moment's warning
All must come unto me.
The mother weeps in sorrow,
Imploring me to spare

Her darling boy, her only child.
 I cannot interfere.
 I am a faithful messenger,
 So with my mighty rod
 I strike my victim. "Spirit!
 Appear before thy God!"

An Irishman of a different stamp to the writer of the above, but of drunken habits, scribbled the following on some scraps of paper. His nature seemed soured by domestic troubles; yet his querulous disposition betrayed marks of tender feeling, and a better home-life appears to have lingered in his memory. Thus he thinks of his wife, who left him in consequence of his vicious habits:

Since she first gave her love to me,
 My wishes was her law;
 In the many changes of this life
 She shared both great and small.
 Though changes often came to me,
 Sent by a hand divine,
 She bore them nobly for my sake,
 Did this Irish girl of mine.

The following doggerel of the same writer betrays bitter class-feeling, which one may venture to hope is not very common:

I hate the artificiality
 Of what you call good society—
 Its polished Hypocrisies,
 Its gilded Meanness,
 Its unmeasurable Falsehood,
 Its smiling Hate.—Give me
 An honest, hard, working man
 Who speaks his mind truthfully,
 Without caring whether he
 Please you or not. His
 Friendship above all you that
 Is rich and deceitful.

As a rule, prisoners are very hopeful. Gloominess and depressing as prison-life is, yet the conversation and writing of the unfortunate inmates are coloured with expressions of hope. Out of the many written pieces, the following is the only one that suggests a feeling of hopelessness:

Alas, what am I, in what state?
 A lonely corpse bereft of all heart—
 An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate.
 To die is now my only part.
 Foes to my welfare, let your envy rest;
 For no wish for grandeur in me now you'll find.
 The horrors of this silent place and inward pains oppress;
 Your wishes and desires will soon be crowned.
 And you, my friend, who still hold me dear,
 Bethink you when all good fortune and character is gone,
 It is as well to end my sorrows here.

The two following pieces suggest the general spirit of hopefulness. They are the composition of young men whose antecedents were very different from those already referred to. They were clerks of fair education, whom fast-life and betting especially, caused to fall. The writer of the first piece having been intrusted with the care of some of the prison books, ingeniously contrived a Calendar for his own use in the cell, and evidently intended to illustrate it with compositions of his own; but it seems that in this matter he did not get beyond 'Monday.' Under that day we have the following:

When blessed with Freedom, we are wont to say:
 'How very quick the time *does* pass away!'
 But here, alas! within these four bare walls,
 The weary time upon one's patience palls.
 Each minute seems an hour, each hour a day,
 Each month a year, ere it has passed away.
 As day by day goes by, I never cease
 To watch the age of Father Time increase;
 In case his age *should* anyhow evade me,
 I went to work—this Calendar I made me,
 So that I could, as time went slowly by,
 See each month born, and likewise see it die.

I hope that my successor, unlike me,
 Will, ere two years have passed, be once more
 Free!!

The next occupant of the cell and position followed up the above by writing under the head of 'Tuesday' as follows:

My predecessor here, on Monday morn
 In flowing verse bewails his fate forlorn;
 Shews how he welcomes each new day, and sighs
 To think of weary hours before it dies.
 Thus Nature prompts—as each recurring thought
 With scenes of home, and loving friends is fraught;
 And Prisoners here from social joys debarred,
 Not thus to feel, will each one find it hard.
 Still let us strive the present to subdue,
 And look far forwards to an ampler view,
 When to the world we shall with joy return,
 Finding our hearts, long solitary, burn
 With fire more bright, and with a purer flame
 To light us to a new and honest fame.

And now let my successor in the cell,
 Ponder my words, and on my precept dwell,
 Take down the Calendar, and select the day
 Whereon to pen to new El's* his lay.

The Calendar however, has never been completed in the way suggested.—The next one to occupy the cell was a man of a very practical turn of mind, who thought it useless to woo the Muses; but he added to the Calendar texts of Scripture for every day in the year. The selection was appropriate to the times and seasons, and bore ample testimony of good judgment and sound common-sense.

It is interesting perhaps to know that the majority of the writers are of Irish race. Few Englishmen indulge in this pastime, and when they make any literary attempt, they generally produce something in prose. The selections given to the reader witness to the fact that there is much misused talent to be found in jails. The general idea of the respectable public is that prison inmates are all more or less of the Fagin type, or the ruffian so often pictured in our comic periodicals. Nothing is further from the truth. A jail is a little world in itself. It is true there are many ruffians there, and so there are in every rank of life; but there are also many there with good education and mental endowments, and not a few also who are gifted with some talent, but ignorant and neglected, and who, under happier circumstances, might have been not only respectable members of society but also benefactors of their kind. The touching regrets contained in Gray's well-known *Elegy* are peculiarly appropriate to many an occupant of a felon's cell.

* The distinguishing name and number of the cell.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 786.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

AN EMIGRANT IN CALIFORNIA.

A GENTLEMAN who has passed many years in the United States, sends us the following cautionary words to those who contemplate emigrating to the Far West.

'I purpose in this brief paper to give the result of an experience of more than a quarter of a century in the Far West of America, and to explain to what classes and under what circumstances the seeking of a new home there, may be advantageous or the contrary, and shew the misapprehension that exists as to California being adapted to all and every class of emigrants. In the first place, to the well-educated and well-bred young man with high aspirations, it is peculiarly unsuited, unless he goes there under an engagement to some good house of business. For such to go *in search* of employment the venture is risky in the extreme. Clerkships with anything like a decent salary it is almost impossible to obtain; and those of a lower grade, which are sometimes obtainable in the country, are nothing more or less than shopmen's places, poorly remunerated, and with more working hours than those of mechanics or labourers.

'If such a man as I have mentioned is possessed of capital, and is shrewd and cautious enough not to invest in anything before he has had thorough experience in business matters *there*, he may, by the purchase of lots and other *bond fide* investments, in course of time realise a good fortune; but for the impecunious man there is nothing between him and want but hard and often menial labour. Many cases of such the writer could enumerate, and the history of one is the history of very many of the young men who have arrived in San Francisco with high hopes, little or no money, and with possibly a few introductions; which as a rule are of no value. Indeed if not backed with capital, strong commercial, political, or family interest, they generally result in disappointment. The fact is the Americans have no patience with those who wait for something to "turn up." Their idea is: if you cannot get

a clerk's position, take a porter's; if you cannot get that, take to wood-chopping, coal-shovelling, or anything, till a better chance offers, and which, to an intelligent steady man, is pretty sure to come sooner or later. But a very few weeks of inaction—of waiting for something to "turn up," conveys the idea that the man is a loafer.

'The immigrant of the class named, whether he has introductions or not, is pretty sure to have made acquaintances among his fellow-passengers, some of whom may have friends in San Francisco. Soon after landing, he meets with one or the other at the bars or saloons, which are alike frequented by governors, judges, lawyers, merchants, storekeepers, and clerks. This or that saloon becomes his frequent resort. He has failed to find work for which from his education and training he is suited. Time passes, till he gets to his "bottom dollar." In some cases he may receive remittances from home, but these are merely temporary helps, and soon cease. With empty purse he now hangs about the saloons or bars, to be treated by a chance acquaintance, from whom occasionally he borrows a trifle, or rather accepts under the name of a loan what he will never probably repay; for soon all energy is gone and all sense of shame lost. Long before this, he has been called (behind his back) a *loafer*; now still lower in the social scale, he is termed (and often to his face) a *bummer*. The former means merely a man of leisure, or a lazy fellow, but not necessarily without money. The latter means literally one who without work lives on what he can pick up from the easy good-nature of others; it would be profanation to call it charity.

'I was one night at the *Occidental Hotel* introduced to an English gentleman of between sixty and seventy years of age, who had just arrived by the Panama steamer. A stroll down the two principal streets was suggested. At the corner of Commercial and Montgomery Streets, a man came out of a saloon and followed us, and as soon as we were a few doors farther on, touched me on the shoulder, and asked for the "loan" of half a dollar. "You can come to-morrow at

nine o'clock and do some copying for me, and I will deduct this half-dollar," was the reply he got.

'Retracing our steps shortly afterwards, the same man came out of the same saloon again, this time followed by a gentleman well known to the friend with whom we were walking. "I'm sick of the sight of that confirmed bummer Charley —, who seems to be always waiting to be treated by some one, and mostly half-corned," said he.

'The old gentleman sprang after the bummer. "Charley, Charley!" he cried; "have I found you, and have you come to this!"

'Charley caught him in his arms as he fell in a dead-faint. It was his father, whose sole object in coming to California was to find this son, who for two years had never written from very shame, but who had too much false pride to seek humble occupation, till his character was so lost that from only a stranger could he hope for even menial work. A father's love saved him; and he is now doing well in another land; but had it not been for that, he would have shared the fate of many another.

'Some there are, on the other hand, of such strong will and high principle that they will meet with no difficulty they may not honourably overcome. The eldest son of a peer, led, in the early days of California, to extend his tour in the States across the plains to the extreme West, found himself in San Francisco with very little cash on hand, his expenses having outrun his calculations. He went to the only banker there then (1850) to draw a bill. He was a stranger to the resident partner, who was also new to the business, and required the consul's guarantee. To the consul he was also a stranger; and too proud to humble himself to ask a favour, he gave the banker a draft to collect in England, and went to work on the wharf, shovelling coals for several hours a day; and thus defrayed his expenses until advices of the payment of his draft were received, when he bade adieu to his fellow-labourers and went his way.

'A distressing case was that of a former Captain in one of the crack dragon regiments. He sold out and repaired to the land of gold, where he bought land and cultivated it. He did well while high prices ruled; but when potatoes came down from twenty and thirty cents a pound to one or two cents or less, and the prices of other products fell in a similar manner, he fell too; debts accumulated; all was sold. Health and spirit sank; and the last I saw of him he was a waiter at the dinner-table of a river steamer; too weakly now for hard physical work; too proud to beg or borrow, but not too proud to do even menial work to be independent of others. And here it is well to remark that of five British ex-army officers, two captains and three lieutenants that the writer has been acquainted with, not one has done the least good, but they have been and are yet, or were some three years ago, in the humblest circumstances, literally from hand to mouth.

'It is of course true that immense fortunes have

been made in California; and one Scotch gentleman by birth, education, and position, has to my knowledge acquired great wealth. A few others are respectably well off; but nearly all the wealthy magnates from Great Britain are men who have risen from the very humblest walks of life by shrewdness, industry, and steadiness. Three of the Bonanza proprietors are Irish. Another Scotchman, worth at least two million dollars, made his first money, it is said, by planting a field of onions, which netted him forty thousand dollars. All he has made since has been from land, which he purchased when low, and sold at high prices, or still holds and lets. He resolutely declines any stock speculations, but lends his money on good security. Two others whom I could name are engineers by trade, and formerly worked for days' wages in California. Another example is that of an Irishman who was long engaged as a shopman in London, and who emigrated with just enough to pay his passage. He is now a millionaire. All of these men began with hard hand-labour, except Flood and O'Brien, who kept a saloon, where picking up information from stockbroking and mining customers, they made shrewd purchases of stocks, and have been (as has been already noted in this *Journal*) successful beyond any earthly precedent. D—— P—— was first a drayman in San Francisco, then a porter in a wholesale house, in which latter he remained till he owned it entirely; and his income is now something immense.

'The educated American, unless he unfortunately be the son of some very rich man who has allowed him to grow up in idleness, is not ashamed of hard field or forest work for wages, when necessity compels, as are also many of the English and Scotch young men of genteel antecedents who have tried their fortune in California. One case is worth relating. A book-keeper in one of the first houses in New York, with a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars a year, threw up his situation to come to the land of gold. He had generally lived up to his income, and had but little money left on his arrival. He had the highest introductions and recommendations, with personal acquaintances in excellent positions desirous of forwarding his views. For nearly two months he was seen nearly daily, then he disappeared; after a few weeks he reappeared for two days, and then was again missing. After another two or three months the writer found him the assistant-manager of one of the largest businesses in the city, with a salary of four thousand dollars a year or more. When his money ran short, he had bought a working-suit and gone to wood-chopping for wages in the Redwoods; came to town for a day or two occasionally only, and then went back to work, until a vacancy occurred for which he was eligible; and now he is in a still higher position, with proportionately larger salary.

'It is a singular fact that of the four Anglo-American banks—the Anglo-California Bank, London and San Francisco Bank; Bank of British Columbia, and Bank of British North America—in San Francisco, the first three are managed by Americans, and only the last-named by an Englishman, although almost all the capital invested in them is British. Several English and Scotch clerks hold subordinate positions, but with little

hope of ever realising a competency. Certainly if they do, it must be by some outside operations.

The immigrants who are pretty sure to do well are: First, men with capital the interest of which suffices to keep them comfortably till by experience they acquire a knowledge of how to invest their money safely and profitably; and this requires time and judgment. Second, first-class mechanics. A second-rate workman has but a slim chance of success in his trade. A first-rate man may be months before he gets a job, and should have means to keep him; for there seems a singular objection to new faces, which is only overcome by the great demand for labour which sometimes occurs in the spring of the year. When such a workman shews what he is made of, he will never be out of a job. But the second-rate workman will have to turn to something else, if he has the adaptability, and resolves to do any good for himself.

'A jeweller from Birmingham, one of the "Cariboo victims," as they were called, walked the streets of San Francisco in search of work for six weary months. At last one day he looked in at the principal manufacturer's, who having seen him so often call, said: "Well, we are pretty busy; I'll give you a week's work at two and a half a day [ten shillings]. Come Monday morning." The following Saturday, on going up to be paid, he asked: "Will you be able to give me work on Monday, sir?" "O yes; come to your bench," said the principal as he put thirty dollars down before him. The man looked surprised. "I can't in fairness pay you less than the best men in the shop get," rejoined the master, who had just given him double what he had engaged him for. When this man, some months afterwards, wanted to leave on a visit to England, his employer raised his wages, first to six and then to seven dollars a day as an inducement to him to stay. In a word, an American will pay a man what he is really worth rather than lose him; and an extra clever workman if steady, is certain of eventual success. Farmers with capital enough to stand the loss of a crop when a drought comes, which is every few years, are pretty sure of success. The next year's grain-crop will recoup him his loss; but woe betide the unlucky man without means to weather the bad year, who gets behindhand and has to borrow money at exorbitant interest! English or Scotch female servants if properly qualified are in great demand, and can save from three to four pounds a month if careful; but it must be remembered that though wages are higher than elsewhere in the world, the work is heavy. The majority of employers keep only one servant. Two or three female servants at most are found in houses in which in England it would be thought necessary to employ five or six. Kitchen-maids, under-house-maids, and parlour-maids are to be found, but in very few residences. This arises from the fact that, as a rule, Americans do not require half the attendance the English do; but nevertheless there is enough house-cleaning and washing to give plenty of occupation and but little time for rest from sunrise till bedtime.

'Farm-labourers, we are told by emigration agents, are in great demand; but since the surface mines have become scarcer and scarcer, there are so many men seeking work that it is often hard

to find employment except in harvesting-time, when if a man shews himself able and smart, he stands a good chance of getting a permanent job; and after a time may, if steady, become a farmer himself, and do well.'

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE 'ROYAL CAMBRIAN.'

WALES, like Switzerland and most other picturesque regions easy of access, can boast of good hotels, and of these the *Royal Cambrian*, built by a speculative company of confiding shareholders and adventurous directors, was undoubtedly one of the biggest. The stately structure, overbuilt if undermanned, may or may not have returned a satisfactory dividend for the capital sunk in its construction. But at anyrate it contained handsome suites of rooms at the disposal of guests with long purses, and of these one of the handsomest was that occupied by, according to the hotel books, 'The Hon. (Dowager) Lady Larpent and party.' The family group consists of the Dowager herself, of Sir Lucius her son, of the younger brethren Edgar and Willie, and of her niece Maud Stanhope. A grand comeliness, or a comely grandeur, yet belongs, despite the touch of Time, to the majestic Lady Larpent. A fine woman she had been pronounced when fresh from boarding-school; and such, in the autumn of her days, she still is, large, well-dressed, and with an expression of imperious good-nature. An English crowd, waiting in eager-eyed expectancy for the first glimpse of a coming Empress or Archduchess, would have been certain to raise the cry of 'Here she is!' on catching sight of Lady Larpent, so exactly did her mien and bearing clime in with the popular idea of an exalted personage. And yet Sophia Larpent—she had had a Royal Highness, but of a sadly distant date, as sponsor at her splendid christening—could not claim to have been born in the purple, unless it were the purple of newly made riches. Her father had come to London with the legendary three-halfpence jingling in a pocket of his threadbare corduroys, had swept out the traditional shop, and had died as wealthy a man as an East India director of the good old time, when fortunes were yet to be made out of John Company's tawny subjects, had a right to be. He had married late in life, and his only child had reaped the full benefit of his hoards. Her name, with sundry stars after it, figured among those of the holders of India stock. She had consols too, and scrip and mines and lands, and London houses and church tithes—all judicious investments of her papa's choosing.

Though prosperous, Joseph Larpent had scarcely been happy; a yellow-visaged, grizzled old Nabob, with a gnawing Nemesis or a liver to remind him of his gainful years at Chowringhee. But he was proud too in his way, and humble as his birth had been, cherished that ancestor-worship which is sometimes strongest in self-made men. There had really been a Cromwellian Joseph Larpent, Major in Harrison's Red Regiment, and maltster and brewer when Charles II. sent back the veteran Commonwealth officers to civil life, and his descendant had no notion of permitting

his hard-won cash to regild another patronymic. 'Sophia,' he had been wont to say, in moments of rare confidence over the mahogany, 'shall marry a sprig of nobility; and, moreover, he shall take her name, and arms too, or my Christian name isn't Joseph. The Larpents are as good a stock as any of your highflyers, and I'll not have them burked, I can tell you that, Brown!'

'No, no. Of course not. Yours is an old family,' discreet Mr Brown would reply, as he revelled in the velvet smoothness of the costly claret; and no compliment could have gone more direct to the Nabob's heart. He was a man of his word; for when his daughter married the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Penrith, he insisted that the bridegroom should assume the bride's name. Royal letters-patent, duly advertised in the *London Gazette*, empowered the Honourable Wilfred Ponsonby Beville to become a Larpent. The Honourable Wilfred had learned by sharp experience the worth of money, and for the sake of a safe income, was willing to barter his three silver scallops of crusading memory for the heraldic red lion rampant gules, and ale-cask proper, on a bend azure, and field or, which the Earl Marshal's learned college had assigned to the house of Larpent.

Wilfred Larpent *né* Beville was but a feeble and vacuous spendthrift, through whose tremulous fingers money leaked like water through a sieve. He had spent his modest fortune—three times over, so ill-natured clubmen averred—had worn out the patience not merely of the Baron his brother, but of the much enduring Jews, and would have been in jail had he not been M.P. for Bullbury, the family seat in parliament. A limper aristocratic mollusc did not haunt the Pall-Mall pavement than this same Wilfred; but there was the sparkle of a probable coronet encircling his bankrupt brows.

'I'll take him up and make a man of him!' boastful Joseph Larpent had declared. And Joseph was as usual as good as his word. The Honourable Wilfred was 'taken up,' lifted, that is, on the soaring wings of wealth above the sordid sphere of dependence on coarse money-lenders and reliance on the mercy of wrathful tailors. He had pocket-money. Sovereigns still dribbled through his be-ringed fingers. His wife's large means were of course as strictly tied up as ever was horse in a stable. There was a Cornish estate, small, but small only when compared to the much larger property of Lord Penrith. This had been Joseph's purchase, and Joseph's present to his daughter on the wedding-day. And there was a great sum in government securities, rigidly settled too. Very shrewd solicitors and the soundest of conveyancers had drawn those settlements. The result was a success; and Sophia Larpent was practically the mistress of goods, gear, and husband.

On the strength of this marriage, of his M.P.-ship, and of his brotherhood-expectant to a peer of England, the government of the day made Wilfred Larpent a baronet. He did not covet such distinction as a Bloody Hand in his new escutcheon could impart. Those who are chronicled in the Peerage proper seldom care much for that odd order of hereditary knighthood the first promotions to which King James sold for a thousand pounds apiece.

But the East India Director did care very much

indeed about a baronetcy for his son-in-law. He had asked for it, dunned for it, bargained for it, selling two votes—for he too was in parliament, M.P. for Bribechester—to the Patronage Secretary for the 'Sir' to be prefixed to Wilfred's name. He ordered his daughter's husband to accept it. Did it not make that daughter 'My lady' at once, without waiting for the demise of Lord Penrith, though he was full twenty years older than his brother; and was not the sound, to the Nabob's ears, a dulcet one? So Sir Wilfred lived and died, leaving three sons and a rich widow; but Joseph Larpent's eyes closed grudgingly on the pomps of this world without having seen his Sophia a peeress. She never could be a peeress now; but it was quite on the cards, as the saying is, and more than on the cards, that Sir Lucius her eldest son should become Lord Penrith.

Sir Lucius was one of those gentlemen unattached who cannot accurately be called bachelors, and yet who fail to carry out the popular conception of a widower. Yet was he a widower. He had been married. There had been a young Lady Larpent, but the poor thing's tenure of wedded life and of her titular rank had been very brief indeed. She had been a young lady from Staleybridge, an heiress, it is true, to a large prospective fortune acquired by means of cotton twist, but with no actual money, no constitution worth speaking of, and the minimum of health and good looks. The poor little frightened thing had died in less than a year after her wedding-day, and there was Sir Lucius, free again, but not a whit the wealthier for his mercenary marriage.

'It was a madcap business, and has had a sad finish to it,' said the Dowager, referring, as was natural, to the tiny shipwreck that had so lately occurred.

'Boys will be boys, you know, mother,' said Sir Lucius, shrugging up his shoulders. 'It was awfully rash and that. But of course the boat-man was mostly to blame.'

'What a shame, Lucius! He saved my life, poor old chap!' blurted out impulsive Willie, 'and lost his own in doing it.'

'And as for his good-nature in letting us have the boat'—Edgar began; but his brother cut short his remonstrance by saying languidly: 'There's a sort of good-nature that does mischief, and this is a specimen of it. It was clearly the man's duty to prevent your going out alone on such a day; and it is lucky that the freak did not cost you much more dearly than it has done. I should say a ten-pound note'—

'Cousin Lucius!' said Miss Stanhope with a flush of indignant crimson, 'you really seem to rate Willie's life and mine and the life that was lost at a very low value; to say nothing of the pinnace, perhaps those brave men's only property. I am sure that my uncle'—

'Never mind him just now, Maud,' said the Dowager in her decided way. 'I can pay my debts, and do what is right without troubling my lord to loosen his purse-strings. And if I find this young—what do you call him—Hugh something?'

'Ashton, Hugh Ashton!' answered both the boys together.

'If I find Hugh Ashton,' pursued Lady Larpent, 'only half the phoenix that you young people

make him out to be, I'll not be satisfied with giving him money—on a rather more liberal scale, I hope, than Lucius has recommended—but see if I cannot help him to a better livelihood than he can make by hiring out pleasure-boats. It is a treat now and then, in this brazen pushing age, to chance upon modest merit.'

Sir Lucius raised his shoulders a very little with a deprecatory air. 'This young Ashton's merit,' he said sneeringly, 'is not likely long to retain the charm of modesty, if you all combine to turn his head by making him out a hero. Pluck, and the readiness to risk a wet jacket, are not, I hope, so very rare among Englishmen, that what this fresh-water sailor did yesterday should be magnified into another wonder of the world.'

'You are a cynic, Lucius, and seldom run the risk of spoiling any one with praise,' rejoined Lady Larpent, rising as she spoke. 'Do you mean to stay and enjoy your cigar in the inn garden; or will you give your escort to Maud and myself as far as the boatman's cottage? It is quite fine again, and we can walk.'

'I am quite at your disposal, mother,' replied the baronet smoothly, as he caressed his moustache. 'I did not come down to Wales of course to cultivate my own society; and I shall be delighted to be allowed to accompany you and my cousin anywhere you please; unless indeed you are for climbing one of those big purple mountains with the unpronounceable names, in which case I should plead for mercy.'

The Dowager looked pleased, first, and then a shadow as of distrust crossed her comely countenance. Perhaps the baronet had not been so dutiful or affectionate a son that his filial attentions should be received with entire confidence by his observant parent.

'He wants money from me,' so thought Lady Larpent, 'or he would not have come down here to join us. And he fancied that he had vexed me just now, or he would have preferred tobacco and his own thoughts to a stroll in my, or even in Maud's company. I wish'—

But she checked the train of thought, no pleasant one, as it seemed; and Sir Lucius, on his best behaviour, as his mother inwardly remarked, made one of the party that presently set off for Hugh the boatman's cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—HUGH'S VISITORS.

There are households and households; families in which the old-fashioned rule of loyal reverence for father and mother yet prevails; and others of the modern American type, where the son is Sir Oracle and the daughter Tarquinia, and the old folks sadly overcrowded and sorely chickpecked, yield precedence to the young. Sophia, Lady Larpent, was adapted both by nature and circumstances to have her own way in the world. She had herself been what was pronounced a pattern daughter. But then her latent will had never come into collision with the more self-assertive volition of the wealthy father to whom she owed everything. Her husband had been mild and manageable. But her son Lucius had given her some trouble.

Sir Lucius, well-looking in his effeminate style, and with an easy lounging grace in all his actions, gave himself the trouble, as he walked beside

his mother and cousin, to be conversationally pleasing, but with less of success than usually attended his efforts. Women seldom like a cynic; and the baronet's recent remarks and tone of callous frivolity had jarred with whatever was best and brightest in Maud's girl-nature. He was her cousin, and she was disposed to like him as a cousin; but somehow she always thought more kindly of him when far away than when he was present. What was there in common between her fresh young mind and the careless philosophy of this prematurely jaded worldling, whose theory of life seemed to exclude all but the basest or the dullest interpretations of human motives and conduct?

The Dowager had reasons of her own for criticising her son's bearing and behaviour. It has been mentioned that Sir Lucius had been to her a source of trouble. When at Eton, he had contrived to get deeper into debt—so his experienced tutor averred—than any of the gilded youth of Britain concerning whose school liabilities the Rev. Henry Holyshade knew anything. So at Oxford. So in London, until his resolute mother put a stop to the broadcast sowing of wild oats on the metropolitan pavement. Tradesmen had been paid, money-lenders compounded with, and young Sir Lucius sent abroad on a grand tour that lasted three years. He had come back improved in a certain degree, and when he married the little Staleybridge heiress, high hopes were entertained of his future. Her early death was perhaps a greater blow to the Dowager than to her son. The Dowager did not quite fathom her son's character, and there were times when she hoped that she might never gain a thorough insight into its arcana. That a young man should be extravagant was deplorable of course, but not unexampled. Sir Wilfred, the father, had been extravagant; but then all his faults had been those of weakness, and his redeeming impulses flaccidly good. The faults of Sir Lucius the son were those of strength. He got his penny-worth for his penny, a barter not so common as it sounds; and if he had any redeeming impulses, they were unknown to his nearest kindred. Something, though perhaps not much, might be urged on behalf of Sir Lucius. His was a puzzling position. He was a baronet—which I take to be the diminutive of a baron—without the smallest scrap of a barony wherewith to maintain the honours of the visored helmet, the collar of SS, the hereditary Sirship, and the Red Hand of Ulster. He would most likely be a peer of the realm, but not certainly so. And he had no claim in any case, save to the bare coronet and the sterile robes of the hereditary legislator. Old Lord Penrith could do what he liked with the Neville property. Very few lords can do as much. He however, had the power of willing away every acre of the estates; and nobody doubted that he would leave all within his gift to Maud Stanhope, the only child of his only sister. Sir Lucius that was, Viscount Penrith that might be, was absolutely dependent at nine-and-twenty for the bread he ate, for the loose silver in his pocket, for the means of paying his valet or his washerwoman, on his mother. And his mother was a benevolent despot, fonder of Edgar, fonder by far of Willie than she was of the first-born, and a little too apt to make the baronet remember

that the ample fortune at her command was hers, not his.

In one respect, and perhaps one only, the views of mother and son did thoroughly coincide. Both thought it most expedient that Sir Lucius should re-marry, and that the wife of his choice should be Maud Stanhope. That the baronet himself should turn his attention to his beautiful cousin, universally regarded as a great heiress in prospect, was natural enough. But it was odder that the Dowager, who liked Maud and almost loved her, and who prized and esteemed her, should have mentally published the banish of marriage in such a case. Lady Larpent was not blinded by parental partiality. She knew her son to be sly, selfish, pitiless, and profligate. Ladies often look with indulgence on those reformed rakes who are assumed to make the best of husbands. But a rake unreformed, and perhaps irreclaimable, such as Lady Larpent suspected the future Viscount to be, was scarcely a fit mate for Maud. But for all that, it was Lady Larpent's sincerest wish that Maud should wed Sir Lucius; that the Penrith property and title should be kept together; and that the scheme of her own father, Joseph Larpent, for the aggrandisement of his race, should be brought to a triumphant conclusion.

Maud, as she walked on towards the boatman's cottage, thought no more of marrying Sir Lucius Larpent than she thought of being changed, after the old Grecian mythic fashion, into a tree or a floweret. And she paid very little heed to the baronet's conversation. To Maud's mind, this was not the season for small-talk, however good-humoured such small-talk might be. To her fancy, what had happened seemed to mark a turning-point in her young life—her life that had been all but lost, and the peril of which, narrowly escaped, had brought home to her the unaccustomed thought of death and all that death implies. She had been preserved, but another had been garnered in by the grim mower. The brave man who had saved her boy-cousin had paid dearly for his good deed. Word had been brought to the hotel that George Ashton's body had been found. An inquest of course must be held; but in the meantime the poor fellow's remains were allowed to rest peaceably beneath his own roof.

At the cottage-door stood Hugh Ashton, mending a net. The young boatman wore his Sunday suit of black, and his face was pale and sad. A slight tinge of colour rose to his sunburnt cheek as he saw the party from the hotel approach him. He lifted his hat and stood, with one muscular hand grasping a festoon of the tattered net that hung from nail and peg above the low-browed porch of painted wood. The boys went eagerly up to him; but the Dowager was the first to speak.

'I am very much grieved and concerned,' she said, kindly but patronisingly, 'for your grief, Mr Ashton, and for the melancholy cause of it. I am sorry too to see you at work again and so soon. I hope there is no immediate necessity for'—And her plump, gloved fingers dived for her purse, the golden contents of which she had through life found to be a marvellous salve for hurts and injuries of all sorts.

But Hugh took no notice of the Dowager's significant fumbling. 'The poor, Madam, must work, even when sorrow is in the house,' he said gravely; 'and they have the less time for that reason to

feel the sharpness of the sorrow. I am glad to-day that I cannot afford to be idle. Yes; I have the old net to be busy with. It will be wanted more than ever, and so will the skiff, now the pinnace is gone.'

'I will take care that you are not a loser—so far as money goes—by the wreck of the pinnace,' said Lady Larpent hastily. 'That, Mr Ashton, would be but common justice.'

'It is more than common justice, I am afraid,' returned Hugh sadly. 'I cannot put in a claim, in conscience, for the breking up of the large boat, nor consent to take your Ladyship's bounty under the name of compensation. It was no fault of the young gentlemen here that the pinnace struck the rock.'

The Dowager looked perplexed. Sir Lucius, in the background, silently arched his eyebrows and compressed his lips, as who should say: 'An old trick this, and a stale one—the disinterested dodge—to get higher terms.'

'Our fault it was though, or my fault, being so much the older,' burst out Edgar bravely and boyishly. 'And why you should be too proud, Hugh, to take a new boat for the one we knocked against the Lion Rock, I can't so much as guess. It's fair play; that is just as if, you know, I had sprung another fellow's cricket-bat, or broken a gun he had lent me. Don't you see?'

A pleasant smile brightened Hugh Ashton's handsome face. 'I see, Mr Edgar, that you mean very kindly by me,' he replied; 'and I thank you. But the pinnace never should have been loosed from her moorings, with a storm brewing and none but yourselves aboard; and that being so, we'—his voice faltered and his lip trembled a little here—'must bear the loss.'

Sir Lucius, with an air of ineffable boredom, turned languidly towards the panorama of lake and mountain. The Dowager knit her brows and looked embarrassed. This young boatman, with his strange fearless manner and his stranger scruples, seemed inconsistent with her comfortable theory of life, an article of which was, that the Have-nots eagerly accept such good things as the more fortunate Haves deign to toss to them.

'I have not yet paid my debt, my very great debt of thanks for a life saved, Mr Ashton, by your bravery,' said Maud in her sweet low voice; 'nor have I yet said how sorry I am—how sorry we all are—that our rashness and the sad accident should have made you fatherless. Perhaps we did wrong to come here so soon—perhaps we may appear to intrude upon your grief, Mr Ashton—but indeed I am so sorry for you.' She was weeping now, this high-born beauty, and the very ring of her voice carried with it the conviction that this was no conventional phrase of condolence.

Hugh's bronzed face crimsoned, and then grew paler than before. 'Thank you, young lady, thank you,' he replied with a sob that shook his strong frame. 'He was a kind father to me, and a good man—he whom I have lost—and I shall be very lonely here.'

'Then why stay here?' said the Dowager, all the best part of her nature coming to the front, and with real womanly sympathy in her softened voice. 'There are many careers surely open to a young man of sense and spirit. My boys tell me you have travelled and seen the world at sea and in the colonies. Something might be found—I

know all kinds of people who manage Companies and own ships, and that sort of thing. You must allow me to be your friend, Mr Hugh, you must indeed. And now,' added her Ladyship more briskly, 'you shall let us in, if you please, for I really think it is going to rain again.'

Hugh reddened afresh. 'I ask your pardon, ladies,' he said not ungracefully, but with an Englishman's painful self-reproach; and as he spoke he pushed wide the half-shut door of the cottage, and busied himself in setting chairs for his guests. Scrupulously neat and trim was the interior of this poor dwelling, in an inner room of which lay the dead. There were sketches on the whitewashed walls, rudely framed but well executed, of strange scenes far away. Here hung the model of a ship, there a case of stuffed birds, a spear barbed with fish-teeth, a great shell, or a barbaric necklace of coral and stained ivory.

'You must be an excellent draughtsman, Mr Ashton, if these are your own,' observed the Dowager, glancing at the sketches.

'My father did them, Lady Larpent,' said the young man, almost curtly; and then added in a gentle tone: 'My fingers, I am afraid, are more at home in handling the tiller than in managing a pencil or a paint-brush; but he tried to teach me that with other things.'

'Foreign languages, I suppose, among them?' said Lady Larpent, taking note of the well-thumbed volumes that filled the tiny bookshelf near her seat. 'A good education, Mr Hugh, will help you faster up the ladder of life than I can do, with the best will in the world.'

Now in this the Dowager was not quite truthful; for she was privately, like most very rich persons whose wealth came to them without trouble, of opinion that learning is a capital substitute for land and money, but only when the one is sold and the other spent.

Yes; Hugh admitted that he could read German and speak French, and Spanish better than French, and had a smattering of knowledge picked up in the course of a wandering life.

'A little farming, as people farm in a hotter climate and a rougher country than this, and a little seamanship and navigation, are about the best of it, my Lady,' said the young boatman modestly. 'I will not deny however, that I should be glad to leave this place. It has grown to be hateful to me since'—and here his eyes wandered to the closed door of the room where his father's body lay, and there was a choking sob in his throat as he resumed—'since yesterday; and I shall be thankful to accept any new opening in life which your kindness may offer to me.'

Very well. Lady Larpent's departure with her family from the Welsh lake-side village was fixed for the morrow. She was going home—home to Monfordshire, whence she pledged herself to communicate by letter with Hugh Ashton so soon as she should hear of some vacancy, the reversion of which her influence might be strong enough to obtain for him. In the meantime she drew out her purse. 'Would Mr Ashton let her leave ten pounds in his hands—well then, five—he must have many expenses?'

Never had the Dowager felt so awkward before, when proffering a portion of her abundance to a worldly inferior. But Hugh gently and steadily declined. 'He had a little money, he said; enough

at anyrate for present needs and for the cost of the funeral. He was grateful for her Ladyship's thoughtfulness; but he was evidently unwilling to accept the cash which she vainly pressed upon him.

Then the short-lived shower being over, the party from the *Royal Cambrian* walked back to their hotel, first taking a friendly leave of Hugh, while Maud renewed her thanks and Lady Larpent her promises of service.

'I have seldom,' said the Dowager on their homeward way, 'been more pleased with any one than with this gallant young fellow.'

'Isn't he? just that!' exclaimed enthusiastic Edgar; and Maud smiled a silent approval.

The words or the smile nettled the irritable temper of Sir Lucius. 'The fellow has pluck enough,' he said peevishly; 'and seems to be exactly one of those smart, half-educated youngsters who in the army rise rapidly to sergeant-major, are too clever by half, and come to grief and a court-martial through muddling the regimental accounts. I'd draw him a cheque if I were you, mother; but certainly not make myself responsible for introductions; 'pon my word, I wouldn't!'

'I differ from you Lucius, on that as on other points,' returned the Dowager, knitting her resolute brows. 'In my opinion, Hugh Ashton is worthy of your good word as well as of my good offices. And these latter shall not be lacking.'

And then the subject dropped.

GOVERNMENT SCIENCE SCHOOLS.

ON all sides are seen appeals to workmen in various departments of art urging them to improve themselves professionally by studying those branches of science which practically concern their respective trades. One reason for these appeals is the prodigious artistic advance lately made in continental countries in various branches of manufacture—an advance which, in the race of competition, threatens to leave us considerably behind. As long as we can remember, there have been appeals and remonstrances of this kind with little marked effect. The inertia of going on in the old way has generally prevailed. Mechanics' Institutions, which were devised for purposes of instruction, have, as is well known, been for the most part given up. The School of Arts at Edinburgh, the first originated of its kind, still exists; but there are complaints that it is not properly supported. We happen to know of a country town to which a gentleman, about thirty years ago, made a gift of a gallery of art, with the finest classic models for the teaching of drawing; and it has never proved of the slightest use. None of the natives for whose benefit it was intended seems to care anything at all about it.

Undaunted by this species of indifference, government some years ago, at a large cost, set on foot schools of science. These schools are under the charge of the Science and Art Department. The express object in view was to supply scientific training to artisans and mechanics, so as to enable them to compete with the technically educated workmen of France and Germany. The support takes the form of money-grants to the teacher according to the number of students whom he succeeds in getting through the government examination: some teachers realising a handsome

yearly income. More than fifty thousand pounds is thus distributed amongst the teachers in payment of their work; and this of course does not include the fees and salary which they may receive from the local committee. In order to encourage the students, valuable prizes are presented to those who obtain first-class certificates at the examinations; and it may be noted here that these examinations are not competitive, that is to say if every student succeeds in obtaining the requisite percentage of marks, all obtain what are termed Queen's Prizes. If the class be one in which scientific apparatus is required, the government pay half the cost of such apparatus, which becomes the absolute property of the school after it has been in use for five years. Considering past disappointments, it is interesting to note the progress that has been made in this great public experiment.

Already, it has been stated that above fifty thousand young men attain a respectable proficiency in one or more branches of practical science every year; and that thousands more might become familiar with the principles which underlie and govern our ever-increasing industries, were the facilities—both for acquiring and communicating instruction—offered by the Department of Science and Art more widely diffused and better understood than they seem to be at present.

Perhaps a few passages from the annals of one of these science schools may induce communities who have not yet started classes to do so at an early date. In the town in which the science school is situated, a few spirited young men determined to have a class during the winter session. Their scheme at first met with certain opposition, but the young men were bent on extending to their town the advantages which the government of the country hold forth to the industrial classes to educate themselves; and ere the first days of winter had gone, the class became an accomplished fact. The difficulty experienced in obtaining the requisite instruments for the class was got over partly by means of the aid from government, and partly by the ingenuity of the young men themselves, who constructed several of the more expensive pieces of apparatus. A great deal can be done in this way. At the very lowest computation, one half of the apparatus might be extemporised by the teacher, and if (as was done in the town under consideration) the construction of every article were carefully explained to the students, it would give them a grasp and familiarity with the subject which they could not otherwise obtain. The subject being entirely new to every one of the students, their attention was kept up, and their interest in the work never allowed to flag by an unsparing use of the apparatus in performing as many experiments as possible. It turned out however, that those students who were likely to fail at the government examination would do so not because their information was defective, but because of their inability to put their thoughts into writing. From want of practice they experience so much difficulty in arranging their facts in intelligible sentences, that one half of their available time has passed before they have completed the answer to the first question on the examination paper. This difficulty was got over by giving the students questions to work at home,

and having a written examination every month during the course of the session. The result proved the efficacy of this arrangement. Nearly sixty students have been examined in the first stage of the subject, and there has not been a single failure.

Should any of our readers feel inclined to start classes under government control, their first step should be to write to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, London, for the Science and Art *Directory*, inclosing one shilling in postage stamps. In this *Directory*, full and detailed information is given how the science classes should be started; and after they are started, under what regulations they are to be carried on. It may be well to state perhaps, that a local committee—some of the members of which ought to be persons in recognised positions of public responsibility in the district—must be formed in order to carry out the instructions of the Science and Art Department. Probably a difficulty may be experienced in some districts in obtaining the services of a properly certificated science teacher; but this difficulty may be overcome by starting a class in mathematics, of which subject the government recognises teachers who are certificated by the Education Department. As nearly all the masters in the public schools hold certificates from the Education Department, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining a teacher for this most important branch of education.

If there be a desire to have classes in other subjects, there is a choice of twenty-four. One or more of the young men who are interested in the classes should set to work and qualify themselves for science teachers by passing the requisite examination. This was done in the town whose science schools suggested this notice, where two of the young men who were students in the class became teachers, and have taught successfully. It may also be mentioned with reference to this subject, that every year a number of teachers are invited to attend a course of lectures in London under the various professors at the science schools, South Kensington. The courses generally extend over a month each, and those attending them receive second-class railway fare to and from London, and a liberal maintenance allowance while resident there. In addition to attending the lectures, the teachers have practical work to do in the way of constructing scientific instruments, the materials for which are provided free, the instruments becoming the private property of the teachers at the end of the course. By this means a knowledge of the latest discoveries and inventions in the sciences is obtained by the students attending the classes of those teachers who have the advantage of a month's instruction under the government professors.

Any one holding a first or second class certificate in the advanced stage of any subject towards which the Department gives a grant in money, &c., is qualified to teach and receive a grant for teaching that subject. In addition also to the prizes which the students receive, certificates, indicating their degree of success, are given to the students after the adjudication has taken place; and these certificates are not only valuable in that they record successes achieved, but also from the fact that they are readily received by employers and others as equivalent to certificates of ability. This

is no small matter, as every young man who has been out of employment knows from bitter experience. Apart then from the opportunities of intellectual improvement offered by the establishment of science schools and classes, the study of science has an immediate as well as a future value. Neither should it be forgot that to science we owe much of our present greatness. Science forms the groundwork of every art, every industry of our country; and they who speak irreverently of its achievements are incapable of sympathy with the most elevated aspirations of the human mind. Let us hope that through the agency of these Science Schools much of the old indifference to instruction has been overcome. We see at least the dawn of a brighter intelligence.

THE SILVER LEVER.

v.

Mrs Glossop sat and waited for her husband in her sitting-room. It was not one of his habits to be late abroad, and she was somewhat afraid for him, for it was now nearly midnight. Midnight is really midnight in Coventry even now; and in those patriarchal days of twenty years ago, even young people regarded eleven o'clock as a most dissipated hour. Mrs Glossop trimmed the lamp and replenished the fire and sat down again, listening to the dreary ticking of the clock. The one servant of the household had long since gone to bed; and Mrs Glossop was growing really anxious, when she heard a knock at the door. Supposing her husband had returned—for nobody used latch-keys in Coventry—she answered the summons with reviving cheerfulness. She threw the door open, and stood by for George to enter. To her surprise a gruff voice asked for her husband.

'Who is it?' she asked, peering into the darkness.

'Never mind the name ma'am,' the gruff voice answered. 'I had a bit o' business along o' your master to-night, an' he didn't turn up, an' I thought I'd look him up, as a man might say.' The gruff voice had somehow a threat in it.

'My husband has not yet come home,' said Mrs Glossop. 'Will you call in the morning?'

'My business is partic'lar. I'll call again in half a hour.' With that the owner of the gruff voice moved away, and Mrs Glossop noted that he was a wooden-legged man, whom she recognised to be her father's neighbour.

'Is it Mr Bowling?' she asked.

'Yes ma'am, Mr Bowling it is. I'll call again.'

He stumped away down the street. She closed the door and went back to the fireside, and listened again to the dreary ticking of the clock. To an anxious woman who sits alone waiting, a half-hour can grow to a whole unfathomable gulf of time. It seemed so to her now, and every minute which succeeded it crawled at the lamest of paces. A knock came to the door again, and this time, since long waiting had made her nervous, she secured the door with the chain before she opened it. The wooden-legged man was there once more.

'Ain't he come yet?' he inquired.

'Do you know where he is, Mr Bowling?'

'I wish I did,' responded Mr Bowling; and again the gruff voice seemed to her ears to have a threat in it. 'Do you mean to tell me as he ain't come home at this time o' night?'

'He has not come home yet, and I am growing anxious about him.'

'So am I,' the wooden-legged man muttered audibly. 'Good-night ma'am.'

'Good-night.'

She went back to her dreary watching. It lasted the night through. When the servant came down in the morning, she found her mistress up before her. 'Lor mum, you up a'ready?'

Mrs Glossop nodded and hurried from the room. She did not care to gossip with the servant about her husband's absence. She retired to her own chamber, and there sat down to think and wait again. A double knock sounded at the door, and the girl came awkwardly up-stairs with a letter. Mrs Glossop knew her husband's handwriting, and opened the missive with nervous fingers. The note bore no date.

'England,' she read, 'has grown too hot to hold me. You are welcome to all you can get out of what the creditors will leave you. It will be precious little. G. G.'

She read this through, and did not cry or swoon, but sat stonily regarding it. She had dreamed out her dream of love long since. She could only sit and think how cruel and base and cowardly it all was; not angrily, but as though it were a story of little interest, and telling of sordid and vulgar crime. 'I will go home,' she said at last. Home to the wounded heart meant more than the place she had been used to live in, and more than even a renewal of the long-tried affections which had grown familiar there. It meant a renewal of happy girlhood—a blotting out of the past. It meant, in short, the heart's longing; and in that sense no suffering creature ever went home yet. But she felt as though every pulse within her cried passionately for home; and so with that outward quiet which is the true growth of intense feeling, she folded up the note and put it back into its envelope, and then dressed and went down-stairs. Ready money had always been plentiful since her marriage, and she had more than enough to pay the girl the wages then due to her, and a quarter's wage in advance. This done, she left the house, and walked towards her father's cottage. When she reached it, she found the door open, and heard a voice within. This voice was strange to her; and since she did not care just then to face a stranger, she passed through the garden and entered the cottage at the back, and sat down in the kitchen. There she heard another voice which she knew for her cousin Robert's. Even before him she did not wish yet to display her grief and her loneliness.

'But is there nothing to be tried?' Robert's voice asked in a tone of anguish.

'Nothing,' the strange voice answered. 'He has been dead for hours.'

With a dread of some near terror which she could not understand, she rose and moved into the front room. There sat the King of Terrors. And though she had never before beheld him, she knew him—Death.

'O why!' cried Robert, 'why are you here to-day?'

Quite calm and cold, she took her husband's brutal letter from the pocket of her dress and handed it to him without a word. He read it at a glance, and lifted up his hands and eyes, as if in protestation against Heaven and Fate. He took her hand and led her to a seat, and tears coursed down his face like rain. She smiled upon him faintly. He knelt beside her, still holding her hand, and hid his face upon it, whilst the tears ran fast, and she laying a gentle hand upon his shoulder, suddenly drooped her lovely head and broke into passionate weeping. He rose and sat beside her, and put his arm about her in the old childlike way, and comforted her with vague and foolish words of love and pity, which yet had help in them, since they had so much of heart.

The village doctor went his way, and returned half an hour later with the village policeman, who took possession of the brandy and the glasses, whilst the doctor sealed all the cupboards.

Robert took Sarah to his father's house, and told the dreadful story there. His father, profoundly shocked at his only brother's sudden death, had yet command enough of his senses left to see that Glossop's sudden flight boded ill for his own property. He walked into Coventry and set inquiries on foot, with such result that he came home knowing himself a bankrupt and that home his own no longer.

It was a heavy-hearted trio that sat silent at the Pear-tree Farm that night.

The formalities of law were gone through, and a verdict of 'murder' against 'some person or persons unknown' was returned by a Coventry jury. Suspicion fell upon the wooden-legged man, who had been seen or heard of by nobody since he had called at Glossop's house after midnight. He never came near the place again. In Job Ryder's house some fifty or sixty pounds in gold was discovered, but no bank-book or sign of the possession of other property. It came to be believed in consequence that Job Ryder had outlived his means, and had thereupon committed suicide. Few people knew him; fewer still had any liking for him; and this dark belief outlived the jury's verdict in the local mind.

There were three sales by auction in one week. Job Ryder's goods were disposed of by his brother's advice, and Sarah retained nothing but one chest of books and papers. George Ryder's goods and chattels were put under the hammer by his creditors, who though they pitied him, were quite content to pay themselves. George Glossop's goods and chattels were put under the hammer by his creditors, who had pity for neither his estate nor his wife, and exacted their uttermost farthing.

Then father, son, and niece went sally up to London, there to hide themselves from prying eyes. George Ryder's possessions brought him in some sixty pounds a year now; and Robert's proposal was that they should all three keep house together, and devote the lump sum, which amounted to about eighteen hundred pounds, to the purchase of some business or other which might maintain them all comfortably. This they did; but the arrangement lasted for but a little while. George Ryder took to drinking, as many a better man and many a worse had done before him under similar pressure of trouble. None of the three had any business training. Robert and

Sarah did what little they could to keep the business going; but it crumbled, crumbled, crumbled in their hands, and they were left at last on the verge of bankruptcy. Then Sarah spoke.

'It isn't because I want to leave a sinking ship Bob, dear. You know that. But I must go away and earn my own living somewhere. The business won't keep us any longer. You will do well to sell the goods and pay the creditors, and go on with your wax-flowers. We're all bound to be poor all our lives through now, I suppose; but there are worse things than poverty; and we shan't be able to be honest long, Bob, if we try to keep the business going.'

Robert knew she was right, and abode by her advice. This miserable business was eating up everything and producing nothing. With a little money to begin with, he might contrive to make a living by his hands. His father was breaking fast everything about them took some tragic form. So these two bade each other a mournful farewell, and Sarah went out to service as house-keeper in a large house in the country. The business was sold, and realised but little. Father and son went into a small house in the northern districts; and finding that too much for their slender finances, took one step lower, and went into lodgings. In two or three years, George Ryder was gathered to his fathers, and was buried in that old Coventry churchyard which held his fathers' bones. Robert and Sarah met at the funeral, and parted sadly again, and went their separate ways.

Sarah neither knew of her husband's crime of forgery nor heard of his arrest. She had never belonged to a newspaper-reading circle; and the neighbours had held aloof from her and her trouble; and Robert and his father had held their peace purposely. But whilst she was learning patience and coming towards resignation in her troubles, and whilst in the performance of her new duties peace was settling slowly down upon her, George Glossop was expiating his crime by a long term of penal servitude. This was mercifully hidden from her; and she only knew that the man she had loved had proved a villain, and had gone away out of her life suddenly, leaving no trace of himself, and leaving her without a wish to trace him.

The hunchback dragged along with a private income of twelve shillings a week, and perhaps an equal sum earned by the making of wax-flowers. There was no motive in labour, or he might perhaps have made more by his work. But

Work without heart. There was not life in it Whereby the man might live.

His sole business patron lived in Long Lane, off Aldersgate Street, and he himself had lodgings in a tumble-down house by the river-side, not far from St Paul's Stairs. Thither it came to pass that one day a new lodger came with a great sea-chest, the portage whereof shook the house as two men carried it up-stairs and set it heavily on the floor above Robert's head. The new lodger was a big man, looking considerably past middle age, bald, unshaven for a week or two, and of sinister aspect. A man of enormous width and weight, but carrying no more fat than a greyhound; sunburnt, and scarred across the face by a stroke which must have gone near to finishing

his story. They had been a week together in the houses without seeing each other, when Robert met him one day point-blank on the stairs. The man was coming up and Robert was going down, so that when they looked at each other their heads were almost on a level. They stared at each other in amazement. But in the hunchback's face the amazement was half-drowned by a look of mingled rage and dread, whilst joy and triumph stared out broadly in the other's eyes.

'Master Bob Ryder, as I'm a livin' man!' the new lodger said in an amazed, triumphant whisper.

'You villain!' said Robert, laying his thin hands upon the other's collar; 'you murderer! Come with me.'

Bill Dean's face changed ludicrously, and for a minute surprise reigned there pure and simple.

'Wot are you a-callin' me?' he asked.

The hunchback twined his hands closer in Dean's collar. 'Who murdered my uncle Job, you villain?'

Bill Dean glared in wild amazement. 'Who murdered your uncle Job, governor?' he said at last. 'Why, who but his son-in-law? George Glossop, to be sure.'

Robert's hands dropped by his side, and he looked at Dean stricken through with surprise. It never entered his mind that the man was acting. The surprise and sincerity were too evidently real.

'This ain't the place,' said Dean, 'to be a-talkin' of who murdered Uncle Jobs an' sich-like. Come up into my room, an' I'll tell you somethink as'll make you jump. Come along.' He laid his hand on Robert's arm and hurried him breathless up the stairs. Arrived at his own room, he motioned to Robert to seat himself upon the bed, and then sat down opposite to him on a heavy-looking chest. 'Well,' he said, regarding Robert from head to foot as though he were some *rara avis* whom it was a rich fortune to have caught. 'This is a stroke o' fortune. Who would ha' thought o' meetin' you? An' you don't know,' he went on after a pause, 'as George Glossop killed your uncle, nor what he done it for?'

'Why did he do it?'

'Do you remember any missin' article?' the man queried, bending his head forward in triumph and looking close into Robert's face.

'No. Yes. My uncle's watch.'

'Yes; your uncle's watch,' said Bill Dean, slapping both legs with his hands and leaning back again. 'Your uncle's watch. An' that's what he done it for.'

'Why should George Glossop kill my uncle in order to steal his watch?' asked Robert.

'It was a watch with a key to it! A key as was a key an' no mistake. Lookee here.' The man rose from his chest and threw it open, and took therefrom a battered Bible; he pressed this into Robert's hands, and sat down again. 'Now afore I say another word, you kiss that book, an' say after me: "I hereby swear that I'll do fair do's along of William Dean, otherwise Thomas Bowling."'

Robert in much wonderment went through this formula.

'Now you've swore, mind,' said Dean, putting the book back in the chest again.

Robert nodded.

'Well, then, lookee here. Me an' Uncle Job

was pals, we was, in the year '30. Theer was six on us altogether going pardners, like, as a man might say. We come by money out in the Bawlkan Hills. Never you mind how. We come by that theer money honest an' fair, an' square an' right. Well, a lot o' murderin' thieves, as they calls zaptiehs, hears of our good fortun', an' follers of us for to steal the coin. D'ye see? We has to fight for it. Now I was right down at the fur end of a gorge, like, three mile off, when the other five was forced for to bury the money for to hide it from these here murderin' thieves. I was a-keeping guard, don't you see, an' was to tell 'em when the zaptiehs was a-comin'. The fight was agoin' on when I got back, an' I hid myself, as a man might say, an' watched. They'd gone round another way, these murderin' thieves had, an' come on my pardners sudden about two hours after the money was safe buried. Well now, the only man as got clear out o' that fight on our side was your uncle Job. I meets him at a little place there as they calls Strigli, where we'd appinted to meet after the money was safe buried; an' theer we had a row, me an' your uncle Job. He goes an' claimis five-sixths of the money, an' wants me to put up along of a sixth part. So we has a row, an' he gives me this here across the face. D'ye see it? Well. He'd got the bearin's marked down on his watch-case wheer he'd buried the money, an' he shewed me that, an' it was along of my wantin' to snatch that as we had the row. Well. We parted, don't you see; an' I never set eyes on him after that till one night a few years later I walks into Coventry on the tramp, a-doing of the wooden-legged-sailor dodge to Liverpool, wheer I expected for to get a fresh berth. Not as I hadn't got a tidy bit of money o' my own, you see; but in order for to be saving. Well. I spots him, an' I follers him, an' I finds out wheer he lives; an' I waits about for a day or two, an' I finds him settled down an' married. But I notices, look you, as he's a-livin' poor an' lowly like; an' I thinks: "Hillo," I thinks, "you ain't got that 'ere money yet, Joby Rogers. All right," says I to myself; "you'll want it some day, an' you'll be a-goin' out for it; an' then perhaps Bill Dean may come in for a share on it."

'Why didn't you go back yourself to get it?' Robert asked incredulously.

'Why didn't I go back an' get it myself?' returned Bill Dean scornfully. 'Ah! why didn't I? Why, because I didn't know to two mile wheer it was; that's why. I should ha' looked well I should, a-goin' about the Bawlkan Mountains with a pick an' a shuffle a-diggin' of 'em up, an' a-turnin' of the hills over as if they was so many salary-beds. That's a likely tale, that is.'

'He never went away?' Robert asked.

'Not him,' returned the other. 'For nigh on twenty 'ear I went on a-watchin' of him. Once in a while or so I'd cross over an' speak to him about it, an' he'd say to me: "Bill Dean," he'd say, "I'd sooner see every piastre rot theer under ground an' rust to powder, than you should touch a penny of it."'

'How did George Glossop know of this buried treasure?'

'How do you know?' Bill Dean queried in return. 'He knowed cos I told him.' There the man's face grew black. 'An' he sneaks off, instead

of doin' the fair thing by me; an' in place o' priggin' the watch for a minute an' makin' of a copy of the lines inside, he goes an' p'isons poor Joby Rogers, steals the watch, an' hooks it. Not as I believe he meant to p'ison him. He overdid the dose.'

'Who has the watch now?' asked Robert.

'Why, it 'ud go back into the fam'ly of course. It was property as was stole, an' it 'ud go back to the fam'ly.'

'It never came back into the family,' said Robert; 'no one knew of its value; and when George Glossop was arrested, we were all glad enough to forget him. He ruined us all, and not one of us ever saw him again.'

'Then the police has got it. They'll keep it till he comes out, an' then he'll get it again. No; he won't. Or if he does, he won't find it no good to him.—I'll do it, as I'm a livin' man—I'll do it! I'll hunt that watch up if it's on the face of earth. Will you go in? Will you help? Fair do's now. I'll go fair and stick by you. They knows me at the Yard, and I knows them a sight better than go near 'em. But will you go? Go an' make inquiries, an' get a look at the watch.'

'What was the amount of the money?' Robert asked.

'Ekal to fifty thousand pound,' Bill Dean answered.

'Fifty thousand pounds?' Robert repeated.

'Ay,' said Bill Dean. 'Fifty thousand pound. It's worth tryin' for, ain't it?' He laid a hand on Robert, and repeated: 'Fifty thousand pound. That's five-an'-twenty thousand for you, and five-an'-twenty thousand for me.'

'How was all that money come by?'

'Don't you look a gift-horse in the mouth,' said Bill Dean. 'The money was come by right an' fair an' proper, that's how the money was come by; an' if you won't go to the Yard an' make inquiries about that 'ere old lever watch, why I dessay I can find a pal as will.'

'I will go,' said Robert, rising from the bedside as he spoke.

'Fair do's, you know,' said the man warningly. 'You deal fair along o' me, an' I'll deal fair along o' you.'

'I will deal fairly with you,' Robert answered.

He had been paid for work taken home a day or two before, and had perhaps a pound's worth of silver in his pocket. Once started on this enterprise, he found himself so eager in pursuit of it that he could not bear to crawl along the streets at his own slow pace. He called a cab, and was driven to Scotland Yard. There the officer to whom he was referred asked him where Glossop was arrested, and being answered, advised him to go to a police station near St Katherine's Docks, whither Glossop was first conveyed.

'If the watch belonging to your uncle, and supposed to have been stolen by Glossop, isn't there,' said the official, 'you can apply to the county authorities in Warwick, if that's where he was tried.'

Robert drove to the river-side police station and renewed his inquiries there. A stout man, sitting behind a desk with a number of papers before him, looked up with his pen in his mouth.

'Bates!' this man called out when Robert had made his statement.

A lean policeman with sandy whiskers appeared in the doorway.

'Of all the queer things I ever heard, this is the queerest,' said the man behind the desk. 'This party's come after that man Glossop; Coventry man: forgery, you know.'

'I know,' said the lean policeman, nodding. 'Cove as tried to hang hisself in No. 5.'

'Same party,' said the other. 'Do you remember anything as he went mad about in particular?'

'Should think I did and all,' returned the lean policeman. 'It'll be a long time afore I forget him a-marchin' up an' down in No. 5 yellin' out for his watch. I never see a cove go off hisself so over a watch in all my life afore.'

'Well, this party's here now asking after that very watch.'

'Ay, ay,' said the lean policeman, and looked at Robert, and scratched one sandy whisker thoughtfully.

Robert's heart beat high. 'Can you tell me anything about the watch? I would give half-a-crown to see it if it is here.'

'Oh,' said the policeman, 'it ain't here. And what's more, I don't know where it is.'

'Tell him what you do know,' said the man behind the desk.

'Well, I shouldn't have no call to remember Glossop out of a million more if it worn't for the watch,' the policeman said, addressing Robert. 'I seen it once in his hand. You see I had information as he was off by the *Orinoco* steam-ship from Katherine Docks at seven that morning. He'd been watched for a week because the people at the bank was doubtful. He forged a bill, don't you see! And the party as he'd forged his name, he went abroad to France or somewheres, and they only suspected it was a forgery, and had him watched. Well, we gets word here as he'd took a passage aboard the *Orinoco*, and I got orders to go there and take him. When I gets aboard, I sees my gentleman in his berth with a map spread out afore him, and a watch in one hand.'

'Was the map a map of Turkey?'

'Why, yes; it was,' said the policeman, 'now I come to think of it. Yes. A map of Turkey. And when I tappel him on the shoulder, he crumpled the map up-like and stuffed the watch away somewhere. I don't know where he put it; but when we come to search him here, we didn't find it. He kicked up such a hullabaloo about it, as it passed into a kind o' joke with us here; and when a party goes wild-like, we asks him if he ain't lost a old silver watch.'

'May I ask,' said the man behind the desk with an air which meant that he intended to ask with or without permission—'may I ask what makes that watch so particularly valuable to you?'

Robert could answer honestly without revealing anything.

'It contained the only memorandum of a large deposit of money which the owner of the watch was known to have possessed.'

'Ah!' said the superintendent; 'now I see. And you're your uncle's heir, I suppose? Well sir, I'm sorry we can't do anything for you. You see, it's five years ago now; and we shouldn't have been able to tell you anything if this watch hadn't passed into a sort of joke amongst our men here.'

With the news of this decisive failure Robert went back to his lodgings. He discharged his cab at the police station and walked home slowly. He had had sweet dreams of raising Sarah to a high place, and surrounding her with comforts and making life smooth to her, and had seen himself in fancy living near her, and rejoicing in her prosperity and her friendship. All dreams of returned love he had resigned long since, if ever he had even dared to dream. Yet none the less he loved, and he would have died at any minute for her peace. Nay, that is saying little, for death seemed to him an easy thing to face. He would have lived, for her, as he was living then, a life without savour of hope or gladness, and have borne that lot for ever unrepining so she might have been happy.

When Dean heard the news which Robert took home with him, that scarred and grizzled mariner imprecated such fearful anathemas on Glossop's head, that the gentle-hearted hunchback fled him in pitying loathing.

The days rolled on, and Dean, his money being expended, went to sea again, and took his chest away with him. The years rolled on, and Bill Dean came back again at irregular intervals, and found Robert still living in the tumble-down house by the river-side. He used to chum with Robert whilst ashore, and would often build up wild castles of fancied grandeurs whilst he speculated on what might have been done with that money if ever they could have found the watch. And the years rolled on until Bill Dean came back no more, and the last of that gang of bandits who made one successful and useless venture in the Balkans slept his final sleep in the arms of the great Pacific.

And still Time held his course until, on the night of the 20th October 1875, the long-forgotten search renewed itself, and Robert Ryder looked in at the pawnbroker's shop-window in Fleet Street, and saw there his uncle's silver lever marked: *'A great Bargain. Second-hand. Only 12s. 6d.'*

A PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

I AM not about to reveal the 'secrets of the prison-house' or the private arrangements of Scotland Yard. The higher positions held by detectives have always been beyond my reach, and I have not therefore been in communication with the legal advisers of the Treasury, my occupation being only subordinate to a private detective. In the few years however, that I was thus employed I was engaged in matters which it may be interesting to record, whilst the publicity cannot be injurious either to individuals or public security.

I will now proceed to give one or two examples of the kind of business we detectives have to negotiate, in the hope that my narrative may prove interesting at least to those whom it may specially concern.

It matters not what my former occupation was; like many others, after dissipating fortune, I found myself alone in the world and without money. For the small amount of twenty-eight shillings a week I became subordinate to a private detec-

tive. My primary value consisted in a perfect knowledge of some of the 'gambling hells' in the west of London. For days I was closeted with my superior, giving him information concerning the frequenters of these places, the amounts won and lost in an evening, the hours of attendance, and the doings of the 'bankers.' After describing this gentleman or the other, my superior would say: 'Ah! we know him; cautious card.' 'He's a right to gamble; got plenty of money.' 'That fellow wins his money on the race-course, and always loses it on the green cloth.' 'It's the young swells I want to know about, those that the spiders are getting into their nets; there's something to be made out of them.'

At last I described a young gentleman who was evidently new to the game of hazard; he came night after night, I said, and generally left minus a hundred or two, ready cash, but never gave cheques or IOUs, so that his name was unknown to the majority, though he went by the cognomen of 'the Duke.'

'That'll do,' said my superior; 'we must look after that gent.'

'Then,' said I, 'there is another young gentleman who comes only once a month; he's always supplied at that time with clean Bank of England notes from one hundred to ten, and generally loses something like a thousand in the one night. But once I saw him positively break the bank and carry off nearly seven thousand pounds. He came next day, contrary to his usual custom; and he played on that and the two succeeding days, and before he left on the last night had to borrow a sovereign to take him home. After that however, he paid his periodical visits, and does so up to the present time.'

'Well,' said my superior, 'he must be looked after. But first you must plant yourself opposite this place where they meet, and follow the young gentleman No. 1, find out where he lives, his occupation, &c. There now; that's employment for you the next two days; report to me on the third morning. I leave the matter entirely in your own hands, and this will be a test of your usefulness to me.'

'You are not going to make a raid on the place?' said I.

'O no!' he returned; 'that don't suit my purpose. I don't want to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; let me have my bit out of it, and then perhaps the Scotland Yard folks will spot the den.'

That same night I paced during the weary hours of night up and down the street where the gamblers' house was situated. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, one after another the habitués of the place turned out, and at last the young gentleman I wanted. There was little difficulty in finding out where he lived, for he gave directions to the cabman in very audible tones. But my next great object was to find out if he had any place of business; and after taking a few hours' rest I was in sight of his residence by nine o'clock in the morning. A little before ten the gentleman made his appearance, and walking some distance, took a seat inside an omnibus. I

got outside, and discovered, after a few inquiries judiciously made, that he was cashier in the establishment where I had traced him, and the nephew of the principal of the firm. My work being completed, I went home and reported to my superior next morning; who was quite satisfied with my first commission.

The following day 'a gentleman' (for private detectives can dress like noblemen when it suits them) called at Messrs —, Leadenhall Street. They were foreign merchants. He wished to see the head of the firm. 'Your business sir?' was the question. The answer was: 'Tell him I must see him; I come on important business.' And he did see him, and communicated to him his belief that something must be wrong, as his nephew the cashier was spending a lot of money in gambling. Accounts were examined; and the cashier was seen no more in Leadenhall Street or at the hell. The private detective was satisfied; and so the matter ended.

Now we had to look to gentleman No. 2; and having watched for two days without finding his whereabouts, my superior went with me, and at a comparatively early hour on the night of his usual periodical visit he appeared in the street, and I pointed him out to my superior, who, as the public-houses were not closed, dodged him about until he entered a tavern, where we followed. Then there was a quiet and confidential conversation between my employer and the gentleman. The latter at first indignantly denounced the assumption of any one daring to catechise him, but upon being told that he was addressing a detective, he quietly pulled out a card, stating: 'That's my address; if you have any charge against me, you can make it.' My employer dexterously turned the matter to his own account by asserting that his only wish was to put the gentleman on his guard, as the gambling establishment was being watched, and there would be a raid upon it in a day or two. Upon this the gentleman was profuse in thanks, and passed over something to my employer, which so satisfied him, that he voluntarily offered me a sovereign, which I was nothing loath to accept, for the part I had taken in the matter.

My conduct is approved, and I am sworn in a special constable. I have little matters to do which it is not interesting to relate, because they apply to 'poor people,' who are never worth consideration, and convictions are easily gained against them. But one evening I am walking with my employer down Oxford Street; it is late at night, and when near the Oxford Music Hall, we notice a young gentleman pulling out his gold at the bar of a tavern and treating liberally those around him. The youth has evidently not been used to the company with whom he is now associated: he blushes at remarks, is dull at comprehending low jokes, yet tries to appear at ease, is profusely liberal, and dashes his money down as if he were a millionaire.

'Halloa!' whispered my employer, whose experienced eye marks a victim; 'there's something wrong here;' and he tries to engage in conversation with the young man, who only responds with: 'What will you have sir?'

You'd think a detective would refuse to take anything at a suspected person's expense. Not he; that's his opportunity. 'Well, thank you,' my

employer replied. 'There's me and my friend here; suppose we have two drops of brandy, eh? Three penn'orths.'

'Better say sixpenny-worth,' answered the youth. 'Here Miss; two sixpenn'orths of brandy.' It is drawn. We drink and talk. Drawing information out of the silly youth as easily as one draws beer from a tap, my employer presently says: 'Let's see, what time was it when you left the office this afternoon?'

'I haven't been there since eleven o'clock in the morning; not at Bishopsgate Street at least.'

Here was something important got out of the youth; and the detective following up the idea and taking a bold shot, says: 'But you were expected at the other place?'

'Well, yes.'

'Let's see, where is your other place?'

'Oh! in Wallbrook.'

'You ought to have been there, you know.'

Upon this the youth turned pale, but did not answer.

'What's the number of your place in Bishopsgate?'

The youth gave it.

Then came the more pertinent questions: 'How much money have you got about you? Where did you get it from?' &c.

The boy gave such fencing answers, that at length my employer took him quietly outside, saying: 'You must know I am a detective officer, and I am not going to part with you till I have communicated with your employer and your friends.'

Then came the last stroke of conviction: 'Oh, it will all be put right; my father will satisfy Mr —.'

We took that poor young man under our charge (he was only seventeen); he was placed in a room in my employer's house under my care; and having found who were his parents as well as his employers, the detective officer first went to the parents. Never shall I forget the deep affliction of the mother, who, in the absence of his father abroad, came down immediately on receipt of the news.

'O my boy,' she cried, 'what have you done? Tell me all. O dear, O dear! And your father away, and your sister ill! What is it? What is it?'

'O mother, mother!' replied the youth, weeping, 'I never did such a thing before. But the governor sent me to pay nine pounds all in sovereigns, and I lost one, and then I was afraid to go back.'

'And so you got into bad company, and spent the rest. O you naughty wicked boy!'

'I don't know what to do. By good rights,' said the detective, 'I should take him off to the police station, instead of keeping him here; but I must see what Mr — says.'

'Yes. Oh, let me go with you to Bishopsgate Street sir; and I am sure Mr — will not be hard upon the boy,' replied the mother.

To this my employer assented; and in the end the youth was allowed to return home; and the detective was rewarded for saving the youth.

One morning we received a telegram to watch a certain train arriving at Euston Square from Birmingham. A lady described, had left that town by train for the purpose it was said, of

eloping with a man who was to meet her at the London terminus; and the disconsolate husband, too late to stop her, wanted her actions watched by the detectives. I was sent. I saw the lady and gentleman meet; she threw herself into his arms and sobbed. I heard him say: 'It will be all right Millie.' A cab was called. I heard the address they were to be driven to, and followed the vehicle, to assure myself this was their destination. I watched until midnight, and they never left the house; and then I knocked up my employer and told him the address.

'Leave the rest to me,' he said. And the next morning he discovered the lady and gentleman were there under different names, and had separate rooms. 'This won't do,' he said. 'We must wait for further evidence before we can make a case.' But he telegraphed to the husband that the address was known. My duty was to watch the fugitives; and I found they went to a lawyer's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and remained there two hours, and then returned, and so passed the first day; but I had to watch all night. The second day the irate husband came to town and went to the house where his truant wife was domiciled, in company with the detective, thinking he could find out more than had been recorded to him. They were met by an indignant gentleman, who, in reply to the question, 'Where is my wife?' said: 'She is with me, under my protection, until she gets rid of a horrible and brutal husband.'

'And what right have you sir, to give protection to another man's wife?'

'The right of a brother and guardian! She had written to me previously of your brutal conduct, and then telegraphed that she could bear it no longer.—The telegram is here sir—"O Sam, what am I to do? My life is in jeopardy. I dare not wait my husband's return." I had only returned from India a few days, and on receipt of that I telegraphed—"Come by ten o'clock train; I will meet you at Euston Square.—SAM." This telegram I presume you saw, for it was left behind, I am informed; and you thought there was an elopement.'

I never knew all the ins and outs of this affair, which I verily believe was a sell; at least it never came before the court, to my knowledge. My employer I presume got well paid for it, for he never grumbled about its being time lost. I got a paltry five shillings for night-watching, over and above my wages.

As to watching houses and persons, I have had to take a house and record faithfully every person who went in and out of it during the day for three weeks and a month at a stretch, not knowing why or wherefore. Very monotonous work this has been; nothing to come of it but poor wages, an uncomfortable, unprofitable sort of existence. I have had to follow a person from one end of London to the other, and make a record of every call that he made, and have never been used as witness to prove anything. I began to think that my superiors had all the loaves and fishes, and I only got the crumbs that fell from their table. If there was anything to be done which would bring in something handsome, why, my chief did it himself. A banker's son making too free with his father's name is to be taken into custody by the detective, to be well frightened,

and relieved of his ill-gotten spoil; and then returned to his parents without the world knowing of his crime. Yes, sometimes the family plate has been carried off by some hopeless son, and the detective's aid is called in to recover it, but to hide the crime. And indeed if truth were told, nearly one-half the cases of robbery of late years have been more or less under the cognisance at least of those closely associated with the family circle.

I once thought that I might make a name for myself as an honest detective. I began to see that there was scarcely a tradesman in London, scarcely a merchant that was not robbed by his underlings, if not by those of a higher grade. I watched carefully, and confided my secret information to employers. In some instances the persons were dismissed; that was all. 'We don't care to prosecute,' the principals would say, 'for trivial matters; it is too much trouble and expense. We would rather submit to small losses than be forced to attend the criminal courts.' I happened to mention to the manager of a large publishing firm not a hundred miles from Paternoster Row, that I knew his employers were robbed and systematically robbed every week. He did not believe me. I then challenged him to give me the name of any book he had in the establishment, and I would get it in three days without its passing through the counting-house in the ordinary way. He gave me the name of a work of which there were only three in stock, and the selling price was two guineas. I had only to go to a certain rendezvous, talk slang, and say what I required and the price I was prepared to give, and I knew I should get the book. And to the astonishment of the manager I presented it to him on the third day with his trade-mark still upon it. 'Well,' he said, 'this must be put a stop to. I must see the principals; and you must call to-morrow and give us full information.' I called as requested, and gave the principals the names of three who shared in the plunder.

'Ay,' they said; 'as to the first, that's the porter; we'll prosecute him. The second is the son of a person who has considerable interest in the business; they are a most respectable family; we cannot prosecute him. The third is a confidential messenger; and he is so exceedingly useful to us, that we don't well see how we could do without him. No; we must not prosecute him. But the porter, we will give him into custody if you like.'

I replied that I could not take one without the others; that it was a great pity, after all my time and trouble expended in sifting the matter, they would not make an example of the lot. No; they would not do it; but gave me a five-pound note, and asked me to say no more about it!

I suppose I expressed annoyance at this, although I received a larger gratuity than I had hitherto done; and I am afraid that I made no secret of my annoyance, for I wanted this to be my stepping-stone to advancement; but it was not to be. Neither was my conduct admired by my superiors, who told me that I should keep a still tongue, and further, that I had no right to take action in any matter on my own responsibility. And as there was no hope of advancement, I retired from the service to enter upon more profitable employment.

COOKERY INSTRUCTION FOR THE RURAL
LABOURING POPULATION.

We learn from a contemporary that the operations of the Edinburgh School of Cookery are being very widely extended, and gratifying evidence of the practical usefulness of the instructions which can be imparted by the teachers it has trained has lately been supplied from a district so distant as Devonshire. Sir T. Acland, M.P., who is well known for the time and labour he has expended in efforts to improve the domestic conditions of the agricultural poor, was anxious that instruction in cookery should be given to the cottagers on his estates, which are situated in the vicinity of Exeter and Taunton. Not being satisfied that the course of instruction given at the National School of Cookery in London was the best qualified to fit a teacher for the business of shewing the wives and daughters of agricultural labourers how to make the best of the culinary resources within their reach, he put himself into communication with the Edinburgh School of Cookery, and a teacher from that school, Miss Barnett, has been employed for some time in giving practical instruction, with 'demonstration lessons,' to the cottagers on his estates. Sir Thomas made great personal exertions, and was so satisfied with the results, that he has made public a statement of the benefits which might be expected to follow if means were taken to cause such instruction as cookery to be given among the agricultural population generally. In this document, Sir Thomas observes with regard to the Edinburgh School of Cookery: 'In that school I find that two points are clearly understood: first, that a teacher ought to be a really well-educated lady, by which I mean that she must have had a good liberal and general education, and have been trained in certain branches of physical science; secondly, that it is quite necessary to study the habits, difficulties, and limited means of the labouring classes before we can help them in the management of their food.' He bears testimony to the excellent work done by the Edinburgh teacher, though she 'has been strictly limited to the appliances in actual use, with the addition of a very small contribution in the way of meat, garden-stuff, and groceries. The teacher has come in contact with the wood-fire of the cottage hearth, with the crock instead of the saucepan, with the contracted cottage stove, and with other conditions which must be taken into account in cottage cookery.' It is to be hoped that Sir Thomas Acland's example will be largely followed. It is worthy of mention that teachers from the Edinburgh school have been lately teaching in Harrow, Guernsey, and Cornwall, as well as in places nearer home.

OIL AT SEA.

A correspondent, who takes much interest in the subject of oil, as a medium for calming turbulent waters (as recently noticed in these pages), has favoured us with a few hints, which we gladly place before our readers. He writes as follows:

'I may mention a few of the numerous objects that oil might be beneficially applied to: To facilitate the launching and landing of life-boats;

to facilitate the removing of a crew from a wreck either on the coast or in the open sea; to facilitate the entrance of fishing-boats into the harbour; to enable them to ride more safely at their lines or nets, and thereby save the serious loss they often sustain by having to abandon their fishing-gear. It might even be found beneficial in facilitating the entrance of vessels into harbours such as Aberdeen or the Tyne during storms. It might tend to save many vessels from becoming total wrecks if the waves could be mollified until the gale abated; or at least might enable them to hold together for a longer time, thus affording greater opportunity for saving the crews. It might even be a matter of economy for many harbour authorities to have it ready for instant application, if means could be devised for applying the oil to the broken water outside, and keeping up the supply until the gale passes over. Now what is wanted is a cheap, simple, but ready and efficient means of applying the oil in every conceivable necessity; and if a very small percentage of the ingenuity at present applied to devising the best means of destroying our fellow-men was brought to bear on this object, I have no doubt it would soon be accomplished. I should think it would not be difficult to construct a shell to be filled with oil in such a way that it would either burst or be made to open when it fell into the water so as to allow the oil to escape, which would then speedily come to the surface. Such shell might be fired from the mortar-guns which are kept at so many stations round our coast, where rockets and life-boats are so often required; and at sea-coast harbours a gun could easily be placed in a proper position and kept in constant readiness. Then as to life-boats, every one of them should have an oil-tank equipment. And every fishing-boat should carry a small tank constantly full on all occasions and at all seasons.

'Experience I have no doubt would very soon devise suitable ways and means if once we had the matter fairly started under suitable auspices.'

A L O N E.

ALONE by the ocean at even to wander,

When soft o'er the waters the moonbeams are cast;
To hear some sweet voice in the billows' deep thunder,
And dream of the fast-fading scenes of the past.

To live o'er again through the days that are numbered;
With all the bright visions too quickly dispelled;
To call back sweet dreams from the grave where they've
slumbered,
And fancy the pleasures that Fate has withheld.

Man thus is not lonely—for time cannot sever
The charm that unites us in Memory's chain;
Though Death the sweet voice may have silenced for
ever,
Remembrance can waken its accents again.

The friends and the loves that by distance are hidden,
The days that were lit with the fullness of bliss,
Will return, by the fond voice of Memory bidden,
And cheer the sad soul in a moment like this.

Then marvel not ye who in crowds find your pleasure,
That Solitude's silence for pain can atone,
For Life's brightest gems are in Memory's treasure,
And Heaven seems nearest when man is alone!

GEORGE EARNEST.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 787.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

SCAMPING.

SOME years ago we were in want of a house, and purchased one that was just newly built, and seemingly in excellent condition, besides being commodious as a dwelling according to modern notions. The price was two thousand four hundred pounds, which was thought to be cheap for such a mansion. Like some other houses in the row, it had been erected on speculation by a builder. He was a decent, meek-looking man of advanced age, with a good reputation, and no one could have supposed him to be guilty of cheating. Whatever he was, it is proper to put people on their guard, by relating what was the upshot of the purchase we had made.

This house of ours, which with painting and one thing and another, did not cost less than three thousand pounds, turned out to be a sham. Everything to the eye looked well enough. The apartments were elegant, the lobbies and staircase spacious, the sunk floor for the domestics all that could be desired. We are settled down, and things go on very well for a time. At length suspicions begin to be entertained that all is not right. There is a screw loose somewhere, or rather a great many screws. The first indication of this unpleasant state of matters was a smell where no smell ought to be. Then, several more smells were discovered, all of them too significant of the fact that there was something seriously wrong. A search for the source and cause of the smells was made by an expert in the profession of house-building, who was said to be clever at hunting out and curing bad smells. Well, the investigation takes place.

It was interesting to observe the way in which the expert made his diagnosis of the ailment under which the house seemingly laboured. Like a hound trying to get on the scent of game, he sniffed about in all directions, and applied his nose along the walls and skirting-boards, until he fixed on the spots whence issued the malarious odours. These spots were opened up, skirting-boards were removed, and floors lifted. What hideous circumstances were revealed! The princi-

pal soil-pipes running underneath a passage were broken, from having been laid on soft earth, that had sunk; with the result that the sewage, instead of getting away, had poured into the foundations of the house, causing a filthy quagmire. A metal soil-pipe coming down an interior wall was cracked, in consequence of a bend having been roughly made, fumes from the crack escaping into a bedroom. As if to aggravate these horrors, a gas-pipe beneath the dining-room floor had been so imperfectly jointed that the gas found its way upwards behind the lath-and-plaster partitions. To make a long story short, the whole pipe-system of the establishment was wrong. Pipes were placed where no pipes should have been, and all were imperfectly executed. It appeared as if cheapness had been alone consulted, and that the builder—honest man—wished only to get the house off his hands, no matter what might be the consequence. Besides the imperfect pipe-system, the floors were made of unseasoned wood, causing a shrinkage all over, with gaps between the deals. As a remedy, several floors had to be lifted, and relaid with some additional new portions. A general idea of the manner in which things had been scamped, may be gathered from the fact, that the expense to which we were put first and last by employing masons, joiners, and plumbers, to rectify bad work, amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds.

We have ventured on telling these experiences as a sample of what hundreds of individuals could say regarding houses put upon the market in a scandalously defective condition, but of which condition purchasers are wholly unaware. The introduction of pipes to supply fresh-water and gas, and to carry off sewage, has vastly altered the character of dwellings. A house no longer consists of only four walls and a roof, of which every one may judge. It comprehends a highly ingenious system of metal and stoneware tubes, concealed for the most part beneath floors and behind partitions, and almost as complicated as the machinery of a watch. A fine opportunity accordingly occurs for palming off houses with a scamped organisa-

tion of pipes, not only to the inconvenience, but the extreme danger of families inhabiting them. We would by no means aver that all builders are disposed to act the part of cheats. Amongst them there are honourable men who would disdain to overreach employers or purchasers; but beyond question, as is seen by daily experience, there are many who from ignorance, indifference, or motives of avarice, offer houses for sale which in a sanitary point of view are uninhabitable.

To put the public on their guard concerning the fatal effects of improper house construction, a medical man acquainted with domestic sanitary defects has issued a work for popular instruction on the subject, 'Dangers to Health, by T. P. Teale, M.A.' (Churchill, London, 1878). Mr Teale, we understand, is surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds. His book is unique of its kind. It is not a dissertation, but a practical guide for the use of house-builders and householders. By means of coloured pictorial illustrations, imperfections in piping are readily shewn. The following are the more obvious errors pointed out. The water-closet is in the centre of the house instead of near an outside wall. The drain is under the floor of a room or beneath a passage. The soil-pipes emit gases which contaminate the water-cisterns, so that the water for drinking and washing is polluted to the danger of health. The vitiated air from badly jointed soil-pipes is seen flying in streams across the rooms, to escape by the fire-places, and poisoning people who are lying in their beds. More than a dozen plates illustrate the various mischiefs which are produced by neglecting to trap the soil-pipes. A trap consists of a double bend in a pipe to hold a certain quantity of water, through which the malignant gases cannot penetrate. Without a proper trap, these gases soar upwards through the whole house, as is at once signified by close and offensive smells. But traps are not enough. The principal soil-pipe should be ventilated by a separate pipe issuing into the open air at the top of the house. We need also to look to the jointing of soil-pipes. Will it be credited? In numerous instances, the different lengths of pipes are not jointed at all. The end of one length is simply, for the sake of cheapness, stuck into the adjoining length. Sometimes, to save appearances, the pipes are jointed with putty, whereas they should be securely soldered. It frequently happens that by these and other imperfections no mischief is apprehended until some one in the house is laid down by a smart attack of typhoid fever or diphtheria. The old saying used to be, 'Death in the pot.' It is now, 'Death in the pipe.' The paramount advice to every one is now, 'Look to your pipes.'

Nothing seems to be so susceptible of contamination as fresh milk. If there be any foul air in the house, the milk is sure to suffer. The stories told of diseases arising from the use of vitiated milk are endless. Usually, the vitiation is ascribed to adulteration with foul water, or to foul water having been drunk by the cows. Such doubtless has been the case sometimes; but it is now ascertained that the purest milk and cream are liable to be rendered unwholesome by the insidious attack of sewer-gases. When an untrapped soil-pipe or sewer has communication with a dairy containing open pans of milk, dreadful

havoc ensues. In 1875, an outbreak of fever at Croydon, long unaccountable, was traced to this cause. We quote the account of the affair from the *Times*. 'The Board of Health, it is said has power under existing acts of parliament to inspect cow-sheds, but not dairies. Dr A. Carpenter stated to the Croydon Board of Health that he has known of a case in which fever of the typhoid kind was distributed in consequence of the dairy in which the milk was kept being in communication with the sewers of the district, and it unfortunately happened that the communication was not trapped. The milk was kept in the dairy and in the basement; and the trap being opened and certain arrangements carried on with carbolic acid, many of the customers of that milkman returned the milk because it smelt of tar. That told him at once the communication between the sewer and the dairy was open, and that the foul air was finding its way into the dairy and becoming absorbed by the milk; than which nothing in nature is so capable of absorbing sewer-gases. That dairy was the means of distributing typhoid germs, and yet the dairymen was innocent of mixing foul water with his milk.'

A common form of scamping occurs in the laying of pavements in the lower floors. Pavements ought in every instance to be laid on a thick bed of dry broken stones, bricks, or ashes, and to be jointed with strong cement. As the bringing of dry rubbish for this purpose would cause some expense, scamping is resorted to. The slabs of pavement are laid on the cold or it may be damp earth. The result is that in certain states of the atmosphere, the moisture condenses on the surface of the cold pavement, which assumes the appearance of being covered with water. In time, by constant wetting, the stone disintegrates, and requires to be renewed. We strongly counsel purchasers of houses to make sure that the pavements have been properly laid. Neglecting this, they may reckon on having a damp house. The same precaution should be used in laying passages with Portland cement. Unless the cement rests on a thick dry basis, it will disintegrate, and have an unsightly damp aspect.

In most instances in which an outbreak of diphtheria or typhoid takes place in a neighbourhood, blame is thrown upon architects for sanctioning the defective drainage of houses. Vast numbers of houses, however, are built and inhabited without consulting with architects, who have their own difficulties to contend with. In cases where they are employed, they wage a continual and provoking war with contractors in different departments of work. They give express injunctions for the execution of every detail, and frequently, if at all possible, such obligations are shirked. The foundations of the house are defective, the mortar for building is surcharged with street-scrapings, the timbers fall short of the requisite strength, the nails employed are of an inferior quality, the lead is not of the weight bargained for, the slates are not first-rate, the plastering of the rooms is so bad that if punctured by a nail, sand pours out in a stream, the floors are laid with unseasoned timber, and the oil-paint on the doors and window-sashes is composed of whiting, or some other cheap substitute for white-lead. There is scamping throughout. It is a common practice

to buy defective drain-tubes, which are sold at a cheap rate. These defective tubes, known as 'seconds,' are partly broken or cracked; sometimes they are misshapen, oval instead of round, or perhaps twisted. Anyway, they produce leakage with its attendant dangers to health.

Speculative builders in necessitous circumstances are known to resort to tricks beyond the use of scamped pipes. We have heard of an instance in which the gutters for rain-water on the top of a house were composed of nothing more than pitched brown paper instead of lead. The rascal who was guilty of this piece of scamping wanted to borrow money on the property. Worse than this has been reported to us. A person in the neighbourhood of London who was in the habit of building houses and of effecting mortgages on them as soon as erected, was on one occasion so hard run for money, that in order to finish a lot of houses and get them occupied, he took away the locks, grates, and chimney-pieces of the houses already mortgaged. This was of course nothing but theft; but the mortgagee of the houses that were plundered would not incur the trouble and expense of prosecuting the depredator. Many such stories could be related.

Looked at comprehensively, scamping appropriately ranks with the adulteration of food, and those villainous financial frauds that are the disgrace of our times. In almost every branch of manufacture, scamping is developed without shame, and likely enough without remorse. Houses are scamped, ships are scamped, even some of the works in railway construction are scamped. People wear scamped clothing, eat scamped food, drink water that is polluted by scamped work. Cheated on all hands from the cradle to the grave; the cheating very frequently being committed by men who aspire to keep a fair face to the world, and to signalise themselves by a parade of religious profession! Besides the downright dishonesty with which we are so apt to be assailed, one needs to be constantly on his guard against a spirit of trifling and indifference. Jobs of all sorts are performed in a style of easy carelessness. Earnestness in professional pursuits is rather looked down upon than otherwise. Under the auspices of inconsiderate philanthropists, the idling of time is exalted to a kind of virtue, as if the greatness of England depended on every man and woman doing as little serious work as they possibly could. The want of earnest care to do a thing well, would occasionally be amusing if it were not dangerous. A smell of gas in a room is sometimes traced to the fact of a nail having been driven into a gas-pipe. A house goes on fire in consequence of a beam of wood being projected into a fire. Other instances of carelessness will occur to recollection.

Numerous and exceedingly commendable are now the efforts made to diffuse technical knowledge in the useful arts. Large sums are expended by government for the purpose. There are popular lectures without end on the subject. Apparently it is all up-hill work. In our opinion, unskilfulness is less to be complained of than the want of honesty. If any good is to be done, there must be a more prevalent conscientiousness—a little more sense of honour and moral obligation, and, shall we add, a stronger determination to work than to spend time in listless and positively

mischievous 'recreation.' Let scamping in every branch of workmanship receive not only public reprobation, but the punishment justly due—as the fashionable phrase goes—to 'falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition.'

The scamping of house-construction, of which we have presented some illustrations, will need some special check. Existing arrangements are in a great measure illusory. As is well known, there are local sanitary authorities, whose duty it is to inspect and certify dwellings previous to their occupation; but from whatever cause, the duties of these dignitaries are not performed with the searching rigour which public safety calls for. In this respect, therefore, we would have the law amended, by introducing the action of a central authority, without whose licence no plans should be sanctioned, or dwellings occupied. At the same time, let it be explicitly understood that no legislation however stern can exempt people from looking after their own affairs. It is incumbent on every householder to make himself acquainted with the varieties of imperfection to which the mechanical appliances of his dwelling are liable; and if he does not, he knows where at least a share of the blame should rest. W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER V.—AT LLOSTHUEL COURT.

THOSE crags of granite, reddish here, bluish there in the shade, but which the sun's first gleam turns to glowing crimson and sparkling azure, have a character of their own, and can belong to one portion only, and that the wildest, of the coasts of storm-lashed Britain. The barren heath above, brown and purple, and gorgeous with yellow broom and golden gorse, with stones protruding from its dusky surface like the bones of a buried giant, has its character too. How grandly the rocks stand forward to bear and beat back the rush of the mighty tide-waves—billows such as only surge in from the vast Atlantic, to break upon the Cornish cliffs, all scarred and splintered by their fury. Cornwall it is that, in its weird beauty of hovering mist and rich colour, lies before us; and that crescent-shaped town in the bay, half-watering place half-fishing village, is Treport. There is a Tréport in France, own cousin to this one; but the Treport of our story faces less south than west, towards the measureless waters, over the shimmering surface of which many a Cornish mariner must have gazed with untaught inquisitiveness, long before a Genoese pilot, called Christopher Colon or Columbus, shewed the way to the immense Americas that lay beyond.

That mansion nestling high up among masses of old trees, oaks and elms, that in Kent or Berkshire would be classed as of common stature, but which are Anaks of the forest here, in this region of sweeping gales and salt-sea air, is Llosthuel Court, chronicled in local guide-books. Debrett and Dod and Murray, great authorities all, agree with the local guide-books in declaring it to be the seat of the Honourable the Dowager Lady Larpent. Llosthuel Court had been one of old Joseph Larpent's judicious investments. In England, as in France, to buy up land in small plots and parcels, by retail as it were, notoriously needs a long purse and a lavish hand. But a shrewd

purchaser who can afford to offer a large lump sum for land by wholesale, gets a respectable return for his money, coupled with that prestige which nothing but 'the dirty acres' can confer. These particular acres had been bought cheaply enough from a beggared spendthrift, who lacked but cash and credit to emulate the extravagance of his ancestors. Over Llosthuel Court and its wide domains Lady Larpent now reigned supreme. To say that the Dowager, as uncontrolled mistress of this large property, with all its claims manorial and riparian, its royalty of mines and minerals, its rights of fishery and turbary, of pasturage and pannage, was universally popular, would be to say too much. Few very prosperous persons can expect to be viewed, while living, through that flattering halo which invests the dead. Some grumbling attended Lady Larpent's high-handed efforts even to do good. People are not to be hustled out of the familiar grooves, even though the grooves be those of squalor and barbarism, without indulging in the British solace of a growl. And so there were those who felt, and those who feigned to feel, a sentimental regret for the 'old Squires,' as they called the dispossessed Penhuels of Llosthuel—King Logs at their best—and who spoke of the Dowager behind her back by the nicknames of My Lady Absolute and Madam Moneybags.

It was a mellow day, tenderly bright, as becomes the Far West, and the peacocks on the stone terrace sunned their sweeping trains and sheeny necks until every jewelled iris of their resplendent feathers sparkled in the welcome rays. In the blue drawing-room—there was a white as well as a yellow and a blue drawing-room at Llosthuel Court—was Maud Stanhope, alone beside an open window that commanded a pleasant prospect, rose-garden and terrace and shrubbery, green meadow, and savage moor, and the many-hued flashing sea, all blended in one bird's-eye view. She had a book in her hand; but she was not reading, neither did she heed those plumed magnificos the peacocks, that, as they slowly strutted past, would intermit their stately march to stretch forth their serpentine necks and lift their tufted heads in mercenary hopes of biscuit. Her eyes—beautiful brown eyes were Maud's—passed inattentive over the glowing colour of the clumps of scarlet geranium, over the velvet greensward, over the softer green of the ferns, and seemed to gaze dreamily at the far-off range of the Welsh hills, dim and blue against the sky-line. It was evident that the girl's thoughts were far away from Llosthuel Court and all that belonged to it.

A rustle of silk, a firm weighty tread on the soft Tournay carpet, and Maud becomes conscious that her hostess is in the room. She turns, smiling. 'I have left you for a long time, my dear,' said the Dowager, with old-fashioned cordiality; 'but I am a woman of business, as I often tell you, and I have had to answer half-a-dozen letters since the post-bag came in, and to set aside as many more of them endorsed, in red ink, "No;" "Ask for particulars;" "Refer to London solicitors;" "Will consider it;" and "Politely, No," for the guidance of my right-hand man—I don't quite like styling him a secretary, and he would prefer not being called a clerk—Mr Morris. By-the-bye, Morris brings me word that old Captain Cleat, of the steamer *Western Maid*,

is dead at last. Poor old Cleat! he had been crippled with the rheumatism, and fitter for the fireside than the deck, these eighteen months—and since Christmas a bed-ridden invalid—but we didn't like to appoint a successor while he lived. Now I have in my own mind fixed on a new commander for the *Western Maid*. Can you guess Maud, love, who it is?'

Maud tried to look and even to feel a becoming interest. 'Whoever is to have the post, Aunt Larpent,' she said, 'will have a very pretty vessel to command. The *Western Maid*, as she lies in harbour yonder, looks as trim as a yacht.'

'Trim enough she is,' answered the Dowager in her imperious way; 'but that's because I hate to see anything, afloat or ashore, go to ruin out of candle-end economy. The other shareholders, but for me, would have grudged every coat of fresh paint and inch of new sailcloth; but as it is, the steamer is spruce enough. I would bet any amount of kid gloves Maud, my dear, that you cannot guess the name of ~~afab~~ new captain! Well then, I have written to offer the appointment to the hero of your last month's boating adventure at Gwen Naut—that young Ashton—Hugh Ashton. I suspect you have forgotten his name already. At your age,' complacently continued Lady Larpent, 'it is almost as easy to forget as to learn; but at my time of life it is different.'

Maud was inwardly thankful that the Dowager's self-satisfaction rendered her so conveniently blind to the fact that her niece's face had suddenly flushed to a burning crimson, and almost as soon grown pale at the mention of Hugh Ashton's name. Miss Stanhope was angry with herself because the thing was so, because her aunt's words chanced to be in such unexpected coincidence with her own thoughts, just as a random shot may fire a magazine of gunpowder. Had she passed through the novitiate of a London season—which I take to be for girls what the hardening ordeal is for a Red Indian warrior—and was she to blush thus absurdly at the mere mention of a young man who had certainly rendered her a great service, but who was as far remote from her own sphere in life as though they had been inhabitants of different planets? Why, the ninth daughter of a country clergyman could not have shewn less of high-bred indifference than she, Maud Stanhope, had done. Luckily the Dowager, sharp-sighted enough on ordinary occasions, saw nothing of Maud's tell-tale change of colour.

'Yes; the *Western Maid* it seems to me will be the very thing for young Ashton. He does not know the coast, and perhaps not much of steamers; but Long Michael, as they call him, is a good mate, and will help him out of a scrape until he sees his way. I daresay the other shareholders will grumble in their sleeves. Each of them would like a kinsman, and in any case a Cornishman, some Pol, Tre, or Pen, to get the appointment,' said the lady of Llosthuel, with that air of confident reliance on her own judgment which was familiar to all who knew her; 'but I am the Company. At all events, I have written to this young fellow Hugh, to make him the offer.'

'You have written, annt?' rejoined Maud, feeling it incumbent on her to say something, and speaking as unconcerned as she could.

'Yes. I have no doubt of his acceptance, and as little that the Board will confirm my nomination,' replied Lady Larpent. 'Have you seen Lucius to-day?' she asked; and as she put the question, her observant eyes sought Maud's face. But this time there was not the faintest indication of a blush. No; Maud had not seen Sir Lucius, her cousin. The baronet was a late riser, and carried his London hours with him into the country. At breakfast he was never visible, declaring, as he did, that a slice of toast and a cup of chocolate supplied his simple needs; but that no motive less cogent than a meet of the foxhounds could persuade him to curtail his slumbers to the extent necessary to enable him to put in an appearance at the morning meal.

Time, in Sir Lucius's opinion, passed but very tediously at Llosthuel Court; and he had even come to feel something like a personal enmity towards the turret clock, which struck the hours of the day with such pedantic slowness. He chafed, as chained-up dogs are prone to chafe, against the quasi-bondage to which he had to submit. Why was he at Llosthuel, why condemned to inhabit a dwelling beneath the roof of which he must be on his best behaviour, and to saunter away his days beside the sea? Sir Lucius did not care a straw for the sea. At Cowes it was all very well, since the yachts and the Club and the matches could not very well exist without salt-water; but the Atlantic was to our dandy baronet as dreary as Sahara. His mother's grand mansion in his eyes was as dismal as a prison and as prim as a boarding-school. He would sooner have been elsewhere—almost anywhere, even in London, at that time of year fashionably impossible, had it not been for his debts. And the worst of it was that his debts were ubiquitous, meddling with and influencing every action and detail of his life. He had paid what he could not help paying to the more importunate and energetic among his tradesmen, and the sacrifice had left him almost penniless.

Sir Lucius had invitations by the dozen, and might have spent his week, his three days, or his fortnight at halls, castles, and abbeys, the owners whereof, noble, gentle, or plutocratic, would have feasted and fêted him splendidly enough, given him the run of their partridge preserves and pheasant covers and grouse moors and private theatricals; or mounted him, when the hunting season should set in, on the pick of the stable; and in fact done all that hospitality suggested, except the supplying him with ready-money. There was the rub. Without ready-money, as he acknowledged with a sigh, English country-visiting is for a sporting bachelor, especially when that bachelor has a handle to his name, impossible. There are fast country-houses where gambling in some shape, even though it take the form of guinea-pool or of unlimited loo in the small-hours, is always going on. There are slow country-houses where gruff grooms of the stables and gracious grooms of the chambers, martinet head-keepers, and Behemoths of butlers, levy cruel toll upon the purses of their master's guests. There are half a score of cases constantly turning up in which he whom Dives delights to honour must put his hand in his pocket; and woe to his social good character if that pocket be empty!

Those of Sir Lucius were as bare as the pockets of a man of his station well could be, and all his

diplomacy had hitherto failed in producing the desired effect of inducing his mother to replenish them.

'It is a pity that Lucius should be so idle,' said the Dowager, with a slight contraction of her resolute brows.

'It is a pity, I am sure, that he should have nothing to interest him,' returned Maud.

'What are you two about—singing my praises, I hope, for I certainly caught the sound of my own name?' imperturbably inquired Sir Lucius, as he strolled into the room. 'How do you do, mother?—Good-morning, Maud! It is morning still, you know, socially and conventionally, though the shadow of the sun-dial points the wrong way, and the natives have trudged from work to what they call their dinner, and trudged back again, already. I should like excessively to be a plough-boy, and earn my eighteen-pence a day, and have a healthy appetite for beans and bacon! As it is, I feel myself an awful drone, mother, in this agricultural hive of yours, and scarcely like to venture out into the model farm, for fear the working bees should set upon me and sting me to death, as not worth my keep, I assure you.'

CHAPTER VI.—SIR LUCIUS AT HOME.

There are Happy Families elsewhere than behind the wires of a travelling showman's cage, and in the very best society we may often find the keen raven and the plump guinea-pig, the pert magpie, the pink-eyed rabbit, the meek white mouse, and the blinking owl, in pacific contiguity. The cuckoo differs less from the hedge-sparrow than do some brothers and sisters, some parents and children, from their nearest and dearest. Can flashing Miss Falcon really be the daughter of mild Mrs Dove? Is yonder bold-faced boy, who seems ready, like a young buccaneer, to take the world by storm, actually of the same brood as gentle James the budding curate, or that incipient City man, careful little Bertie? Nothing but the viewless chain of habit could link together natures so various and so antagonistic.

Sir Lucius Larpent, in the family to which he belonged, bore some resemblance to a hawk in a poultry-yard; and just as a hawk whose clipped wing-feathers disable him from flight, learns to consort peaceably with the very hens over whose half-fledged chickens he was wont to hover ominous, so did the baronet try to appear in as favourable a light as possible before the other inmates of Llosthuel Court. His temper was bad; but he kept it, like a runaway horse, well in hand. His selfishness was too patent to be concealed; but he was clever enough to gloss it over with a certain half-humorous varnish that was not wholly unattractive—at least to women, who rather like a young man to possess, as the phrase is, a will of his own, and who do not object to his having personal tastes and habits of a decided sort. But Lady Larpent had her doubts. Her other offspring had characters that she could appreciate. Edgar promised to turn out a generous manly young fellow. Willie was a bright lovable boy. The Dowager sighed now and then as the suspicious forced itself upon her that her eldest son differed from his brethren as a vulture differs from a pigeon.

But Sir Lucius, good, bad, or indifferent as the

case might be, was still the head of the family, a baronet in fact, and in all probability the future Lord Penrith. As such it was much to be desired that he should become the husband of Maud Stanhope. Such was Lady Larpent's pet project; and it cost her many an anxious moment and many a sleepless hour that so little progress should be made towards bringing the young people together. It had been a part of the Dowager's simple social belief that a young man and a young woman brought into each other's society in a rather dull country-house, must of necessity fall in love. To this end she had insisted that Maud should prolong her visit, and that Sir Lucius should continue to be a resident beneath her roof. To this end she tightened her purse-strings, and was deaf to her son's frequent hints that a supply of cash just then would be peculiarly acceptable.

Alas! in matters matrimonial, as in other affairs, there is often a justification for the homely proverb which tells us that although you may bring a horse to the water, you cannot make him drink. It is of no use to bring two young people together, if of such bringing nothing comes. And so it was in this instance. All Lady Larpent's pains and forethought were apparently wasted. She did indeed see, or thought that she saw, some slight indications on Sir Lucius's part of a preference for Maud's society; but if real, the sentiment was too feeble to ruffle the languid equanimity of the baronet's habitual demeanour. And Miss Stanhope did not at any time appear to have her titled cousin uppermost in her thoughts.

'I have got, or am going to have, a new captain for the *Western Maid*, Lucius,' said the Dowager, recurring to the previous topic, since a subject of discourse in the quietude of country life will, like leaf-gold, bear a good deal of hammering. 'Old Captain Cleat, who commanded the steamer, is dead. And I can do as I like now.'

'*Western Maid*? Ah yes! that's the prettyish bit of a boat in harbour at Treport there, and that belongs to the Royal Cornish Tug and Salvage Company, which I take to be a fine and round-about way, mother, of describing yourself. It was my grandfather Joseph that founded the Company, wasn't it? and left you about nine hundred of the thousand shares which compose it; so that you can give your orders to Company, I fancy, just as you can to any other understrappers in these parts. Well, who is to have the command of this trim little coasting-steamer of your Ladyship's? Some old Triton, I suppose, who has a red face and a hoarse voice, due to the combined effects of rum and bad weather, and who might be twin-brother to Cleat departed.'

Lady Larpent was often amused at her son's sallies. She had her doubts however, as to how far this one might be good-naturedly meant, so she knit her weighty brows as she said: 'The future captain of the *Western Maid*, Lucius, is a person very unlike your ideal portrait, being as he is, no other than the brave young fellow who saved Maud's life at Bala yonder—Hugh Ashton by name.'

'What! the boatman—the fresh-water sailor?' exclaimed Sir Lucius with a sneer, that for the moment disfigured his handsome mouth. 'What, in the name of all that's astonishing, mother, can have put it into your head to give the command of a smart vessel to such a fellow as that?'

It is singular how varied a meaning may be attached to the word 'fellow,' according to the intonation of the speaker. It can imply an affectionate familiarity, a sort of verbal caress, or a simple and impartial description; or again, a contemptuous gibe. Sir Lucius had imparted to its harmless two syllables as bitter a seasoning of scorn as human lips could well express.

'He saved my life—he risked his own in doing so,' said Maud Stanhope indignantly. 'I am sorry, cousin, that the service should count for so little in your eyes.'

'And I am sorry, Lucius,' said the Dowager gravely and with displeasure in her voice, 'that you permit yourself to speak thus disparagingly regarding one of whom you know, as I am well assured, nothing but good, and whom I am myself inclined to think rather more highly of than you do. I feel that a deep debt of gratitude is owing on the part of the family to this Hugh Ashton—none the less so because his father perished in the act of helping my dear Willie to reach the shore—and I, at all events, have an old-fashioned habit of not neglecting what I consider as a duty. Llosthuel, after all, is mine—my own' (perhaps these last words were rather too emphatically spoken), 'and so is the rest of my property, including my interest in that Coasting Company concerning which you have chosen to be so witty, Lucius.'

Sir Lucius winced and bit his lip sharply—it was a trick of his from boyhood, when thwarted—and then the scowl that had gathered about his darkhug brows passed away, and it was with a bright smile and a light laugh that he made answer: 'You are right, mother, and I was wrong. I spoke hastily, as I suppose, and I am afraid not quite fairly, of this nautical paladin of yours in the blue Jersey and straw-hat. He has lots of pluck, anyhow, and swims like an otter; and we ought all of us to be much obliged to him, I am sure, for his spirited behaviour at Gwen Naut,' continued the baronet in a tone that he tried to prevent from being grudging and sarcastic. 'But there did seem to be something comical at first sight in the idea of transplanting him from fresh to salt water. Who was Dibdin's rustic hero, that

Left his poor plough to go ploughing the deep?

This is a change of the same sort, but perhaps less striking. At anyrate I wish Mr Hugh Ashton good luck—in all nets at the pilchard-fishing, and later on, plenty of wrecks—if it isn't wrong to say so—as captain of the *Western Maid*.'

Lady Larpent was mollified, but not quite content. She had observed more than once that any positive assertion of her own rights and powers as regarded the management of the property was certain to have a sobering influence over the skittish temper of her son. And it is not the noblest nature upon which a veiled threat produces more effect than argument or entreaty could do. Also her shrewd ear was prompt to detect something discordant, like a false note in music, in the baronet's recent speech. But Maud, whom experience had not as yet gifted with the skill to know the ring of base metal when she heard it, softened towards her kinsman.

'That is kind—that is generous of you, Lucius,' said the girl, sidling towards her cousin as she

spoke, and smiling upon him. A glorious smile it was, that rare one of Maud's; and Lady Larpent, as she noted it, began to hope that her own match-making day-dream might at length come true. Then came in Willie and Edgar, making tumultuous entry, as boys always do, and full, as boys always are, of news and rumours in which marriage and giving in marriage find no place. There was a stir among the miners. Pol-wheedle and Tredyddlum mines had suddenly been closed, and three parishes were idle and breadless.

'Not a hundred ounces a week all this year, they say, to send to Lostwithiel smelting-works, from both the pits together,' said Edgar, with a boy's solemn affectation of superior knowledge; 'so I suppose the London Company won't find money any longer for expenses, though the poor women, with their shawls over their heads, are crooning and crying about the main adit like mad. —Isn't it a shame, mother?'

'Then there's a Portuguese brig with a cargo of wine, and abandoned by her crew, washing, washing to and fro with every tide, and last sighted off the Eddystone.' It was Willie who narrated this, which he had lately heard from fishers on the beach; and at the hearing of it Sir Lucius smiled.

'A chance for your protégé, mother,' he said lightly. 'A derelict wine-ship in the Channel, I take it, is the nearest approach to a captured Spanish galleon that our prosaic laws allow in these degenerate days, and I believe you let your hounds have a share of the quarry they run down.'

'Our rules,' said Lady Larpent, somewhat stiffly, 'certainly do allow the commander of a steamer some part of the salvage earned by the Company in such a case. But come, Lucius; we had better let the subject drop, if you please. British seamen, so far as my experience goes, always think of saving life first, and their claims on the Admiralty Court afterwards; and Hugh Ashton I am sure will be no exception to the rule, when he comes among us here.'

The boys opened their eyes. But when they heard that their humble acquaintance of Gwen Naut was to be the new captain of the *Western Maid*, their delight was hearty and honest.

'Dear old Hugh!' exclaimed both in a breath. 'I don't know a better fellow, or a braver; and it will be as good as a play to have him so near us as Treport here.'

PLOUGH-MONDAY:

STRAY NOTES ON AN OLD CUSTOM.

ALL over England in years gone by, the time-honoured festival of Plough-Monday was joyously observed by the peasantry. On this day, which is always the first Monday after Twelfth-day, agricultural labourers and husbandmen were accustomed to draw about a plough and solicit money, with mummeries and dancing, preparatory to the recommencement of their tasks after the Christmas holidays. In a few places they still draw the plough, but the sport is mostly now confined to mumming and alms-gathering. Formerly, the 'fool-plough,' as it was called, was absolutely essential to the exhibition, and was dragged in procession to the doors of towns-folk and villagers.

Long ropes were attached to it; and from thirty to forty stalwart young fellows, in clean white shirts or smocks, but protected from the weather by warm waistcoats underneath, drew it along. Their smocks were gaily decorated all over with bright-coloured ribbons, tied in knots and bows, and their hats were adorned in the same way. The pageant usually included an old woman, or a boy dressed up to represent one, who was gaily bedizened and called 'Bessy.' There was also a country bumpkin dressed up to play the 'fool.' He was covered with ribbons and clad in skins, with a depending tail, and carried a small box or can, which he rattled about among the spectators to collect donations in. These masqueraders were attended by music and morris-dancers. And there was always a frolicsome romp by a few girls in gaudy finery. The money collected was afterwards spent in feasting and conviviality.

In olden times very little work was ever done during the twelve days devoted to Christmas, and farmers were then wont to feast and reward their husbandmen for past industry. Plough-Monday served to remind them of their business; and on the morning of that day both men and maidens strove who could shew their readiness to commence the labours of the newly awakened year by rising the earliest.

The origin of this ancient festival has been attributed to the fact that in the olden times a light called the 'Plough-light' was maintained by the peasantry in many of the churches, to obtain a blessing on their work, and that on Plough-Monday they held a feast, and went about with a plough and dancers to beg money for the support of the light. The Reformation put a stop to these lights; but the festival to which they gave rise remained, and the practice of going about with the plough begging for money, continued; the 'money for light' serving to fill the coffers of the village alehouse. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, a custom was kept up even so late as the present century, closely analogous to the ancient rites of Plough-Monday. Another old custom in the same part of England was when a new tenant entered upon a farm, for the neighbours to give him what was called a 'plough-day.' This meant that they would let him have the use of all their ploughs and the labour of all their ploughmen and plough-horses on a fixed day to prepare his ground for the seed. This custom is still prevalent in many parts of Great Britain—a piece of friendly courtesy shewn to the new tenant by the neighbouring farmers.

Rude and rough though some of these old customs were, the homely pageant and rustic revelries which always marked Plough-Monday as a red-letter day in the calendar of the peasantry, threw a life into the dreary scenes of winter, and made bright for a time many a desolate village and secluded hamlet. The procession would start upon its way from village to village in the early gray of the morning, and before noon it would become considerably augmented; for the ploughmen from every surrounding farm and homestead would take a part in the rustic saturnalia of the day. And the women-folk too would have a share in the proceedings; for theirs was the task of bedizening their brothers and sweethearts with flaunting ribbons and rosettes, which they stuck promiscuously about their snow-white smocks. Sometimes

the procession would be joined in by thrashers carrying their flails, reapers bearing their sickles, and carters with their long whips, which they cracked continuously in order to add to the general tumult. But the life of the party was invariably 'Bessy,' who would rattle his box and dance so high that he shewed his thick knitted stockings and corduroy breeches; and very often, if there was a thaw, would tuck up his gown-skirts under his waistcoat, and shake the bonnet off his head, and disarrange the long ringlets which ought to have concealed his whiskers.

At the largest farmhouse of the district the mummers were generally treated to cakes and ale as well as to money. But if by any chance the owner happened to behave niggardly, or shut his door in their faces, 'Bessy' would rattle the box, the men would dance and blow their horns, or else shout with all their might; and if there was still no sign, no coming forth of either bread-and-cheese or ale, then the word was given, the plough-share driven into the soil in front of the house, the whole body of men yoked, pulling like one, and in a minute or two the trim parterre would become as brown and rutted as a newly ploughed field. But this was not often done; for everybody would wish 'God-speed the plough,' and contribute something; and were it but little, the men did not murmur, although they might afterwards discuss the stinginess of the giver among themselves, particularly if he happened to be what they called 'well off in the world.'

But the real Pough-day festivities, such as our rude forefathers delighted to indulge in, are now no longer kept up; and it is not without some shadow of regret that we can look back upon them, and feel that they no more exist, except in the imaginations of those who still have some lingering reverence for the things of the past and for the quaint manners and customs of bygone days. The world seems to be growing more and more artificial with each succeeding generation. The love of such primitive pursuits as those we have been describing has as it were died out in the land. The country has learned to mock the fashions and amusements of the town; the taste of the people has become too worldly for purely natural enjoyment. No doubt modern civilisation has done much in providing for us great and incalculable advantages which our ancestors did not possess; but they, in their turn, probably derived more real gratification from their simple pleasures than we are able to draw from all the alluring pastimes and fashionable frivolities of our advanced state of society.

In those olden times the people were more susceptible to pleasurable impressions from external objects; freer to contemplate and admire all that was beautiful in mere outward nature. Now, in our own time, modern resources provide us with newer modes of recreation—more in accordance perhaps with the artificial lives led by the mankind of to-day, but very far removed from those ancient standards of primitive simplicity adopted and followed by our forefathers. And among other changes which time has wrought in our manners and ways of living, the decadence of many of these homely customs holds a prominent place. The festive doings and merry antics which served to make bright the lives of the peasantry on the few holidays they were

allowed to indulge in during the year, seem to be as much buried in the oblivion of the past as the names of the rustic swains who enacted the chief parts in each rural dance and simple pageant. Such wholesome outdoor amusements are not to the taste of the country lads and lassies of the present epoch, who are above amusing themselves with mere puerile pleasures. Indeed—to quote the words of an old poet who lived some two or three centuries ago, and who even in his day had begun to note the gradual decline of our ancient sports and pastimes—it may now truly be said that

The pipe and pot are made the only prize
Which all our spritful youth do exercise.

THE SILVER LEVER.

VI.

THERE was no mistaking it. Many a time when he was a lad his uncle had held it ticking at his ear, and he knew every line in the cracked enamel of its face. He could trace there the squinting countenance which the cracked lines had formed for fancy when he was a boy. He knew every flower painted between the fat Roman figures. But all these aids to memory were unconscious, and he did not think of examining them, any more than you would look for the wart on your friend's nose before you shook hands, or make sure of the colour of your divinity's eyes before kissing her. They were points he could have sworn by, but he never thought of them at the moment. He knew the watch, as he would have known the face of an old friend.

I have feebly indicated the enormous revulsion of his soul at that moment. No man can paint a hurricane, and a storm is but a poor symbol of tumult in the soul. For a minute, great throes of joy shook his heart, and then came calm and the quiet of a settled purpose. There were memories with him then which he would have bartered for no present joys possible to him. And there was no thought or shadow of a thought of any benefit to himself to arouse from this astounding accident. The memory of his cousin filled his heart. He saw her ways made smooth, and beheld her like the sun making life bright for the poor; cheering cold hearts, and gladdening her own.

It was not unnatural perhaps, since he was absolutely certain that any millionaire in the city would have given twenty thousand pounds to have that battered lever and to know its secret, that a sudden fear should fall upon him that some man should rush in and secure it, and snatch the treasure from his fingers. He counted his small store of money over with trembling hands. He had but eleven shillings.

He was waiting for the clock to strike. On the 20th day of April and the 20th day of October in each year he drew the income which resulted from the miserable remnant of his father's fortune. The half-yearly sum amounted to fifteen pounds twelve shillings; and he was now waiting for the hour at which he should call upon the man of business who managed this final fragment of his property. And though he knew there could be few things less likely in the world than that during his absence any stranger should buy the watch and take it away with him, yet he dreaded

it so much that he dared not trust the chance. He walked into the pawnbroker's shop and asked to see the watch. The assistant handed it to him. He pressed the spring, and the back fell open limply, and there, sure enough, were latitudinal and longitudinal lines, and other indications of the whereabouts of the buried treasure. He closed the case again and asked the assistant how long the shop remained open.

'Close in ten minutes,' said the assistant, rubbing his cold nose with the edge of a blotting-pad.

'I will buy the watch,' said Robert, speaking quite calmly, 'but I have not quite enough money with me. I will leave this eleven shillings as a deposit. In twenty minutes I will be at the public-house opposite with the rest of the money. Will you meet me there?'

'Couldn't do it,' said the assistant.

'Take nine shillings then, as a deposit,' said Robert quickly; 'and keep the other two for yourself.'

'All right,' said the assistant, nodding cheerfully, and pocketing the two shillings. He was a young man of no imagination, and the reflection that 'this was a rum start' quite satisfied him.

Robert hurried to his man of business, whose office was in Shoe Lane.

'Now Ryder,' said the man of business, 'you're here before your time, you know.'

'I shall not trouble you again,' said Robert. 'Let me have my money at once, if you please, and be good enough to wait for me for half an hour. I have an important business proposal to make to you.'

'My good fellow,' said the man of business, 'I can't wait half an hour for you.'

'You don't make fifty pounds every half-hour of your life,' said Robert. 'You may make it within the next thirty minutes if you choose. But let me have my money now, if you please.'

Was this the stave and submissive hunchback whom he had snubbed so persistently and successfully this last dozen years. The man of business was amazed. He took refuge in banter.

'Are you turned millionaire all of a sudden, Ryder?'

'No,' said the hunchback.

'You've come in for a fortune anyhow?'

'I have,' said Robert; and the countenance of that man of business underwent a change. 'Kindly give me my money now, and wait here for half an hour.'

The receipt ready drawn up and stamped was handed over and signed. Three five-pound notes, a half-sovereign, a shilling, and elevenpence in bronze, lay on the table. The man of business had paid himself for the stamp. Robert took up the money, and went his way eagerly. Five minutes later, and the watch was his and in his own possession; and he was back in Shoe Lane at the business man's door before half the specified time had expired. Robert's last remnant of fortune was a remarkably successful mortgage. It paid ten per cent. per annum. The security had always been considered shaky until the beginning of that year, when the property had fallen into the hands of trustees, who had already written about paying off the mortgage. Ten per cent. was a ridiculous interest to pay on a safe property, and the trustees were business men.

'The amount of this mortgage,' said Robert to

the man of business, 'is three hundred and fifty pounds. Draw up a deed to-night transferring it from me to yourself, and you shall have it for three hundred pounds.'

The man of business made some demur, and raised some question of delay and inquiry. Robert rose to go, and wore an air so resolute that the man of business relented, and undertook to have the deed ready for signature at ten o'clock on the morrow. It was a very good stroke of business for him, and he knew it. On Robert's side it was the first business-like thing he ever did in his life, and I suppose that business men will laugh at it.

He walked about London in the dismal rain, with the yellow gas-lights beaming at him like drunkards' eyes; and the crowd hustled him about the slippery pavement. But there were warmth and sunlight within him, and widespread peace; and holy Hope was there with music in the murmur of her wings. Sweet, generous, tender heart! On thee and such as thee, Fate's vulture preys too often, yet howsoever beak and talon tear the chords, they cannot kill the music.

There were rumours of terror abroad about those Turkish hills; but they had no weight against his single-hearted purpose. He was but a poor creature, and had no courage for himself, nor resolve, nor perseverance. But in *her* cause there was nothing that he would not dare, and little that he did not feel able to accomplish. He did not reason. If he had, he would never have attempted such an enterprise as that on which he was now bound. Yet he adopted some precautions, and did not act at complete haphazard. French and Italian were already in some broken sort familiar to him. He had a native turn for language, and such acquaintances as he had made in London were for the most part foreign refugees as poor and as sad as himself. He knew from general reading that these languages would be of service to him, and since the advent of Bill Dean, he had felt himself so drawn to the country in which the hidden treasure lay, that he had eagerly read all he could find concerning it. Theoretically he knew as much about the country as any stranger to it could well know, and he and Dean had settled on the map between them something like the whereabouts of the buried money. He knew how far up country the railway ran, and on what roads carriages could travel, and at what season the hills were supposed to become inaccessible to traffic. He bought a pocket compass, a revolver, a Turkish vocabulary, and the best map he could procure of the Balkan Hills.

With some sparse provision in the way of winter clothing, he started. He had never before been out of England, and when he found himself in Calais with some hours upon his hands, he strayed about with a dazed sense upon him that this first of foreign towns was less strange than it should be. The quaint thin chimies sang to him of the treasure, and the tumbling waves of the Channel had a like burden. The buried gold in those far hills was the only real thing in the world to him. Kohn was a shadow, and Frankfort a shadow, and Vienna was a dream-city and no more. The Rhine, which had been one of his dreams, was still a dream, whilst the railway carriage bore him by its side with that perpetual

clank and roar which called continually: 'Gold's buried. In the mountains. Hurry forward. Hurry forward. Gold is buried in the mountains.' Why should not others hear that exigent monotone as well as he? It sounded plainly in his heart and ears, sleeping or waking, as the time sped on. The roar of traffic in the streets of that dream Vienna took up the burden. The last steamer of the year that bore him down the Danube to Nicopolis, puffed and groaned to the same urgent chorus: 'Gold is buried. In the mountains. Hurry forward. You will find it. You will find it. You will find it.' So sang every measured refrain of sea and town and rail and river. The jolting wheels of the rough and springless araba which bore him down to Plevna sang the song in every jolt and shriek. His horse's lonely footfall as he rode southwards chanted that maddening hurrying refrain.

He found everywhere a rough but generous hospitality, and the parting salutation, 'Be with God,' was always gentle, if not always gently breathed. It was the rainy season then, and the roads along the plain were lines of bog running through a quagmire. He had bought a sheep-skin coat and cap to protect him from the wretched weather, and so, until his speech betrayed him, he passed unnoticed. His broken Turkish served his purpose well, for it saved him from many necessities of speech which would have endangered his secret otherwise. Warnings of the dangers which lay northward poured in upon him more and more thickly every day. The land was smouldering with the fire of insurrection, and every here and there was breaking into flame. And the government was heaping fire on flame, and now and then experimenting on the possibilities of putting out a burning town by throwing gunpowder into the midst of it. Yet this weak and timorous hunchback, by nature and training a coward, held his way, and would not be turned aside by one hair's-breadth from his purpose. For the power of love was on him, and it was no mere treasure of buried gold which lay before him waiting for its resurrection at his hand. It was her soul, whom his soul loved. The gold was hers, and her heart should be glad of it. It should bring her a new birth and a new being. All she had loved and longed for in her girlhood, art, music, books, freehanded charity, the very light and fire of life to her, waited for her at his coming. It was the thought of her which made his miserable weakness strong, and the hand of love which drew that cowardly heart from his breast and set the spirit of a hero there.

On he rode day by day, southward, until the rain ceased, and the clear skies shone out again, precursors of the ice and snow. Scarce conscious of the change, he rode on day by day until at last he stood unknowing upon the very spot of earth on which the first man had fallen in that midnight encounter more than five-and-forty years before. The winding road, ever rising higher before him, swerved broadly westward here, and he knew that he had reached the spot at which he must quit the highway and betake him to the hills. To the left, winding along the face of the hill, ran a bridle-path. He dismounted, and led his horse up this narrow and difficult way. He had provided himself with a rough pick and spade in Orhanië, and he bore these strapped to his shoulder. Often,

in spite of all the eager hurry which filled his heart and set his veins on fire, he had to pause for breath; but at length, after nearly an hour's climbing, he reached the summit of the mountain, and there for a minute looked about him on a scene of such sublimity as is scarcely to be found elsewhere in Europe. In spite of the intenseness of his purpose, the majesties of Nature gave him pause; for a while he drew freer breath, and felt alone with God and with the wondrous world His hands had made. But even here he saw with love's eyes, and felt by the heart of love and not his own. In some day not far distant, these scenes should be open to her, and in them her soul, hitherto imprisoned, should find free space to seek what joy she would.

Far down below him in the valley gleamed a sulky pool. No other water lay in sight, though he could survey the scene for miles. '*East of the pool*'—so read the inscription on the watch-case. Already he saw the Mecca of his pilgrimage.

He reached the spot, travelling—not knowing it—by the way those murderous feet had taken years ago. Between two great trees on the eastern side of the pool lay an immense moss-grown fragment of rock, in which he found clearly outlined the form of the stone scratched upon the watch-case. There was little verdure and no underwood about the stone. He tethered his horse to the nearer tree, and marked out with the pick a trench the whole length of the thickness of the stone, five feet from its end. Then he began to dig. His weak strokes made but slow impression on the soil, but he laboured as men work when only labour stands between life and death. Suddenly the point of the pick caught something and dragged him forward into the hole. He scrambled to his feet and found that the pick's point was imbedded in a flat piece of leather. Seizing the spade, he cleared the earth away from this right and left, until it revealed itself as a broad strap connecting two leathern cases. He worked now like a madman, though the force of his strokes grew fainter every moment. One of the cases at last was cleared, and seizing the strap, he dragged it up from the place in which it had rested for so many years. When his weak hold relaxed, it toppled and fell open. Within it he could see nothing but mould. He fell upon his knees and explored it with his hands. Earth, and nothing but earth. With failing limbs and failing heart he laboured to release the second case. The same failure greeted him. In dragging out the second case he had laid bare another leathern band, and his hopes revived, and lent him new strength. The second band was connected in like manner with the first with two cases of thick leather, and these, like the others, were empty of all but mould. No! What was this? A single Turkish lira glimmered golden on the soil. The hunchback sat upon the edge of this grave of his hopes, and his heart died within him. His face drooped down and his hands covered it. The soft white snow-flakes fell upon his bowed and wearied figure. The horse broke from the tether, and wandered down the valley, cropping here and there. He did not know it, and would not have heeded had he known. And the snow and the night fell together as he sat there beside the grave, which held no treasure save that of his own soul despoiled and broken.

L'ENVOI.

Life's troubles had been heavy on Sarah Glossop at one time; but in the sleepy cathedral city in which her new lot was cast, the time went smoothly. She lived with a benevolent elderly rather stupid old Dean and his elderly benevolent and keen-eyed wife. The old couple had young children when Sarah Glossop first entered their service, and these children grew up into men and women under her care, and there was much love between them. Love makes life's burdens light, and this broken heart lived and grew again in the midst of quiet home influences. The household knew her story and respected her griefs. The very servant wenches knew that this calm and beautiful creature, who looked more like a queen than a housekeeper, had 'seen trouble,' and were tenderer with her on that account. The years went on as they have a habit of doing, and brought tranquillity. Take courage, you who suffer. Even you to whom sorrow is no casual mistress, but a wife, will find her face some day grown lovely, and in her gentleness and charity and tender hope you will take comfort.

For her hapless cousin, Sarah felt a very sincere and strong affection, and for the griefs which had fallen upon him through her husband's misdeeds a sympathy which was half self-accusation. They corresponded together, and he had always led her to believe that in worldly matters he was passably prosperous. She had written to him twice, and had received no answer, and was growing anxious about him, when the hand of Fortune touched her again upon the shoulder, and the sphere of her life was changed.

The dull old Dean and the keen old lady never quarrelled in all their benevolent lives either with each other or with the dwellers in the tents of the stranger. But for once they spoke sharply to each other across the breakfast-table.

'I tell you, my dear,' said the Dean, for he knew how to be obstinate at times, 'that it is quite impossible and romantic and absurd.'

'And I tell you, my dear,' said his lady, 'that I'm certain that it's true for all that; and we'll have Glossop up and see about it.'

At that the keen old lady rang the bell and demanded Mrs Glossop. Mrs Glossop came up stairs and confronted the old lady. The Dean took a tremulous stand upon the hearth-rug.

'Sit down Glossop,' said the old lady; and the housekeeper, in much surprise at this command, sat down.

'What was your father's Christian name, Glossop?'

'My father's name was Job Ryder,' the housekeeper answered.

'And where,' asked the keen old lady, with triumph in her face and voice, 'did your father live?'

'At Coventry.'

'Yes,' said the old lady, with the triumph growing in her eyes. 'And what did he call the cottage he lived in?'

'He called it Konak Cottage,' said the housekeeper. 'It was a foreign name, but he had been a good deal abroad in his younger days.'

'Now don't disturb yourself Glossop,' said the Dean's keen old lady; 'but read that.'

She set a copy of the *Times* before the house-

keeper and laid a finger on an advertisement. This advertisement bore heading:

'BANK OF ENGLAND—Unclaimed Stock.'

And it set forth the fact, that whereas since the year 1859 stock to the amount of one hundred thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds had lain unclaimed in the name of Job Ryder of Konak Cottage, Coventry, Gentleman; notice was thereby given that unless within three months, claim should be made, the said stock would be transferred to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt.

'Glossop,' said the keen old lady, as the housekeeper looked up with an expression of bewilderment, 'you're a great heiress.'

And thus, after all, Job Ryder had carried that blood-bought treasure home with him; thus had it accumulated at interest; and in this wise its presence was revealed. His daughter's claim was without difficulty established, and allowed; and she went out into London to set to work whatever appliances money could put in action for the discovery of her cousin.

He and she met no more on earth; for even at the hour at which the first drop of that shower of charity which made the poor of the old cathedral city happy, fell upon them, the hunchback sat upon the edge of the grave his hands had made. The great flakes fell thicker and thicker together. The bleak wind pushed them by, and they fled from its rude touch, and whirled helplessly in fantastic circles. But they closed again in a phalanx dense though frail, and fell upon the drooping figure gently, as though they fain would build a cairn to mark the spot where so much tenderness and valour lay. The hands of the storm modelled that cold and unenduring monument, and built it to completeness, as under its pure shadow his pure soul fell to sleep.

And those fair spirits, the murmurs of whose wings make tender music for the pure in heart, abode with him, and he with them. And for him there shall be no more tears nor any sorrow.

POST-OFFICE CURIOSITIES.

As a rule, we eschew Blue-books; but there is one official annual—the Postmaster-general's Report—in which we always look for a little amusing reading, and are rarely disappointed. Last year's issue is exceptionally entertaining. There is the usual array of statistics, through which we do not purpose wading; merely noting that despite the bad times, the Post-office cannot complain of slackness of business, since there has been an increase of more than four per cent. in the number of letters, post-cards, newspapers, book-packets, &c. passing through the post in the space of twelve months; the total for 1877 standing at 1,477,828,200; of which 1,057,732,200 were letters proper, 102,237,300 post-cards, and 128,588,000 newspapers.

The portion of the Report in which we are most interested is that devoted to Correspondents, whose extraordinary applications are published by the Postmaster-general just to shew what very vague ideas some people entertain regarding the scope of postal operations and the duties of postal officials. A dweller in Kansas writes: 'HONORABLE SIR—My Grandfather Mr John — made a will on or about 22 Oct. 18— dated at — leaving to his son, my Father, 1000*l*., the interest to be paid to him

half yearly, the principle to be divided among his children at his death. My father died on the — last leaving myself and one brother who wishes to look up collect the money for us.' Why this gentleman took the trouble to let Lord John Manners know so much of the family affairs, is not very clear. A countryman of his is more explicit, as he is more exacting. He says: 'As I have no correspondent in London at present I adopt this plan of procuring one that I can transact business through. The matter I wish to call your attention to is this. To the estate of — and the — heirs. The papers were sent here once but have been lost. — died in London about forty-five years ago, and left a large estate of which my client's interest would be about seventy-five thousand dollars at the time of his death. Will you please inform me what it is necessary for us to do in the matter in full.'

The legacy-hunter is not alone in desiring to obtain legal advice gratis; a poor man with a grievance indites the following somewhat incoherent epistle: 'MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—I humbly beg your consideration if there is no law to stop persons from calling all manner of bad names day after day as it is annoying me very much in my calling as a Gardener & Seedsman; as I have applied to the office at — for a summons for a little protection and they tell me not, so I think it rather too hard for me as I have done all the good I have had the means to do with the Hospitals and Institutions and all charityable purposes both in — and elsewhere if needed, but I suffer from lameness with a ulcerated leg not being able for laborious hard work although I wish to do as I would be done by. Please to answer this at your leisure.'

Not a few honest folks are possessed with the notion that the Post-office is as much concerned with missing people as missing letters. One poor woman, addressing herself 'To Controul of the Dead Office, Newcastle,' says: 'I rite a Line two see if you hard Enny thing of my husband—that was left at — ill. please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trouble.' She evidently feared her husband was dead, and supposed in that case the 'Dead Office' would know it. An Irishwoman, 'quite a stranger in London, only two months out of Ireland,' entreats the Postmaster-general to help her to find her husband, being incapable of undertaking the search herself, because she would be sure to go astray, and besides has no money. 'I want to find out my mother and sisters who are in Melbourne in Australia I believe,' writes a distressed damsel, 'if you would find them out for me let me know by return of post, and also your charge at the lowest.' But of all the feminine applications for information, the funniest is certainly this: 'Will you, if you please, let me know if there is such a gentleman as Mr — in —. I beleave he is a Chirch Clurdmán. There is a young man in — who has been engaged to my sister and he says Mrs — at — is his sister. I should very much like to know, if you will oblige me by sending. I thought if Mrs — was his sister I would rite and ask for his charctar because he is a stranger to us all.'

'Wanted a lady to correspond with a gentleman for mutual improvement,' is a form of advertisement constantly appearing in American news-

papers; and there are in the States such things as Corresponding Bureaus, where 'young people of both sexes can be supplied with high-toned and intelligent correspondents.' For reasons best known to himself, a gentleman hailing from Indiana, aged eighteen, who has travelled all over the United States and Canada, instead of seeking a correspondent in his own land, sends Lord John a letter, which he begs him to give to some young lady or gent—lady preferred, who would like to correspond with him on topics of general interest.

Another American, this time a Tennessean, has a yet more extraordinary commission for the Postmaster-general. He writes: 'DEAR SIR—I want you to do me a kine to hand this to some good watchmaker and tell him to see if I can by a instrument to tell where gold or silver is in the ground or if there is an instrument maid to find mettel—gold or silver—that are in the ground. If it will attract it—A instrument for that perpos—I understand there are sutch a thing maid. If so, be pleas tell me where I can by one and what it will cost me. It can be sent to New York to — where I can get it. I want to get an instrument to hunt gold and silver. You will pleas write to me as I think if there are sutch a thing maid I could get one in your country. I send you a stamp.' All faith in the divining-rod is not yet lost, and there is virtue yet in Mithridate mustard—whatever that may be—or somebody would not offer to send our Postmaster-general some partridges if he would get any herbalist or greengrocer to send him a parcel of Mithridate mustard, which 'grows at Hatfield by the river-side and in the street of Peckham on the Surrey side. It don't grow in any part of —shire that I am aware of. We have the common hedge-mustard growing here; but that won't do what the gentleman wants it for.'

A young Welshman being given to understand 'that you do want men in New South Wales,' says he should be very thankful for all particulars by return. Two coloured young men of Springfield, Illinois, anxious to come to England and get work as coachmen or race-horse trainers, desired 'Mr Postmaster' to seek work for them, and 'advertise it in the papers.' A Switzer wants the Postmaster-general to obtain him a situation in the English colonies or plantations as teacher in an institution or tutor in a good family. He can speak French, German, and a little English, and says: 'I am old of twenty-two years. I should wish to be defrayed of the charges of the lodging, nourishment, &c., to have a good salary and the voyage paid. These are my conditions; perhaps you will found something for satisfy them. I will give you a commission proportionably to the importance of the place.'

Our foreign friend concludes somewhat peremptorily, but we may be sure the fault was not an intentional one; which is more than can be said in the case of the English school-boy who gave one of the Post-office officials a bit of his mind in this very bumptious fashion: 'SIR—Not having received the live bullfinch mentioned by you as having arrived at the Returned Letter Office two days ago, having been posted as a letter contrary to the regulations of the postal system, I now write to ask you to have the bird fed and forwarded at once to —, and apply for all fines and expenses to —. If this is not done, and

I do not receive the bird before the end of the week, I shall write to the Postmaster-general, who is a very intimate friend of my father's, and ask him to see that measures are taken against you for neglect. This is not an idle threat, so you will oblige me by following the above instructions.'

TWICE BURIED.

WHAT I am about to relate, incredible as it may seem, is perfectly true, and occurred some years ago on board a ship in which I was then serving my time. We were thirty-five or forty days from home, had crossed the line, and were getting the first of the south-east trades, when our second-mate began to break down. He had joined the vessel in bad health, but seemed to get better in the tropics; and now again he felt himself gradually sinking. There was no doctor on board, our ship not carrying passengers that voyage; but it was easy to see he was in a rapid decline. How sorry we all were! Everybody liked him—a kind considerate officer; a cool skilful seaman, somewhat reserved perhaps, but not cold; never asking any one to perform a disagreeable or dangerous duty without lending a hand himself. And there he lay dying—so young, handsome, strong. Oh, it seemed very hard! The song and laugh were hushed around the decks, our steps fell light as we passed over his head, and often through the watches one of us youngsters would look in to see if Mr Linden wanted anything, sometimes coming out pale and scared; he looked so white and still, we knew not was it sleep or death.

We had passed the Cape of Storms, and were now far down in the region of mists and snow, where the vast ice-islands wander in lonely awful grandeur, and fierce westerly gales howled after us as we flew on our easterly course to Australia. One night, wild and dark, with every appearance of a heavy storm at hand, I was passing the second-mate's berth when I heard his voice feebly calling after me. He was sitting up in his bunk hardly able to speak, his lips dry and burning. I ran off to fetch him a drink. Alas! there was nothing to be got but water, thick and reddish, from the ship's iron tanks. Bad as it was, he drank it eagerly, and becoming more composed, lay down, still keeping hold of my hand. Then his mind seemed to wander back to the days of his childhood, back to happier times, when with the girl he loved, he strayed through sweet country lanes, and all was peace and rest. While in dreary contrast, the rising wind moaned and sobbed through our rigging like some living thing in pain, and men's steps were hurrying along the decks preparing for the battle that must soon be fought. At last the cloud passed from his mind, and he turned to me, grasping my hand tightly, and spoke of his mother and sister and that other loved one whom he would never see again. Without him they would be alone in the world. Lovingly, lingeringly, he dwelt on them till he made me cry like a child. Then he lay back with his head on my arm, and gradually passed away to the better land.

We could not bury him that night. It was a fierce struggle all the time to shorten sail; for nearly five hours we were all on the foreyard, trying to furl the foresail, which was blown to pieces in the end. At last, morning broke on the

mad raging sea. The sailmaker sewed a bag of canvas round the corpse; we placed two ten-pound shot at his feet; the seas were breaking too heavily on the main-deck, so we carried him tenderly up on the poop. Never shall I forget that burial scene. The black lowering sky, the ship under close-reefed topsails flying for her life from the pursuing snowy crested billows. Near her stern all hands were grouped, the wind blowing the old captain's gray hair wildly about, the rain and hail beating on our bared heads, and pattering on the deck like a thousand feet; the solemn faces stern and sad; and on the wheel-grating lay all that was left of the man we loved. The captain read a few words till something seemed to choke him; he pointed over the stern, and turned away. A dull splash was heard. Like men in a dream we gazed at the spot as a sea broke over it. I fancied I still saw it gyrating a little, then slowly descending, end first, through the quiet depths; and in imagination I could behold strange unknown monsters sweeping towards it, regarding it with their dull eyes as something yet more strange than themselves, still going down, past the regions of ocean-life, slower and slower, till at last, balanced by the pressure of waters, it ceases to descend, standing in the soundless moveless depth like Mohammed's coffin, floating between surface and bottom.

On flew the vessel, till many a mile lay between us and that sad spot on the lonely deep. But a change was coming round by the southward; the wind hauled to the eastward, and before dark we were hove to, the wind blowing from the eastward and northward a perfect hurricane. At about two bells (one o'clock) in the middle watch, King (my messmate) and myself were standing on the poop, in the lee of the mizzen-mast, watching the seas as they broke on the main-deck, trying to distinguish objects by the garish light of the white foam. Occasionally a pale lightning flash shewed the wild waters around us, the labouring ship seeming to sweep the inky sky with her mast-heads; a scene to us youngsters indescribably terrible. The third-mate was on watch; he was standing over to windward, stern and silent. The dead man and he had been close friends. They had wandered over the world together for years, and he seemed to feel his loss deeply. Suddenly we heard his voice: 'Go for'ard, one of you, and see if the look-out is all right.' Rather a disagreeable duty; for though the rain and spray had wet us through already, yet the water in our clothes was warm by this time; and going along that main-deck exposed us to the probability of a fresh supply of a colder temperature. 'Let us both go,' said King. We stood on the poop-ladder watching our chance, and the moment the vessel seemed steady, made a rush for the five rail round the mainmast—a sort of half-way house. I reached it in safety; but poor King's foot slipped on the slimy deck, and the same instant a huge sea leaped on board at the weather main-rigging. I climbed up the foretopgallant braces clear of it with a laugh at King's expense; but it died on my lips as a cry came borne to my ears—the cry of some one in deadly terror. I slid swiftly down the braces to the deck. The same moment a flash of lightning shewed me King still on board, clinging to the lee main-rigging, his face white and distorted with some awful fear.

'Come out of that, George,' I implored. His

position was one of great danger; but he did not stir or answer. As the vessel rolled, I was dashed against him. I clung round him to the rigging, holding on till the water had in some degree subsided through the ports and scuppers. 'What is the matter, old fellow?' I asked. 'Are you hurt?'

With his lips at my ear, he answered hoarsely: 'He's on board again, Jack!'

'He! Who?' I cried wildly.

He did not answer, but pointed to the deck. There was about a foot-depth of water on it. As the ship rolled to leeward, I saw, by the now incessant lightning, something washing to and fro in the water, with loosely tossing limbs. The ship rolled to windward—it washed away. Again the ship rolled to leeward—it washed to our feet. Tangled in the ropes, it stayed there. The lightning gleamed full on the upturned face. It was the second-mate!

Never will the horror of that moment pass from my memory. What brought the dead back again? Was the shadow of death never to leave us? A horrible faintness seemed creeping over me. I could not move. Suddenly the third-mate's voice rang out sharp and anxious: 'Where are you, youngsters?' and broke the spell. Welcome indeed was that voice to our ears; it seemed to bring us back to the world of life again. We hurried aft, and rather incoherently, I think, told him what we had seen.

'Nonsense!' he said angrily. 'Did you never see a death on board a ship before, that this has made such an impression on you?—You the watch there'—to the men—'get hold of whatever that is knocking about the decks, and secure it. Get the deck-light, one of you.'

The men went down on the main-deck, by no means cheerfully though. They soon came up again carrying something. 'It's a corpse sir,' they said in answer to the officer's inquiry. Snatching the light, he directed it on the dead man's face. All cried together: 'The second-mate!' Ay, there was the man we had buried the morning of the day before in a strong sailcloth bag, with twenty pounds-weight at his feet, on board again—our own eyes saw him. Naked and bruised he lay before us, with the dank sea-slime clinging to his swollen limbs, but nothing to account for the absence of shroud and shot. We buried him again next morning in silence and haste; and setting what sail we dared to the now favouring gale, fled away from the scene of that terrible mystery.

[We are assured by the writer of this extraordinary tale that he was himself an eye-witness, and that the details are all strictly true. He surmises that the shot and the canvas-shroud may have been imperfectly fixed, and so become disengaged from the body, which, carried along by some ocean current, was at length tossed on board by the waves.—Ed.]

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In our last *Month* the suggestion was quoted that the probable future of the soda-trade would be near the salt-brines. Since then a deputation from Cheshire has directed the attention of the Local government Board to the fact that the pumping-out of the enormous quantities of brine

required for the million and a half tons of salt manufactured yearly in Cheshire occasions a serious destruction of land and property. Roads, railways, canals, buildings of all kinds, pipes and drains, suffer from the sinking of the ground under which the great brine-springs lie; and if the pumping-out is to be increased, the risk of further damage will be increased in proportion. The question thereby raised is important; and it remains to be seen whether a civil engineer can be found able to keep the surface from sinking while the underlying supports are pumped away.

Another deputation has represented to the Home Secretary that something should be done by legislation or otherwise to protect certain parts of the kingdom from the disastrous effects of floods. From Somersetshire to Yorkshire, and from Essex to Lincolnshire, the counties were represented, and made out a clear case as to lead to a belief that parliament will be called on in the coming session to sanction measures for the prevention of floods. The subject has been often mentioned in these columns; and many of our readers are aware that in consequence of improved drainage all over the country, floods are much more sudden and destructive than formerly, and that in some river-valleys, continued neglect of prevention would be ruinous.

The Honourable Ralph Abercromby in discussing the application of what is known to mathematicians as 'harmonic analysis' to the reduction of meteorological observations, points out that the taking of averages in order to deduce results from series of observations is likely to mislead.

On the other hand, meteorology would not have been what it is had the process of averaging not been brought into use; it enables us to institute comparisons and to enlarge our experience. For example, 'the mean temperatures of the year or month, though giving a very small idea of the real climate, have been grouped to form isothermal maps, which have been of considerable value to meteorology. Again, by taking the mean direction of the wind at different parts of the earth, sailing-routes have been greatly improved; while by collecting rainfall statistics, much useful information has been derived, both as to the distribution of rain and the capabilities of local water-supply.'

Sir Ralph describes *weather* as 'the product of the passage of cyclones or anti-cyclones over any place. In temperate regions, the circulation of the atmosphere, the general scheme of which is at present entirely unknown, always takes broadly the form of cyclones or anti-cyclones, whose position and shape are in a state of perpetual change; subject to numerous local, diurnal, seasonal, and other variations, the weather at any part of either always possesses the same character; so that the weather over any area, at any instant, is the result of their position; and the sequence of weather, over any spot, is the result of their motion.'

Professed and amateur meteorologists will perhaps take note of these propositions; and if they will remember that 'deductions from averages give the facts only, and not the causes of any

periodic phenomena,' they may do much towards imparting a scientific character to meteorology.

Eleven European countries, and India, Mauritius, and the United States, now co-operate in the important work of Maritime Meteorology. In a contribution to his Report, the Hydrographer of the Admiralty says that at the present time 'there is scarcely a part of the globe visited by seamen unknown as to its prevalent seasons, winds, ranges of temperature, action of the barometer, and direction and velocity of the tides or currents.' But much more must be done before we know enough, or as much as will enable the mariner 'to know when to find a fair wind, and where to fall in with a favourable current.' How much more may be judged of from the fact that there are on the shelves at the Admiralty an accumulation 'of thousands on thousands of observations in most of the branches of ocean meteorology, and extending over the whole navigable surface of the globe, awaiting some organised system of reduction, such as would satisfy the present requirements of science.

It is satisfactory to learn from the anniversary address of Mr Ellery, President of the Royal Society of Victoria, Australia, that legislative measures have been taken to check the 'reckless destruction' of timber in the forests of that colony, where rival owners of saw-mills have chopped down trees out of spite, and then left them to rot. The Department of Agriculture, supported by the new laws, has begun to reforest the stripped mountain-sides with exotic as well as indigenous trees, whereby the state nurseries at Mount Macedon are making 'wonderful progress,' and a valuable growth now covers a large part of the summit. From these nurseries thousands of plants are distributed to other parts of the colony; and it is remarkable that many of the European and American timber trees thrive better than the native, and grow more rapidly than in their original habitat. 'It is intended also,' says Mr Ellery, 'to sow many of our wrecked forest areas broadcast with the seeds of indigenous trees, notably the ironbark, and the same process will be tried on some of the treeless plains to the north.' With a view to proper protection of the young plantations, a beginning has been made in the establishment of a college where young men will be trained in woodcraft and forestry and in agricultural chemistry. By these praiseworthy means it is hoped that the climate of the colony will be ameliorated, and the ever-increasing tendency towards drought—which is the invariable accompaniment of a treeless district—arrested. We trust that the example thus set will be followed in other parts of the world where timber is regarded only as material for money-making. The young state of Nebraska (U.S.) is planting trees by thousands; and we hear that among projected ameliorations in Cyprus, planting holds a prominent place.

In a communication to the Linnean Society, Mr J. C. Hawkshaw describes the grazing habits of the common limpet, as seen on that coating of delicate sea-weed which abounds on the chalky coast of Kent. In eating the weed, the limpets remove also a thin layer of chalk; and the white patches which they leave shew that a single limpet will clear more than an inch square in area in a single tide. First a small groove is made in the chalk,

and by repetition of the process, is gradually widened; and if the limpet should be excursive, becomes a zigzag more than a foot in length. From observation, Mr Hawkshaw calculates that ten limpets would keep clear a square (superficial) foot of chalk; and he remarks that 'in any case they do more to destroy the rock-surface than the sea ordinarily does.' The eastern beach at Dover is a favourable locality for observing that limpets not only graze, but that in some instances they dig pits. Beyond the Atlantic there are, as is said, limpets a foot in diameter. 'If,' remarks Mr Hawkshaw, 'the proceedings of these South American giants are at all the same as those of the limpets of our own shores, and are in proportion to their size, they must materially aid in the encroachment of the sea on the land when the rock happens to be soft.'

Another communication made to the same Society ought not to be passed without notice, for it is one in which human-kind, to say nothing of certain quadrupeds, are interested: it is 'On the Development of *Filaria sanguinis hominis*, and on the Mosquito considered as a Nurse.' Microscopists have discovered in human blood and in the blood of dogs, swarms of small thread-like worms—these are the *Filaria*. If they could grow and breed in the body in which they first appear, that body would soon die. 'If, for example, the brood of embryo *Filaria* at any one time free in the blood of a dog moderately well charged with them, were to begin growing before they had each attained a hundredth part of the size of the mature *Filaria*, their aggregate volume would occupy a bulk many times greater than the dog itself. I have calculated,' says Mr Manson, author of the paper in question, 'that in the blood of certain dogs and men there exist at any given moment more than two millions of embryos.' Obviously this minute creature is a very formidable parasite. Were it not that large numbers disintegrate and perish, or are voided with the secretions, having even been found in the tears, the natural function of the blood would be impossible.

Nature requires that for further development the *Filaria* as well as other parasites should enter some other body. Knowing that mosquitos suck human blood, Mr Manson made arrangements by which he captured a number of the insects which had gorged themselves on the blood of a filarious Chinaman who had been 'persuaded' to sleep in a mosquito chamber. On examining the insects by aid of the microscope, the subsequent development of the *Filaria* could be well made out: it passes through three stages, in the last of which 'it becomes endowed with marvellous power and activity. It rushes about the field (of the microscope), forcing obstacles aside, moving indifferently at either end, and appears quite at home.' Referring to the papillæ which, appearing at one extremity of the creature, are supposed to be the boring apparatus, Mr Manson says: 'This formidable-looking animal is undoubtedly the *Filaria sanguinis hominis* equipped for independent life, and ready to quit its nurse the mosquito.' And concerning the subsequent history of the creature he remarks, that the *Filaria* 'escaping into the water in which the mosquito died is, through the medium of this fluid, brought into contact with the tissues of man, and that, either piercing the

integuments or what is more probable, being swallowed, it works its way through the alimentary canal to its final resting-place. Arrived there, its development is perfected, fecundation is effected, and finally the embryo *Filaria* we meet with in the blood are discharged in successive swarms and in countless numbers. In this way the genetic cycle is completed.'

It is in warm climates that the presence of these microscopic worms is most to be feared. In Brazil, Demerara, India, China, and other tropical countries the existence of the *Filaria* has been but too clearly made out, and that its presence is associated with painful and disgusting diseases, and 'not improbably with leprosy itself.' It is found too in Natal in company with a noxious parasite of another kind. If, as is thought, there is some relation between the infested blood and certain epidemics, the question is one well deserving of careful study.

Inventions for use in war and destruction of life have been numerous of late years. Commander Gilmore, R.N., has thought it right to advocate the other side of the question in a paper read at the United Service Institution on 'The best Method of carrying Life-saving Apparatus on Board our Men-of-war,' in which he shewed that with iron ships, rams, new explosives, and torpedoes, the naval battles of the future will be more destructive than those of the past. When a wooden ship sank, many floating fragments remained to which men could cling until picked up by boats; but the wounded iron ship goes swift to the bottom with all hands. Against such terrible loss there is, as Commander Gilmore contends, no resource so readily available and trustworthy as a raft. After examination, he finds that ships could carry rafts without materially interfering with their efficiency, and proposes 'that vessels possessing poops and forecastles should have rafts on the top of them, constructed of air-tight cells or of cork compartuents, forming flying poops and forecastles.' In many cases the captain's bridge might be constructed as a raft ready to be launched at any moment.

In the discussion on this paper it was shewn that cork mattresses and waterproof hammocks afford a ready means of saving life in cases of emergency; and that small boats and floats to fold up might be made of strips of pine. By the insertion of tubes in, or attaching them to the strips, their buoyancy would be largely increased; and if all the wooden movables on board ship were bored and stuffed, so to speak, with tubes, the chance for crew and passengers to keep themselves afloat would not be so narrow as it now is. The Society of Arts will perhaps have something to say on this subject, for in the spring of last year they offered their gold medal for 'the best means of saving life at sea, when a vessel has to be abandoned suddenly, say with five minutes' warning only.'

The experiments with the electric light continue: on the Thames Embankment, the Holborn Viaduct, and in other places, and are generally successful; but some time must elapse before complete economy of power on one hand and perfection of light on the other are arrived at. Amongst the best, one has been shewn at the north end of the Quadrant in Regent Street, where the prevailing dimness has been transformed into what

may be described as brilliant moonlight, under which it was not more difficult to cross amid the throng of vehicles than by daylight. On all sides there are indications that the experiments will not be given up: Mr Siemens is pursuing his investigations; Dr Tyndall has given a lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution; and Mr Wilde of Manchester, who exhibited a remarkably powerful dynamo-electric machine at a gathering of the Royal Society twelve years ago, and made experiments which were described in their *Proceedings*, has now brought out an electric lamp which has claims to notice. The source of the light is an electro-magnetic induction machine, driven by a steam-engine; and the light itself is produced by a pair of carbon-rods about seven inches in length, one of which, by an ingenious self-acting contrivance, is made to touch the other at its upper end, or to revert to its original perpendicular as required. During the contact, no current passes; but on separation, the current is produced and the light appears. A number of pairs of carbons may be lighted at once; and it is an advantage that they do not all cease to burn should anything go wrong with one of the number.

Mr Wilde will persevere with his investigations. In the experiments above referred to, he established the fact, that a large amount of magnetism can be developed in an electro-magnet by means of a permanent magnet of much smaller power; and then exciting a large electro-magnet by means of a small magneto-electric machine, he succeeded in evolving a proportionately large amount of dynamic electricity. Driven by a steam-engine, the movable parts made fifteen hundred revolutions per minute; and the current produced was so exceedingly powerful that iron rods fifteen inches long and a quarter of an inch thick, and seven-feet lengths of No. 16 iron wire, were at once melted. The illuminating power of the electricity thus developed was, according to the description, of the most splendid kind. 'When an electric lamp, furnished with rods of gas-carbon half an inch square, was placed at the top of a lofty building, the light evolved was sufficient to cast shadows from the flames of the street lamps a quarter of a mile distant.' And a piece of ordinary sensitised paper such as is used by photographers, when exposed to the action of the light for twenty seconds, at two feet from the reflector, was darkened to the same degree as was a piece of the same paper exposed for one minute to the direct rays of the sun at noon on a bright day in March.

Of potentiality of electric light there is evidently no lack. The question now is to apply it simply and efficiently. Considering that many inventors in different parts of the world are doing their best to solve it, we may believe that the days of electric lighting are not very far off. We may again ere long refer to this subject.

In last *Month* it is stated that of the 114 millions of tons of coal, estimated to be annually consumed in Great Britain, more than a third escapes into the air in the shape of oil of vitriol. This is a mistake: the estimated amount of oil of vitriol liberated, being 1 per cent., or about 3,500,000 tons.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 801.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

DEALING WITH CRIMINALS.

For a number of years, there has been a growing opinion in England that there is something seriously wrong in the method of prosecuting real or alleged criminals. The whole thing seems to be a system of delay, worry, and confusion. So bad, indeed, that many who suffer injuries will rather put up with them in silence than incur the trouble of prosecuting. In cases of suspected murder or homicide, what laborious proceedings to get at the truth! The object appears to be to furnish as much amusement as possible for those who are fond of sensational reading. In the first place, we have a public examination of witnesses by the coroner, carried on perhaps for several weeks, every day's proceedings being faithfully narrated in the newspapers. As if that were not enough, the subject is similarly dealt with by a magistrate, the newspapers again taking care to report all that takes place. Occasionally, the coroners and magistrates take a different view of matters, and the case seems to be getting into a dead-lock. At length, it gets on somehow. If it be a desperately bad case, the Treasury perhaps interferes, which amounts to public prosecution by a kind of side-wind. When people's minds are saturated with *ex parte* evidence against the suspected individual, he is brought to trial, at which the ground is once more traversed, amidst the battling and wearisome speeches of lawyers, and the reporting of newspapers, until the more thoughtful members of the community are sick of the whole affair. The law, of course, means only fair-play: but does not the procedure look very like a job for the benefit of somebody or other? Can it be denied that the repetition of so much that is loathsome concerning crime must have a certain damaging effect on public morals?

Reform in the system of prosecuting offences has often been considered by English lawyers whose means of living do not depend on fees. It has been considered again and again by parliament. If we are not mistaken, a Bill has been

framed on this hackneyed topic. All who have given the matter any serious thought, come to the conclusion that the chief reform will consist in the appointment of a public prosecutor acting in the interests of the state. Without that, little need be attempted. The project of appointing a public prosecutor does not, however, commend itself to some well-meaning individuals. They imagine it may lead to despotic authority, or at all events to jobbery and corruption. Certainly, it would be attended by some expense. As the Scotch system of public prosecution is frequently referred to, we shall attempt a brief account of it for general information. We may not say anything new, yet it may be new to many of our readers; at least, it may help to allay prejudices.

All crimes whatsoever are a matter of public prosecution in Scotland. Private individuals suffering injury are not precluded from prosecuting the alleged offender. But, practically, no such thing as private prosecution is heard of, nor of being bound over to prosecute. A crime is reckoned to be an offence against the state, not against the individual, and its prosecution accordingly belongs to a state officer who undertakes all the trouble, expense, and responsibilities in sifting out and punishing offences. The head officer charged with this function is the Lord Advocate, who prosecutes for the public interest in the name and behalf of Her Majesty. The Lord Advocate is always chosen from the Faculty of Advocates, among whom he must be of a certain number of years' standing. His appointment is by the Crown; and looking to his multifarious duties, he would need to be a man noted for his industry and versatility of talent. While still, as regards civil cases, allowed to pursue his professional career at the bar, he becomes a subordinate officer of state, a public prosecutor, and is expected to be a member of parliament in the interests of the party to whom he owes his appointment. The position of the Lord Advocate is therefore a little anomalous. It has been suggested that he should

be relieved of his character as general adviser for the Crown in Scotch affairs, and confine himself entirely to his duties as public prosecutor. Perhaps that might be advantageous; but it would infer the creation of something like a Secretary of State for Scotland, and an additional burden to the estimates. On the whole, things work very well as they are. Economy is studied. No complaint is heard on the subject.

The Lord Advocate could not possibly execute his duties as public prosecutor without an establishment of deputies, and a vast ramification of local public prosecutors throughout the country. He is like a commander-in-chief at the head of a drilled force, and with this organisation of subordinates his office cannot be dissociated. He is changed with every shift of ministry; but the extensive corps of local subordinates go on the same. They are of no party. They are perennial. It would be absurd to think of introducing a public prosecutor into England without this backing of subordinates. You might as well commission a general to take the field without an army. Herein lies the excellence of the Scotch system, and herein is the wonder how a satisfactory method of dealing with crime should have been going on for hundreds of years, while all the time England has been struggling in a species of legal chaos. The inhabitants of Scotland in the present day claim no merit in the system. It has come down to them from distant ages, and goes on from generation to generation in smooth working order.

To begin at the beginning. Every county in Scotland has a sheriff, possessing civil and criminal jurisdiction. The sheriff, who is appointed by the Crown, is a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and except in Glasgow and Edinburgh, he is not bound to reside permanently in his sheriffdom. He visits it at stated times. Latterly, owing to the diminution of crime and litigation, some of the counties have been united with others under one sheriff. However this may be, there is in every county a resident sheriff-substitute, who is generally a member of the Faculty of Advocates. Practically, he is the county magistrate, always ready to grant warrants, and to hold civil and criminal courts. He does the work of a bench of magistrates in England; wherefore the landed gentry in Scotland have little or nothing to do with the administration of the law. The sheriff and his substitute manage everything; and it is better they should do so, for they are educated to the law, and are responsible Crown functionaries. In several counties, according to population, there are two, three, or more sheriffs-substitute. Lanarkshire, with Glasgow as a centre, has the largest staff. There is a growing feeling that the sheriffs-substitute are now qualified to do all the work, and that the sheriffs, their superiors, may be allowed to die out. With some modification, this is likely to ensue.

Wherever a sheriff-substitute is situated, there you find a public prosecutor, styled procurator-

fiscal. Formerly, these officials were appointed by the sheriffs. They are now appointed direct from the Crown, though doubtless on the recommendation of the sheriff. They hold their appointment for life, or while able for the duty. These procurators-fiscal are almost invariably local solicitors, possessing not only a knowledge of law, but a comprehensive knowledge of the town and district to which they pertain. A number of them act as bank-agents and agents for insurance offices. Some of them act as clerks to road trusts and so forth. By these various occupations, they are able to serve the Crown in the business of prosecution at a comparatively moderate salary. In their duties as prosecutors, they are assisted by the head-constables for the district and the police generally. All are bound to ferret out information respecting the commission of offences, with a view to deliberate investigation. The sheriff-substitute is at hand to grant a warrant, and to preside at examinations.

There is no coroner in Scotland. The procurator-fiscal acts as coroner for his county, town, or district. It is part of his duties to do so. All his examinations are private, or only in presence of the sheriff-substitute. Everything is taken down in writing. The person accused is invited to make a statement with a view to clear the matter up, but is informed that all he says may be brought in evidence against him. Until committed for trial, he is allowed no assistance from solicitors. In other words, nobody at this early stage is permitted to interfere, so as to confound the ends of justice by harangues and suggestions. No report is furnished to newspapers. All that the public know is that 'the matter is under the investigation of the Crown authorities.' This rigorous secrecy is never complained of, except in cases where it would be important to make known as early as possible the cause of homicide; as for instance, when anybody is killed by the falling of an old house, by conflagration, or by shipwreck. The withholding of prompt information in cases of that sort, is felt to be unnecessary and unjustifiable. So far, we think, the procedure in Scotland requires amendment. Some years ago a great commotion was caused by the procurator-fiscal of Edinburgh refusing to give the official information he possessed regarding a death caused by the accidental falling of a decayed building. To allay the agitation, his superiors authorised him to communicate the required intelligence to the public.

We mention the circumstance to shew the extraordinary care taken to prevent any public bias for or against a suspected person previous to trial. Sometimes there may be error in such punctilious solicitude. But unquestionably the system as a whole works satisfactorily. We never heard of anything like a miscarriage of justice arising from preliminary investigations being conducted in private. Certainly, no time is lost in the prosecution. When the procurator-fiscal has

completed his inquiry, the papers are forwarded for the consideration of Crown Counsel, which consists of the Lord Advocate with his four deutes, and the Solicitor-general. In ordinary cases, the consideration of the four deutes, or some of them, is sufficient to determine whether there are grounds for a trial or not. The matter may be ordered to be dropped, or ordered to be proceeded with in the Sheriff Court, or in the High Court of Justiciary. It will thus be observed that in Scotland there is no intermediary tribunal resembling a grand-jury. The thing is either dismissed, or is proceeded with as speedily as the nature of the circumstances will admit. We leave any one to say whether the deliberately considered opinion of four experienced lawyers, acting under official responsibility, is not likely to be a greater security against rashness in sending a case for trial, or in improperly withholding it, than the hurried opinion of unskilled individuals who usually compose a grand-jury. We would speak with every respect of that venerable institution, which for anything we know is as old as the Heptarchy; but of nothing do Englishmen more acutely complain than that of being dragged from their business to sit on grand-juries about things they know or care nothing about, and about which no time is allowed for consideration. The Scotch are happily spared this sad infliction.

In the event of a case going to trial, the Lord Advocate, or one or other of his deutes, takes the entire duty of prosecuting without any special fee. They are not on piece-work, but on a recognised salary, so have no reason to spin out proceedings. Generally, trials are got through quickly, at least they are not protracted beyond reasonable bounds. As shewing the degree of care taken throughout, it might be safe to aver that the proportion of convictions to prosecutions is greater in Scotland than in England. Such is said to be the case. Government, at all events, gets a good bargain in dealing with Scotch criminal proceedings. According to the last published accounts, the annual allowance to the Lord Advocate was L.2387; the Solicitor-general, L.955; and four depute Advocates, L.700 each. Including charges for crown-agent, clerks, messengers, and some other officials, the total outlay in the head department was L.11,605. The sheriffs' accounts, including the charges of procurators-fiscal not paid by salary, amounted to L.24,000. The salaries of procurators-fiscal range from L.130 upwards, according to the duties to be performed. A common salary is L.500 or L.600 a year. In Edinburgh, including allowance for clerk, it is L.1250. In Glasgow, the sum is L.2400. The total for criminal proceedings is set down at L.67,588. That sum may be called the price which the Treasury pays annually for public prosecution in Scotland. But public prosecution extends beyond Crown officials. The magistracy of every burgh employ a procurator-fiscal to prosecute in the local courts, and who is chargeable on the funds of the corporation. Every police establishment has a procurator-fiscal with a salary from the rates.

From these explanations, it is evident that public prosecution is an essential part of the Scottish judicial organisation, and is reckoned indispensable. The criminal law could not go on without it. It is likewise seen that under economic

management, the cost to the Crown of public prosecution in Scotland is of comparatively small amount. Seventy thousand pounds a year cover the whole, exclusive of the salaries of judges in the higher courts, which do not strictly belong to the question. We would not say the system is perfect; but admittedly it answers the purpose, and is congenial with the feelings of the people. To substitute such a system in England, for the present hap-hazard routine of private prosecution, infers wide administrative changes. Orators speak of a public prosecutor being wanted for England, as if that were all. Not one, but hundreds of public prosecutors are required. Without an administrative force like that described, and on a far larger and more expensive scale, the attempt to introduce the Scotch system would have a poor chance of success.

The question substantially resolves itself into this. Are the people of England prepared to encounter the probably heavy expense of public prosecution on the scale that would be absolutely required? Besides the expense, there is the creation of what we may call new machinery. The County Court judges might possibly be utilised as sheriffs with criminal and civil jurisdiction, which would be a step in the right direction. We could suggest some other changes; but the subject trenches beyond our sphere.

There seems to be no doubt that as matters stand England does not occupy an enviable position. A consciousness of this is evident in the attempt at codifying the criminal law. The first lawyers of the age tell us that in private prosecution, cases are sometimes so ill got up that they break down, and the guilty parties are acquitted. Dr Douglas Maclagan, in an address on Forensic Medicine, delivered at Bath at the meeting of the British Medical Association, says that no one can be surprised at the way cases break down in England. 'The attorney acting for a private party, with only a limited guarantee for the repayment of his costs, will, according to the prudential proverb, not put his hand further out than he can draw it back with safety, and will not lead evidence that will be expensive, and which may entail a loss upon him. Medical evidence is exactly of the expensive kind, if fairly paid for (which it generally is not), and this outlay he will naturally shirk from incurring, if he possibly can. The public prosecutor, who certainly ought always to be under strict and searching audit, is not under any such considerations, and will take pains to have good scientific evidence, although it may entail some expense on the nation. His official character, nay, his retention of his appointment, may be at stake, if he do not get up his case thoroughly, and the auditing authorities at headquarters (at least such is our experience in Scotland) will be ready to pass his accounts when they see that he did what was needful to make good his case, and when they know that he, paid as he is with us by fixed salary, can have no object to serve in leading expensive evidence, excepting a desire to do his duty in vindicating the offended majesty of the law. Does this which I now complain of—the imperfect getting up of cases involving scientific evidence—exist now or not? You who, either from your personal observation or from local newspaper reports, are con-

versant with the details of criminal cases occurring in your neighbourhoods, can answer this question better than I can; but this I can say, that, far as I am from the seats of English assizes, I every now and then see cases which prove to me that, in respect of calling medical evidence, criminal cases are most imperfectly conducted.'

Enough has been said to ventilate a subject of great national concern, and we leave it for general consideration.
W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A SUDDEN JOURNEY.

SIR LUCIUS LARPENT, after he left Maud at the door of Llosthuel Court, sauntered off in a condition of offended dignity. He played his part pretty well, although an irate lover ought, according to the traditions of the stage, to stalk, and not to saunter, so long as his fair kinswoman was in sight. Then he lit a cigar, strolled round to the stables, and relieved his hurt spirit by telling the deferential head-groom that his mother's gray carriage-horses, and bay carriage-horses, and the cob, and the pony, and the hack, were a set of heavy-heeled, clumsy, greasy-fetlocked animals, fit to plough perhaps, or to drag a butcher's cart, but simply a disgrace to the stable in which they were harboured, and to the lazy duffers who pretended to rub them down. Having said which, with sundry expletives, he flung away his cigar, and rambled off to the house and his own rooms. Sir Lucius's comforts had been studied at Llosthuel as those of few sons, without 'encumbrances,' are; and it was in a deep armchair, before a crisply blazing fire, in the snugest of apartments, hung round with rods and guns and trophies of the chase, that the baronet pondered, amidst the fragrant fumes of Turkish tobacco, on the next step that it behoved him to take.

'That fisherman fellow,' he said at length, through half-closed lips, as the blue curls of smoke soared upwards: 'I must get rid of him somehow. He's just the fellow—confound him!—to seem romantic, and gallant, and interesting—in the eyes of a girl. If it wasn't for her money—or rather for her land'—Then came a pause.

'A man must marry, I suppose, sooner or later; ay, more than once if necessary,' he continued, almost argumentatively; 'and where there is so much to be got by it, I should say sooner. But the fisherman fellow! I must get him put out in the cold, one way or other. He has the Fiend's own luck, always shewing up in some picturesque fashion! It's not safe to have a beggar who looks like the "Banished Lord" in old Sir Joshua's picture, always dangling about one's *fiancée*—especially when, as he pretends, he once saved her life. Let us see!'

Sir Lucius took counsel of the fumes of Turkish tobacco and of the glowing caverns in the brisk coal-fire, and presently exclaimed, with a start in his chair: 'Think I've got it! Think I have! Sam, my groom of last year—and Sam

I should hope is in the Penitentiary by this, only that so clever a scoundrel is sure of a ticket-of-leave—told me all about the buyer of my bay horse, Highland Fling, that I sent over to be sold for what the beast would fetch at Tregunnow Fair. A chap they called Swart bought him—Swart, or the Black Miller of Pen-something. "Highland Fling won't kick *him* out of the saddle, Sir Lucius," said Sam; as indeed the brute had done to Sam and self only too often. And he told me too what he'd heard in the public-house about this man Swart, and how, town-bred as he was, Swart was able to buy him at one price and sell him at another, as it were. "I felt, sir, as if he were the Londoner, and I the bumpkin," said Sam. This Swart, it seems to me, is the very fellow I'm looking for.'

And Sir Lucius presently dressed, and went down to dinner on excellent terms with himself and with the world, so convinced was he that in the person of Ralph Swart he had chanced upon a villain of an exceptionally dark dye and quick intelligence, no doubt amenable, as villains should be, to the persuasions of pounds, shillings, and pence. And Sir Lucius was no longer without the means to pay its just and marketable price for convenient rascality. He was no longer impecunious. His mother, perhaps by way of bounty, and perhaps by way of smart-money in the affair of his thorny courtship, had given him a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds. He could afford to spend part of it in getting rid of the detested fisherman, whom his mother's incomprehensible infatuation about a mere boatman, who had done an act of mere pluck, had enabled to be a stumbling-block in his path.

The next morning Sir Lucius had slipped out of the house at an hour for him preposterously early, leaving word with his demure valet, who did not in the least respect or believe his master, but who repeated his words to the echo and with the earnestness of conviction, that he had gone to see about some shooting. Now shooting is, in the opinion of ladies, an inexplicable but traditionary amusement, for the sake of which gentlemen will go anywhere or do anything, and therefore Sir Lucius felt tolerably certain that the Dowager would easily accept this excuse for his prompt journey from Llosthuel Court.

It was but a slow train that stopped at Tregunnow station, one at which none but slow trains ever did stop, and which had first been built for the convenience of its contiguity to mines, not as yet exhausted or abandoned in sheer despair, hard by. And Treport itself is not, as we are already aware, on a railway. Sir Lucius had nearly an hour's drive in a pair-horse fly from the *Rose and Crown* before he reached the nearest point whence he could be conveyed by train to Tregunnow. And very weary did his impatient spirit find it, when at length the slow little caravan came meekly up to the draughty platform, where he stood awaiting it, that quiet crawl to the place for which he had taken his ticket. It quite contradicted his previous notions of railway travel. His recollections were all of the rushing express, the obsequious porters and accommodating guard, the snug corner-seat secured by a judicious fee, the sliding off of the train from the concrete platform, as if impelled by smoothly acting clockwork, and then the thunder and snort-

ing breath of the steam-horse once fairly on his mettle. But this was dreadful, this sojourn alone in a mildewed first-class carriage that smelt as damp and looked as cheerful as a family vault, this pottering pace, these eternal stoppages at absurd little holes of places to which nobody could by any possibility want to go; and it was a relief indeed when Tregunnow was reached.

'Boy!' said Sir Lucius, addressing himself to one of a group of urchins playing the world-old game which the Romans called *Pallus*, and we style hop-scotch, outside the paling of the miserable little station—'I want to be shewn the way to one Swart's—Mr Swart's—a miller, I believe—near here. And I'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble.'

The boys all touched their caps, and stared somewhat blankly at one another. Had they been boys born east of the Celtic far-western counties, they would have sniggled mutually, but as it was, they were quite serious.

'Muster Swart!' said the one specially addressed.

'The Black Miller—up at Pen Mawth!' said another.

There was no great anxiety, even for the guerdon of two-and-sixpence, among the urchins, to go near an ogre's castle such as the Mill of Death, garrisoned by such a master as the Black Miller. There was among the juvenile population of Tregunnow a superstitious aversion to the place, fostered by, but independent of, the sentiments which Mr Ralph Swart's reputation inspired. Still, it was broad daylight, and half-a-crown has subtle temptations for those who fare, like Lazarus, wretchedly every day, and know the difference which five unexpected sixpences would make in the resources of the commissariat. 'I'll go, sir!' said the eldest of the hop-scotch players; and under the guidance of this boy Sir Lucius set out.

It was not a long walk that lay before the baronet; but all roads that are travelled for the first time are apt to appear interminable to an impatient spirit, and at any rate the way was rough, the country wild and bleak, and the weather disagreeable. There was a chilly breeze, damp as well as cold, that swept over the uplands, and the brooding clouds that overshadowed the earth seemed fraught with more than a shower. Sir Lucius, as he picked his way amidst the stones and ruts, muttered anything rather than complimentary comments on Cornwall, the climate, and the general aspect of the mining district in which he found himself. He was young and agile, and should have made nothing of such a walk as that from Tregunnow Station to Pen Mawth; but he did make much of it. He hated walking. With a gun, and in the company of sportsmen superior to himself in rank and fortune, pedestrian exercise was at the worst an endurable evil, but under existing circumstances it was odious.

'What do you call that hill, boy?' he demanded tartly of his young guide.

'Pen Mawth, sir,' was the answer, somewhat deprecatingly uttered, for all manner of weird stories were yet believed as to the gloomy mountain which bore a name so ominous.

'And what does that mean in your Cornish jargon, or does it mean anything?' asked Sir Lucius; but he did not get any reply. On he walked, nearer and nearer to the Hill of Death. He caught a glimpse of the ruined castle of the

Montmorts just before he entered the glen near the head of which the mill stood. The country around him had a sad and solitary aspect. A few sheep—rawboned, unimproved specimens of the ovine genus, such as *Boadicea* may have owned, and which seemed to unite the possession of the maximum of bone to that of the minimum of flesh, were cropping whatever they could find among the stubbles on the wind-swept hill-side, as he passed. Scarcely a human form was visible, even in that unfenced region, where the eye could range so far.

Presently the baronet's attention was attracted by the sight of sundry gaping gulfs, and a larger number of tiny holes, some in banks, others in depressions of the ground, near which lay, in one or two cases, a heap of boarding and brattice-work and broken windlasses, mouldering away under the long-continued assault of rain and damp, and covered with green mould and buff-coloured fungi.

'Them be the Wheals, master,' said the boy, in answer to an inquiry. Sir Lucius had been long enough in Cornwall to know what a Wheal meant, and he looked with a careless contempt at the abandoned shafts of mines, of which his grandfather, old Joseph Larpent, would have spoken with respect, so thriving in his younger days had been the dead-and-gone industry, amidst the wrecks and relics of which the young baronet was now passing.

'Folks don't care to walk here overly much after dark,' said the young guide, 'acause of the shafts. Easy to go down one on them, if ye miss path.—Here be the Black Miller's,' he added, as the mill came in view. Sir Lucius felt his flagging spirits revive as he paid and dismissed the boy; and then he knocked long and vigorously at the door of Ralph Swart's melancholy dwelling.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DOING BUSINESS.

Sir Lucius Larpent, standing at the Black Miller's door, and knocking impatiently, until the noise awoke the sullen echoes of the glen, presently had the satisfaction of hearing the bolts rattle back from their sockets, and the large key turning in the lock. Then the door was opened with a jerk, and the Black Miller himself, gloomy and defiant, stood in the doorway. He started perceptibly as his eyes rested on the figure of the baronet. Manifestly, it was not such a one as Sir Lucius whom he had expected to see.

'Who, in the name of mischief, are you?' growled the Black Miller.

'Mr Swart, I presume?' said Sir Lucius, with a slight bow. 'Well, Mr Swart, I have come from a distance, from Treport in fact, on purpose to speak with you on a matter of—business.'

The Black Miller eyed the young baronet very narrowly from beneath his beetling brows. 'You don't look much as if you wanted to buy meal, nor yet like a farmer bringing grain to grind,' he said shortly.

'Perhaps I may bring grist, though of a different kind, to the mill,' responded Sir Lucius, with a half-careless laugh, but a knowing look.

It was many a year, probably, since any one had ventured to jest with the Black Miller, and for a moment that formidable personage stared at

the visitor with the dull anger of a bull disturbed in his pasture, and meditating a charge with lowered horns. He thought better of it however, and said sulkily: 'You may come in.' And Sir Lucius accepted this gracious invitation to enter; although a minute later, as he heard the scraping of the rusty bolts, and the clicking of the heavy key as it turned in the lock, he felt anything but satisfaction at the idea that he was shut in, in company with so grim a host.

'And what may your pleasure be with me, young gentleman?' demanded the Black Miller, seating himself on one of the rush-bottomed chairs, and roughly signing to his visitor to take another. 'I am a busy man,' he added, 'and with me business means business. In the first place, I shall want your name.'

'My name, hey?' returned the baronet. It had not till then suggested itself to his imagination that he should have to reveal his identity to the man on whom he chose to look as a serviceable instrument in his schemes. 'Does that signify, so long as I can pay for what I want?'

'It signifies very much to me, young sir,' replied the Black Miller frowningly. 'It has never been my habit to deal with masked customers. I like to see those who chaffer with me, face to face. If our talk is to go any further, I must have your name.'

This was very disagreeable, and Sir Lucius felt it to be so. He was not the first employer who has sought for a tool, and then discovered that the implement had too sharp an edge to be handled with impunity. But he had gone too far to recede, so he determined to abandon his incognito as gracefully as he could.

'My name is Larpent; I am Sir Lucius Larpent,' he said haughtily.

'Ah! Sir Lucius Larpent? Yes; there is a look of your grandfather about you, my young gentleman, though you are well enough, and he was as ugly as sin—or as myself,' said Ralph Swart coolly.

'Upon my word, you are a plain speaker,' rejoined the baronet, with a forced laugh. He did not quite know whether it was not incumbent upon him to resent this irreverent description of his ancestor; but the Black Miller was by no means the sort of person with whom it was prudent to quarrel, so he preferred to treat the obnoxious words as harmless. 'You seem to know something of my family,' he said cautiously.

'I have seen your grandfather, old Mr Joseph Larpent. I have seen your mother too, Sir Lucius; and I have heard a good deal of you and yours,' replied the Black Miller, weighing, so it seemed, every word. 'Folks will talk, you know. The queer thing is, that you should come to me.'

'Well, people, as you say yourself, will talk, and I have heard of you too, as having a shrewd brain and a resolute character,' answered Sir Lucius, with affected geniality. 'My groom, Sam, who sold you a horse that I daresay he told you was mine, sang your praises pretty loudly as a good judge of horse-flesh and a bold rider.'

'Lucky for me that I was!' muttered Ralph Swart, with a grin of self-satisfaction. 'You sent that brute to the fair, young gentleman, as careless of whether he broke some greenhorn's neck or not, as some men are of the mischief to result from the

bad half-crown they pass away. I've got him still. It takes me two years—three sometimes—to wear out the screws I buy. But you did not come all the way to Pen Mawth to discuss bygone bargains for vicious horses with me, Ralph Swart. What do you want?'

'I want,' said Sir Lucius, with an assumed frankness that might have deceived a less profound student of human nature than the grim tenant of the Mill of Death—'I want your advice—your help—in getting rid of a fellow—an impudent adventurer—who has somehow wormed himself into my mother's good graces, and whom her mistaken kindness has foisted into a position, in our own neighbourhood too, a great deal too good for him. A more presuming beggar,' added the baronet, waxing warm as the catalogue of Hugh's offences forced itself upon his mind, 'I never had the ill-luck to meet with.'

'And who may the presuming beggar be? and what has he done?' asked the Black Miller curtly. 'When you go to a doctor, you know you must tell him the symptoms, if you hope for a cure.'

'Well,' rejoined Sir Lucius, rattling the gold charms that tinkled on his watch-guard, 'there is no great mystery about the beginning of the affair. The fellow I speak of was a fisherman—a beggarly boatman, beside a Welsh lake, who let out pleasure-boats for hire. My two young brothers and a young lady, a cousin of ours, went for a sail, and the boat was upset—all through the confounded carelessness of the elder boatman, Ashton, who'—

'Ashton!' The Black Miller could not repress the exclamation, though he bit his lip afterwards, as if vexed with himself.

'Heard the story, then?' inquired Sir Lucius. 'There's a deal of gossip about, and most likely it has reached your ears that old Ashton was drowned—and serve him right, since it was all his fault from the first—and that the younger of the scoundrels made-believe to save Maud's—I mean my cousin, Miss Stanhope's life. My mother took, as ladies will, you know, a romantic view of the situation, and—'—

'I think I know the rest,' said the Black Miller briefly. 'Lady Larpent, who can do pretty much as she likes, Treport way, gave the young man a steamer to command, or got him appointed, which is the same thing, I take it. All this, of course, is known to all who lend an ear to common gossip. Rumour, in the days of the Elizabethan stage, was painted "full of tongues," and very sensibly.'

'Holloa!' exclaimed the baronet. He was not himself very well read, or much of a bookworm; but he had not been able to escape some touch of culture, and the notion that the savage recluse before him was an educated man came upon him as a startling revelation. He looked more closely than before at Ralph Swart, and as he looked, there started up in his mind the wild fancy that he had seen the man himself long ago. The voice of the Black Miller recalled him from this apparently groundless reverie.

'All this time, Sir Lucius,' he said, 'you have not come to the point, or told me what you wish me to do, or why you are so anxious to be rid of this youngster. Is it because of Miss Maud Stanhope?'

Sir Lucius winced, and a little colour rose to his sallow cheek; but he put the best face possible on the matter, and glibly enough admitted that the Black Miller's conjecture was not wide of the mark. Miss Stanhope was of a generous, and perhaps sentimental disposition—so her kinsman said—and it was well to remove from the neighbourhood an artful and intriguing upstart like that fisherman fellow. Could Mr Swart, who was justly reputed the longest-headed man in West Cornwall, contrive to make Treport too hot to hold Hugh Ashton? 'If so'—

'I don't work gratis!' interrupted the Black Miller dryly.

For this the baronet was prepared; and he said so. A hundred pounds were at Mr Swart's disposal, could he but see his way to the successful completion of the business in hand.

'Half down, half when the job is finished?' asked the Black Miller, as if he had been speaking of the most commonplace of transactions.

'Certainly! Half to be paid in advance,' rejoined Sir Lucius, jingling a number of sovereigns that he carried in his pocket. The Black Miller's eyes glowed like carbuncles.

'Then tell down the fifty yellowboys on this table!' he said decisively, slapping down his heavy hand upon the table in question with an energy that startled the baronet; 'and while you count them, I will tell you, Sir Lucius, that you've come to the right shop. I hate the young chap—never mind why—and I know perhaps a thing or two about his past life—but never mind what! You leave it all to me. The *Western Maid* will have a new captain pretty soon. You leave it all to me!'

No explanation could be drawn from Ralph Swart; but the ferocious confidence with which the man spoke, and the earnestness of his manner, impressed Sir Lucius in spite of himself; and he allowed the Black Miller to peep up the glittering gold pieces into the hollow of his huge hand, to count them heedfully over, and to deposit them in a weasel-skin purse, carefully secured with a string, which he thrust back into an inner pocket.

'Fifty more, by cheque, when Hugh Ashton makes tracks?' said the Black Miller.

'Certainly,' said Sir Lucius; 'but'—

'Leave it all to me!' returned the other authoritatively. 'Is it a bargain? Well then, done!' And he held out his hand. By birth and traditions Sir Lucius Larpent was a gentleman, and he hesitated to put his hand into that of the ruffian before him. The Black Miller noted this, and scowled darkly.

Sir Lucius took the proffered hand. 'Done, then!' he said, with feigned heartiness.

The Black Miller wrung the baronet's white fingers in a grip so hard that the rings bruised the flesh, then let the hand drop. 'You shall hear news of me, young gentleman!' he said; and Sir Lucius gladly took his leave, and seemed to breathe more freely when the bolts were withdrawn and the door opened, and he was out once more in the free air and on his way to Tregunnow. As he descended the glen he looked back, and saw the darkling figure of the Black Miller standing at his door, as though watching him; but a few steps more and he was out of sight. Through rain and mire he made his solitary way back to the station, and after a few minutes saw the welcome train

that was to bear him homewards come panting down the line. He reached Lloathnel Court in time for a late dinner, and without having aroused any suspicions as to the nature of his errand.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES. ✓

IN No. 770 of *Chambers's Journal*, for 28th September 1878, an account was given of some of the curious phases of industrial life in Paris, and particularly among those engaged in purveying food and drink to the poorer classes. The subject will bear continuation, as only a few of the ingenious methods of getting a living were touched upon; while moreover, they read us a useful lesson as to the necessity for regarding little things, in which the French are singularly apt.

Thrift and a hatred of waste are leading characteristics of the French workman; and, however small his wages, he invariably contrives to save out of them; an example which our British artisans ought not to be too proud to follow. Probably no more determined struggle for existence was ever shewn than in the case of a well-known Paris character, Chapellier by name, whose ingenuity was as amusing as his perseverance was praiseworthy. Father Chapellier, as he was called, was in his young days a soldier, who had fought at Waterloo under the old Napoleon, and who, tired of the army, had obtained his discharge, and come to Paris, where he found that his military life stood him in very little service in procuring for him his daily meal. So he looked about him for the readiest trade which a man without money or friends could take up, and began his new life in the humble capacity of a mudlark, which in the days of old Paris was often a not unsuccessful profession. Most of the streets in those times, besides being excessively narrow, had a broad gutter running down the middle, into which disappeared not only the legitimate drainings and slops of the neighbouring houses, but also articles of more or less value; and it was by fishing in these troubled waters that the *ravageurs*—as the Parisians nicknamed them—obtained spoils enough, in the shape of bits of old iron and brass, and occasionally coin, to get bread and cheese. In very wet weather, when the gutter became a deepish stream, they varied their occupation by carrying a block of wood, which, for a sou, was used as a rough and ready bridge for those who were afraid of wetting their feet.

The gallant old soldier did not stick very long to the *ravageur's* trade, being ashamed that his old comrades in arms should encounter him, and perhaps criticise his humble calling. He obviated this unpleasantness by getting a berth in the establishment of a large wholesale *chiffonnier*. Now, as many of our readers know, a Paris *chiffonnier* is a person of some importance, who may be seen nightly exercising his profession when other people are thinking of going to bed. Armed with a long-pronged stick, a lantern, and a basket on his shoulders, he rapidly makes his way by the side of the pavement, keeping a sharp look-out on every waif and stray, from rags upwards. Whatever he thinks worth preserving, he singles out with his prong, and tosses it into his basket with something of the action of a haymaker scattering a haycock. Property of very considerable value has often come

into the possession of the *chiffonnier*, though rags are the ostensible objects of his gropings. The true *chiffonnier* confines himself to collecting the odds and ends of Paris waste; but there is necessarily a branch of the trade which sorts the collection and sells it to the proper parties, and in so doing, gives employment to a good many men and women, who are called *trilleurs*. A wretched life it must be; for not only are the wages of the lowest, but the atmosphere in which the workers live is pestiferous. Twelve hours a day in the midst of an *olla podrida* of rags, bones, and skins, all in a state of ferment or decay, must be a severe trial to any human being; much more so to one who had been brought up in the open air, like Chapellier, whose only consolation was, that he was engaged in a place where he was pretty certain not to meet with anybody who knew him.

For six months or so he worked on as a *trilleur*, until at last the unsavoury occupation was too much for him, and he was obliged to go into hospital. This however, was a turning-point in his life; for in the next bed to him was a patient who had been in the employ of a large poultry-rearer, and whose particular duty it was to feed the young fowls and pigeons, or rather to fatten them. In a moment of confidence he enlightened Chapellier as to how the thing was done—namely by filling his mouth with grain and peas, opening the beak of the young birds and blowing the food down their œsophagus; a simple thing, but uncommonly monotonous and fatiguing, when two or three hundred had to be fed in an hour. To a certain extent, by the way, this process may be seen in operation at the Zoological Gardens in the Bois de Boulogne, where large numbers of poultry are daily fed mechanically, although in this instance the feeder uses a pipe or squirt worked by a treadle.

In Chapellier's time, the employment of machinery had not yet been thought of, and he was quite content to use his own mouth; by which he gained about forty sous a day. But his inquiring spirit soon came into play. Being constantly brought in contact not only with the poultry but also with the poultry buyers, he noticed a singular feature in the trade—that in cases where the latter did not sell the birds straight off, they were always obliged to reduce their price a quarter or perhaps a third for every day that they were unsold, though they might appear perfectly fresh to the uninitiated. But the cooks and the restaurant keepers were not to be taken in by appearances; and Chapellier found out that an unfailing symptom of freshness, or rather want of it, lay in the appearance of the feet, which were black and brilliant at the time of killing, but acquired a gray tinge, more and more pronounced as time went on. Turkeys' feet shewed this peculiarity the most, and it set Chapellier thinking; the result of his cogitation being that he invented a paste which, when rubbed on the legs, brought back the original black gloss, and completely erased the tell-tale date of death. Having tried it with success, he went the round of the poulterers, who willingly promised him a small royalty for initiating them also; and as he was shrewd enough to keep his own secret, he soon found that the profession of 'painter of poultry-legs,' apart from its questionable *morale*, was exceedingly

lucrative. But Chapellier was ambitious, and finding the work increase beyond his powers of personally supervising it, he sold his secret to a friend for one thousand francs; and with this little capital, set off to find pastures new. (It may be mentioned that his successor retired, after many years' practice, with a good fortune, which does not say very much for the freshness of defunct Paris poultry, or the consciences of the purveyors.)

Chapellier was in some doubt what he should do next, whether he should set up a wine-shop or an eating-house; for his experience led him to believe that to cater for the stomach was the best passport to money-making. First of all however, he inclined to the old trade of *chiffonnier*, and thought that if his old employer would take him into partnership, it might not be a bad speculation; and with this view he took his thousand francs with him and made his proposal. But he was considerably staggered when his *ex-départ* master scorned the offer, and declined any partner who could not introduce fifty thousand francs into the business. This only made Chapellier more determined than ever to have a hand in so good a thing; and while he was passing through the *trilleurs'* work-place, which he so well remembered, a bright idea struck him. He noticed what a large proportion of the *chiffonniers'* findings consisted of scraps of bread—all the stale leavings of cook-shops, schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, which were thrown away as valueless, and carried away amongst other rubbish by the *chiffonniers*. Chapellier knowing well the tastes and habits of the Parisian population, was aware that immense quantities of rabbits were made into stew by the working-classes of the barriers, and also that this stew was dressed and eaten with bread-crusts (*croûtons*). He knew also that the rabbits themselves were largely fed upon bread-crumbs; and he therefore conceived the idea of collecting, sorting, cleaning, and re-baking these scraps; feeling sure that he could make a market out of them. So, off he went to the restaurants and the cooks of the public establishments in his quarter and actually offered to buy and pay ready-money for what they had been throwing away; and this was a proposal to which the cooks, thinking what a fool he was, lent a ready ear. But Chapellier was not such a fool as they thought; for having obtained a quantity of bread-scrap at a nominal rate, he set to work to prepare them; and in a few days took his station in the market surrounded by little baskets, which he sold for six sous apiece. He was soon sold out; purchasers flocking to him not only for their convenience and cheapness, but also for the attractive and cleanly way in which he had got his *croûtons* ready. So fast did his reputation increase, that he extended his negotiations to other parts of Paris, adding to his manufacture that of grated bread-crumbs, made ready for cooks to powder their cutlets with.

Within a very short time the business grew to such a size that he had in constant use six carts and horses to bring the piles of scraps to the factory at the barrier of St Jacques, where some fifty men and women were occupied in sorting and cleaning. Young girls found employment in packing up the little baskets of prepared crusts and of the crisped bread squares which were in such favour at the

preparation of the daily *pot au feu*; while to the children was given the duty of grinding to powder the scraps which were too far gone to be of use as an eatable, and which were carbonised in the oven, so as to be available for making charcoal tooth-powder. To the day of his retirement from business, which he eventually did with a fortune of thirty thousand francs a year, the old soldier personally superintended, impressing on all that nothing was to be wasted. He was a wit as well as a philosopher, and was never weary of saying 'that human beings sometimes reasoned, but that they never failed to eat—and very often too much.'

The value of little things was never better exemplified than in the career of Chapellier, who may be said to have been in more senses than one a public benefactor, inasmuch that while he benefited himself, he gave employment to many a starving workman, and also contributed in no small degree to the national (or at all events Parisian) supplies of food.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

ABOUT forty years ago, I had been one night to Covent Garden Theatre. There was a very crowded house; Madame Vestris had been performing, and it was near midnight when the curtain fell. In the crush of getting out I got parted from my friend Cawthorne, and found myself alone in the midst of a crowd in the streets of London. I had only been in the city about a fortnight, so knew but little of my way about, and felt afraid to inquire of strangers, having been warned of the terrible traps laid to ensnare young men from the country. I looked in vain for a policeman or watchman, and wandered up and down till the streets were almost deserted. At last I determined to try to find my way to Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, where our rooms were, and turned as I expected in the right direction. All at once I found myself in a space from which there appeared to me endless outlets. It was a dark night, and the miserable lights in the streets only served to make darkness visible. Here was a dilemma! I had not the slightest idea which way I ought to take. I was no coward; but the thought of being caught by thieves and plundered, and perhaps murdered for my gold, sent a wild thrill through me and bathed me in cold perspiration. I had a large sum of money in my pocket, and a roll of notes in my pocket-book, which I had incautiously delayed depositing in the bank; besides a valuable gold watch and chain, an old heirloom. How I inwardly blamed myself for bringing so much wealth out with me. I took a few coins out of my purse and put them loosely into my pocket, then thrust both purse and pocket-book into an inner pocket under my vest. I had not a single weapon of defence about me, nothing but my fists, and those I could use to some purpose if needful. I had just buttoned my coat and determined to take the widest street, or what appeared to me such, when I saw a man crossing just before me. I shouted 'Good-night,' and asked my whereabouts.

'Better find out,' was the surly reply, as he passed on.

'Out upon your incivility!—Good-evening sir. Lost your way; eh sir?' exclaimed a voice near me.

'That I have,' I replied, 'and shall be much obliged if you can put me right sir.' While I spoke, I eyed the new-comer as closely as I could. He appeared to me of gentlemanly bearing, and as far as I could discern, was well dressed; at any rate his speech bespoke him above the common.

'Well sir, if any man in London can put you right, I can. Tell me the spot within a radius of ten miles, and I can put you on it. Not a street, not an alley is unknown to Captain Cornelius Smith. Why sir, I've known them since I was a boy. And I know Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid almost as well as London. New York is by no means strange to me; in fact I just hail from that side of the Atlantic. What part of this metropolis may you want to find sir?'

'My rooms are in Gray's Inn Road, just out of Holborn. I heartily wish I was in them at this moment.'

'No doubt sir; no doubt. Gray's Inn Road! Merely a stone's-throw. Go straight on; turn to your right; then to your left; to your right again; then to your left. Go straight on, cross Holborn, and there you are! A stranger to London I see sir, up from the country.—Norfolk, did you say? I know Norfolk; stayed there one shooting season with my friend Taylor. What sport we had! Beg pardon sir; you wish to get on. Allow me to conduct you.'

Thanking him, I said I did not wish to trouble him to go with me; if he would just put me in the way, I should be all right.

'My dear sir,' he replied, 'I could not think of leaving you alone on such a night. So dark, and at such an hour; just the night for footpads. Ah! this London is a queer place after dark; suspicious characters are afloat then. But perhaps you are armed; a pistol, life-preserver, or some other handy little means of self-defence?'

I assured him I possessed no weapon whatever.

'Ah! I see. Carry no valuables; unsuspicious. Never be too trusting. Leave your purse at home; eh sir?'

'I have a little money in my pocket,' I replied; 'but I harbour no fear of robbers.' (This was scarcely the truth; but I began to be rather distrustful of my companion as I noticed we had turned down a narrow disagreeable street.)

'At any rate,' I continued, 'I have nothing that would make it worth their while to molest me.'

'No? Well, you are wise not to carry your gold in your pockets or on your person. I had to buy that wisdom. Some years ago I was on the continent, and wanted to get from Vienna to Berlin; and to do so I had to post it most of the way. Well sir, one night the coach, carriage, chaise, diligence, or whatever you might call the vile conveyance I had to travel in, broke down, and we were benighted. There were four of us, and two ladies. Poor things! I shall never forget their terror. One vowed she saw the driver take the pin out of one of the wheels at the bottom of the hill, and felt certain he was in league with banditti, if not one of them. We tried to allay their fears: but it was no use. My fellow-travellers looked to their pistols, when to their consternation they found the charges had been all drawn. There was a general shout of treachery, and each prepared

to defend himself as he best could. We saw a light in the distance, and made the best of our way to it. When we were within what seemed hearing distance, we heard a shrill whistle, and immediately were surrounded by a band of ruffians. The one who appeared to be the leader politely demanded whatever money, jewellery, or valuables the party might possess; at the same time intimating that if it was not given to him quietly, he and his braves would not feel the least compunction in taking it and sending the owners to their last sleep in the great forest on whose borders we were. The poor ladies fell on their knees and entreated mercy from the handsome cut-throat. Holding up their clasped hands, they displayed their be-jewelled fingers to the greedy eyes of the bandit. He stepped forward, and making a low bow, seized the little hands, and relieved them of every ring. He then unclasped the bracelets, and proceeded to remove the chains, lockets, and watches. The younger lady fainted. When the ladies were stripped of everything, the robbers turned their attention to us; not that we had been neglected, for the villains had pinioned each of us so that we could offer no resistance. I had less cause to fear a search than my companions, for except a watch, I had but little money; but that watch was to me a treasure. Such a timekeeper I never met with; I never knew it to vary two minutes in a year.—What did you say sir? Don't think it could be better than yours? I would never believe there was another such watch, unless I saw it. Left yours at home, I suppose sir? No! Well, I should like to look at it; but as to its being as good as mine I cannot credit.

'How did you get on with the robbers?' I interposed, feeling interested in his tale.

'Why, they scarcely left us our clothes. We had a weary walk to the nearest village. The ladies were half-dead with terror. But my watch, that was the loss. I vowed never to carry anything I valued about with me in future. I had bought experience. Why sir, that watch was worth fifty guineas in hard cash; but to me it was worth more than money.'

'Mine is worth more than double fifty,' said I. 'It was my great-grandfather's, and I believe his father's before him. The jewels in it are worth a little fortune; and as to keeping time, there may be as good, but there cannot be a better time-keeper.'

'And you say you have that watch on you at this minute? Why, my dear sir, if that fact became known, you would have all the thieves in London on the alert. I dare not ask you to shew me this gem in the street, even if we could see. But step into this coffee-house; there we can look at it without attracting notice.'

Nothing loath, I followed the Captain, for I felt cold and tired, and said a cup of coffee was the very thing I wished for.

It was a long room we entered, with small tables ranged along the sides. A low bench ran down by the wall on each side the length of the room, and two chairs were placed to each table. At the end of the room to the left, a bright fire was burning; over the mantel-piece a small looking-glass was hung in such a manner that no reflection but the ceiling could be seen in it except you stood close to it. At the opposite end of the room was a door covered with baize; and about half-way down the room, to the right of the door

by which we entered, was a folding-screen. We seated ourselves behind the screen.

'Shall we call for coffee, Captain?' I asked.

'Coffee! My good sir, have a negus or a bowl of rum-punch. Coffee! a night like this. Why, coffee is only fit for babes!'

'Have what you choose yourself, Captain, and I will pay for it, if you will allow me; but for myself I will have coffee.'

'Hi, waiter!' shouted the Captain. The summons was answered by a smooth-faced middle-aged man.

'Ha, Rowley! serving yourself? John got his holiday; ha, ha!' laughed the Captain.

This sally was answered by Mr Rowley in pantomimic gesture; he rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, stuck his tongue in his cheek, put his finger to his nose, and lolled his head on one side in such knowing fashion that I laughed outright. Immediately his posture changed, and he was the smooth-faced man again, asking what we gentlemen might want.

'My young friend,' said the Captain. Then turning to me: 'Pardon me sir; we are all friends when we drink together.'

'Certainly,' I assented.

'My young friend will take a cup of coffee. I would persuade him to take something better; perhaps after the coffee he will. For myself, I will have a glass of Cognac, *cœu-de-vie*, Rowley.'

'Whatever you like, Captain,' I interposed.

'You are too obliging sir. Yes; I will have brandy; your very best, Rowley. I look upon brandy as strength sir; it stimulates, it revives, it strengthens.'

'Now, I will shew you my watch,' I said, as Mr Rowley quitted the room. I had lost all my distrust of the Captain, and looked upon him as a gentleman. Having no suspicion, I did not observe so closely as I should have done; and seeing the house clean and orderly, with a respectable-looking man for its landlord, I had no thought of thieves or caution, and some time elapsed before my suspicions were aroused. Unbuttoning my coat, I drew my watch from my inner pocket, saying at the same time that it was a good plan I thought to have secret pockets where thieves' hands could not penetrate.

'Very true,' observed the Captain; 'but if you put nothing in them, as you said, they are not of much service.'

'Ah, that was in the street,' I replied, slapping my breast.

The Captain raised his eyebrows and uttered a long 'Whe-e-c-w!' as he held out his hand for the watch. It was not till afterwards that I thought of the look of exultation that passed over his features as he looked at the jewelled case of my dear old favourite. He examined it narrowly. Taking a magnifying glass from his pocket, he scrutinised the works; then holding it close to the light, he examined the stones. At last he exclaimed: 'That watch is worth a hundred and fifty guineas if it's worth a penny.' Then instead of returning it to me, he was about to slip it into his pocket.

I stopped him, saying: 'Hold, Captain! Here; I'll keep it in my own pocket.' At the same time I darted towards him and snatched it suddenly from his hand.

A momentary fire seemed to gleam from his

eyes, and I prepared for a struggle; but changing as quickly, he burst into a loud laugh, saying: 'The force of habit sir; ha, ha! I thought it was my own. Quite a mistake, I assure you; ha, ha, ha! Only think! I am sure you'll pardon me.'

Mr Rowley came into the room rubbing his hands and smiling. It struck me I had never seen such a sinister expression on a man's face before. Walking up to the Captain, he said: 'You're in a merry mood Captain; what's the joke?'

'Why Rowley, would you believe it! This gentleman gives me his watch to look at; I admire it, and am about to put it in my own pocket, when as a matter of course he puts the stopper on. Ha, ha! Extraordinary mistake, wasn't it?'

'Ve-ry!' said Mr Rowley, winking as if his eyes would never come right again.

'What's the reckoning, landlord?' I asked.—'It is time I was getting to my rooms, Captain,' I continued; 'so I shall be very much obliged if you will put me on my way.'

'Where's the hurry, my dear sir? Half an hour will make no difference to you now, and surely you'll not turn out again on that coffee.'

'I tell you Captain, I *will not* have anything else. I am tired, and wish to be home.' I spoke angrily. I felt annoyed and uneasy, for I noticed some knowing looks and signs that passed between the Captain and Rowley when the former was telling about the watch, and lamented my folly in letting him know I had a watch. Throwing a half-sovereign on the table, I said: 'That will pay landlord. Good-night; I'm off.'

'Not so fast sir,' said the Captain, laying his hand on my shoulder and pushing me back to my seat. 'We are not off yet. Excuse me. As I am guide, you must wait my pleasure.'

'How dare you detain me sir?' said I, shaking off his hold. 'I insist upon going. You have no right to prevent me;' and I strode towards the door.

During this altercation, Rowley had gone quietly round to the street door, and now stood by it with his hand on the key, which he turned (as I took hold of the door-handle), and put in his pocket.

'What is this?' I exclaimed. 'Am I a prisoner? What right have you to detain me? I will report this conduct.'

'The right of friendship sir. The Captain is my friend. He brings you here. My friend wishes you to stop; therefore I wish you to stop. When the Captain says "Go!" you can go; I shall not hinder you.'

'Come sir,' said I, turning to the Captain; 'end this folly. If this is a joke, end it, and let us get on our way.' For I saw resistance would be useless on my part; and if I had, as I now feared, fallen into a trap, it was only by stratagem that I could escape. Bitterly did I repent letting the captain know I was undefended. I saw vividly now how he had wormed all the information from me that he needed, and wondered at my extreme folly in falling such an easy prey to his glib tongue.

'Well sir, I am glad you can enter into the fun of the thing. Let's have a parting glass; then we will go. What shall it be? Hollands? rum?—What! no spirits? Well then, a glass of sherry?—Come Rowley, let's have a bottle of your best.'

I thought it wisest to give in; and assuming an unconcerned air, I again seated myself, revolving

in my mind what steps I could take to escape. Rowley opened a door I had not noticed in the side of the room; it corresponded with the panels, so would never be seen by a stranger. Holding the door, he called: 'Janet!'

'I'm here. Is it not time to rest, that you are calling me again?' replied a sad female voice.

'Stop your chatter, and bring me a bottle of the best sherry from the green bin.'

'Not that; you mean another.'

'Mind what I say. Bring me the best, I tell you. It's for a friend of the Captain's. And be quick. Bring your good looks too; I want you to sing.'

'I cannot sing to-night.'

'Then you know what to expect. I tell you to come.' He shut the door. In a few minutes the baize door opened, and a young girl entered bringing a tray with bottle and glasses. A prettier, at the same time sadder face I never saw. It was plain she was in no happy mood, and if she sang, I felt the singing would be forced.

I looked inquiringly at the Captain. He tapped his head, saying: 'A little wrong here, d' ye see sir; but sings like a nightingale.'

Rowley uncorked the bottle and poured out a glass. Holding it to the light, he said: 'This you will find the finest glass of wine you ever tasted sir. It's genuine Madeira, pure juice of the grape. Drink, and let me give you another glass.'

'You will take a glass with me Captain?' I said.

'Pray, excuse me sir. I never take wine now; nothing so mild. I left it off years ago. Brandy is my drink. Let me pledge you in this;' taking up a glass.

'Here Janet, hand this wine to the gentleman,' said Rowley.

She took it; but just as I held out my hand to take it from her, it slipped from her fingers and fell with a smash on the floor.

Rowley started forward in a rage and would have struck her; but I interposed, saying I would pay for the glass as well as the wine, and stooped to help her pick up the pieces. As I was bending down, she whispered: 'Don't drink the wine; pretend to sleep.'

Another glass was filled; I pretended to drink, but poured the wine into my handkerchief. Rowley dismissed Janet, telling her to come back if she could behave better. Giving me a warning look, she went out.

The Captain and Rowley now began to talk confidentially, glancing towards me every now and then. Taking the hint from Janet, I pretended to be sleepy, and commenced nodding.

'Has he drunk the wine?' I heard the Captain ask.

'Yes,' was the reply; 'but it acts slowly.'

'Is the room ready?'

'As right as ninepence; the trap too. Dead men tell no tales.'

I could hear my heart beat, till I feared that my cold-blooded murderers might hear it too. The girl must have meant she would aid me, I argued, or she would not have warned me. I tried to calm myself. I leaned back, and seemed to sleep soundly; but oh! how painfully awake was every nerve. Every sound seemed magnified a thousand times; and although my eyelids were closed, I seemed to see the whole room clearly.

Soon the voices ceased, and Rowley accompanied by the Captain came towards me. The former waved his hand before my eyes, then put his ear to my lips. It required a tremendous effort on my part to keep still; I burned to seize the villain by the throat. He listened. Then the Captain did the same, and said: 'In ten minutes he will be safe; then I wonder if Captain Cornelius Smith will not possess that pretty watch, and find the contents of that inner pocket? As neat a job as I ever handled, Rowley. Now, let us get his resting-place ready. It will be none the worse for being rather watery; water keeps no impression.' Saying this, they both left the room by the door in the panel.

Immediately the baize door opened, and Janet flew to my side. 'Quick, quick!' she whispered; 'fly for your life!' and rushing to the street door, unlocked it. I was out.

'But you?' I turned to say.

'Go, go!' she cried; 'fly!' and the door banged.

Madly I ran, never stopping, till I nearly knocked a policeman down as I turned into a wide well-lighted street. It was some minutes before I could tell him my tale coherently. He sprang his rattle; two other policemen quickly joined us. We went back to what I thought was the street of my adventure, but no such place as I described could we find. At last, in despair, we gave up the search, and I returned a wiser if not a better man to my rooms in Gray's Inn Road.

A moral, specially applicable to pedestrians, may be gleaned from this tale. First, carry as little money as possible after nightfall in the streets of London; and, second, when doubtful of your way, ask a policeman, not a stranger.

SPIDERS.

SPIDERS are usually spoken of with aversion. They are ruthlessly trodden upon whenever they are so unfortunate as to come within reach of a human foot. But spiders do not deserve to have every man's hand and foot against them. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very interesting little creatures. When Robert Bruce had lost all hope of gaining his rights, he was induced to persevere by seeing the indefatigable efforts of a spider to gain a footing, in preparing its web; and by his perseverance Bruce ultimately succeeded to the throne. While every one is acquainted with this and similar stories, it is not so generally known that spiders have an ear for music. There are very few living creatures which are not capable of being influenced more or less by harmony; so it is not very surprising to find that spiders sometimes yield to the spell by which Arion charmed the dolphin. How the subtle influence acts upon the delicate organs of the spider, it is impossible to say. The sensations produced may be those of pleasure, or they may be analogous to those which are produced by the influence of mesmerism. Musical sounds, as we know, do not always give pleasure to the ears of the animal creation; so that we may be giving spiders the credit of listening to music from a pure love of harmony, when in reality they are held in a kind of trance, which lasts as long as the music continues. There is a story told of a captain of the regiment of Navarre

in connection with this subject. He had spoken too freely of Louvois the French minister, and so was sent to prison. To relieve the tedium of his confinement he requested permission to have his lute. The instrument was given to him; and after four days' playing, not only did some mice come out of their holes to listen, but the spiders descended from their webs to form as strange an audience as ever a musician found before him. When the music ceased, mice and spiders retired; but each day they returned in increasing numbers as soon as the tones of the lute were heard. 'I long doubted the truth of this story,' says Sir John Hawkins; 'but it was confirmed to me by Mr P——, attendant of the Duchess of V——, a man of probity and merit, who played upon several instruments with the utmost excellence. He told me that being at ——, he went up into the chamber to refresh himself until supper-time; he had not played a quarter of an hour, when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, who came and ranged themselves about the table to hear him play; at which he was greatly surprised. They remained on the table till some one came to tell him that supper was ready, when having ceased to play, he told me the creatures mounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion with which he often entertained himself out of curiosity.'

As spiders are for the most part banished from every room where they are likely to hear music, opportunities are very seldom afforded of witnessing their behaviour under its influence, but occasionally people are met with who do not share the general antipathy to these interesting and ill-used little creatures. A few years ago the writer had a conversation about spiders with the waiter at Messrs Boffin's well-known dining-rooms in Oxford. This man had a pet spider which lived in the sitting-room of his home, and he said that he could always induce it to come out of its hole by whistling. The little creature's web was carefully preserved from injury; and at the time this interesting circumstance was related to the writer, the spider was regarded as the pet of the family. Similar cases might perhaps be furnished by observant lovers of the animal world; but unfortunately very few people seem to be aware of the spider's partiality for music. If experiments were made with different kinds of instruments by skillful musicians, it is extremely probable that very interesting results might be obtained.

The instinct of animals has always been an interesting subject of study. And there are some observers who go so far as to say that reasoning powers are not confined to human beings, but that the creatures of the lower creation are capable of reasoning also. This opinion would certainly appear to receive confirmation from the behaviour of spiders. For instance, take the following story, contributed lately by Dr Laurence Hamilton to the *Times*. 'The incident,' says Dr Hamilton, 'I witnessed myself. A boy removed a small spider to place it in the centre of a big spider's web which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gaped rapidly upon its desired prey.'

smaller creature (spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, who are given to devour their smaller male lovers). But the little spider was equal to the occasion, for when barely an inch ahead it cut with one of its posterior legs the line behind itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web. This is not the only fact which seems to indicate that a spider's instinct may almost equal reason.' Any one reading the foregoing might fairly be excused for attributing the clever escape of the little spider to reason. It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending, to avoid some threatened danger. If a number of spiders were placed in a position similar to that described above, only one perhaps would be found to adopt the same mode of escape, even supposing they all tried to run up one of the ascending lines of the web. As a rule, spiders do not run from danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied. The instinct of a spider prompts it to drop by a line drawn for the purpose from its spinning apparatus. So that the anecdote related by Dr Hamilton points to reason, and not to instinct in the little creature whose exploit he witnessed. It was instinct which led it to run away from the large spider; but it must have been something more than instinct which led it to sever the line, and so cut itself off from pursuit.

The best way to observe the habits of spiders is to have as large a colony of them as possible on a window where they can be allowed to remain in full possession, undisturbed; but any one attempting to keep such a colony must expect to find constant internal disturbances. Unfortunately for the naturalist, spiders cannot live together in harmony. Dr Hamilton in his communication says that spiders are cannibals; but it is not for the satisfaction of eating one another that they fight. They are naturally pugnacious; but when two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack, and the vigorous defence that follows. It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web, from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is not inexhaustible, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web-producing powers of their younger neighbours, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web-constructing material has become exhausted and its last web has been destroyed, it sets out in search of another home. Happily, it may chance on one which is tenantless; if so, it takes possession. On the other hand, it may be obliged to eject the lawful owner; in which case a battle ensues if the combatants are fairly matched. Sometimes a small spider will retreat before a more powerful invader, and give up its laboriously constructed web without an effort. Or sometimes the spider in search of a home may be killed in attempting to take forcible possession of another spider's domain. Thus the difficulty of making a lengthy course of observations on particular spiders is very great. Any morning the observer may find that his colony has been invaded, and that some of his pets have either

been destroyed, or forced to go and seek other quarters.

At the same time a window well covered with cobwebs, in which the occupiers are allowed to remain undisturbed by brush or duster, will afford a patient observer a very good field for studying the habits of some of the Arachnida. As far as the writer's experiments have gone, it would seem that some spiders only feed in the dark. As a rule, the presence of a fly struggling in the web is the signal for the owner to emerge from its cover and rush to the attack; but it will be found that flies may struggle in the webs of some spiders without any notice being taken of them while it is light. The writer on one occasion placed a fly in the web of a spider by gaslight, and although the entangled insect struggled vigorously to escape, thus shaking the threads in every direction, the spider in possession took no notice whatever of its presence. But as soon as the gas was turned out the peculiar buzz was heard which a fly always makes as soon as it is seized in the web. The spider had gone down to secure its victim. However, as soon as the light was raised, it immediately left the fly barely secured, and returned once more to its hole. The light was again lowered and raised with the same result. Now this seems to prove very clearly that spiders can see. It has been asserted nevertheless, by an observer who writes to the *English Mechanic*, that spiders are blind.

This is a strange conclusion to have arrived at, and all the more so as it is well known to naturalists that some spiders catch their prey without the aid of webs, trusting solely to their agility in springing out cat-like on some unsuspecting fly. But the fact that spiders can see, and see objects at some distance from them, is proved by the following incident, which the writer witnessed while feeding his spiders. An ordinary house-fly was placed in the web of a very small straw-coloured spider, which immediately ran down from its hiding-place and seized the fly by one of its legs. Its intention was evidently to hold on until the fly was exhausted by its struggles. But the struggles were put an end to in an unexpected manner. In the corner of the window, two panes away from the small spider's web, dwelt a much larger spider. It saw the struggle going on, and then suddenly left its hole, ran across the intervening window-panes, and seizing the fly, killed it at once. The fly ceased struggling; and then began an amusing contest for its possession. The little spider had never relaxed its tenacious grip for a moment, and seemed determined to prevent its more powerful neighbour carrying off the fly. This the larger spider tried to do by means of a thread attached to the dead fly. But strangely enough, its efforts were unavailing; and at length it abandoned the attempt, retreating to its own domain, and leaving the little spider in undisturbed possession. And yet the large spider was certainly in want of a meal, for it did not hesitate to seize a fly from the hand as soon as it was placed in the web. This is a somewhat unusual thing for any spider to do, since they are, as a rule, very shy of approaching a fly when it is held in their webs by the hand.

Another experiment shewed the power of spiders to use their eyes. The writer on one occasion placed a ladybird in the web of a

large spider. The result was curious. Instead of at once attacking it, the spider approached the little red insect very cautiously; when it was quite close it paused and then made a sort of peck at the ladybird. After repeating this two or three times, the spider slowly put out one of its legs and touched the ladybird on the back. This investigation evidently satisfied it that there was nothing worth having; for with that curious erratic movement so characteristic of the Arachnida, the spider left the little spotted beetle and retreated to its hole under the gas-pipe.

In addition to many other interesting traits in the natural history of spiders, there is no doubt that they are very persevering little creatures. An interesting proof of this came under the notice of the writer while feeding his colony of spiders. A very small spider of a dirty brown colour had a web in the lower corner of a pane in the middle of the window. Into this web a fly was placed alive; but owing to its weight and its struggles to escape, it fell over the ledge formed by the woodwork. However, a few threads stuck to its fore-legs, and so it hung suspended by them a little way below the web. The spider was evidently determined not to lose the fly, for it immediately ran down the threads attached to it and proceeded to strengthen them by others which were fastened high up in the web. Then the persevering little spider again went down and fastened threads to the extremities of the fly's wings, taking them up as before; these preparations being completed, it only remained to haul the fly up. The feat was slowly but surely accomplished. Each thread attached to the suspended fly was drawn in, until at last the spider was rewarded for its trouble and patience by having its prey hauled into the web and securely fastened. Thus it will be seen that even the despised spiders can be very interesting to those who watch them in the spirit of the poet who said:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

THE TWO SPIES.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST BASUTO WAR.

UPON the outbreak of the war between the Orange River Free State and the Basuto Kaffirs in the year 1865, the Republican Commandoes had no sooner entered the territories of Moshesh, then chief of the Basutos, than they found out, to their sad experience, the necessity of being kept posted up in the movements of the enemy, who swarmed in the bush through which their march lay as they pressed on to Ta-Bosego, the stronghold of the Kaffir king. The country through which the Republican army were forced to march had the double disadvantage to the invader of being very mountainous and thickly wooded, the bush in many parts, to horsemen at least, being impenetrable. Throwing out an advanced guard would only have been sending the men away to get murdered, as a small party would inevitably have been shot down from the bush by their unseen foes, if sufficient numbers of Kaffirs had been present to justify such a venture. In any case they would only have heralded their approach to the scouts

of the enemy, who would have forwarded the information to their comrades, who would not fail to have used it to advantage at some convenient season.

What was utterly impracticable to attain with a considerable body of armed men, was easy of accomplishment by one or two daring individuals, could the men be found who would undertake such a desperate commission. Among a troop of English Volunteers were two persons who had already been marked by their comrades as men of an adventurous and daring character. In outward appearance there was little similarity between the two persons referred to. They were of different nationalities to begin with, the one being a Scotchman, and the other a German; the Scot being a stout fellow over six feet, while his companion in arms was of short stature and slight build; but drawn together by the sympathy of kindred dispositions, they had soon become fast friends.

It was the two men just described who one day appeared before the Commandant to offer their services as spies, and in which capacity they were accepted by that individual without a moment's hesitation. Two fitter men for the purpose could nowhere have been found. To the Scot especially, from long sojourn among them, every *koppie* (small hill or natural landmark) and *vley* (a shallow sheet of water, or marsh) between Bloemfontein and the Caledon River was familiar; while between there and Ta-Bosego itself, every bush-path was as well known to him as those which in boyhood he had trodden among the heath-clad hills of his own native land; and like his companion, his knowledge of the Basuto tongue was so perfect, that when disguised as a native, he could personate such, especially after dark, without the slightest apprehension of betraying his identity.

Many were the adventures and hair-breadth escapes experienced by these men, who were almost hourly companions. On one occasion, shortly after crossing the frontier into Basuto Land, the troops were saved from almost certain extermination by the bravery of these two spies, who, by an exercise of the greatest daring, discovered the presence of the enemy in large numbers among the bush which clothed the almost inaccessible sides of the mountains which invested the pass through which their route lay.

While away from the camp on one of their tours of inspection, they lighted a fire to prepare some *biltongue* (dried strips of flesh) for supper; this proceeding they considered consistent enough with safety, as the fire could not be seen many yards from the spot through the dense bush; while the ascending smoke, which might have betrayed their presence in the daytime, would be invisible in the darkness. They had reckoned too fast however, for while they were so engaged, a party of three Basutos stepped up to the fire. Never losing their presence of mind for a moment, they bade the new arrivals welcome, and learned from them that

they had come from an advanced party of the Kaffirs to ascertain how matters stood with their Dutch foes; while on the other hand, under the pretence of the one being a Moroko and the other a Zulu Kaffir who had deserted from the Dutch camp to join the Basutos against the white men, they soon gained the confidence of their new acquaintances, and disarmed them of any suspicions with which they might have hitherto regarded them. Our friends were perfectly at their ease by this time, the Scotchman, who personated the Zulu, having at the outset extinguished the fire, as he explained, to diminish the risk of their being discovered by the Dutch, who were close at hand; the real motive being to prevent the Kaffirs from scrutinising their features too closely. It was unnecessary for the Kaffirs to proceed farther, as their new allies must be in possession of more information than they could hope to obtain, and they readily agreed to remain where they were for the night, and give their assistance in finishing two bottles of Cape smoke (Cape brandy), which the two deserters were supposed to have stolen from the Dutch, and in the morning proceed in company to the Kaffir camp. The tongues of the Basutos, under the influence of the brandy, ran too fast, and under the skilful guidance of the two spies—who pretended to supply information regarding the Dutch—they put into possession of the enemies of their tribe all the proposed and skilfully arranged plans of their chiefs, which timely information was the means of frustrating a meditated swoop by a body of the savages upon the Brandfort district, an almost undefended portion of the frontier; thereby saving the lives and property of a large number of the defenceless settlers. While the three Basutos slumbered heavily under the influence of the liquor, they were quickly and quietly despatched by their two pretended allies.

Some months had now elapsed, and the Commando had been lying for some time in the vicinity of Ta-Bosego in a state of comparative inactivity, the German spy being for a short period unable to pursue his dangerous avocation through illness. He had made considerable progress towards recovery, when one afternoon his companion had a long conversation with him regarding a previously proposed visit to the camp of the enemy; and before leaving him, had signified his intention of undertaking the mission alone that very night, much against the desire of the invalid. His resolution on the point was however, not to be shaken; and a few hours after sundown, when the slumbers of the Kaffirs are generally at the heaviest, he quitted the camp for the purpose of carrying out his intention. When about a mile beyond the utmost limits of the camp, and about to quit the wagon-track for the bush, he was suddenly confronted and challenged by a mounted Kaffir, who rode out from the bush, from where he had been silently watching the approach of the spy. The Scot perceived he was covered by the rifle of the horseman, and saw well that any offensive movement on his part might cost him his life. Although unexpectedly placed in this critical position, his coolness never forsook him for a moment, and he replied to the challenge of the native in a friendly manner, as he advanced towards him with a step of apparent ease and carelessness, inquiring at the

same time where he was going; to which the Kaffir answered, to spy the camp of the Boers; the Scot in return informing him he had just been there himself, and was going back again to Ta-Bosego.

During this short parley the Kaffir had lowered his rifle; but the Scot did not fail to notice that the muzzle of the weapon had never for an instant been turned from his direction, nor did he fail to note the suspicious move of his enemy as he passed his right hand towards the lock of the piece. Everything now depended on his activity, for his identity was apparently suspected by the horseman. Springing quickly to one side, he discharged his own weapon almost at random at the native. Great was his astonishment when the black horseman struck his heels into the ribs of his steed and dashed off at a furious gallop along the road in the direction of the Dutch camp. On sped the horse; and stranger still, its rider directed it along the narrow winding bush-track, plainly shewing that the native had not mistaken the road, and that the animal was completely under control. Reloading his discharged rifle, the spy retraced his steps towards the camp, as he was well aware the report of the weapon upon the silent night-air would put the enemy upon the alert, and would possibly bring a score of them about his ears in a few minutes, as the apparently solitary horseman might, for aught he knew, be one of many close at hand.

With sharpened ears and watchful eye, he hurried along, wondering at the strange proceeding of the Kaffir in his choice of direction, until he came to a small stream called Loop Spruit, a very short distance from his own lines. Here he halted to ascertain if the horseman had crossed the drift; for if he had done so the marks of his horse's feet would be easily discernible upon the soft sand by the side of the stream. He searched in vain however, for no mark of horse's feet could be found going in the direction of the camp; while plain enough there were fresh imprints coming from it and directed towards Ta-Bosego. This puzzled him still more, and he remained for a while upon his hands and knees contemplating the marks, but getting no nearer the solution of the mystery. He was in the act of rising to his feet again, when he was startled by the whistle of a rifle-ball in close proximity to his ear, immediately followed by another, which cut two of the ostrich feathers, forming part of the native war head-dress, from his hair; half an inch lower and it must have pierced his brain. Not doubting for a moment but the unseen foe who was so near putting an end to his existence, and the Kaffir he had encountered farther back the road, were one and the same person, the present position of his enemy was inexplicable to the Scot, who now began to feel the reverse of comfortable under the circumstances, his exact position being known to an enemy who had just given him ample proof of being no mean opponent. Having no particular desire to become a target for the invisible warrior, he plunged into the bush, and tried to circumvent his foe by remaining motionless upon the ground, so as to induce him by some movement to reveal his whereabouts; but the native had either retired upon firing the two shots, or was too wary to be caught by such a method.

Thoroughly disgusted at being so completely

baffled, he made his way back to the camp, which he reached in safety, to find the inmates all astir, having been alarmed by the last two shots in their immediate neighbourhood. The spy went straight to the presence of the Commandant, to whom he narrated his adventure; who upon hearing the story, concluded a night-attack was meditated by the enemy, who were no doubt in strong force, as he believed, under cover of the surrounding bush; which circumstance would account for the daring on the part of their scout; although he was at a loss to comprehend how the hereditary cunning of the Kaffir allowed him to commit the egregious blunder of giving premature intimation of their intentions, for the gratification of his revenge upon a single individual. The outlying pickets were immediately doubled, with strict orders to report at once any circumstance, however slight, calculated to arouse suspicion; while the forces within the camp lay by their arms ready for instant action. Hour after hour of keen apprehension dragged slowly past; and as sunrise drew near, the faces of the men seemed to assume a more hopeful expression, as the chances of a midnight encounter were likely to be averted. Every one began to think the Kaffirs had abandoned their intention, their chances of a successful surprise having been frustrated by the shots discharged by their scout, who would in all probability pay the penalty of his indiscretion with his life.

In the first gray dawn of the morning, a riderless horse, saddled and bridled, was found close upon one of the outposts, which when sent into the camp was recognised by the Scot as belonging to his brother-spy. Upon making this discovery, the Scot, with a foreboding of evil, repaired to the quarters of his comrade, only to learn he had been absent since the previous night. Whither he had gone, or with what intent, no one could tell. It was by this time broad daylight; and a search-party left the camp, in the hope of finding the spy, of whose fate no one entertained a doubt. Coming to the drift on the stream where the Scot had been fired at on the previous night, they found the imprints of a horse's feet leaving the camp, which no one doubted were those belonging to the steed of the spy; but no returning print was visible at the place. By an impulse which filled him with dread, the spy was drawn towards the spot whence came the shots of the night before; and there, still in death, lay the body of his comrade!

The truth was clear. The two men had met in the dark, and each had on that occasion personated the Kaffir but too well, resulting in the death of the one, and having all but a fatal termination in the case of the other. No one entertained for a second any suspicion of foul play on the part of either man. They had hitherto entertained the warmest friendship for each other; and on the evening of the unfortunate occurrence, the Scot was under the firm conviction that his companion was safe in the camp; while in the case of the dead man, who knew his comrade to be out in that direction, his otherwise keen penetration was no doubt blunted and his nerves less steady than usual on account of recent illness, from the effects of which he had by no means recovered. The enfeebled state of his system had in fact accelerated his death; for the shot which had taken

effect in his shoulder, was insufficient of itself to have caused it; but it was supposed, feeling faint, he had dismounted to drink, and had fallen forward with his face in the water, and unable to rise again, had actually been drowned.

So ended the life of one of the most daring Volunteers at that time serving in the Republican army; a man of the greatest value to the flag under which he served, and dangerous to its enemies. His comrade the brave Scot, was killed in action three months later.

LITTLE ELSIE.

Two small white hands, with fingers meekly folded
Upon her quiet breast;
A sweet pale face that seems in marble moulded.
Is she at rest?
Did she grow weary at her happy play,
And will she wake again at close of day?

No; little Elsie never more will waken
To smile or play;
The angels (scarce more pure) have come and taken
Our pet away—
And yet we think her spirit cannot be
More lovely than this little form we see.

On the dear lips a tint of rose still lingers,
Reluctant to depart,
And as we press the dimpled ice-cold fingers
In anguish to our heart,
We cannot find it in our hearts to spare
To the dark grave, a thing so bright and fair.

O blind and weak! let us return to Heaven
What was but lent, a while,
Knowing how soon again she will be given
Back, with her sunny smile—
Back, with strange lore within her baby mind,
And knowledge which no sage of Earth could find.

Sleep, darling Elsie—in God's sheltered garden
We lay thee—little flower!
Lifting once more our weary earthly burden,
Till comes the blessed hour
When Death, the Healer, bounteous and mild,
Shall give to us once more our fairest child!

J. H.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 802.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

FLOWERS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr Darwin's charming work on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, and who have watched the progress of physiological botany since its publication in 1862, cannot fail to be struck with the abundance of evidence which has been adduced in support of his broad generalisation, that 'Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation.' In the vegetable world, observation has been constantly accumulating proof of the necessity of intercrossing with independent sources of life for the preservation and multiplication of species.

Self-fertilisation, it may be here mentioned, lies in the production of fruit and germs by a single flower. Cross-fertilisation implies the production of similar germs from different flowers of the same species; and this necessitates the transference of the pollen from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of another. The chief agents in this work of cross-fertilisation, which is essential to the health and vigour of plants, are insects. Variety of form, and brilliancy of colour, and richness of odour in flowers are not provided only for the gratification of man. They have higher ends to serve in the economy of nature; and, except in the realms of poetical imagination, no flower is ever 'born to blush unseen' or 'waste its sweetness on the desert air.' Attracted by their bright colours and sweet scents, insects feed upon the nectar which is secreted within the blossoms, and so become the means of transporting the pollen from flower to flower; and the contrivances by which they are induced to visit the nectaries, and thus secure the processes of fertilisation, are alike manifold and wonderful.

Nature, however, must furnish means of protection as well as of attraction. There are multitudes of insects which would prove highly injurious to flowers, by robbing them of their nectar without conferring any corresponding benefit in the work of fertilisation. The blossoms, therefore, must be protected from such visitants; and that

many curious contrivances exist for the exclusion of these unwelcome guests recent observations have shewn. As Darwin opened up a new and unexplored region by his observations on the attractive properties of flowers, so Dr Kerner of Innsbruck, in a recent work on *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests*, has introduced us to a new field for interesting research, by pointing out some of the curious contrivances of Nature for guarding her treasures against the inroads of such insects as would effect only useless plunder. The questions which are opened up by the study of such contrivances have wider bearings than any which have yet been followed out; such as the influence of structural development upon the variation of species, and consequently upon natural selection. Of this we may rest assured, that no morphological characters are without some functional significance in the path of natural progress. But more extended observations on the biology of plants must be made before any very certain conclusions on such subjects can be reached. The chief result of Dr Kerner's delightful work is to shew that as the presence of nectar in a flower furnishes conclusive evidence of cross-fertilisation through the agency of animal life, so, almost as certainly, will there be found some contrivances by which the nectar is preserved from attacks that would prove injurious to the continuance of the species.

It may not be out of place here to remind our readers that they need not be deterred from the observation of these contrivances by the fear of scientific lore. The mastery of a few simple terms and details of botanical structure, with the aid of the beautiful plates which accompany Dr Kerner's work, will enable the most unlearned to prosecute such investigations with ease, while the pleasure of their summer rambles will be enhanced a thousandfold.

Some idea of the value of protective agencies may be formed by considering the extreme delicacy of many of the floral organs which are engaged in the work of fertilisation. Leaves are no less essential than flowers to the continuation

of a plant's existence, for in them are formed the materials for the flower. A leaf, however, may be damaged by being partially eaten, or may undergo change by the production of galls, without any fatal effect to the whole. In the case of the organs within the blossom, their delicacy is such that the smallest change in size or shape, or the slightest disturbance through external influences, during the period of fertilisation, may render the whole apparatus powerless to effect its purpose. In the common Louse-wort (*Pedicularis*), for example, when fertilisation takes place in the individual flower, the result seems to depend upon a single movement of the corolla. The upper petals of this flower form a beak-shaped tube, in which the dusty pollen will be found at the end of the blossoming period. The fertilisation then depends upon an angular movement of the corolla, by which the pollen is rolled upward through the tube to the stigma. This angular movement must be of definite strength to accomplish its purpose, and this would be rendered impossible, if the corolla were in any way injured or disturbed during the flowering period. Hence the necessity of protection from the injurious influences of weather or the attacks of animals. In many species of plants the fatal effects, which would result from extensive destruction of leaves by animals, are guarded against by the presence of alkaloids, and other chemical compounds in the cellular juice, rendering them unpalatable. Many of the larger grazing animals would sooner go without food than touch the leaves of these plants. Of the plants which form the staple food of herbivorous animals, there will always be a sufficiency to secure their continuance after animal wants have been supplied; but the question of leaf-preservation is of importance in its bearing upon flowers, inasmuch as these are developed from the materials which the leaves supply.

It is in flowers, however, that the most varied contrivances, for the preservation of their organs against the attacks of animals of all kinds, are to be found. In some we find the result obtained by the secretion of distasteful substances, such as alkaloids, resins, and ethereal oils. It is remarkable that, as a rule, herbivorous animals have a distaste for flowers. Any one may observe how carefully cattle and sheep avoid plucking most of the flowers which abound in their pasturage. The beauty of the blossoms has no attraction for them. The richness of the odours seems only to repel them. It is worthy of note, however, that it is only when the flowers are fresh that they are thus carefully avoided by ruminant animals. When their work is done and they are dried up, the chemical compounds which protected them in the field are either volatilised, or so changed that they lose their scent, and, mixed with hay, they are readily eaten. While however, the ethereal oils which abound in flowers render them repulsive to grazing animals, they serve to attract others, especially insects, whose visits are needful for the work of cross-fertilisation.

Wingless animals are in all circumstances unwelcome guests to flowers. They reach the blossoms only by climbing; and even if they did no harm to its organs while sucking the nectar, they frequently could not reach the flower of another plant without descending and crawling

along the ground. This process, besides involving waste of time, would expose the pollen attached to them to the risk of being rubbed off, or destroyed by contact with soil or moisture. Moreover, these insects pay no heed to the kind of flowers which they visit. They pass from one to another indiscriminately, and it would thus be by mere chance that the pollen would reach another flower of the same species. It is a very remarkable fact that the winged insects which do the work of cross-fertilisation confine themselves, in their rapid flight from flower to flower, to blossoms of the same species. The bee, for instance, will confine itself during a single journey to the flowers of one and the same species, and never seems tempted to turn to others till it has returned to the hive with its spoil.

The most unwelcome, and yet the greediest of wingless insects, are ants. They are gifted with exceptional powers of smell, and are therefore attracted to any sweet substance from a great distance. Dr Kerner relates an interesting example of this. In the house of one of his colleagues at Innsbrück, some dried pears which were laid upon the ground-floor were immediately attacked by ants. To prevent their interference, the pears were transferred to a room on the second story; but the following day the ants were busy at work. On investigation it was found that they had made their way up-stairs by means of a bell-wire, which communicated with the garden, and passed by the window of the room in which the pears were deposited. These busy little creatures, moreover, do not suspend their activity during the night, as is proved by observations on night-blooming flowers, while their perseverance is only equalled by their industry.

To prevent the useless depredations of such insects, numerous protective contrivances exist. For instance, in *Phygadeuon Capensis*, a Cape flower which is rich in nectar, all access to the coveted food during the process of fertilisation is rendered impossible to insects like ants by the ovary forming, as it were, a plug at the base of the tubular corolla, while stronger insects can without difficulty insert their probosces into the nectar pits. But so soon as fertilisation takes place and the flowers fall off, the obstruction is removed, and the ants are free to avail themselves of the nectar, which they do greedily. The common *Antirrhinum* furnishes a more familiar example of such mechanical protection. Here it is secured simply by the closure of the lips of the corolla. They remain closed so long as the stigma is not fertilised; and while bees can easily effect an entrance by forcing open the compressed lips, such insects as ants are effectually excluded. So soon, however, as the stigma has been covered with pollen, the tension of the corolla is relaxed, the lips separate, and the ants are free to carry off the nectar as they please.

The visits of such insects are generally prevented by the secretion, on various parts of the plant, of a viscid substance, which bars their passage in attempting to reach the flowers. Stems and leaves, flower-stalks and bracts, and frequently the calyx, the external sheath of the flower itself, afford protection in this way. The Rock-lychnis (*Lychnis viscaria*) and the beautiful Butter-wort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) may serve as illustrations. Various ends are served by such secretions; and in the case of *Pinguicula*, when we remember that

it is one of the insect-eating plants, we can scarcely agree with Dr Kerner in regarding the viscid secretion on its leaves as having, for its 'primary function,' the exclusion of insects from the flower. This, however, is not the least important of its functions. By its stickiness it forms an effectual trap to prevent their upward progress. Of other wingless insects, among the most formidable, from the extraordinary rapidity with which they multiply, are Aphides. Every cultivator of roses knows too well what the 'green-fly' means. These little creatures will be found swarming on the under-sides of leaves, on flower-stalks, and even on the exterior of the flowers; but fortunately they are rarely to be found within the blossoms, whose juicy tissue they would speedily pierce and destroy. With soft bodies and long delicate limbs, they avoid all except smooth surfaces. Bristles or hairs form a sufficient barrier against their attacks.

Another set of guests which are unwelcome to flowers, because useless for the purposes of cross-fertilisation, are soft-bodied animals, such as snails, slugs, and caterpillars. Viscid secretions would not be effectual in excluding these visitants, especially snails, which can easily overcome the obstruction by coating the sticky surface with their own slime. An effectual bar to the approach of such animals is secured by thorns, prickles, and bristles. They are at once repelled by any sharp point coming in contact with their bodies. The arrangement of these means of defence is sometimes striking in adaptation. While thorns, which protect the leaves behind them, are pointed horizontally or in an ascending direction, an array of prickles and bristles on various parts of the plant will be found pointing downwards, so as to prevent the ascent of animals which crawl from beneath. The individual flower-heads of composite species, such as thistles, furnish familiar examples; and it will generally be found that the accumulations of these obstacles are greater the nearer the approach to the flower-head. In many plants whose stems and leaves are perfectly smooth, the involucre, or combination of bracts which surround the flower, is fully furnished with such means of defence.

The protective appliances which we have hitherto noticed have had in view the exclusion of animals which creep upward, and are therefore developed on the path which they must tread. But flowers are exposed to the visits of numberless flying insects, which are too small to effect any good purpose in the process of fertilisation. We find, therefore, that inside the flowers themselves there are numerous provisions for the exclusion of such guests. These generally consist of soft hair-like formations (*trichomes*), developed in various forms on different portions of the floral organs. One of the most striking of these formations is a circular collection of hairs having the free ends pointed inwards, yet so arranged as to leave an aperture, through which larger insects may thrust their probosces in reaching the nectar. These circular arrangements have been termed 'weels,' from their resemblance to the so-called wicker baskets which are used by fishermen for catching eels. In the Dead-nettle (*Lamium*), in most species of Speedwell (*Veronica*), in Passion-flowers, and in Lilies, these formations may easily be observed. In various positions and arrangements,

as may be necessary for protecting the organs of fructification, these hair-like processes are developed within the blossoms, forming weels, nets, trellises, lattices, or fringes of countless forms and of marvellous beauty. The same ends are served by the peculiar formation of different parts of the flower. These are often manifestly designed to protect the nectar from the ravages of unwelcome guests. They are curved or dilated, laminated or arched, thickened or constricted, forming grooves, tubes, tubercles, chambers, pouches, 'in such endless variety of form as to render it a difficult task to give a general view of them.'

A very remarkable provision of Nature in the case of night-blooming flowers consists in a temporary suspension of the functions of parts which serve to attract insects. During the sunshine they are safe from the attacks of enemies; while with evening, these functions resume their activity, and allure the insects that search for nectar after sunset. The coloration of these night-blooming flowers is peculiar. In the daytime, insects are doubtless attracted by variety of colour as well as by scent, and there can be no doubt that they discriminate colours. Sir John Lubbock has shewn that this is the case with bees. He placed some honey upon slips of glass, with paper of various colours underneath them. After he had accustomed the bees for a time to find the honey upon the blue glass, he washed it clean, and placed the honey upon the red glass instead. The bees on returning did not fly at once to the red glass, as they should have done if they had been guided alone by the sense of smell. They went first to the blue glass, and it was only after they failed to find a supply on the accustomed colour, that they sought it elsewhere. Variety of colour would be useless in the twilight or during the night; and therefore among flowers which blossom after sunset, the inner surface of the petals is simply white, the outer surface being of some inconspicuous colour, as greenish-brown, dirty yellow, or ash-gray. During the daytime, when these flowers are closed, they remain unobserved, appearing as if withered; while in the evening, when open, their white petals render them distinctly visible.

Dr Kerner has made several night-blooming species of *Silene* a special study. In these plants each flower generally lasts three days and three nights. During the day they are curled up, and appear as if wrinkled and withered; but as soon as evening approaches the wrinkles disappear, the petals become smooth, the flowers unfold in all their freshness; and during the period of fertilisation, their internal organs fulfil their functions in exact correspondence with the opening and shutting of the corolla. In the daytime these flowers are entirely destitute of fragrance; but in the evening, simultaneously with the opening of their petals, they exhale a rich odour. They are safe, therefore, from the attacks of enemies during the sunshine; while their viscid footstalks protect them from such wingless visitants as might be disposed to find them out at night. By this temporary suspension of function they are reserved for the visits of insects, which prove useful in promoting the great ends of cross-fertilisation.

Many of the peculiarities of structure to which we have referred have other ends to serve than those indicated. For instance, minute prickles, and

bristles, and hair-like trichomes, as well as peculiarities of formation in various parts of the blossom, fulfil the function of what Dr Kerner calls 'path-pointers.' The benefit or injury which may result to a flower from visits of insects which promote the work of cross-fertilisation, depends upon the mode of their entrance. If they should reach the nectar without coming in contact with the organs of fructification, there would be manifestly useless waste. To prevent this, many contrivances exist. In one species of *Pedicularis*, for example, a groove, bordered on each side by a swelling, runs along the median line of the lower lip of the corolla. To effect fertilisation, the bee must pass its proboscis down this groove in reaching the nectar; for only in this manner can it cause the upper lip to incline forward, so that the pollen may fall out of the anthers, and the stigma be brought into contact with its body. Should the bee insert its proboscis higher up, above the groove, this motion of the corolla could not take place, and the mechanism by which fertilisation is secured would not be brought into play. To secure this object, therefore, the upper lip is studded with small sharp teeth, which compel the bee to find an entrance in the only way which can effect the process of fertilisation.

Many other interesting examples might be quoted. Enough however, has been said to indicate the interest of such investigations. Oftentimes our interpretation of the designs and secrets of Nature may fail in accuracy, and generalisations may require to be modified; but we should remember that, without careful observation of processes and patient accumulation of facts, we cannot reach a higher and truer appreciation of her marvellous laws. The humblest observer of the flowers of the field may take part in such investigations, and find pleasure in adding to the stores of our knowledge, regarding the many wonderful appliances by which Nature secures the fertilisation and the preservation of her species. 'The beauty and the poetry of flowers,' as Darwin truly says, 'will not be at all lessened to the general observer' by investigation of the minute details of structure, and observation of the multiplicity of means by which Nature accomplishes her ends.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXV.—OLD LORD PENRITH.

STRANGERS in Dorsetshire, and especially in that part of Dorsetshire which marches, to use the old Border phrase, with the New Forest district of Hampshire, not seldom hear, from the lips of natives jealous of the honour of their county, 'Ah! but you should see Alfringham!' And Alfringham, which, as the *Peerage* duly registers, is the seat of Lord Penrith, is a place worth seeing, spreading as it does its stately frontage of brown stone and brick mellowed by time over an immense extent of ground, and surrounded as it is by a park full of giant oaks and beeches sacred from the axe. There is in this park one glorious vista, where the eye ranges far over swelling uplands clothed with the elastic turf over which the dappled deer have roamed unharmed for many a century, until its view is bounded by what seems in the distance to be a high green rampart, but

which residents in the neighbourhood know to be the belt of tall trees that marks the actual boundary of the Royal Forest amidst whose glades the Red King rode to his death.

A grand old place is Alfringham. Severe social moralists, who in the course of a summer tour come to contemplate its antique towers, its priceless pictures, its wealth of rooms unused, its more than baronial pomp, and space, and splendour, have been known to aver spleenfully that no single family had the right to build for itself a dwelling so enormous. But no single family would have dreamed of piling up all those bricks and all those stones, with acres of sheet-lead to coat the glistening roofs, and turrets innumerable, and winding stairs, and passages that turn and twist, and hall within hall, on one original plan. Alfringham, like Topsy, 'grewed,' and remains like our own constitution of Monarch, Lords, and Commons, a magnificent anomaly, not to be imitated by the most potent of legislators. You may trace the site of the Saxon earl's, or Dapish jarl's, wooden palace. You can see the moat, now drained and full of fair bright-coloured flowers, that guarded the castle of the Norman chief. Generation after generation seems to have added, altered, rebuilt, until the result is the prodigious pile that now meets our eyes, and the burning of which would be a national misfortune, so precious is history written in masonry and timber.

The armorial bearings, the shields and crests and mottoes, so often repeated, in chiselled stone, on the front of that stately old house, are the arms of Beville. And Lord Penrith is the head of the Beville stock, which has produced gallant soldiers, goodly gentlemen, and even a stray statesman or two, ever since the first of the name crossed the narrow seas—not exactly with the Conqueror—but at anyrate to fight for Matilda and her boy against Stephen, King and Count. They have borne the baron's coronet so long, have the Bevilles, Lords Penrith, that they are proud of the ancient rank and of the tattered robes that are religiously preserved to be donned on ceremonial occasions, and decline promotion. The old peer who now bears the title has twice refused an earldom. His grandfather, in more stirring times, is said to have rejected the strawberry leaves of a fire-new marquise. But half the curls in the *Peerage* have not the rent-roll of Lord Penrith.

There is a gloom now about the place, the existence of which the most fanatical of housekeepers, whose pleasantest hours are spent in shewing the respected lions of the mansion to sightseers, could not deny. My lord sees very little company, and sees as little of that select circle of acquaintance as decorum and a sense of the proprieties permit. There is a shadow over the past life of the master of stately Alfringham, a shadow which seems to communicate itself locally to the great house and its demesne. Nobody ever seems to laugh there, to be blithe and joyous, or to relish the honey of the passing hour unalloyed by carking care. My lord is a man of sense enough to eschew the reputation of a hermit, and therefore there are dinners—heavy dinners—at Alfringham, and also visits—heavy visits—paid and received. And the squires and squireses, and the baronets and their dames and damsels, yawn wearily as they drive away from Alfringham on the moonlight nights congenial to country

hospitality, for at Alfringham sumptuous Dullness reigns supreme.

In the third drawing-room of the great house sits Mrs Stanhope, the old lord's widowed, and favourite, and indeed only surviving sister, in conference with the family doctor. Mrs Stanhope has a marked partiality for that third and smaller drawing-room, on account of its rose-coloured hangings, which she believes to be favourable to her complexion. The faded London fine lady never forgets that her sweet portrait, splendidly engraved on steel, simpers at us yet from the now uncared for *Book of Beauty*. A sad number of years have elapsed since D'Orsay and Chesterfield gave laws to Fashion; but Charlotte Stanhope—are there any girl-babies christened Charlotte now, as when Werter and his Sorrows were yet remembered?—had never quite given up the struggle against impertinent Time. Although she was the old lord's sister, she would never have forgiven whosoever should have called herself old. She was in truth by sundry years Lord Penrith's junior. She was very well preserved. To her maid she may not have been a heroine or a belle; but then somebody must be behind the scenes when a grand pictorial effect has to be produced. Perhaps it was partly because of the disparity of years between them that the old peer was so fond of her. As a boy, he had been tender with his baby sister, and he had never forsaken her. When she angered her parents by a love-match, Marmaduke Beville, the Master of Penrith, as they would have called him in Scotland, stood by her, procured her pardon; and when he came early to his title, paid Colonel Stanhope's debts more than once. Mrs Stanhope had lived at Alfringham since her widowhood.

There was very little harm, and perhaps not much of positive good, in the Honourable Mrs Stanhope. She was fond, though, of her daughter Maud, who seemed to her like the reproduction of her own regretted youth, but who was in truth by far more beautiful than the once courted belle of Almack's had been in her best days. And she was fond of her brother, and sincerely afraid of him too, for Lord Penrith was of a masterful will, and then how much lay in his gift! Since the Colonel died (and the Colonel had merely been one of those vacuous, pleasant-tempered, easy-going men about town, of whom there is a never-failing crop), she had—as she had written with crow-quill pen and on perfumed paper to more than one feminine friend of her own standing—devoted herself wholly to her brother, who was gentler to her than to any human being, gentler even than to Maud his niece.

Mrs Stanhope was conversing, or perhaps the phrase should rather be conferring, with the family doctor, a country practitioner, and a man of that refined intelligence which we so frequently meet with even in sparsely inhabited agricultural districts. Dr Bland was really a clever young doctor, who had been for years assistant to the famous, dictatorial, and perhaps slightly stupid, Orlando Blades, M.R.C.S., of Savile Row, than whom no surgeon pouched more fees or bullied more patients in any consulting-room in all London. He had saved a little money now, had Peter Bland, and there he was in Alfringham village, with a limited but widening circle of houses whereat to call professionally, medical officer of the Union, and

medical adviser to the lord of Alfringham himself. Naturally the doctor thought a good deal of his titled patient, the right to feel whose august pulse implied the privilege of being the most fashionable son of Æsculapius for miles and leagues around.

'His lordship was low—very low—to-day. I mean as to his spirits of course, and the general tone of his health,' remarked the doctor. He had prescribed for Mrs Stanhope, who had always some trifling nervous ailment on hand to give employment to the Faculty; and now the talk turned on general topics. Of these, a very important one was Lord Penrith's health. He was old, and in failing health, and he gave Dr Bland no sinecure.

'I am afraid my brother is ill, and yet he is of a robust constitution; all the Bevilles were, except my unfortunate self!' sighed Mrs Stanhope.

The doctor assented. 'Lord Penrith,' he said, 'must have been by nature a strong man. He leads a quiet life here, in pure country air. But care, or some other cause, counteracts all that I can do.'

'Care! You may well say so,' replied Maud's mother. 'Is it possible, doctor, that you are unacquainted with the family history, with the story of the disaster that has darkened my brother's life?'

The doctor may or may not have heard, in a gossiping country neighbourhood, some salient events in the life of the most dignified personage that it contained. But he was a doctor on his promotion, and he manifested so much ignorance and so much interest on the subject of his noble patient's early experiences that Mrs Stanhope willingly went on: 'Lord Penrith is childless now; but he had two sons. The name of the elder was like his own, Marmaduke Beville; that of the younger, George. The first of these was—murdered!'

'Indeed, Mrs Stanhope!' said the physician, looking shocked.

'And, what was worse,' resumed the lady, pleased with so attentive a listener, 'the murderer was no other than his own brother!'

Dr Bland very truly remarked that this was horrible. 'Was it certain?' he asked.

'Too true, I am afraid!' said Mrs Stanhope, shaking her head. 'My nephews—I am, as you are perhaps aware, a good deal younger than Lord Penrith, so that his sons and I were nearly contemporaries—were very dissimilar in tastes and character. Marmaduke was very resolute and quick-tempered. George was retiring and shy. There had been, it was proved, disputes between them. And when, at last, the elder brother was found in a wood, shot through the heart, the weight of evidence against the younger one was such that, had not George fled the country, nothing could have saved him from a felon's death. As it was, he went abroad disgraced, and died—no one knows where—in exile, a very Cain. His father never would mention his name more, nor would he hold any communication with him. He never answered one of the incoherent letters which George wrote from abroad, protesting his innocence of the crime. "Let him stand his trial!" my lord said, and I never shall forget the voice in which the words were uttered. Yet

that sorrow all but broke my brother's heart. He had been so fond and proud of Marmaduke, the heir. And he had loved George too, more than he cared to own, when he turned out the wretch he did. He has never been the same man since.'

'Was it all circumstantial evidence against Mr George Beville?' asked the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

'All—or nearly all—but terribly strong!' answered Mrs Stanhope. 'The worst feature of all—so some said—was my unhappy nephew's flight; but, had he remained, no rank or connections could possibly have availed to save him from justice. I fear there can be no doubt that the hand that fired the fatal shot was his.'

'And his own death—abroad, I think, you said, Mrs Stanhope?' inquired the doctor. 'May I ask if that was proved?'

'Not proved, as deaths, I believe, are proved in England,' answered his fair patient; 'that is impossible, I suppose, in the Bush, or whatever they call the dreadful place. But advertisements were inserted for years in all colonial papers, and inquiries made, official and private. There can be no doubt of his death. Poor wretch! It was the happiest thing, after all—saved the disgrace to the family—so shocking if he— That is my brother's bell, and he has rung twice. I hope they are not neglecting him.—You will excuse me, doctor? Then, good-bye!'

LOST AND FOUND.

SECOND SERIES.

WHEN Jenny Lind was in Liverpool (her first appearance in the provinces), it was at a concert at the Philharmonic Hall. There was of course a dense crowd outside, and every place had been taken in the hall a long time before. The carriages had their appointed route of ingress and egress; but as it not unfrequently happens on these occasions, excellent as the arrangements appeared to be, there is some confusion, especially when people have to be impressed into the service as coachmen who are not thoroughly conversant with the streets. It was so in this case. The concert was over; but the carriages were not at the place appointed. Along with one of our party, I went to try and find them, and to do so had to crush through the crowd, or rather go along with it. My friend said: 'I am kicking something along with me.' There was no room to stoop and pick it up; but when we got to where the crowd was less dense, he did so; and the 'something' proved to be the half of a very beautiful cameo bracelet which had broken at the hinge, but little the worse for the kicking. After finding the carriages, we returned to the vestibule; but after waiting some time, the carriages did not arrive, and again we went out. The crowd was not much reduced; and in going through it the same remark was made: 'I am kicking along something on my foot.' On getting through the crowd, the same gentleman picked up the remaining half of the bracelet, in no way injured except a few scratches! Complying with the advertise-

ment which appeared, the gentleman duly restored the bracelet to its owner. Though a jury of twelve men might say that this was impossible, this story is nevertheless true in every particular.

From one of the parties involved, we have the following.

One Saturday in the year 1861, the paymaster's clerk of the —th Lancers, then quartered in Aldershot, drew from the bank four hundred pounds in five-pound notes, for issue in sums of fifty pounds to each of the eight troops. The notes were new, and stamped with the name of the banker and date of issue. In ordinary course, the money would have been paid to the captains of troops by the paymaster; but the latter being on leave of absence, the payment was made by his clerk, the paymaster-sergeant, to each of the troop-sergeant majors. Seven had received their money, and the eighth not arriving, the clerk, after counting the remaining notes and finding them correct, put them in a small drawer, itself not much larger than the notes, in an upright desk standing on a table at which he sat. Immediately he had done this, a defaulter—that is a man confined to barracks for some trifling offence—was brought to the office to give it the weekly scrubbing out. After waiting a short time, the clerk left the office and went into the veranda to send the orderly in waiting for the troop-sergeant-major, to receive his money. He was not absent more than two minutes, and had left the man scrubbing. Shortly after, when paying the money, the clerk found, to his consternation, one of the notes was missing. The whole place—the unfortunate defaulter loudly protesting his innocence—was at once searched; but no note was found. This was a serious matter for the clerk; intrusted with unusual responsibility, he had to all appearance failed in it. He must replace the money at once, and he had hardly as many shillings; how could he have, out of two shillings and ninepence a day? Fortunately a friend helped him out of that difficulty, and the missing note was made good.

Five years passed. The regiment had arrived at Cahir from Dublin; when unpacking the desk, the drawer before mentioned would not shut close. It was pulled out, when a small piece of sealing-wax and a piece of paper—the latter crumpled up between the back of the drawer and back of the desk—were found. The paper was the long-lost note with the name of the bank and date upon it. Full explanation, with a solatium inclosed for his injured feelings, was at once sent to the defaulter, who had amended his ways, and was then a sergeant, stationed at Waterford.

A Scotch family—Mr and Mrs T—and their children—lived for some time in a retired part of Holland. Unlike a foreign household, they had furnished their old château quite in English taste, and were especially proud of their drawing-room, which was full of pretty nicknacks, the collection of many years' wanderings. One day a Scotch lady arrived at their gates with a letter of introduction from a friend at home, and was received with warm welcome, as English visitors were rare at the Château de N—. She brought with her her two little girls, and the whole party were easily persuaded to remain and spend the day; Mrs T— being especially pleased to meet with

a lady whose flounced and stylish lilac silk dress proved she had but lately come from that centre of the fashionable world, Paris. The two little Scotch girls proved however, very shy companions for the T— children, and kept determinately close to their mother's skirts as she sat in the drawing-room. Nothing seemed to amuse them, till one of their young entertainers asked leave to take down from the mantel-piece a set of little china frogs, seven in number, and graduated in size, which had lately been brought from Dresden. These really appeared to interest the little visitors, and they played with the china ornaments contentedly enough for the remainder of the afternoon until it was time to leave the château. After their departure, one of the seven frogs was missing, and only six could be replaced on the mantel-shelf; the T— children, I am sorry to say, being quite convinced that the little Scotch girls had carried off number seven as a memento to Edinburgh.

A year after, Mrs T— received a note and parcel containing the missing ornament, which the Scotch lady had just found on unpicking and turning the flounces of her lilac silk Paris dress! The frog was not in the least injured or cracked, though it had been for a year rattling at the bottom of the skirt. And the set of mantel-piece ornaments was once again complete.

A curious instance of the recovery of a lost ring inside a root of celery occurred in Sweden. Mrs B— in planting celery in the garden in spring, and while dibbling holes for the small plants with her finger, unconsciously dropped her ring into one of the holes. A plant duly was inserted into the hole, and doubtless *through the lost ring*; and as the root grew, the ring must have become imbedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared by the ring turning up amongst the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

Children occasionally lose themselves in mysterious ways, as the following little anecdotes shew.

One day it was reported that little Roland, Mrs M—'s youngest child, a boy of three or four years, was lost. He disappeared at about four in the afternoon. Search was made everywhere; neighbours were interviewed, messengers sent all over the town, and at last the brook that ran at the back of the house was dragged; but no Roland was found. Six o'clock came, seven, and still no Roland. But young folks must have tea, and Mrs M— with a heavy heart went to prepare the meal. In and out of the pantry she moved, carrying bread, butter, milk, &c., and presently she went to replenish the sugar-bowl from the barrel. There, fast asleep, sugared over from top to toe, was Roland! The little rogue had climbed into the barrel, covered himself over, eaten his fill, and peacefully gone to sleep while the neighbourhood was in great commotion about him.

My mother one day lost one of her children, a child of two years, and after a long and anxious search found him in the kitchen closet, in a huge iron pot, fast asleep. He had been left in charge of a servant, who had fulfilled her duties by taking the child to the kitchen and then going off to gossip.—And a Mrs D— of Barrington, after a

similar experience, found her missing child in a bread-trough, sweetly sleeping on the dough. The trough was a very large one, used for mixing bread for the ship-yard men, and when full of dough usually stood on a low settle near the fire, that the bread might rise the quicker. The child, during the absence of his elders from the kitchen, crept in and made himself comfortable.—But more amusing than this was the case of a lady who lost her baby, and after disturbing the whole community, and crying herself nearly blind, found baby safe in the cradle, with clothes heaped in so disorderly a manner upon it as to have defied previous search!

I was in the habit of calling at the workshop of a brass-founder to see him using his lathe, &c. He told us that when an apprentice at Bristol a great many years previously, he had put a penny on a chock in the lathe and had hollowed it out. Into this he had inserted a halfpenny, and into the halfpenny he had turned a farthing. The whole had been so neatly done that unless closely inspected it would seem to be a solid penny. He retained it for a few months, and then, to his great regret, had paid it away by mistake. I called at his shop a few days after he had related the old story, and the first thing he said was: 'I have found my penny sir!' It appears he had been with a cart for some castings, and had received the penny among some change at the toll-bar. He shewed it to me; and it fully answered his description as to being most beautifully finished; and he assured me that he recognised it as being the actual penny lost twenty years before, and two hundred miles from the toll-bar at which it again came into his possession.

My father was a farmer in East Lothian for many years. He had an old watch, by which he set great store. One day while superintending the harvest operations he lost this watch. An instant search was made all over the field; but it could not be found. Many Irish labourers were busy cutting the corn; they were all examined, but still no clue could be found to the lost chronometer. One day ten years after, as my father was standing in the same field watching the sowing of some wheat, he observed something extraordinary lying among the newly ploughed earth. It was the old gold watch, looking rather dirty; but there it had remained while one crop after another had been sown and reaped; and singular to relate, though your readers may be incredulous, the glass was not even cracked!

Though not coming strictly within the category of accidentally lost articles, the following story is worth relating: Some years before the outbreak of the civil war in America, Dr M— occupied the position of Grand-master of the Masonic Order in South Carolina. Whilst presiding in that capacity, he was presented with a handsome gold snuff-box with a suitable inscription by his brethren of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana. At that time he was in good circumstances; but the disasters of war bore heavily on him, as they did on the residents of all the Southern cities. Residing in Charleston, he saw his property, the accumulation of years of industry, rapidly diminish. His large heart would not permit him to look on the misery of others without extending a helping hand, and many a Union prisoner had his suffer-

ings relieved through his instrumentality. Little by little he was compelled to part with his household goods, until finally, the last sacrifice, the valued snuff-box, was sold, to procure necessities for his family.

At the close of the war, a ruined man, he visited New York. His sterling qualities and great sacrifices had endeared him to all, but more especially to his masonic brethren, who gave him a reception at the Academy of Music in that city. The worthy doctor told us of the want, destitution, and misery of the Charleston people, but never once adverted to his own efforts in their behalf. On closing his remarks, a member of the reception committee narrated some of Brother M——'s sacrifices in the alleviation of suffering, and then requesting him to rise, presented the identical snuff-box which years before he had so painfully parted with. The recipient was too much affected to speak, and stood with tears in his eyes, while the donor related how it had been offered for sale in an obscure jeweller's shop in Easton, Pennsylvania, recognised, from the inscription, by a member of the masonic order, who immediately secured its purchase, and had kept it for the crowning act of the reception.

'At the time of the Indian Mutiny many years ago, a cousin of mine was in India, and was among many others massacred at Cawnpore. Her name was Christian W——; and I had a ring made in memory of her death, with the words Christian W——, Cawnpore, and the date engraved upon the inside. I had not had the ring more than six months when one summer evening, walking in the garden, I suddenly missed it from my finger. I immediately made every one search for it. I offered my coachman a reward of five pounds if he could find it; but of no avail. Nothing could be more carefully searched than my garden was; but at length we gave the ring up as lost. Years rolled by. I left the place, and another rector came to the house. In 1876, the son of the lady in whose memory the ring was made, came home from India. He had been brought up by me; and he wished to see the old house again, and constantly talked of going into Suffolk, to see how everything looked after seventeen years' absence. He did not go however, until the October of 1877. The present rector received him very kindly, and while shewing him round the garden, he said: "It is rather a curious thing, but about a year ago, my gardener was digging in this place, and he found among the sods a ring, which though the enamel was worn off, had still all the stones—which were diamonds—in except one, and there was some engraving at the back, which I made out to be Christian W——, Cawnpore. The circumstance of your name being the same, reminded me of its being found. Can you recollect any ring being lost?" My nephew said he did not, but he would tell me; and as my husband had built the house, and no one else had occupied it until the present rector, I should most probably know something about it. My nephew hastened to inform me; and I of course remembered the ring I had lost so long ago. I wrote to the clergyman, and he told me that the gardener who found it had given the ring to his sister, a lady's maid in London, whose address he gave. On communi-

cating with her, I found she was willing to let me have it back on condition I paid her for the new enamel she had put on the ring, the other being all corroded away. I willingly gave the money, and have now got the ring back. It is a pretty ring, and wreathed with diamonds and enamel. It is the more curious from the fact, that if my nephew had not gone down to Suffolk when he did, he could not have gone at all, as after he came home he was very ill, and moreover had to return to India sooner than he expected. The rector would never have told me of the ring, as he did not connect the name with mine at all; and so I should have altogether lost it.'

'A friend of mine regained a locket under curious circumstances. She was travelling in Australia, and was walking in Melbourne one day, when a friend with her inquired whether she had a locket on when she came out. Mrs Dunn replied that she had; and putting her hand to her throat, missed it. She retraced her steps and searched carefully; but no trace could she find. She also advertised the loss and offered a handsome reward; but it was no use, and she returned to England soon after. She happened to have occasion to go to Southampton, and while walking out, saw in a shop window a locket the fac-simile of the one she lost. She entered the shop, and asked to look at it closer, and inquired if it opened. The woman said it did not. But Mrs Dunn pressed a spring, and there was the face of a son she had lost, and in whose memory she had the locket made. Upon her claiming it, the woman said that a soldier's wife just come from Australia had sold it to her, saying she had picked it up in Melbourne streets. Mrs Dunn recovered the locket for a small consideration.'

One evening Mr and Mrs A—— left their house in the neighbourhood of Dublin to dine with a friend. The distance being short, they went on foot. The night was wet and stormy, and when nearing the house of their friend, the lady suddenly discovered she was minus a valuable ear-jewel of Indian workmanship. Looking on this loss as irrecoverable, the lady returned to her home. The loss was keenly felt, not so much from the intrinsic value, although this was great indeed, as from the fact that the appendages were the gift of an old friend.

It was useless to attempt a search, such was the inclemency of the night; but it was decided to try what could be done at daybreak. Mr A—— accordingly set out on what he considered a needless errand. Passing over, as near as possible, the same ground as that traversed the previous evening, with his eyes attentively fixed on the ground, he was startled by the voice of a man inquiring if he had observed a dog, which had also been lost the preceding night. Replying in the negative, he at the same time observed the object of his search lying uninjured a few yards from him close to the kerb-stone on the roadway. It was in such a position that many vehicles and pedestrians must have passed over the spot.

A curious instance of the recovery of lost property happened in the parish of Seacroft, and was recorded in the *Newcastle Chronicle* at the time. 'In June 1870, two Jews hawking from door to door, called at the house of a Mrs Burrell, and while her back was turned stole a gold watch

and guard out of the room. It was the work of a moment; and when she found out her loss a vigilant search was made. The men were chased, and found by the police at the *Bradford Hotel*, but none of the lost property. The men were tried at the Town Hall, but discharged in the absence of sufficient evidence to convict. One Sunday morning in 1877, as Mr Carter, farmer, and Mr W. Linley were walking in a field looking at some cows, they stood talking near a gate for some time. Seeing something glitter in the hedge-bottom, they took it up, when it turned out to be Mrs Burrell's watch. It had evidently lain there for seven years. It is supposed that the men, afraid of being caught, hid the watch and forgot all about the place. Mrs Burrell, naturally much gratified at the recovery of her watch, made the finders a handsome present.

With the following story, we shall conclude our series of strange losses and recoveries :

During the Peace of Amiens, my grandfather, an Irish gentleman of fortune and position—married to a French lady whose family were devoted royalists—was residing in Paris. On war being declared, he fled with his wife and child, a little girl of three years old. They were accompanied in their flight by a large number of English and Irish, amongst whom were some personal friends. They stopped at an hotel in a provincial town; but they found the hotel so full of fugitives like themselves that it was impossible to procure accommodation for all. A hurried meal was served; but no forks could be had, when it occurred to my grandfather that he had two dozen silver forks in his valise. These he at once produced, for the use of his own party. Before the repast was finished a sudden panic arose, when it became a case of *savoir qui peut*, and in the general confusion the forks were forgotten. No effort was made to recover them, deeming it useless, not even knowing the name of the hotel. I often heard my grandmother say her terror was so great that she never clearly understood how she reached home. In time the forks were forgotten, or only remembered as an incident when recounting the adventures of the flight from Paris.

More than twenty years had elapsed, when my grandfather was surprised at receiving a parcel from France. On opening it he found the twenty-four forks, and a letter from the hotel-keeper, saying that for twenty years he had been questioning every English person who stopped at his hotel, hoping to get some clue by which he could find the owner, but in vain; until a few days before, when an Irish gentleman put up at the hotel who was able to give the name and address. He had heard the story from my grandfather's own lips. The letter wound up by saying that it might enhance the value of the forks to know that Napoleon I. had used them twice at dinner, once while First Consul, and again in the height of his brilliant career, when as Emperor he came with his staff, on their way to take the field on the eve of one of his great battles, and stopped at the hotel for refreshment. Not the least curious incident in the story is that the forks were restored just in time to be presented as a wedding-gift by her father to my mother, the little girl of three years who accompanied him in his flight. I can well remember, though a grandmother

myself now, my childish awe when eating with the forks that served the great Emperor and his staff.

[We take this opportunity of thanking those correspondents who have so kindly furnished us with the foregoing narratives, and of assuring those whose narratives are omitted, that space precludes us from adding theirs—at anyrate in the meantime.—Ed.]

A STITCH IN TIME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EVERY one will own that there are few lessons more worthy of being instilled into the minds of youth than the value of energy and decision, especially in matters of business. It is seldom that a man has made his way from poverty to wealth, or risen to great eminence, without those qualities; while the brief story we are about to relate will go far to prove that even to hold his own, it is sometimes necessary to exert them in a high degree. In a higher degree than they were exhibited by the hero of our tale, we should say no man ever exhibited them; and strange, perhaps improbable as the reader may deem the chief incidents of this story to be, we assure him that they are true, and moreover, that the principal actor in them is alive and well at this day; which last remark will furnish a sufficient reason for our not using real names of persons, places, or institutions, which under other circumstances we should certainly give.

Not many years ago there was—as there has lately been again—a good deal of distrust and agitation in commercial circles, chiefly arising from some very heavy failures. One gigantic firm had fallen, and brought many others down in its tumble. The alarm naturally felt at this spread; and the rumours which always attend, and often cause a panic, spread also, so that scarcely any undertaking, however well established and solvent, entirely escaped doubt and suspicion. We do not propose to enter upon the history of any commercial panic, or even to sketch one; but every reader can remember, and what is worse, will see again, the deliberate and organised efforts to 'wreck' really solvent houses, for the benefit of selfish and unscrupulous speculators; and how not only embarrassed and weak houses went down in the crash, but houses which—had time and fair-play been given them—were in fair working condition.

After this preface, short as it has been, the reader will quite understand how men who had realised by years of toil, often of exile and danger, anything like a competence, felt very uneasy as to their investments, no matter how good they had hitherto proved; and Mr Caleb Burton, who had settled comfortably down in the vicinity of London, after many years' labour in a distant colony, felt as uneasy as the rest. He was a tolerably rich man, and was considerably past his prime; yet having married late in life, he saw a young family growing up around him, which became more expensive every day. A small portion of his fortune was invested in England; but the bulk was, and had been for some years, invested on deposit, at pretty high interest, in the

Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank, which was in high repute among all the colonists from that part of the continent, and which did more business at its London office than almost any of the colonial banks. He had been induced to leave his money in the colony from the fact of his acquaintanceship with most of the directors; while the manager at the chief establishment, on the Gulf of Carpentaria, Fred Rockman by name, had been an old 'chum' when Mr Burton was a digger, and was believed to be, and truly so, one of the most honourable and straightforward of men. So Mr Burton felt as secure as a man could feel—at first. But while a poor man may sleep soundly amid the crash of banks, discount offices, and great mercantile firms, it is nigh upon impossible for a rich man to do so; and the day soon came when the toppling over of first one great house, and then another, whose names had hitherto stood almost as types of soundness, alarmed even him, and he could not refrain from paying daily visits to London, and haunting certain localities well known to all interested in financial transactions, and where—amidst a thousand false reports, it must be admitted—the first whisper of coming disaster would be sure to circulate.

Like a good husband, he had tried to conceal his uneasiness from Mrs Burton; but on her part, like a good wife, she was not to be so deceived; and when once his preoccupied manner and occasionally wandering replies had attracted attention, the revelation of his anxiety soon followed, and she grew more anxious than himself. With a mother's anxiety, she trembled for the fate of Master Caleb and Miss Amelia, with three or four other young ladies and gentlemen whose cots she was wont to visit, and whose foreheads she was wont to kiss every night of her life. So her alarm reacted upon her husband, and made him incomparably more sensitive than before.

All this however, took but a few days in its growth; for nothing is so swift as the changes and fears of a commercial panic; and ten days had hardly passed since the fall of the aforesaid great house, before Mr Burton commenced his visits to London. He was in the habit of taking his lunch at a particular tavern where foreign and colonial merchants greatly congregate, and here he saw many persons who were known to him in the days when he lived in the City. With these he often spoke, sometimes of the old times, but more frequently of the new. One day a man entered the coffee-room and looked round as though in search of some one. Mr Burton had occasionally seen and spoken to this man in his visits to the tavern. He was not very intimate with him; for his recollection of the man was not altogether favourable; he had been engaged in some very doubtful transactions in the colony, and had moreover borrowed money of Burton under some specious pretence, which turned out to be wholly false; and not one penny of this had he repaid. Mr Burton was just sitting down to lunch when he caught the eye of this individual, who was somewhat shinier, not to say greasier in his hat and clothes than the majority of the guests; and he looked round with so wistful an air that, moved by an impulse for which he could hardly account, Mr Burton beckoned him to his table and invited him to join him at lunch. He was sorry for it the moment

he had spoken; but the Captain—he was called the 'Captain' from having once owned a coasting vessel—gave him no time to change his mind. He accepted the invitation with the greatest alacrity; and although his appetite was clearly of the keenest, strove to make himself agreeable by communicating all the scandal with which the very atmosphere was charged, and in which he revelled. This he fortified and eked out with such mysterious winks and nods, that half of what he said was unintelligible to his hearer.

At last the meal was finished; and the Captain, draining the last drop from a tumbler of cold brandy-and-water which he had ordered as part of the lunch to which he was invited, shook his entertainer by the hand as the latter rose, and referring for the first time to past transactions, declared he was the best-hearted and most forgiving party he knew, and that some day he would do him a good turn. Burton rather abruptly thanked him, and cut short his gratitude by turning away; and had moved a pace or two through the crowded room on his road to the door, when he heard his name pronounced, and looking round, saw the Captain beckoning to him. Very much annoyed at this, he merely waved his hand, and would have continued his retreat; but that the other beckoned him again with so earnest a look, that Mr Burton involuntarily went towards him.

'Mr Burton, one word with you,' said the Captain; he hooked his finger in the button-hole of the other's coat as he spoke. 'Just one word.' Although it was but one word he wanted to say, he seemed to have a great deal of difficulty in giving utterance to it; at last he said, dropping his voice to a whisper far more mysterious than any which had preceded it: 'Meet me here in two hours' time. Mind! I am in earnest.' He released his hold as he spoke, and putting his forefinger to his lip as a sign of secrecy and caution—which was utterly needless, as he had communicated nothing—turned away, and was lost in the throng.

Mr Burton smiled at the man's maudlin impressiveness, as he deemed it, arising, as he supposed, from the tumbler of brandy-and-water, and decided on dismissing him and his appointment from his mind. He went about for another hour, meeting more of his acquaintance, each fresh one having something more gloomy to say than the last. Affairs really seemed to be growing worse, and even those who had been hopeful before, seemed to have lost heart now. So it was in a thoughtful mood he left to go to the terminus of his railway, and on his way he glanced down the narrow passage which led to the tavern where he had lunched an hour before. The recollection of the queer manner of the Captain came strongly upon him as he passed, and in his excited state it came back with a weight and force which he could not help feeling strongly, while yet he thought it ridiculous to do so. With every step he took, the influence grew stronger, until with a 'Pshaw!' of contempt at his weakness, he positively turned back, and resolved to keep the appointment, even though he was confident the Captain must have forgotten all about it, and indeed was now probably sleeping off his unusually hearty meal in the parlour of some less pretentious tavern. He felt this, yet he could not help returning,

because there *might* be something at the bottom of the Captain's mystery, and he might really keep his appointment. So, as just said, he turned back, dissatisfied though he was with himself, and inclined at every step to face round and hurry to the railway station. However, he reached the tavern, and entered the coffee-room, which was now nearly deserted. A couple of City clerks, who were probably working overtime, were dining in one corner, and a couple of waiters were gossiping in another; but for these the place was empty.

Taking up a newspaper, Mr Burton whiled away the time as best he might; he had made up his mind to wait ten minutes beyond the completion of the two hours, and no more; and as the hand of the coffee-room clock slowly approached the point, he felt glad to think how little chance there was of the shabby Captain's appearance. The hand entered the last five minutes; Mr Burton laid down his paper with a sigh of relief; but as he did so, the door creaked, the greasy hat, followed by the somewhat sodden visage of the Captain, was thrust in; a glance round the room shewed that Mr Burton was there; and shutting the door behind him as carefully and cautiously as though he were Guy Fawkes, or a melodramatic bandit, he approached the ex-colonial merchant almost on tiptoe.

It was not difficult to see that the Captain had been drinking a little more—possibly a good deal more, for he was well seasoned in that respect; for even if his bleared eye had not told as much, his husky voice would have been sufficient. Exceedingly impressive was, or was meant to be, his hoarse whisper as he said: 'All right! Mr Burton. I'm going to clear off old debts now; for I am a man who never forgets a benefit or loses sight of a friend. Come out for a moment.' He wrung Mr Burton's hand as he spoke with a warmth which the latter could very well have excused, and then led the way from the room he had but just so carefully entered.

The court in which the tavern was situated had one or two blind nooks in it, leading nowhere; and the Captain drawing Mr Burton into one of these, glanced warily around, and then dropping his voice to a still hoarser and still more impressive whisper—quite audible, however, for his breath came hot on the side of his hearer's face—said: 'You are in with the Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank—are you not?'

'I am,' returned Burton, who shuddered at the question, in spite of his contempt for the speaker.

'Then get out, if you can!' hoarsely continued the other. 'They are blown on. They will be up a tree in two days from this.—Don't ask me any more; but if I owe you any trifle of money, I have paid you now. Observe! They. Are. Blown.' He pronounced these last three words as we have given them, as if each word were a sentence, and he accompanied them with three distinct taps of his forefinger upon his reddened nose. And with that he hurried off, leaving Mr Burton at once astonished and alarmed.

He understood enough of the Captain's habits to know that his associates were of a very crafty and dangerous class; that like other birds of prey, they had the keenest possible scent for a moribund carcass, and that if there really were anything

wrong with the Gulf—as the bank was familiarly termed—or any other bank, such men would be the first to know of it. How such men know, is as great a mystery to us as it was to Mr Burton. But somehow they contrive to make money out of the wreck and ruin. In vain he tried to pooh-pooh the half-intelligible utterances of the Captain; and as he slowly retraced his steps to the terminus, tried to persuade himself that he had been listening but to the senseless maundering of a three parts drunken man. And yet, the Captain was not senseless—Burton felt that. Intoxicated or partly so, he might be; and it was rare that he was seen entirely sober; but there was a meaning in his husky voice, and a warning even in the unsteady glance of his eye, which effectually prevented Mr Burton from despising his mysterious hints.

On his arrival at his house he, very sensibly, told his wife all that had occurred; and she, who very well remembered the disreputable but crafty old Captain in by-gone years, was fully as much alarmed as her husband. But what was to be done? It was very well to admit that there was danger ahead; but how were they to avert it? Judging from what they had already seen, the papers of the next day might contain the news of the total collapse of the trusted bank, and four-fifths of all that Burton owned in the world might in an instant be swept away. His investment, it must be remembered, was in the chief office, in the Australian continent; and he could not withdraw it in London, excepting after a delay which of course would be utterly fatal, if any disaster really did threaten the bank.

But Burton was a man of decision and energy, otherwise this tale would not have been written; and after a disturbed and almost sleepless night, he rose with a settled resolution in his mind. He rose early, and after a show of eating his breakfast, left for London in such good time that he was there by eight o'clock. His first proceeding was to obtain a shipping list. By this he found that the mail left for Australia that evening, and that a private steamer left the docks that very morning—within three hours—also for Australia. His mind was at once made up. It is true that the time was excessively short for what he proposed to do; but he was not in a mood to be daunted by a little. A telegram told his wife of his intended departure—he had partly prepared her for this before leaving. He then hurried to his London bank, and drew out nearly the whole of his balance, and while doing this, he heard some muttered conversation among the strangers waiting at the counter; which proved that others besides himself suspected the soundness of the Gulf Bank. In a few minutes' time he had paid for his passage by the *Cerberus*, and was pleased to hear the clerk who took his money say—although he knew well enough it was a mere matter of course—that she was a remarkably fast vessel, a splendid sea-boat, and sure to beat the mail by at the very least—the clerk was emphatic on this point—at the very least from a week to ten days. To an old colonist, half an hour in an outfitter's was quite enough to supply him with all he required; and, when shortly before noon he stepped upon the gangway leading to the *Cerberus*, no one would have supposed that three or four hours before he had not dreamed of the existence of such a vessel.

The captain of the *Cerberus*—which splendid sea-boat had her steam up and her decks pretty nearly cleared of idlers by the time Mr Burton arrived—was rather surprised at this unexpected accession to his list of passengers, which by the way was but a scanty one, the immediate sailing of the mail-boat effectually checking anything like a plethora. There was something in the look and manner of the new-comer however, which impressed the skipper, and he inwardly decided that he should be very friendly with the latest arrival. In coming to this conclusion he was a truer prophet than he at all suspected.

The mail herself could not have been more punctual in starting than was the *Cerberus*. The noonday sun was shining brilliantly on a beautifully calm and tranquil day in spring when she cast loose from her moorings; her great engines began to beat and throb; and in five minutes more her few passengers were gazing over her stern at the receding quay which they had just left, and the faces of those who still stood there, waving their caps and handkerchiefs, were indistinct and blurred. All that day and all that night she made steady way; the next morning dawned brilliantly; the good ship was well into the English Channel; and on the day following, the great Atlantic would be fairly beneath her keel. Mr Burton felt as he sat at breakfast that his voyage had begun auspiciously; but the next instant came the damping thought that the mail-boat had also started under favourable auspices, and he remembered too that let her auspices be favourable or not, she was bound under a penalty to make the voyage in a fixed number of days. He was sufficiently versed in nautical matters, and especially steam nautical matters, to know that although they were making very fair progress, they were by no means doing their utmost, nor indeed was it likely that they would press on with any extraordinary energy, as there was no need for the vessel to arrive by any given day at the Gulf. Although this might have been said of the ship and her passengers generally, it by no means applied to Mr Burton, who keeping his eye on the captain, when for the first time he saw the latter enter his little sanctum on the deck, boldly followed him. The captain turned with a somewhat surprised air, and said 'Yes, sir?' as though Mr Burton had spoken, and clearly intended to ask 'What next?'

Burton quietly closed the door after him, and could not help smiling as he did so, for he felt that this proceeding must strike the skipper much as the cautious closing of the tavern door by the other Captain had struck him. However, he said: 'Can you spare me three minutes, Captain Bowman?'

'Certainly, sir; I am at your service,' replied the commander; but as he spoke, a slight cloud came over his bronzed face and altered its hearty expression, for he thought, even when he made his civil reply—'Now, what's up? Are you some precious forger or swindler who is going to confide in me? Or are you a detective, who thinks there is some one on board whom he must arrest?'

'Don't think that there is any great trouble to you in my application,' said Burton, smiling again, for he partly divined the other's thoughts; 'yet I want you to do me a favour—a very great favour, captain.'

The skipper looked an 'interrogation'; and Burton went on: 'Can your boat, doing her best, with her half-a-day's start, beat the mail?'

'She *could* perhaps,' returned the seaman, with an emphasis which implied that she was not very likely to try.

'I daresay,' pursued Burton, 'that to do so will give you some trouble, more work, and perhaps incur some extra expense for fuel and the like?'

'It would,' said the captain briefly.

'And cause more work to others also, I suppose?' continued Burton.

'It would,' again answered the skipper. 'The engineer would grumble more than a little, for we have not enough stokers for a voyage at full speed.'

'Have you sufficient coal?' asked Burton.

'Why—yes, perhaps we have,' was the reply; but there was an increasing dryness in Captain Bowman's tone which seemed to imply that he had had almost enough of the conversation.

Burton saw this, and went straight to the point. 'Captain Bowman,' he said, 'I have the most pressing of reasons for wishing to arrive at the Gulf before the mail. My only chance was to come by you; and I now ask you to get every knot out of the *Cerberus* that canvas and steam can compass, and, to be point-blank with you, let me say it shall be at my expense. I will pay, beforehand if you choose to estimate it, for every pound of extra coal you burn, so your employers shall not lose. I will, with your permission, pay your engineers double wages for the trip; and if you will accept it, I shall be glad to hand you this bank-note for one hundred pounds.' With dramatic effect, he drew the note from his waistcoat pocket as he spoke, and offered it to the captain.

The sailor quite staggered back in his surprise, and gasped out: 'Why—what—what is the reason?'

'The reason,' interrupted Burton, 'is simply that it is well worth my while, having great financial interests at stake, to spend three or four hundred pounds in beating the mail. It can do you no harm to comply with my request. No one will suffer; your passengers will all be pleased; the money shall be paid whether you win the race or not, which is only fair, as the work will have been done in any case. Now, captain, I know you are a good-hearted fellow; you can confer a great benefit on me and mine by obliging me, and something tells me you will help me if you can.'

'Well,' said the skipper, after a moment's hesitation, 'I will. It's a bargain. I will take your money, because I shall have earned it. I should advise you to speak to the first-officer, Mr Keeler; he is a poor man with a large family, so he won't object; and to Mr Nutt, the chief-engineer. Make your own terms with them, and they will manage the rest. I think we shall get in before the mail, for the *Cerberus* is the best of our line; while the *Maelstrom*, which is luckily running this trip, is the smallest and slowest of the mail-service. Not but what,' he added warningly, 'they are all very fast, and we shall have to work very hard to beat her by as many hours as we started before her.'

Mr Burton thanked the captain, and acting upon his advice, sought the first-officer and the engineer. With them he had no difficulty; the prospect of double pay for the whole of the

voyage was sufficient to induce them to undertake any amount of work. The working-engineers were equally ready; and within two hours of his conversation with the skipper, the *Cerberus* was making a couple of knots additional per hour; which was equal, as Mr Burton kept repeating to himself, to several hundred miles per week.

How earnestly he wished that the crank-shaft of the mail would break, her screw get out of order, or some casualty, not fatal, but retarding, would happen to their dreaded pursuer; that is, if she were still the pursuer, and had not already got ahead of them. It never seemed possible, in all his speculations, that any such accidents could happen to *his* vessel; she was of course to run an unchecked and unchecked voyage; and so indeed it happened.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE have in a former article mentioned the characteristics of 'The Speaker,' who occupies a high and honourable position, and who, during the heat of debates when party-feeling runs high, has a delicate and difficult part to play. It is curious to analyse the composition of the present House, elected in 1874. Lawyers, one hundred and thirty-nine; sons of peers, ninety-two; squires or land-proprietors, one hundred and twenty-nine; army, ninety-five; merchants, one hundred; baronets, sixty-four; sons of members, fifty-five; sons of baronets, twenty-five; bankers, twenty-four; knights, eleven; sons of knights, seventeen; navy, twelve; brewers, seventeen; engineers, eight; diplomatists, six; newspaper proprietors, nine; medical men, six; Irish peers, five; university professors, four; farmers, three; dissenting minister, one; accountant, one; miners, two. This enumeration must not be taken with any strictness, for many members find a place in it two or three times over. Some lawyers are also sons of members; some sons of peers are also army officers; some merchants are also bankers; and so on; insomuch that the total, as it stands, comes out at more than eight hundred, instead of the real six hundred and fifty or so. Nevertheless, the meaning will be understood in relation to the *predominant* position of each member. The social standing of members may not be greatly different from what it was previously; yet every one who candidly reads the newspapers must see that there is somehow a serious falling off. The knowledge of business and the manners that have been frequently displayed have too often been of a low type. It may be safely averred that from one cause or other, the character of the House has not improved. The airing of crotchets, which come to nothing, has become a staple business. Precious time is consumed in talk or in senseless obstruction. The art of judicious legislation seems scarcely to be understood.

Much of a curious nature is connected with what is technically called a 'count' or count-out. If a member desires, for any reason, to check the progress of a particular discussion on any one evening, there are two modes which the rules of the House permit him to adopt—namely adjournment, and counting the House. He may move, in the very midst of a debate, that the House adjourn; if the House does not at once assent to this, a division takes place, usually with the effect of

defeating the motion. Or it may be moved that the debate (not the House) be adjourned; and this in like manner is made the subject of division, involving the consumption of a large measure of valuable public time. If two members choose to play this game in partnership, one moving the adjournment of the House and the other the adjournment of the debate, the check to the progress of business is really serious. It is found a difficult thing to stop this mode of procedure without infringing on the individual liberty of members in freedom of debate. The method of interruption by counting the House is founded on the rule that forty members must be present to form a quorum. If at any time during a sitting of the House (except when in committee) a member moves that the House be counted, the Speaker at once proceeds to do so; he directs a two-minute sand-glass to be turned, to permit the entrance of such members as may be in any of the adjoining rooms or corridors; he orders strangers to withdraw, and deliberately counts the members present at the expiration of the two minutes. If the number be less than forty, the House instantly ceases business for that day or night, however important may be the matters under discussion. This is a 'count-out;' and to prevent its occurrence, members sometimes make a point of 'keeping a House,' taking precautions that there shall never be less than forty present.

What is called by the newspapers 'a Scene in the House' generally involves some slight departure from the strict rules of debate. The members, it must be confessed, rather relish a scene than otherwise. It is dull work to listen for hours together to speeches marked by few flashes of humour or bursts of eloquence; the members feel temporary relief in some incident which they know nevertheless to be scarcely creditable. A scene is sometimes merely another name for excited curiosity, to know in what way an important division will tend when five or six hundred members are present, perhaps at two or three o'clock in the morning. It is more strictly a scene when quarrelsome or offensive words are used. These are guarded against as much as possible by the rules of the House. One rule is, that no member may mention another by name. 'Honourable member,' 'right honourable gentleman,' 'honourable and learned friend,' 'honourable and gallant colonel,' such are the euphuisms which are found to be salutary during a heated debate, when the use of the surname might lead to irritating personalities. In the House of Peers this rule is carried so far as to be sometimes confusing and wearisome—the Noble Marquis who intervened between the Right Reverend Prelate and the Noble Earl, in replying to the Noble and Learned Lord on the Woolsack and the Noble and Gallant General; and so forth.

The imputation of bad motives, or motives different from those professed, is a license not permitted, but too frequently indulged in. The Speaker is empowered to check charges of wilful misconstruction of language, or insinuations of falsehood and deceit. If contemptuous or insulting words are used, the House may require them to be withdrawn, and an apology made. Supposing the offender refuse to retract, and a demand for 'satisfaction' out of doors be feared—happily, duelling is now gone out of fashion in England

—the Speaker may direct the Sergeant-at-arms to take both members into custody, and detain them until pledges have been given that the matter shall be carried no further.

The official just named, the Sergeant-at-arms, has peculiar functions assigned to him. He owes his position mainly to the existence of a right, maintained and exercised by the Commons from early times, to take into custody any person guilty of 'contempt' or disobedience of the House. The right has been disputed in a few instances; but the judicial tribunals, if appealed to, always admit its existence. The Sergeant-at-arms is appointed by the Crown under a warrant from the Lord Chamberlain, by patent under the Great Seal; but after his appointment he becomes a servant of the House, under the immediate direction of the Speaker. There is a special scene in the House when this gentleman is ordered to take an erring legislator into custody.

When disorderly words are used, any member may move that they 'be taken down' by the Clerk—not a very severe punishment, but an admonition not to do the like again. Members must keep in their places during a debate; if otherwise, they may be 'called to order,' and the Speaker sees that the order is obeyed, either through the instrumentality of the Sergeant-at-arms, or more usually by a little courteous expostulation. A buzz of conversation, often heard during a dull and prosy debate, or in a moment of excitement, is checked by the Speaker whenever it becomes too apparent. Hisses or other modes of discourteous interruption during a speech are not permitted: a rule imperfectly obeyed however when the House is full and the members excited. Cries of 'Hear, hear' and 'Question, question' are permitted. The latter denotes that the member who is addressing the House is wandering from the immediate subject; the Speaker mildly admonishes him, generally with the desired effect. Sometimes, however, 'Question, question' is an irregular mode of hinting to a lumbering orator that an end to his speech is greatly desired. Although 'Hear, hear' may imply approbation, the words may be annoying if pronounced with a peculiar intonation implying irony, banter, sneer, satire, sarcasm, and if accompanied by shrugs and gesticulations. The Speaker can generally estimate these various meanings of the cry, and interposes his authority if necessary. One of the many advantages possessed by the British House of Commons is the absolute impartiality of the Speaker, President, or Chairman. He is impartial between the Crown and the legislature, between the government and the opposition, between the retrogressive party and the progressive party.

'Strangers in the House' are the subjects of a somewhat curious rule. No stranger may be present while the House is sitting; consequently the reporters for the newspaper press, and visitors admitted by members' orders, are acting irregularly. It is one of those rules which, though habitually neglected, has never been formally rescinded; members are however, once now and then reminded of its existence, somewhat to their surprise and even annoyance. Thirty years ago, without any real cancelling of the rule, its practical enforcement as a general custom was abandoned. A Ladies' Gallery has been provided and a Reporters' Gallery, and a Speaker's Gallery, and

a Gallery for such of the public as succeed in obtaining members' orders. What strangers may not do is to appear in any part of the body of the House where the members sit, or in the Members' Gallery. To shew however, that the old rule still exists, a member may at any time announce that he 'espies strangers in the House;' and if this be so, the Speaker at once orders them to withdraw, even though the general wish of the House be otherwise. On one occasion, when the House had in this way been cleared of strangers, the debate went on for two hours without even any parliamentary reporters of the newspapers being present; this occurred a second time in the same session. Thereupon a Committee of the House was appointed to report whether the rule might safely be rescinded; but it was ultimately pronounced to be valuable as a last resource. In another year another Committee made a like report. The instances of this kind, when a member declares (as if it were an astounding fact) that he 'espies strangers in the House,' usually occur when some details are expected to be given during debate not fitted for ladies to listen to or to be printed in newspapers. A curious rule prevailed for many years that soldiers in uniform were not permitted to enter the House, as strangers, even when other strangers were admitted. On one occasion two soldiers who had members' tickets were refused admission; complaint was made against this as a strange proceeding on the part of the doorkeepers. The Speaker stated that the rule had been in force since the early part of the century. The House willingly relaxed the rule; and soldiers are now permitted to enter wearing their uniforms but not their side-arms.—Clearing the House to prepare for a division is, we need hardly say, a different thing from clearing it because some one 'espies strangers in the House.'

MY FIRST 'GERMAN.'

'I AM afraid girls, it won't be a very gay winter, so many families here are in mourning; however, you shall have some dancing, for I have invitations for you for four "Germans," and no doubt others will come in after Christmas.'

'How delightful!' said Alice. 'I have often read about Germans in American books. But as I have never quite understood what they meant, it will be charming to see really for one's self.'

'I have danced the German in England,' said Mrs. Linton; 'but you don't often meet with it there, and when you do, it has generally been introduced by Americans. It gets rather monotonous when you have it constantly; but for a while I daresay you will find it amusing.'

This scrap of conversation took place in a palace car that was gliding smoothly along by the side of the beautiful Hudson. That afternoon however, it only looked sternly majestic; for the sky and broad reflecting bosom of the river were heavy with leaden-gray clouds, that blurred the outlines of the Catskill Mountains, and darkened the sombre pines, fringing their summits, and nestling on their slopes into heavy masses of melancholy shadow. With a shiver I swung my comfortable lounge-chair round on its pivot, and faced the interior of the carriage. American palace cars have during the last year or two

become common sights in England ; but this was nearly seven years ago, and I looked with amazement and pleasure at the luxury and finish of everything around me, from the swing-chairs placed by the windows to the beautiful bird's-eye maple and walnut fittings.

My cousin Alice and myself were English girls, who had been invited to spend six months at West Troy, a small village about four miles from Albany. Mrs Linton, our kind hostess, was a real American lady. She was very small, with clear-cut delicate features, keen blue eyes that nothing escaped, hair rolled back from a low broad forehead ; and though her age was scarcely thirty, falling behind in a mass of silvery gray curls. This early grayness was, I was told, a peculiarity in her mother's family. Her movements were particularly quick and active, yet always noiseless and graceful. She talked incessantly, but was always amusing. Anecdote, quotation, repartee, and witticism fell from her lips in a sparkling stream ; and though a married woman in a country where unmarried ladies rule in society, she was always surrounded by admirers, and engaged for dances and Germans for weeks beforehand. To complete her portrait, she was always richly dressed, with perfect taste, her style and the occasion being carefully studied. She had married an Indian officer, and his thoroughly English face and rather ponderous style of speaking formed an amusing contrast to her vivacious manner.

True to the promise of the preceding evening, we looked out next morning on a white world. The snow lay in a deep drift across the road, and weighed down the sturdy branches of the maple in front of our window. The sight was not accompanied by the feelings of discomfort a sharp frost generally produces when seen early in the morning from the windows of an English bedroom ; for the register stove was open, and a delicious flood of warm air poured into the room ; so we dressed in comfort, pausing to admire the snow-plough as it passed, its crimson prow throwing the snow off the tram-track in a feathery white shower.

'Wouldn't they think us mad, in England?' said Alice, as she stepped into the sleigh in which, thanks to the snow, we were able to go to our first German.

No doubt they would ; for notwithstanding we were in ball attire, and the thermometer several degrees below zero, we were going to drive five miles in an open sleigh. However, as our wraps were fur-lined, our heads swathed in 'clouds,' our hands enveloped in long fur-lined gloves, the sleigh filled nearly up to our necks with shawls and fur 'robes,' and a huge hot soap-stone comforted our feet, we were very snug, and I leaned back luxuriously, and watched the stars, which appeared to snap and blaze in the wonderfully clear frosty air. The horses seemed to fly, as they sped noiselessly over the smooth snow, their silver bells chiming merrily. We were told it was against the law for any horse or carriage to be without a bell. The runners of the sleighs and horses' feet making no sound, the tinkling of the bells is the only means of preventing frequent collisions.

On arriving at Mrs Vandermilton's—Albany was originally a Dutch settlement, and many of the oldest families have decidedly Dutch names—

we were shewn into a bright cosy-looking bedroom. Instead of being warmed by hot-air pipes or the dead-looking anthracite, a fire of English coal burned in the grate, and gave a delightfully home-like air to the room. The furniture was covered with a pretty rosy chintz, the mantel-piece veiled with a valence of the same, underneath which hung a pair of curtains, now looped back from the fire, but intended in summer to fall over and hide the grate. The apartment was half-library, half-bedroom, or rather it was two rooms divided during the daytime by folding-doors, but left open at night—a plan often followed in America, where what is called the 'blind-room,' down-stairs, forms a second reception-room. The dining-room is generally a small insignificant apartment at the back of the other two.

On descending to the reception-room we were introduced to the hostess, who was very pretty and graceful, about four-and-twenty, and as I heard a gentleman enthusiastically remark, 'the sweetest thing in the house.' With the kind desire to put the English strangers at their ease, a set of Lancers was got up. I don't remember who my partner was ; but as I went through the 'grande chaine' for the last time, a gentleman whom I had mentally put down as the typical Yankee—tall, thin, sharp-featured, and long-haired—squeezed my hand, and whispered, 'German.' I caught the word very imperfectly, and thought it rather impertinent, but supposed it might be the American independence of the laws of etiquette, and made no reply. After we had finished the Lancers, and as Mrs Linton, who looked like a fairy in pale blue and diamonds, was telling us who the people were, I noticed the same gentleman standing close by, and as she said : 'Have you a partner for the German?' to my astonishment he observed : 'Yes ; you are engaged to me ;' on which he was introduced as Mr Amasa Perkins, and turned out both agreeable and amusing. As the room was arranged and people fell into their places I began to tremble, and my cousin and I telegraphed glances of dismay ; for indeed to English girls of retiring dispositions, a 'German,' especially where all are strangers, is rather an ordeal. The room was a very large one ; the dancers were all seated round the walls, leaving a large open space, and as seldom more than two couples dance at the same time, any ungraceful dancing or false steps are clearly seen, and, as I found out, sharply criticised. We were told there are about forty figures, but seldom more than five or six are danced ; for as every couple goes through the same figure, if a large assembly it takes a long time, and makes it very tedious. A gentleman who knows the figures well is asked to be the leader ; and the lady whom the hostess particularly wishes to honour, is his partner. The leaders are appointed when the invitations are sent out, to give them time to consult which figures are to be chosen ; and it is etiquette for the gentleman to send his partner a bouquet of flowers. They sit at the head of the room, and begin every figure. It is rather a fatiguing honour for the lady, as every gentleman has to take her out at least once during the evening. At a little table at the end of the room sits a lady who dispenses the 'favours,' which are generally rosettes, button-hole bouquets, surprise fans, ribbon bracelets with bells attached, boxes of bonbons, &c.

I found my companion so amusing that, as I sat near the leader, I had scarcely noticed how the figure was being danced, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'It is our turn now;' whisked me twice round the room in a rapid *valse à trois temps*, led me to the lady with the favours, who gave me a flower; and left me standing panting by the table. As I saw Mr Perkins present his flower to a lady who rose immediately and began the waltz, it dawned upon me I was expected to select a gentleman on whom to bestow *my* favour. I felt rather embarrassed as I looked round the room at the strange faces, many gazing with curiosity and amusement at the 'English girl,' but managed to select a mild inoffensive-looking little man. On presenting my flower however, what self-possession I had retained forsook me, when instead of taking it, he held out a pin, and requested me to place it in his coat. Not being accustomed to such familiarities with strange gentlemen I felt my face flush up a rich crimson while I did so. I glanced at Alice, and she gave me a look of horror. However I may say, before we left America we regarded it with all the philosophical indifference of American belles.

In the next round the May-pole was brought in. Plaited round it were ribbons of different colours, each being fastened by the centre to the pole. Four ladies and as many gentlemen took the loose ends, and after passing through a kind of maze to up-plait the ribbons, danced with those who held the corresponding ends. A great deal of the enjoyment of the evening depends on getting a nice partner, as unless you are taken out very often, you have nearly three hours of each other's society, and in three hours a tedious amount of conversation can be gone through. I heard a girl say she had danced so many Germans with one gentleman she had not a thing more to say to him, which was rather unfortunate, as he evidently thought he had plenty to tell *her*. In the first of the three hours, conversation is generally very brisk; in the second, slight pauses may be observed, and the last hour is often passed in complete silence.

After several figures had been performed, supper was announced. It was served in a way which at first seemed strange to our English ideas, but which certainly has a great advantage over our plan, which requires a large supper-room. The ladies drew their seats into little groups as inclination prompted. Those who felt the room hot, sat in the hall or camped on the stairs. The gentlemen brought each lady a large *serviette*. They were then waited upon by their partners, or sometimes as a happy change, by somebody else's partner. The first course generally consisted of stewed terrapin (a small kind of turtle), or oysters fried, stewed, or pickled. Chicken salad followed, then cake, and an enormous plate of several kinds of ice-cream, perhaps strawberry, banana, pistache, and lemon, a large spoonful of each. In America it is considered extremely ill-bred to eat all that is on your plate. Some ladies carry this to an extreme, and will merely take a spoonful or two in an elegant languid kind of way, as if eating were such a vulgar habit, they merely conformed to it in appearance not to offend the prejudices of ordinary mortals. That this delicacy is merely assumed I can bear witness. An unaffected healthy American will eat twice the quantity an English

girl will, and in half the time. I have frequently heard girls say, when no gentleman was near: 'Now, what am I to do? I am frightfully hungry; but I must leave something. I think a few lettuce-leaves would make the greatest show;' and the lettuce-leaves would be left accordingly.

There were several ladies present carrying three and four bouquets each. On expressing my astonishment to my partner, he said: 'Well, I for one would never send a bouquet to a lady if she didn't wear it. When my sister "came out" she had eleven sent, and when she stood to receive the guests she had them tied round her dress.'

Privately, I thought she must have looked intensely silly, but only said: 'And what about the dancing? Didn't she find them very inconvenient?'

'She removed them when the dancing commenced,' he replied, 'and they were placed on the tables; for as she could not carry them all, she dared not carry one, as all the rejected ones would have been offended.'

As I meditated on this awkward phase of American etiquette, I studied the faces of the ladies present, and came to the conclusion that English mists and rains are more favourable to a continuance of bloom and beauty than the extreme heat and cold of America. Girls of eighteen, in face, figure, and self-possession, would in England have passed for quite ten years older. Ladies a little past thirty were wrinkled and scraggy (no other word expresses it) as are seldom our healthy women of fifty. Another unfortunate thing is, that Americans adopt the fashions directly they appear without reference to age, complexion, or style. The fashionable coiffure of that time was to draw the hair straight from the face to the crown of the head, where it was tied and plaited, the plait being carried round the head as a coronet, an inch or two from the forehead. At the back two long curls escaped from under the plait. This style requiring a peculiarly classical face to be becoming, was adopted by all, from girls of fifteen to matrons of fifty; and the latter never thought of adding a lace lappet or feather to soften the harsh outline it produced. We were also shocked to see all the old ladies with quite low dresses, their poor thin arms and necks looking so terribly cold and unlovely that I longed to roll them up in a good warm shawl. How dreadful it is to see a struggle for the shadow of youth, when the reality has long eluded the grasp!

It was well Mr Perkins danced the *trois temps*, or my recollections of my first German would not have been so pleasant as they are, 'the Boston' being a mystery to English eyes, everybody seeming to move languidly up and down as they felt inclined; shewing off their trains to the best advantage being evidently the chief point to the ladies. The dancing was resumed for about an hour after supper, when hot beef-tea, in little old china cups, was brought in; and as we left the house, the snow squeaked loudly under our sleigh runners, which we were told was a sign of a strong frost. After a most delightful drive, beguiled, after we left the town, by songs and glees, we retired to bed, where in my dreams I danced over again my first German.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 803.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

PRICE 11^d.

THE RUSSELLS.

THE noble family of Russell, of which the Duke of Bedford is the head, originally belonged to Dorsetshire, on the southern coast of England. One of them, Sir Ralph Russell, knight, was Constable of Corfe Castle as early as 1221; which may be called a respectable antiquity. Passing over a few generations, we come to John Russell, who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, resided a few miles from Bridport, where he and his descendants might have remained in the rank of private gentlemen, but for a remarkable chance circumstance; though it is evident that the chance would have been unavailing had there not been ability to take advantage of it. No doubt, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; but what signifies the highest flood-tide in human affairs, if people have not mental culture and tact to make the best of the opportunity? How beautifully this is illustrated in the story of the Russells!

In 1506, Philip, Archduke of Austria, being on his passage from Flanders to Spain, encountered the fury of a sudden storm in the English Channel, and took refuge in Weymouth. There he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of rank in the neighbourhood. Apprising the court of Henry VII. of the circumstance, Sir Thomas invited his relation, Mr Russell, then recently returned from his travels, to visit the Archduke. The invitation being accepted, the Prince was fascinated by Mr Russell's intelligence and companionable qualities, and requested that he should accompany him to Windsor, whither the king had invited him to repair. On the journey, the Archduke became still more pleased with his 'learned discourse and generous deportment;' for as he was able to converse in French and German, there was no difficulty on account of language. So pleased was the Archduke, that he strongly recommended Mr Russell to the king. As a consequence, he was taken immediately into royal favour, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber. Sub-

sequently, he became a favourite of Henry VIII., and a companion of that monarch in his French wars. Now, on the high-road to fortune, he was appointed to several high and confidential offices. Finally, in 1539, he was created Baron Russell of Cheney, in the county of Bucks, which estate he afterwards acquired by marriage.

To make the good-luck of the first Lord Russell something beyond precedent, he lived at the outbreak of the Reformation in England, when monastic institutions were dissolved, and church lands, in the hands of Henry VIII., were given to lay adherents of the crown with what may be called reckless munificence. Lord Russell came in for an uncommonly large share in the general distribution. In 1540, when the great monasteries were dissolved, His Lordship obtained a grant to himself and his wife, and their heirs, of the site of the Abbey of Tavistock, and of extensive possessions belonging thereto. There was much more to come. After the accession of Edward VI., Lord Russell had a grant of the monastery of Woburn, and was created Earl of Bedford, 1550. In 1552, a patent was granted to John, Earl of Bedford, of Covent Garden, lying in the metropolitan parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields, with seven acres called Long Acre, of the yearly value of six pounds six shillings and eightpence; part of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset. Covent Garden, or more properly Convent Garden, was originally the garden of the Abbey at Westminster. Reckoned as of very small value at the time, the lands in and about Covent Garden, and stretching northwards, now covered with streets and squares, realise a princely ground-rental.

Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, who lived in the reign of Charles I., was noted for his ingenious scheme of draining an extensive tract of flat land, on the east coast of England, included in Lincolnshire and other counties, with an area of four hundred thousand acres. Liable to be covered by the sea, and always in the condition of a marsh, the land was of little value, unless it was drained. This work was undertaken by the Earl of Bedford, and carried out by him after incurring much

opposition, and encountering many serious difficulties. He expended a hundred thousand pounds on the work, on condition of receiving ninety-five thousand acres of the reclaimed land. His son William, fifth Earl, incurred a fresh outlay of three hundred thousand pounds to render the work complete; and ever since it has been known as the Bedford Level. With subsequent improvements, the land is a beautiful and fertile plain; being so much added to the available surface of England.

Francis died in 1641, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, fifth Earl of Bedford, who had seven sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest surviving son was Lord William Russell, the distinguished patriot in the reign of Charles II. Born in 1639, and educated at Cambridge, Lord William in a marked degree inherited the elevated ideas of civil and religious liberty, for which the family has always been remarkable. In 1669, he was married to Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter and eventual heiress of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, Lord High Treasurer, and widow of Francis, Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carberry. As Lady Rachel Russell, she was destined to derive lustre from her high sense of duty as a wife and mother in the most trying circumstances.

To understand the interesting and pathetic episode now to ensue in the story of the Russells, we have to call to mind the deplorable misconduct of the last three sovereigns of the House of Stuart. It may be admitted that by having to contend with the gloomy puritanism that had sprung up, Charles I. lived at an unhappy period; but he took the worst possible way of dealing with his subjects. His self-willedness, his falsehoods, his insincerity, and his illegally despotic measures, provoked civil war, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy, and the setting up of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. Next came the reign of Charles II., who by his profligacy, baseness in becoming a stipendiary of Louis XIV., and his general misgovernment through court favourites, created the utmost dissatisfaction among his subjects. Towards the conclusion of his reign, there sprung up plots to get rid of him as well as of his brother, James, Duke of York. Of course, all such plots, however ineffectual, were treasonous, and punishable by law. In some instances, the plots were the mere inventions of a set of perjured wretches, who, for the sake of pay, did not mind falsely incriminating members of the party whose politics were adverse to the unconstitutional measures of the court.

Although perhaps aware of the danger he incurred, Lord William Russell unfortunately visited the house of a person named Shepherd, in which he heard some remarks as to the possibility of seizing the guards, but took no part in the conversation. Immediately, through the machinations of Shepherd and others, the rumour of a plot was carried to the court. Glad to have a man of mark to fasten on, the king and his brother caused Lord Russell to be seized and taken to the Tower. After being examined by the Privy Council, and sent back to the Tower, Lord Russell, says Bishop Burnet, 'looked upon himself as a dead man, and turned his thoughts wholly to another world. He read much in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms, and

read Baxter's dying thoughts. He was serene and calm as if he had been in no danger at all.' In answer to every interrogation, he denied all knowledge of any consultation tending to an insurrection. It was all in vain. On the 13th July 1683, he was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, to take his trial for high-treason. As seems to be common in England, he had no indictment previously served upon him, and he pleaded not guilty before he knew what was the crime charged against him. Being provided with pen, ink, and paper, he asked if he might have somebody to write for him. He was told that he might have any of his servants; but on mentioning that his wife was in court and ready to assist him, the Lord Chief-Justice said: 'If my lady please to give herself the trouble.' Thereupon Lady Russell meekly sat down beside her husband, to aid him to the best of her ability. A wretch named Colonel Rumsey came forward as a witness for the crown, stating matters with no foundation in fact; and by his evidence, also that of Shepherd, and others equally disreputable, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of high-treason. Next day he received sentence of death.

The assiduous labours of Lady Russell during the trial are spoken of as something remarkable; nor did she cease the most energetic efforts to move the king to mercy; without avail. When Lord Russell spoke of his wife, the tears would sometimes come into his eyes. Once, he said he wished she would give over her attempts for his preservation; but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, to reflect that she had left nothing undone, he acquiesced. He expressed great joy in her magnanimity of spirit, and said the parting with her was the severest pang he had to suffer. In the few days he had to live, he was attended by his friend Dr Burnet, and by Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury. On the night before his execution, after parting with his children, he asked Lady Russell to stay and sup with him, so that they might take their last earthly food together. At ten o'clock she left him. Next morning, 20th July 1683, he was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The judicial murder of Lord William Russell, and subsequently of Algernon Sidney, as well as some other patriots, served only to intensify the feelings of hatred entertained towards Charles II., and James, his brother and successor. When beset with difficulties, and ruin closing upon him, James, it is said, applied for advice and assistance to the Duke of Bedford, who sorrowfully replied that once he had a son who might have helped the king in his extremity. We almost doubt the truth of this tradition, for the Bedford family were in politics distinctly opposed to the king, who had been instrumental in bringing Lord William Russell to the block. The illegal, and it would almost seem mad proceedings of James II. lasted until the Revolution, when loaded with the execrations of England and Scotland, this the last of the Stuarts ignominiously fled from the country. In the present day, it is scarcely possible to picture the coarse tyrannies, and the distress and confusion they created throughout the whole of James's brief and inglorious reign of three years, 1685 to 1688. Little need be the wonder that after wasting their opportunities, the Stuarts were finally thrown off in disgust, and

unpittied, except by a few zealous adherents, sunk to merited extinction.

Shortly after their accession to the throne, William and Mary, in acknowledgment of the consummate virtue, sanctity of manners, and greatness of mind of Lord Russell, created his bereaved father Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford; while by an act of parliament the attainder of Lord Russell was reversed. On the death of the Duke in 1700, his honours were inherited by Wriothlesley, his grandson, only son of Lord Russell the ancestor of the present Bedford family. The life of Rachel Lady Russell, after the death of her husband, was occupied and imbibed by that grief of which she has left so affecting a memorial in her Letters. This remarkable woman drew out life to the age of eighty-seven, dying as lately as 1723, and is universally quoted as having been a pattern to her sex.

Wriothlesley, second Duke, was a man of no mark. He occupied himself chiefly in horticultural and agricultural pursuits. At his death in 1711, he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Wriothlesley, as third Duke, who is described as being a reckless devotee to gambling and other disreputable pursuits. He died without issue in 1732, and was succeeded by his brother John, as fourth Duke. John was a person of superior ability. He took part in the political movements at the middle of the eighteenth century, and was noted for his integrity of character and amiable disposition. Vast sums were expended by him in laying out the grounds and plantations at Woburn Abbey, which was now almost rebuilt on a scale of great extent, and furnished with a collection of pictures, scarcely to be paralleled in England. In executing these improvements, his greatest merit, perhaps, consisted in the skillful manner in which he arranged the magnificent park and pleasure-grounds, extending twelve miles in circumference.

Duke John had a son, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who married Lady Elizabeth Keppel, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle, and had a sad fate. He was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767, an event that caused his widow to die of grief. He left a family of sons and daughters. The eldest son, Francis, succeeded as fifth Duke, on the death of his grandfather in 1771. This Duke Francis was one of the most popular English noblemen in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the country was agitated by the convulsion in France. As a friend of Charles-James Fox, and President of the Whig Club, his speeches carried great weight in the House of Lords. Dying unmarried in 1802, his titles and estates passed to his brother John, as sixth Duke.

John, sixth Duke of Bedford, was more noted as an ardent agriculturist, and skilful improver of his estates, than as a politician. In London, he did much to increase the value of the family property. One of his works was the building of the present Covent Garden Market at an outlay of forty thousand pounds. He is understood to have spent a like sum on the church at Woburn. Dying in 1839, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis, as seventh Duke, who, like his father, preferred a country life to politics, and by his excellent management added largely to the heritable family revenue, which under him is said to have reached

the sum of three hundred thousand pounds per annum. He died in 1861, and was succeeded by his only son, William, the eighth Duke of Bedford.

John, sixth Duke of Bedford, had two younger sons. One of these, George-William, a major-general in the army, was the father of Francis-Charles, the present Duke, who succeeded his cousin in 1872, and also of Lord Arthur Russell and the diplomatist, Lord Odo Russell, both of whom have been authorised to take precedence as sons of a Duke. The other son was John, the eminent statesman, who was created Earl Russell, Viscount Amberley, in 1861, but is best remembered under his original title of Lord John Russell, for as such he long figured as a member of the House of Commons. We can run over only a few of the leading events in the career of this remarkable person.

Lord John Russell, the youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was born 18th August 1792. After being at one or two schools, he accompanied Lord and Lady Holland on a journey through Spain. In his 'Recollections and Suggestions,' he says, on returning from this excursion, 'I asked my father to allow me to go to the University of Cambridge. But he told me that in his opinion there was nothing to be learned at English universities, and procured for me admission to the house of Professor Playfair in Edinburgh. There I had my studies directed and my character developed by one of the best and the noblest, the most upright, the most benevolent, and the most liberal of all philosophers.' Again he travelled abroad, and being returned member for Tavistock, he entered parliament in 1813, while yet not twenty-one years of age. Soon he made himself known as an advocate of parliamentary reform, but without improving his reputation, except among a few followers, for the country was unprepared for the measures which he suggested. For a number of years he devoted a considerable part of his time to literature, one of his books being the 'Life of Lord William Russell,' a by no means brilliant performance, but which has gone through several editions. His other productions, including 'Don Carlos,' a drama, are now little heard of.

Lord John was apparently deficient in the saliency of fancy requisite for success in literary enterprise. His rôle was that of a politician set on working out certain ideas in the business of legislation. There were abuses to correct, and he put himself in the front rank as their corrector. Very much through his tenacity of purpose, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828, and the Catholic Relief Bill was carried in 1829. His next great work, along with Earl Grey, was the Reform Bill, passed after lengthened agitation, 1832. The Corporation Reform Bill followed. In these times, he occupied various positions in the ministry, and was for several years Premier. For a time, he acted as Colonial Minister under Lord Palmerston, and more lately as Foreign Minister. In 1861, as above stated, he was raised to the peerage, after which, in 1865, he was again for a short time Prime Minister. His political career may then be said to have terminated. In his day, and in his own particular line of abuse-corrector, he did meritorious service; but it was generally admitted that in the comprehensiveness of mind

which has a regard for all interests and feelings, there was a marked deficiency.

Residing retiredly at Pembroke Lodge, Surrey, Earl Russell outlived his more eminent contemporaries. Personally, he was almost unknown to the younger generation. Yet, as a public man who had done great things in his day, he was ever spoken of with respect by all parties. Universal sympathy was felt for him on the decease of his son, Lord Amberley. After languishing for years in a poor state of health, Earl Russell died, to the regret of the nation, on the 28th May 1878, when he had nearly attained to the age of eighty-six. He was succeeded in the Earldom by his youthful grandson.

W. C.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE JOWDERS.

HUGH ASHTON, at Treport, did not, even during the enforced inactivity of the steamer under his command, find the time hang heavily on his hands. First and foremost, there were the repairs of the *Western Maid* to demand his attention. Strictly speaking, it was no concern of the vessel's captain as to when the vessel, now crippled, would be ready for sea. Old Captain Peter Cleat, his predecessor in the command, would have chuckled in his sleeve at the convenient delays which enabled him to draw his pay while tranquilly smoking his pipe on shore. But Hugh was no mere hireling, and he hurried on the work of shipwrights and engine-fitters in a manner which, in one of Her Majesty's dockyards, would have been invaluable, so that there seemed every probability that the tug-boat would soon resume her career of useful activity.

One task, less congenial to Hugh's tastes than that of speeding the repairs of his vessel, was forced by circumstances upon the steamer's young commander, that, namely, of weeding his crew of the worst elements that it comprised. A drunken fireman was cashiered. Three seamen also received their dismissal, and the most notable of these was the late mutineer, Salem Jackson. Hugh was loath to be severe with this man, leniently considering that his bad conduct on the night of the shipwreck had been sufficiently punished by the knock-down blow he had received; but the mate was obdurate.

'Pass over that, and worse'll come of it,' said Long Michael resolutely. 'Must hev an example, for discipline's sake. If you don't report the blackguard, I must, Cap.; that's all.'

So Salem Jackson was reported to the Board, and by order of the Board, dismissed, and went scowling away over the gang-plank of the *Western Maid*.

At this time, also, it came to pass that Hugh, perhaps rashly, provoked the undying hostility of a powerful though irregular guild, that of the Jowders or fish-dealers—a very important factor in the simple problem of Cornish coast-life. It stirred the young man's free and generous spirit to see the ignoble vassalage in which so many bronzed sea-faring men—fine fellows who seemed to have every good quality but that of mother-wit—were kept by the salesmen, whose illegal combination regulated the market-price of fish. Had this been the Jowders' sole offence, it might have

been condoned. Unluckily these petty capitalists were in the habit of investing a portion of their capital in the pockets of unthrifty fishermen, headfully secured by certain stringent documents on stamped paper, which gave the lender a lien on boats and nets, goods and gear, and made the debtor the slave, as a debtor always is, of perhaps as inexorable a variety of the genus creditor as Europe could supply. One branch of business was dexterously made to help the other. It is not easy to dispute the hard terms of a purchaser who, while fixing his own price for cod-fish and skate, and turbot and mackerel, never suffers you to forget that the last half-yearly interest at seventy per cent. is in arrear, and that replevin and seizure and foreclosure, and other ugly terms familiar to the law, are only held in reserve, like greyhounds straining in the leash.

Hugh had spoken his mind once and again, with what was very likely an imprudent frankness, concerning these Jowders, and what would probably have been said of them, and possibly done to them, among the more independent colonists whom he had known, or in other parts of our own coast. Why did not the fishermen make a stand, save a bit, help one another in the hour of need, and cease to be borrowers from, and therefore serfs to, the Jowders? Why did they not band together to send their fish direct to market, and so get rid of the middlemen who fattened on their thrift and helplessness, and whom he likened to a set of Tregeagles?

Hugh's advice did not do much good. The brave, broad-shouldered, simple-hearted giants to whom he spoke took his well-meant words in very good part, but shook their heads as they puffed at their clay pipes, with a very hopeless air. They were not free fishers, except in name, doubly enthralled as they were by the chains of habit, not to be snapped in a day, and by the traditional bondage to the blood-suckers who lived on the fruits of their toil and danger. To anger the Jowders was a very terrible conception to those who knew that all home comforts and the future power of winning a crust for the little ones depended on the non-employment of that awful scrap of stamped paper locked up in some salesman's desk. But the comparison of the money-lending Jowders to the legendary Tregeagle, that unjust steward whose punishment it is to labour hopelessly and for ever with spade and pail among the sands of the sea-shore, seemed to them a better witicism than any that ever had been uttered at the *Mariner's Joy*, where wit was rare; and they repeated the joke, and told it to their wives, and it was buzzed about from door-step to door-step until it was not very long first it got to the Jowders' ears, and raised a corporate feeling of hate against Hugh Ashton.

Presently, an event occurred which brought matters to a crisis. One day a fisherman's wife, Patience Pennant by name, came weeping to Captain Trawl's house. Could the Captain help her, or the young Captain help her, for the love of God, in her sore need? And in truth the poor thing, with two young children clinging to her skirts, and four others left crying at home beside the fireless hearth, was in great distress. Her story was a short one, and the main facts of it patent to all. Jan Pennant, her husband, had gone through a series of misfortunes. First,

he had 'took ill;' then, when able to go out to the deep-sea fishery, a squall had carried away mast and boom, and much tackle in the wreck of the spars; and last and worst, old Mr Polwhedle of Treport Upper Town, professed salesman and real usurer, regarding luckless Jan as a sponge no longer worth the squeezing, had swooped down upon the debtor's boat and nets, in satisfaction of ninety pounds, principal and interest, then due.

The fishermen, moved by the hardship of the case, had clubbed their resources and made up a purse of twenty pounds. But Jowder Polwhedle would not take the twenty pounds, or grant a respite. Shylock insisted on his bond. It was held essential to the system of terrorism on which the power of the Jowders was based, that a victim should be made now and then. And Jan Pennant had been selected as a very appropriate sacrifice to Mammon. This time, Patience Pennant was enabled to dry her tears. Worthy Captain Trawl, who was not of a saving turn, could indeed produce from the recesses of the tea-caddy which served him for a treasury but one five-pound note, crumpled and greasy, which he flattened down with his heavy hand before presenting it to the fisherman's weeping wife. But Hugh Ashton, who had his share of the salvage reward mispent in his possession, produced, to quote Patience Pennant's admiring words, 'seventy golden sovereigns,' wherewith to pay off old Polwhedle of Treport Upper Town. And Jan Pennant, who had been too shamefaced to beg personally for aid, came to render thanks for the loan, beginning in manly words, and then breaking down and sobbing like a big bearded baby before he got to the end of his speech. And it was all that Hugh could do to prevent the surf-booted fishermen, Jan's neighbours and comrades, from carrying the young Captain of the *Western Maid* in triumph on their shoulders into the town. But old Polwhedle the Jowder was stirred to royal wrath, and his brethren of the craft made common cause with him.

That very evening, as Hugh, in compliance with the pressing invitation of the good simple fellows whose hearts his kindness had won, was present as their guest in the public room of the *Mariner's Joy*, there was a hum and an uneasy stir among the company nearest to the door, and there came shambling into the room a little lean old man, wearing horn spectacles, and having a huge black pocket-book ostentatiously protruding from the breast-pocket of the loose brown coat he wore. He took off his hat and adjusted his black wig upon his wrinkled brows as he came in; and as his small ratlike eyes surveyed the assembly, it was evident that the sight of him produced an effect similar to that of the appearance of a ferret in a rabbit-warren. All those big stalwart fellows in the red shirts and blue suits of Flushing cloth seemed scared at the arrival of this lean little old man.

Hugh was the only person present who did not know the new-comer by sight; but he soon learned his name from one of the company, who asked timidly 'if Muster Polwhedle would sit down.'

But Mr Polwhedle the Jowder declined to take the chair that the deferential landlord came bustling to offer. He preferred to stand; and so, lean-

ing against the door-post, he drew out his large black pocket-book and opened it, and rustled over the leaves, looking about him from time to time, and scanning the face of man after man with a malicious enjoyment of the hush that had fallen upon the company and of the terror which his aspect and that of the black pocket-book occasioned. Had he been a prefect of police, and they a band of continental conspirators, the honest fellows gathered in the *Mariner's Joy* could not have looked more cowed than they did.

In a few minutes another new-comer, manifestly a friend of Mr Polwhedle's, dropped in, and then another and another, till the whole of the Jowders in Treport and its vicinity, some six or seven strong, seemed to be collected, like carrion-crows about a carcass, in the public room of that sea-side hostelry. The Jowders were not all, it may well be supposed, little old men, like Mr Polwhedle their patriarch. One or two of them indeed might have been his twin brothers, save as regarded the black wig; but others were coarse, burly, red-faced men, in the prime of life, yet still with an odd sort of family likeness about the hard mouth and the restless eyes that seemed to be heirlooms among them. In the presence of this awful muster of Jowders, the fishermen scarcely dared to draw their breath, and an ominous silence prevailed. The silence was broken by old Mr Polwhedle, who, pointing with a yellow and crooked forefinger at Hugh, as if devoting him to the powers of evil, croaked out: 'There he sits! That's the man!' And there was an inarticulate chorus of suppressed hisses and snarls from the congregated Jowders.

'Do you mean me, Mr Polwhedle, if that is your name? And if you do mean me, what do you want?' demanded Hugh.

'That's the man,' went on Mr Polwhedle, taking no notice of Hugh's inquiry, 'that takes upon himself to advise them that be fools enough to hearken to him, to have nothing to do with us Jowders. That's the man that said, in Australia I should have been tossed in a blanket, long ago. And that's the man that put on us Jowders the nickname of Tregeagles!' Again the same chorus, a little louder and fiercer this time, from the sympathetic fraternity of Jowders. The fishermen, their eyes on the ground, their muscular hands grasping their extinguished pipes, looked as frightened as school-boys in presence of an angry head-master. 'That's the man,' pursued Mr Polwhedle, suddenly directing his crooked forefinger and his baleful gaze towards the unfortunate Jan Pennant, 'that borrows cash—or begs it—from a stranger, and an enemy to us Jowders, when he's sold up by his lawful creditor, is it? Very well, Jan Pennant! Then, when you get a new mast aboard that boat of yours, and a new boom, the best use you can make of 'em is to set every rag of sail, and be off out of this, to earn your bread where you can. You don't sell another creel of fish in Treport, or near Treport, from now to your dying day, Jan, my lad!'

Then there arose, mingling with and drowning the hoarse chorus of the triumphant Jowders, a chorus on the part of the sea-faring men there present. Not of indignation—not of anger. No, no! Never before, perhaps, had the threats of a Jowder been so publicly spoken; but conversation, as we know, between man and man is not libellous,

and the fishermen there had for the most part heard hints, if not menaces, as dire as that freshly uttered. All that the poor fellows, with their wives and little ones at home, dared to venture was a humble plea *ad misericordiam* on behalf of Jan their comrade. His sentence was one of banishment; and for a Cornishman to leave the church town, the sight of the old church tower, and quay, and pierhead, and gabled houses, is bitter indeed. Even Hugh, when he spoke, after a wondering, sorrowful glance to right and left at the bronzed and black-bearded men, so fearless of storm and sea, so meek in presence of the usurers who took the lion's share of their hard-won gains, spoke, since at last he found himself the only spokesman there, with a mildness that belied the tingling of his warm young blood.

'Mr Polwhedle,' he said, 'think it over! Be as angry as you please with me, but spare the innocent. Jan Pennant has done you no harm. You wouldn't, surely, forbid an Englishman, in his native place, to earn his honest bread!'

'Wouldn't I?' replied old Polwhedle, with a hideous cackling laugh. The other Jowders echoed the laugh in deeper tones, and then, in a body, the carrion-crows moved off; and the Treport fishermen were not long in following their example. There was no more talk, no more laughter among them; but silently, despondently, each man went home to tell his wife with bated breath that it was not good to vex the Jowders, and of Jan Pennant's doom.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

Hugh had plenty to do. There was trouble in the 'Rest,' as the old skipper called his dwelling, under the roof of which Hugh was a lodger. Old Captain Trawl had himself fallen ill. Sometimes the unsuspected seeds of disease lie for years and years latent in the constitution, like so many grains of Egyptian mummy-wheat waiting, perhaps from the date of the mythic foundation of Rome to the present year of grace, to sprout when planted and watered, and bear doleful harvest at last. And especially is this apt to be the case when men have spent their best years under such skies as those beneath which the old merchant captain had spent the best of his life, and where fever, and ague, and palsy are easy to catch and hard to heal.

At anyrate, old Captain Trawl was ill; and his delicate grandchild Rose would have been unequal to the task of nursing him but for Hugh's help. Hugh Ashton was, like all sailors, a good nurse in sickness, soft of tread and speech and touch, and gifted too with that quick sympathy that divines a sufferer's wants, and which is often believed to be a woman's especial prerogative. Strange it is, by the way, that the bravest men, like the tenderest of women, are the best and most thoughtful beside a couch of pain. No watcher of the night could be more unselfishly patient than Hugh Ashton; and it was wonderful how soothing was the effect that his presence produced on the old invalided seaman, who loved to prattle, when he awoke from snatches of feverish slumber, of the sea.

One other volunteer attendant—other than 'Nezer the faithful dwarf, whose large feet and clumsy hands and heavy tread unfitted him for service

in a sick-room—the captain had, though it was very seldom that Will Farleigh had time to spare. Will was pretty Rose Trawl's affianced husband, a light-haired, bright, slight young fellow, the sole support of a bedridden mother, and whom it had not been easy to induce old Captain Job, who had a traditionary reverence for bone and brawn, to accept as a suitor for his granddaughter's hand. Will was a bird-hunter and bird-stuffer, an ornithologist he called himself laughingly, not very strong, but as lithe and active as a lizard when scaling a rock, and reputed the most daring of Cornish cragsmen. There are countless birds and rare on those far-western shores—the red-legged chough, the puffin, the osprey, and ducks and gulls of species unknown in many other parts of Britain; and Will, who was a devourer of books, knew more of their ways, and was defter in stuffing and preserving the specimens that fell in his way, than his illiterate competitors.

Will, like most of those who knew him, had been drawn towards Hugh Ashton, as such natures as those of the young Captain of the *Western Maid* do attract generous spirits. To Hugh he confided the hopes and fears of a life sufficiently adventurous. 'You see, Captain Ashton,' he would say, 'I get my bread by risking my neck. Mine's a kittle trade, as a North-country stuffer I once worked with—killed, I heard, poor fellow, by a fall from the Antim cliffs, over in Ireland—used to say. Now, when first I began as a boy, I took a foolish pride in playing pranks, to make folks stare; but when I got more sense, I took the rope with me in awkward places, for mother's sake more than mine, since, if my foot slipped, there would be nothing for the poor old soul but the Union. And now, on account of Rose, I never throw a chance away when I am over the cliff.'

To Will Farleigh, whose professional wanderings brought him into contact with people of all grades, Hugh mentioned his desire to be informed as to the present whereabouts of Ghost Nan. 'Ghost Nan—Gipsy Nan,' answered Will, with a laugh. 'Why, she's here, unless indeed she goes on the principle of the old saying, "Here to-day, gone to-morrow!" Anyhow, I saw her, Wednesday evening last, flit, like a bat in the twilight, across the entrance to Holloway. Ten to one she is at Giles Treloar's.'

Hugh proceeded to explain to his new friend that it was no easy matter, according to his experience, to pass Mr Treloar's inhospitable portals. He had been twice at the door of the tramps' lodging-house since the memorable day on which the pot-valiant proprietor of the establishment had refused admission not merely to himself but to the superintendent of the Treport police, and so far from gleanings any intelligence as to Ghost Nan, had not even been able to obtain the dubious felicity of an interview with the redoubtable Giles himself.

'Whom did you see?' asked Will. 'A woman, wasn't it, with a baby in her arms, and a black eye, and smelling of gin and peppermint?'

Hugh admitted the accuracy of this unflattering portrait.

'That's Mrs Treloar—Mercy Judkin that was,' went on the young bird-stuffer. 'She was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, up town, and married this scamp Giles; and all her family

turned their backs on her when she came back with him from London and set up this lodging-house. 'It's out of pity for her the magistrates don't withdraw the beer license; and though she has much to put up with, poor creature, she does her best to go on respectably, and somehow keeps the business, such as it is, together. As for Treloar, he does nothing but drink and bluster, except when he has got the horrors on him; but, after all, he's master of the house; and so, if we want to find out about Ghost Nan, we must do it by stratagem.'

Young Will went on to say that he, dealing not infrequently for scarce birds or eggs with the moor-ranging vagrants who frequented Mr Treloar's squalid house of entertainment, was in a manner free of it. What he proposed was that Hugh should keep out of sight while he entered the place on some plausible pretext of business, and did his best, without exciting suspicion among a most suspicious class of persons, to ascertain whether Ghost or Gipsy Nan were really harboured on the premises.

Hugh's heart beat high as he walked beside the bird-hunter through the narrow and roughly paved streets of the quaint old town; but, at the corner of Holloway, Will Farleigh suggested that he should halt and await his return.

'One glimpse of you, Captain Ashton,' he said good-humouredly, 'would spoil sport. Me they don't mind; but you look so like a gentleman, that, if they lost money by it—and they'd do pretty nearly anything for money—they couldn't help telling you a pack of lies. Mumps and cadgers are queer—very queer!' And with this axiom of practical morality, he went his way; and after a delay which seemed to Hugh interminable, came back, with a shade of disappointment over his bright boyish face. 'Bird flown,' he said, shaking his head; 'and some trouble I had too to find out that much. One thing I did learn—she went off this very morning New-Forest-way.'

'New-Forest-way—indeed!' answered Hugh thoughtfully.

'It's a great place for gipsies, I have heard,' returned the bird-stuffer, more occupied with his own skill in eliciting the information than with the intrinsic value of the information itself. 'I heard it from an old chap that makes a living by sham fits—epilepsy, you know—and travels all England to do it. "What do you want with Ghost Nan, young shaver?" says he. But I said she'd got a brace of kittiwakes to sell, that some gipsy boys had knocked down on the cliff with stones, I was told. And he believed it, and said with a chuckle: "You may go for your kittiwakes to the New Forest then, my boy, for she's off thereward since morning." And then Treloar came in, very boozy and quarrelsome, and I was glad to get out of the kitchen.'

As Hugh returned home, baffled for the second time by the whimsically sudden disappearance of this wild woman, who held, he could scarcely doubt, a clue to the mystery which he had made it the business of his life to fathom, he met Jan Pennant.

'I've come, Cap., to say good-bye, and may God bless ye for your kindness!' said the fisherman.

'You are not really going on account of the man's threats?' asked Hugh.

'Yes, I am, Cap'en. I know the Jowders, begging your pardon, better than you. Their bark's bad, but their bite's worse. We should come upon the parish here. But the wife and children are aboard, and I sail with the tide.'

'Where to, Jan?' asked Hugh.

'To Falmouth,' answered the fisherman. 'Tis my wife's native place, and I'm known there, and can live, I hope; though 'tis hard to be hunted out of dear old Treport. But them seventy pounds of yours, Cap.—trust me, if I work my fingers to the bone, I'll pay them back.'

'No hurry. Good-luck to you, Jan!' answered Hugh; and they parted.

A GLIMPSE OF ST HELENA.

AROUND the ocean-girt island of St Helena has always clung a certain amount of historical interest, notably that in connection with Napoleon Bonaparte. Comparatively few however, save the writers of a guide-book or a history of the place, know much about the island as it at present exists; their knowledge in all likelihood being derived from the brief descriptions afforded by travellers, whose acquaintance may have been limited to a transient glimpse of barren and precipitous rocks, from a passing vessel. Discovered by the commodore of a Portuguese fleet returning from India in 1501, on the anniversary of Saint Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, this sea-girt spot was successively colonised by the Portuguese and the Dutch. It finally fell into the hands of the East India Company, to whom it was confirmed by two charters in the reign of Charles II. In the year 1834 it was transferred to the crown.

Though at first sight St Helena may be disappointing, those who tarry for a while are invariably enthusiastic in the remembrance of its balmy atmosphere, tropical verdure, and delicious flowers and fruit. Lonely as is this speck of an island, there is yet a fair amount of life and variety to ameliorate the solitude. *Ennui* is kept at bay by men-of-war and other ships which put into the island, occasioning balls, extempore dances, lunches, and picnics by sea and shore. Its glory as a garrison fort has not yet entirely departed, as is certified by the military element which prevails.

And now let us take a peep at the island and offer a few words of description. Leaving our ship at anchor in the safe little crescent-shaped harbour, we are rowed in towards the shore. As we approach through the waters, we have good opportunity to note the rocky cliffs towering upwards like frowning giants anxious to guard some treasure in their keeping. If it happen to be the season when the huge 'rollers,' as they are termed, prevail, we may shudder in fascination at these majestic waves gathering force, and bearing onwards dark and loud, at no great distance from our path, until they break in white wrath on the pebbly beach. To our left is Rupert's Hill, crowned by a battery, and other lofty crags, bare of vegetation. To the right, under Ladder Hill, lie the West Rocks, a level range, intersected with pools of sea-water, mingled with pebbles, sand, shells, and common green weed. Here are two natural bathing-places, one serene and calm, the other a miniature maelstrom.

We pursue our course *vid* the landing-place. Our boats row cautiously through the surf to the steps on our left, and we are on *terra firma*. While the cranes are drawing up luggage and various goods, we walk from the quay along a somewhat narrow road under the eastern hill-side, dusty with reminiscences of coal, where there is some stir and activity, and where a few Lascars are loitering about, or possibly at work. The way widens as we proceed, until we come to a draw-bridge, and our steps awaken a hollow echo over the dry moat that separates the glacis from the parallel line of fortification; the inside wall supports the embankment of the principal raised out-work. Close to this wall are ordnance magazines, formerly well stocked with needful ammunition, and various public stores and offices.

We are impelled to glance back at the mighty billows dashing upon the glittering beach, ere we continue our route along the lines, where we hail the sight of trees. We pause about midway at the Gate, an arched avenue of stone, and the legitimate entrance to the town, whose central doors are closed at sunset, and always guarded by sentries. Thence we pass under the Terrace, or higher range of fortification, distinguished by its parapets, flag-staffs, and cannon; and terminated at each extremity by a battery, beneath Rupert's and Ladder Hill. Upon this abuts the Castle or town government house, with its private entrance and inclosures of commissariat and other stores. We do not now ascend the flight of red sandstone steps, much worn by tread of feet, that lead to the Terrace; but having emerged from the sombre precincts of the gateway into the light of the Square or lower Parade, we observe to our right one of the few hotels of the place, the Custom-house, and the little church of St James. Beneath the Terrace, in this vicinity, there is the lock-up. To our left, are the open gates and courtyard of the Castle. Contiguous we have a row of buildings occupied by the Government Printing Press, the Post-office, Session-house, and the chief public departments. Next appear the iron gates of the Government Garden, which in the good old times of the East India Company was filled with specimens of horticulture from all quarters of the globe. Looking out upon a quiet part of the garden is the Public Library. Here is situated the Town-hall, with cool veranda, where fancy bazaars, concerts, lectures were all wont to be held. The Sisters' Walk, a semi-romantic road or path extending behind and above the gardens, was designed by Colonel Patton, the governor in 1807, as a secluded promenade for his two daughters. The walk has long been open to gentle and simple alike, and here we find rustic benches close to a murmuring streamlet, over-shadowed by the gamboge, the pepel, and that freak of nature the banyan. It ends in a hexagonal summer-house directly over the battery where the Terrace begins, and embraces a wide prospect of the wharf, the glacis, the bay, and the western rocks opposite, with a portion of the rugged hill of which those rocks form the base.

Let us quit the town however, and wander inland. The celebrated tomb of Napoleon has often been described, as well as Longwood House; also that first and chosen residence of the fallen conqueror, the Briars, among whose geraniums Thackeray had a glimpse of Bonaparte. The

author of *Vanity Fair* on his homeward way from India at the time, was carried past the house by his black 'bearer.'

The most remarkable elevation in the island is that called Diana's Peak, situated in the central part of the island, two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; with Actoon in the vicinity. It is wooded and verdant to the summit. Here are found the indigenous tree-fern *Dicksonia arborescens*, extending some fifteen or twenty feet in height; the black cabbage-tree, whose gnarled and crooked branches produce vegetation at the top, chiefly leaves resembling the laurel, and daisy-like flowers. In the vicinity of Longwood is the Barn, a square-looking eminence of two thousand and odd feet, hard to climb; and unlike Diana, covered with coarse grass and stunted shrubs. Fossil sea-shells lie strewn on the highest point! One of the curiosities of the island is a tract called The Churchyard, a dreary plain of dry sandy soil, scattered over with boulders, many of considerable size, smooth, and some resembling tombstones in shape. One among them, about six feet in height, is most singular, being hollowed out at the top like a natural font, and containing in the driest season about a quart of pure water, apparently absorbed up from the ground. From this you may quench your thirst in passing; and returning thither an hour after, find another tempting draught awaiting you. There is no sign of verdure in this silent weird place, that might have been aptly called Ghoul's Acre. From this place you may proceed towards the ponds on the sea-coast where the country-people go a-fishing; in passing may be noted the print of a large Foot, firmly stamped into the hard sandy surface, which they say can only belong to the Evil One.

On the way to the ponds there is a yawning fissure in the cliff-side presided over by Lot's Wife, called the Dungeon; stones thrown into its depths were said to go on echoing for ever, like the haunting memory of an evil deed. Of the boulders in the island, one of the most remarkable is the Bell-stone, in the eastern district; it is of enormous size, and consists of a detached rugged block, surmounted horizontally by a great flat stone of oblong shape, which when struck sends forth a sound like the clear ringing of a bell, and is heard miles away.

The titles of some of the localities are singular enough, such as—Half Moon Battery, Two Gun Saddle, Man and Horse Ridge, Stitches Ridge, Breakneck Valley, and Mosquito Cottage. Pleasantly suggestive are such names as Bliss Cottage, Myrtle Grove, Rose Bow, Sunny Side, and Mount Pleasant, overlooking Fairy Land.

At one time Chinese labour was extensively employed for domestic and field purposes in the island. The burying-ground still exists, where might be seen little notes covered with hieroglyphics, and attached to the mounds by sticks. Several joss-houses also existed for their convenience. The common and sweet potato and the yam are grown in quantities; the last named is relished by the poorer class as a vegetable in fried slices. Pumpkins, and Indian corn roasted to a crisp brown, are also eaten. Fish and rice are the staple articles of consumption amongst the poor all the year round. Of shell-fish there are the stump, a cross between lobster and crab, of a dull red colour; and the longlegs, a large-bodied lobster,

dark blue, with red spots. Turtle are frequently found; one caught in the same year that Longwood new house was prepared for the Emperor, weighed about eight hundred pounds, the shell afterwards forming the chief portion of a soldier's hut. Of sea-fowl, that commonly known as the Tropic Bird (*Phaeton aethereus*) haunts these shores. It is conspicuous by its immense size when on the wing, and by its glistening white plumage. In the days of the East India Company, the egg of another sea-bird, which was about the size of a small hen's-egg, was esteemed a great delicacy, and considered by them as one of their peculiar perquisites. Certain days of the week were specified when the public were allowed to collect them. The man who caught a 'sea-cow' ran a risk of being fined five pounds if he did not offer to share his booty with the Company, or 'the oyle of the same.'

Among the live-stock, poultry and fowls flourish, in wild or domesticated state; they are fed chiefly on 'paddy' or rice unthrashed from the husk. Of game there is no lack, although the species is limited; there being a regular season and license. The wild rabbit burrows in the neighbourhood of the luxuriant furze; partridges and pheasants abound. The canary, though not of so pure a plumage as the English and Belgian varieties, is a beautiful songster. But the *rara avis* of St Helena is the cardinal or red-bird, robed in vivid scarlet during the summer months, but when moulting, of a greenish gray tint. It is difficult of capture, swift, and very mischievous, destroying buds and blossoms of fruit-trees. It has no song. The only bird considered to be entirely indigenous is the 'wire-bird,' a sort of plover, not unlike the snipe in appearance and size, and receiving its local appellation from its habit of frequenting the long 'wire-grass' of the more sterile regions. The Java sparrow and a few 'foreigners' are found at St Helena; but no English species.

A few English fruits are to be met with sometimes, such as the currant, strawberry, and gooseberry; but these are rare. All the more common vegetables, such as peas, beans, broccoli, cabbages of every sort, endive, lettuce, cucumber, &c. flourish well in this fertile soil. Pears are abundant, also the English apple. Of really tropical fruits there are the mango, the guava, the loquat, the chirimoya—a custard-apple of delightful flavour from Jamaica; the banana, the plantain, and the peach. The king of peaches is a large golden-yellow globe, resembling the nectarine, but more juicy and sweet. The grape, melon, pine-apple, apricot, fig, mulberry, chestnut, the filbert, and cocoa-nut, also flourish. The purple and the white granadilla is another fruit of no distinctive flavour. The sugar-cane grows to but a small extent, and is never utilised. The date, tamarind, pomegranate, Indian fig, and prickly-pear are also to be found amongst the products of the island.

The indigenous wild-rosemary (*Phyllica rosmarinifolia*) is a tree of graceful form, with small leaves of pale green. It is peculiar to rocky and barren situations, and might be termed the St Helena upas, for nothing will flourish in its shade. The ebony-wood once grew luxuriantly, not alone on Diana's Peak, but in many spots. The red-wood (*Dombeya crythroxylon*), which has also become

very rare, grew to a height of thirty feet, bearing large pendent blossoms of bell shape, white and red. There is another *Dombeya* spoken of in an ancient record; and but that these plants were classified far too long ago, we should be inclined to believe that some lover of Dickens had been botanising among the indigenous vegetation of this favourable spot in the Atlantic. The seed of the elephant-grass is styled locally 'Job's tears.' Of these—solid enough for the purpose—the natives manufacture necklaces, baskets, and other ornaments. The American aloe furnishes material for many a tasteful nick-nack to the skilful manipulator of its fibre. Its abundant blossoms here offer further disproof of the Old-world notion that the aloe blossomed but once in a century. Several of the different species of aloe and cactus, &c. which are preserved in the conservatories at Kew, are found at St Helena. The coffee-plant attains to a remarkable height, and is very plentiful, the berry, which is excellent, being exported. The oak flourishes in great beauty, from acorns first planted about 1750; and there are many familiar trees, English and European; the laurel and holly, the willow, cypress, cork, &c. Such is the geniality of the climate, that the palm, the Norwegian fir, the oak, and Norfolk Island pine stand side by side. The silver-tree, which adorns Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, also grows in this Fortunate Isle, the narrow silvery leaves of its involucre making a beautiful shield for the innumerable stamens and cone-like centre of the blossom. Nor must we forget the graceful and softly stirring bamboo, that might be the home of some tropical Dryad; and the tall *datura* expanding in perfection its large, white, bell-shaped flowers, closed and shrunken during the day, like mere clinging rags; hence perhaps its local designation in prose—the Petticoat plant. But soft: stay till Night comes, and with her magic touch, we shall behold the drooping blossom transformed into the *Belle de Nuit*! A lovely sight these numberless bells, bending with stately grace in the moon's light, after the 'blood-red' sun has sought his rest.

The Virginia and sweet Madagascar creeper ornament garden bowers and arbours. The passion-flower appears in four or five varieties, as well as all garden-flowers—fuchsia, jasmine, mignonette, pansy, heliotrope, camellia, and roses of many kinds. A red *salvia* colloquially called here 'splendid sage,' is far handsomer than the common English *salvia*. In private grounds where especial care is bestowed, as Plantation House, the Governor's residence and others, the rose, verbena, carnation, pelargonium, and different exotics are brought to some perfection. Geraniums of all sorts are plentiful; the common scarlet growing wild in whole hedges, as well as the nutmeg or strong-scented leaf. The arum-lily is accounted, for some reason, the emblematical flower or badge of St Helena, and is a conspicuous element of church decoration upon festal occasions.

The principal sources of revenue in St Helena are licenses; water-rates; taxes upon carriages, horses, and dogs; wharfage and custom duties; a moderate tonnage-due; &c. There appears to be no police-rate. There are various time-honoured institutions: charity and benefit funds; poor and industrial societies; several schools, besides those

under government; a Benevolent, and an old-established Social Society, of which the Bishop is patron.

In 1847, the island of St Helena was created an episcopal diocese, incorporated with Cape Colony, the first Bishop being Dr Gray. Later, it was altered to a small independent see, of which the lord-spiritual not improbably enjoys a quasi-sinecure. There is no dearth of churches and chapels. The poor are well cared for, both islanders and negroes. Many of the latter are domestic servants (proving generally a faithful class of servitors), or were so until recent years, when a large number were despatched to Lagos and other settlements. The affections of the African are strong and tenacious. At the period of the emancipation of slaves in this island, many craved to remain with their quondam owners upon unremunerated service, rather than be turned adrift to shift for themselves under conditions of 'freedom,' in exchange for a home ruled by the law of kindness. St Helena was virtually one of the earliest colonies to liberate its slaves; a movement which took place nearly twenty years prior to the regular abolition by law.

To take a stroll in the early morning along paths bordered with wild sweet roses, glistening with dew, and shedding their perfection of odour unheeded, is to comprehend something of the *dolce far niente*; fragrance, light, colour, everywhere; banks upon banks of wild fuchsia in ruddy bloom; great bushes of heliotrope side by side with sweet-brier and myrtle; lofty vigorous-limbed trees of the red and the white camellia; these in garden-walks or alleys, but still growing in luxuriance in the open air. To a branch of a camellia-tree in the grounds of a country-seat—of which Liberty Hall would surely have been no misnomer—might be seen a child's swing fixed. Fancy learning the poetry of motion thus! Camellia petals showering around you, mingled with those of the lesser-magnolia, and diffusing through the atmosphere a perfume more delicate than that of its powerful elder sister the *grandiflora*. Imagine again, the sight of two or three juveniles, comfortably ensconced, unhidden and unwatched, in the branches of peach-trees, feasting to their heart's content!

But here we must close our glimpse of this peaceful insular spot, which is becoming better known than formerly, from the circumstance that it lies on the route of Messrs Donald Currie and Company's fleet of splendid steamers to and from the Cape.

MR HIPSEY.

THERE exists a numerous vagabond class of persons—well informed, clever, ready for anything, but unsteady. They have no command over their abominable appetites, and seem as if set on never doing any good, no matter what is done for them. There is another class of the vagabond order, who are only unsettled from a degree of inherent eccentricity. One of these is Mr Hipsey, whom we happen to know something about. He has been a wanderer all his life. We meet him slouching about the Strand and the purlieus of Clement's Inn, always in the same shabby clothes, with his hands stuck in his pockets, apparently doing nothing whatever

day after day. And yet he always has a little money about him, and never appears to be what is usually termed 'hard up.' Only a few persons know how he actually lives; but it appears that while sauntering about the streets with apparently no fixed object, his brains are busy at work devising some method of keeping the wolf from the door. In early life he has been a school usher, and his education is very tolerable. He writes a good hand, and frequently sits up all night doing jobs for the law-writers. Then he has not forgotten his classical studies, still retaining enough knowledge of Greek and Latin to suit his purpose, and is besides a very fair botanist. At the ripe age of fifty-four he has already tried his hand at every 'light' trade you can mention, including of course the three learned professions of the church, law, and medicine; the first as an itinerant preacher, the second as a law-writer's clerk, and the third as a purveyor of herbs and pills on a truck. People will naturally wonder why with such versatility of genius the man has not long ago made a fortune, for he does not drink, or at anyrate it takes so much to affect him that nobody can say they ever saw him the worse for liquor. But the one failing to which may be attributed his non-success in life is negligence. If you give him a job in your counting-house, he will go on admirably with his work until you are busy and cannot very well spare him; when he will suddenly desert his post without warning. Having no wife to scold and drive him, he treats all your animadversions with the utmost complacency. Why should he trouble if your accounts have become confused? Something else will be sure to offer to him shortly, and that is quite enough to satisfy him.

Like his more aristocratic brethren the loungers of Pall Mall, he must have his summer outing—or as he terms it, 'a run at grass' every year. As his means do not admit of railway charges, he puts into his pocket a pipe and tobacco, matches, a pencil and plenty of paper, and a knife. Thus equipped he sallies forth about the third week in June, and in a couple of days or so gets well up into Hampshire. As for money, why, he had eighteenpence in his pocket when he started, but now has nearly ten shillings. And this is how he has become so rich. Whenever he nears a village, he inquires the name of the parish clergyman, and scribbling a short message in Latin, sends it in by the servant-maid. This is the 'open sesame' to the clergyman's heart and purse-strings, who usually sends him out a shilling or two, not unfrequently coming to the door and asking him questions. But Mr Hipsey is always equal to the occasion. He is of course an unfortunate scholar driven to do any menial work in London when he can get it; but the town is empty, and there is nothing to be had. If the clergyman thinks he may perhaps be an impostor, and asks him to read a little Horace, he can do that; and as for the police trapping him, why he never found a fellow-reader of the classics yet who would even hint that he was committing an offence under the Vagrant Act. Besides which, he always reserves a point of law in his favour, for he has carefully worded his note to imply a loan; and if by any possibility a mishap should occur, he will be certain to battle out his Latinity before the magistrate.

Going a few miles farther with Mr Hipsey, we learn from him the botanical names and medicinal virtues of many wild plants; and coming upon a bed of water-cress, he fills a tolerably large canvas bag full; and as it is now noon and the sun is hot, he thinks he will have a plunge into the river to refresh himself. Soap he does not need, for there is plenty of yellow clay about, and that answers as well; neither does he trouble about a towel, but simply sits still until he is dry. After this he invites us to lunch, which consists of something better than bread-and-cheese, washed down with something out of a tin bottle rather stronger than beer. After a pipe and a snooze upon the grass, he starts off to sell his water-cresses at the houses of country gentlemen by the road, who are usually, he informs us, lamentably ignorant of the classics. He knows nearly always the character of the master of the house by the sort of servant who opens the door. If a neat-handed Phyllis or a six-foot-high footman comes, he is pretty certain of custom, or at all events of a civil answer. But he detests those places where a page in buttons appears, for he says he invariably finds their masters 'stuck up' and poor, and the boys rude as Boreas. Occasionally he is offered by his customers something to eat and drink; but he is never allowed to help himself; and even farmers, at all events in the southern counties, are becoming horribly stingy to what they were when he was a boy.

Towards five o'clock he collects some sticks and lights a small fire between a couple of stones, on which he places a tin bottle full of water, with a few pinches of tea at the bottom; and when it has boiled he produces a child's mug from his pocket, and bread and butter, purchased with his water-cress money. The evening is spent rummaging over some large woods and fields; for on the morrow he expects to make a 'hanl,' as he terms it; and as the sun sets, goes in quest of a bed at some rustic public-house. If he fails to procure one, either because they cannot accommodate him, or else will not do so at his price—namely sixpence, he makes himself comfortable in the hay-fields. With the first streak of light in the east, he is astir, and lighting his pipe, bids us accompany him, for he must do his work speedily before the gamekeepers are up. Then with knife in hand he proceeds to cut and tie into large bundles the *Atropa belladonna*, growing plentifully around, and this with our assistance he conveys to a place of concealment; for he it observed that herb has a market value of about eight pounds per ton in its green state, and if he were caught cutting it, he might be stopped. Long before the gamekeepers are about, he has culled all the belladonna worth having, and then prepares his breakfast. While having this meal, he avers to us that he is thoroughly enjoying himself, and that the excitement of gathering wild plants is every way as pleasurable to him as fox-hunting is to others. The next thing is to borrow a rickety old truck, or hire an old man with a donkey-cart to take his herbaceous spoil to the nearest railway station, and thence to London; whence in a day or two he will have a post-office order for the quantity he has sent.

It must not be supposed however, that he is always fortunate either in finding saleable herbs or in gathering them when found; for the country-

people in some parts will rather allow the plants to rot than permit him to take them; and he not infrequently has to pay hush-money to gamekeepers and others who have come to be aware that herb-gathering is at times rather lucrative. Usually he goes to his old frequented haunts, sometimes finding however, on arrival that another has been there a day or two previously, and carried away everything. In such cases, he reminds his clerical friends pathetically that he is unfortunate as a herb-gatherer, and reduces his luxuries of eating and drinking. In about a month, he will have done all he can; and with ten or twelve pounds in pocket, will return to town to take a short season of rest before the hop-picking season commences in Kent.

Laden with a mysterious bundle of greenery despoiled from the woods and hedgerows of sunny Hants, he reaches his room in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, and immediately begins to complain how badly the streets smell, whereupon he proceeds to throw out the stuffing of his palliasse, which he replaces with a quantity of fresh-dried ferns. His bedstead he has manufactured himself out of a few planks and a couple of tea-chests, and the rest of his household surroundings are of an equally primitive description. Round the wall he hangs some of his idolised roots and plants to dry, and proceeds to wash his shirt; for he has but a very small stock of linen, and sends nothing out to the laundress. He is too his own tailor, and as far as possible his own cobbler, buying whatever he is compelled to buy second-hand, and making it last as long as possible. With regard to cookery, he is great at stews, and will manufacture you a pie out of liver and bacon seasoned with some wild marjoram, which will go down very well even if you are not hungry. Then if reduced to rather a low ebb, he will make a very palatable mess out of a pennyworth of mussels, or half a cow's heel and a few onions.

With all such qualities to recommend him, and being able, as he usually is, to pay his way, it is not surprising that some of the fair sex occasionally pay him attentions with a view to matrimony; but he turns a deaf ear to all their hints, feeling quite certain that he should either forget the appointed day, or else flatly refuse to take the bride-elect to wife when interrogated by the clergyman. By the time the hop-picking season has commenced, he has usually reached the bottom of his purse, and has again to tramp it down into Kent. As far as earning money is concerned our Bohemian friend does not find hop-picking of much use, as he has no family to assist him; and children with their nimbler fingers can earn as much as he can. But what with a little work by day, and playing a cracked fiddle in the public-houses at night, he manages to make a pretty fair thing of it; and upon returning home will be sure to call at some of the wharfs where he is known, and beg as much stray wood as he can carry to serve him for firing.

Like a skilful general, it will be seen that he has a great many strategical points to fall back upon. In fact our vagabond can turn his hand to so many things that he is rarely at fault for resources, and as it is said of all of us that we each have a mission to fulfil in the world which nobody else can accomplish, we must not consider that the

life led by Mr Hipsey is devoid of good points. Men like himself, of versatile powers, fill, undoubtedly, a gap in the social system, and give us some insight into the life of a literal vagabond.

A STITCH IN TIME.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HAD Mr Burton's money been in jeopardy but a very few years later than the real date, the electric telegraph would have laughed to scorn all his efforts; but he was just before that marvel—in its communication with Australia at anyrate, and he was glad to think he had yet a chance. Swift as may be the progress of a clipper steamer, yet even by the swiftest, the voyage to Australia is a long and monotonous passage, and to a man with such anxiety in his mind as was the lot of Mr Burton, it seems endless.

Their passage was as prosperous and uneventful as a passage could be; yet even then, one or two trifling incidents occurred to disturb him and to fill him with the gloomiest forebodings of failure. One evening—they were far on their way then, and the greater part of the waste of water which they had to traverse lay behind them—Mr Burton was lounging on a bench at the stern of the vessel, watching the setting sun, which was spreading a sheet of gold over the calm sea, and thoughtfully smoking a cigar, when he heard a seaman, who was engaged in some duty near him, remark to his comrade: 'I say, Bill, do you see that line, right under the sun there?'

Bill nodded his assent.

'Well,' continued the other, 'that must be the smoke of a steamer. I shouldn't wonder if it's the mail.'

In an instant Burton was on his feet, the cigar was flung into the sea, and he was gazing, with his hand shading his eyes, in the direction of the setting sun. He could see nothing. The practised eyes of the seamen were probably able to trace the line of which they spoke; but the passenger could see nothing. He did not care about speaking to the men on the subject, lest he should shew too much anxiety; but he paced the deck until the last of the passengers had retired to his cabin and the moon was full in the sky, yet nothing had he been able to discover; nor did the fresh watch who came upon deck refer to any following vessel, so he hoped that at anyrate the strange ship—if one there really had been—was not gaining on them.

It is certainly not necessary to dwell on the closeness with which Mr Burton followed their progress on the chart, or the constancy with which he was present at the heaving of the log; all this goes without telling, as the French say. But another result of his intense anxiety to reach Australia was that he became very nervous, and the least thing, such as the slightest surmise uttered in his hearing, was enough to startle him; and one morning he could not touch his breakfast because he heard the officer who had charge of the watch during the night, say to the officer who relieved him: 'I thought I saw the smoke of a steamer about two bells. She was to the nor'ard, and going faster than ourselves—at least so I thought at first; but I could make nothing out for certain, and there was no sail in sight at sunrise.'

Yet the lieutenant—they are, all lieutenants and captains to landsmen—might have been right in his first conjecture! There might have been a steamer 'to the nor'ard,' going faster than themselves, and this might have been the dreaded mail!

These examples will give a fair idea of the tension of Mr Burton's nerves; and as they drew nearer their port, as a matter of course his anxiety increased. But when they steamed gallantly into the noble bay on which the town, or rather its port, stands, and came nearer and nearer to the quay, and saw no long black hull with double funnel lying there, a great weight seemed taken from Burton's breast, and he felt that his long and exciting struggle had at last won for him a reward.

It was late in the afternoon when the screw of the *Cerberus* at last ceased to churn and froth the water, and her great engines were fairly stopped.

'You will spend the night with us?' said the skipper; 'you will be too late for any business in Pelham to-night.'

Pelham, as the reader will probably have divined without any explanation, was the chief town of the province, the town where the head office of the Gulf Bank was located. They said 'located' there, and used indeed a good many Yankee phrases. Bangbang was the name—a native name—of the port at which the *Cerberus* was now anchored, and was connected with the provincial capital by a short line of railway.

Mr Burton returned his best thanks to the captain for his invitation; but his nerve and energy had now returned, and he resolved not to lose one minute in his enterprise. So he declined the invitation; and leaving directions for his luggage to be sent to a certain hotel—he knew Pelham well enough, having lived there once—he quitted the ship, after the heartiest possible farewell from captain, officers, engineers, and crew—went straight to the railway depot and took his ticket; but just as he asked for it, the station-master entered and said to the clerk: 'The mail is in; she is signalled.'

The packet then was inside the Heads! She was not three hours behind them! It was now past five o'clock; all business was over for the day; the letters would be sent on at once; the Pelham branch of the great Gulf Bank would not take down its shutters in the morning; and he was a ruined man. Yet there was just one chance, one bare possibility, and slight as it was, he determined to try it. 'If they don't telegraph,' he thought, as the train slackened speed at the end of its brief run—'and I don't see why they should—I may yet get my money out of the fire. It is worth a trial, and win or lose I'll try it.' He of course knew that he was some hours ahead of even the earliest intelligence which could be sent from the mail-boat, and his scheme would succeed or fail in that time.

Without a moment's hesitation he went straight to the bank, which had long been closed for the day by the time he arrived; but his old acquaintance Mr Fred Rockman, the manager, lived on the premises, and was delighted to see him. 'I thought you had settled down in England,' he exclaimed; 'I had no idea you were in the colony.'

'I daresay not,' returned Burton, who was on thorns during the greeting and inquiries natural to such a meeting. 'I have come to see you as soon as I could,'—which was strictly true—'and I want you to do me a favour. I want you to save me a great deal of time and trouble.'

'Indeed! And what is it, Burton?' was the very natural response.

'I want my money out to-night,' said Mr Burton bluntly.

'What! All?' exclaimed the manager.

'Yes; all,' returned the other.

'Oh! it's impossible; quite out of the question,' said the banker. 'Business is entirely over for the day, as you must very well know.'

'I do know it,' said Mr Burton. 'I know that all ordinary business is over; but I know very well that you have often paid depositors later than this, and that you can give it to me if you like. Admit, Fred—you can if you please.'

'Well,' said the manager hesitatingly, 'I can if I choose, I own; but we don't care about doing things out of the usual course.'

'I suppose it was in the usual course then,' retorted Burton, 'that your directors asked me, as a personal favour not to remove my money, when I had a good offer? You know, Fred, that it was voluntarily promised at that time that I should have my deposit on the instant whenever I chose to ask for it.'

'Yes; that's very true,' said the manager; 'I well remember the understanding; and if it's of importance to you'—

'It is of the utmost importance, I assure you,' interrupted Burton. 'I don't want to bore you with particulars; but I wish to change my investment; and if I don't get the money—in gold if possible—to-night, the chance will be lost. Will you or will you not do it? That is all.'

'I suppose I must let you have it, as your money is only on deposit,' said the manager slowly; 'but it is really very unusual. However, say no more; you shall have it. We will drink a bottle of wine in honour of old times, and then'—

'Excuse my abruptness,' said Burton, who was half-way towards a brain-fever with nervous excitement, and who was every moment hearing galloping horses and hurried steps where all was silence. 'Let me have the money first, and I will stand as many bottles of wine as you choose to drink while I am in the colony. But I must be back at my hotel in half an hour from this time, or it is all of no use.'

'Your people are confoundedly sharp dealers then,' grumbled the manager, as he rose deliberately from his chair. 'They ought to know you are a solvent party, and that your word is as good for the money—ay, as our own.'

'Well, never mind that, Fred,' said Burton. 'Let me have the money, and I can get my business done in an hour; and then'—

'Ah! it's of no use making an appointment later on in the evening,' interrupted the manager; 'I have an engagement for to-night, so we can't have a chat after your business is completed. We will leave it till to-morrow.' With this he quitted the room; summoned the watchman, who was already on duty; and after an interval, which might really have been ten minutes, but which seemed to the merchant as though it would never end, the slow step of Mr Rockman, who was

corpulent and heavy in build, was heard returning. He bore a small leathern case, whose distended sides shewed it was crammed with something; and a guess at its contents made Mr Burton's heart leap.

Little divining the condition of his visitor, the manager quietly sat down, drew towards him a sloping desk, on which were writing materials; and after adjusting his spectacles with more care and accuracy than, it appeared to Burton, any man's spectacles could possibly require, proceeded to write out a receipt for the money. Burton execrated the slow and formal style in which his friend had been taught to write, as he watched the carefully finished up-and-down stroke of every letter. The manager had got about half-way in his task when, struck by a sudden thought, he smiled, laid down his pen, and then shaking his head, as a man does when he half-regretfully recalls the memory of some past enjoyment, said: 'Lor bless me! you were running in my mind nearly all day on Saturday last. What do you think? Why, I met poor old Davy Lobbins'—

'Oh! confound—— Did you though?' exclaimed Burton. 'Well, let us get this business out of hand, and we will have a talk about the old fellow.'

'Poor old chap!' mused Mr Rockman; 'he seems very much broken. Quite a different man from what'—

'Now really, Rockman!' exclaimed Burton, 'you forget how precious my time is. Do go on; there's a good fellow.'

Thus adjured, the manager resumed his writing as slowly as before, but it was done at last. 'Sign that, my boy,' said he, pushing the document towards his visitor. 'You will find that correct, I think.'

Burton signed it instantly without reading a line, and tossed it back.

'You always were a cool hand,' said the manager half-reprovingly and half-admiringly; 'but I think I should look at what I signed, when it concerned a respectable number of thousands.'

Burton smiled feebly; the situation was too painfully interesting for him to do more. The manager carefully placed the receipt in a drawer of the table, opened the case, and taking out a huge bundle of notes, commenced to count them. 'You don't mind Jacob's and Levy's draft on Rothschild for three thousand, do you?' he said. 'If you won't take that, I can't do it until'—

'Oh, never mind!' interrupted Burton; 'anything will do. Cut away; there's a good fellow.'

'Our gold and our own notes are locked up in the inner safe; but here is Colonial Bank paper, which may perhaps serve as well, unless'—

'Quite satisfactory,' interrupted the relieved merchant, as he eyed the welcome notes; 'quite good enough, Fred. Pray proceed!'

Mr Rockman stared impressively at him for a few seconds through his gold spectacles, as though such haste over so solemn a matter were unseemly, if not worse; however, he went on without remark. 'Five—five—two threes—one—two—three—four'—when at that instant a hack—Anglicè, a cab—dashed up to the door, and a thundering double-knock followed.

'Hollo! What's up now?' exclaimed the manager, pausing in his counting.

'Go on! go on! Never mind the door,' cried

Burton, half-rising from his seat. 'Why don't you go on?'

'Don't be ridiculous, Burton,' said the manager. 'Any one would think you had been drinking.—Come in.' These last words were in answer to a tap at the door; and the watchman presented himself. 'Well, what is it?' said the manager, turning to him, quite unconscious that his visitor had gathered himself up for a dash at the notes the moment the man spoke. 'Who was there?'

'It was a mistake, sir,' replied the watchman. The hack-driver was a stranger, and drove here instead of to the Royal Colonial.'

'All right,' said the manager. 'You may go, Dennis.—Now then, Mr Burton, we will proceed. Let me see, where was I? Five—five—two threes.—one—one,' &c.; and so on he went until his bundle of notes was exhausted. The draft on Rothschild was duly indorsed; the whole were restored to the case, and the case was handed to Mr Burton, after he had given up his deposit note.

'Of course,' added the manager, 'there's the balance of interest due to you, which to-morrow we shall make out when you call, and'—

'That's all right,' said Burton; 'but now I must be going.'

'You won't stop then? You are quite sure?' said the manager, as his customer rose. 'Well, good-night. Take care of the wallet. As your hotel is so short a distance from here, you may be safe; but if you had to leave the lamps for an instant, I should say: "Take a hack." Good-night.'

They shook hands and parted. Burton's first act was to inclose his precious case in a small locked satchel, which he then handed to the landlord, and saw it securely deposited in the great iron safe which all such places keep; then he drank off at a single gulp such a draught of brandy-and-water as excited the audible admiration of two or three men who were lounging at the saloon bar. Had it not been for this potent draught, he must have fainted; and as it was, he was fain to lie down, being thoroughly worn out and exhausted by the events of the day. In spite of his excitement, he slept soundly, so soundly and so long that the clanging of the breakfast-bell roused him from sleep, and hastily dressing himself, he went down to the saloon. At the very first glance he could see that something of interest was under discussion, for instead of sitting apart at separate tables, the guests were all gathered in earnest groups, talking and gesticulating like so many Frenchmen. As he made his way to a vacant table, a gentleman who, like himself, had just entered the room, said: 'Pretty state of things this, sir. What do you think of the news?'

'I really have not heard of any news this morning,' returned Burton; 'indeed I have but just left my room, having overslept myself.'

'Why, my dear sir,' exclaimed the other, evidently gratified at finding some one to whom he could be the first to impart the tidings—'why, have you not heard? The great Gulf of Carpentaria and Northern Australia Bank—the best bank in the province, has gone! Gone, sir! The mail came in last night with peremptory orders to close; so our bank won't open this morning; and it is said the depositors won't get half-a-crown in the pound.—Why,' pursued his new friend with

a sudden change of tone, 'you are not a loser, I hope?'

'I! O dear, no. Certainly not. By no means,' incoherently replied Burton, who found great difficulty in collecting himself sufficiently to say anything.

'I was afraid you were hit,' said the other, 'you turned so pale. So, as I was telling you'—

Mr Burton had civility enough to pay an outward show of attention to what followed; but the first great announcement had effectually discounted the interest of the narrative.

Directly his breakfast was over, he set out for the Colonial Bank, where he exchanged his notes for a draft payable to himself on his London bankers. He then repaired to the shipping office, to learn when the next packet sailed for England, as he was now ready to return, ay, even at so short a notice as that on which he had started. He had not gone fifty yards from the bank before he came face to face with Mr Rockman. He felt, it must be owned, a little sheepish at this rencontre; but no such sentiment appeared to influence the manager.

'Hollo! old fellow!' he exclaimed, as heartily as he could, under the depressing circumstances. 'I'll be shot if you were not in luck last night. But I'm glad you got your money, as I well know you only left it in to oblige the directors, and perhaps myself as an old friend. If you had left it in one day longer, you could not have touched a penny.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed Burton.

'But I do though,' returned his friend; 'and I think, old fellow, as you have been so lucky, I may justifiably say I will drink that bottle of wine to-night at your expense. I think, friend Caleb, you may stand *that*.'

'My dear fellow,' exclaimed Burton, immensely relieved to find how philosophically the manager was treating what had been almost life or death to him, 'if there is a good bottle of port in Pelham, you shall have it, or fifty such if you will drink them.'

'Come, that's handsome,' returned the manager good-temperedly. 'But what is your hurry now? Where are you running to?'

'I am off to the shipping office,' said Burton, 'to see when the next packet sails for England.'

'The next packet can make no difference to you,' said Mr Rockman; 'you won't finish your business in time for her; every one could have told you that the *Hercules* sails to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?' echoed Burton. 'Good! I will send round the port wine to-night, Fred; but at present you must excuse me.'

The tale need be no longer drawn out, as nothing of interest remains to be told. The *Hercules* did sail the next day, Mr Burton being a passenger; his friend the manager was intensely astonished to hear this at first; but having received a hint that Mr Burton had only arrived by the *Cerberus*, his astonishment was changed to a feeling of the deepest admiration; and harassed though he was, consequent on the change in the fortunes of the Bank, he saw his friend off, and over and over again expressed his admiration, which as just said, was of the deepest, at his tact and energy.

The voyage of the *Hercules* was a speedy and prosperous one, so that when Mr Burton reappeared in his accustomed haunts, after what

seemed to his acquaintances a very brief absence, few suspected that in the short interval he had travelled thirty thousand miles and saved a fortune. The shabby Captain never knew what Mr Burton had done; but he had reason for saying, as he often did over his glass of grog at his favourite tavern, that 'Caleb Burton was one of the most liberal fellows he had ever met, and bore no grudge against a man for owing him a trifle.'

It only remains to add that the hero of this perfectly true tale is alive and well, and belongs to a race of shrewd-headed Scotchmen.

CALCULATING BY MACHINERY.

We have been asked whether a brief description, intelligible to readers not versed in the abstruseness of mathematics, nor much inclined to the dull details of mechanical construction, could be given in this *Journal* of a Calculating Machine adverted to at a meeting of the British Association? Anything very attractive the subject cannot well be; but perhaps a few words bearing on it may be interesting.

Dr Spottiswood is the present President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, his twelve months' occupancy of that office extending from the autumn of 1878 to the autumn of 1879. In his opening address at Dublin he discoursed learnedly on the recent progress of science, especially those branches which touch mathematical and physical investigations. Accuracy in calculations he pointed to as one of the most important elements of scientific progress; seeing that the truth of an asserted principle or general law must necessarily be greatly dependent on the correctness of the figures relating to quantities, numbers, measures, weights, ratios, proportions, and the like. Mr Babbage, the celebrated inventor of the two calculating machines which bear his name, used to say, when speaking of the difficulty of insuring accuracy in the long numerical calculations of theoretical astronomy, that the science which in itself is the most accurate and certain of all had, through its innate difficulties, become inaccurate and uncertain in some of its results. This feeling had much to do with the determination he formed to bring mechanism to the aid of calculation.

There was certainly something likely to whet the curiosity of his hearers in the remarks made on this subject by Dr Spottiswood. Going far beyond mere calculating machines is a contrivance introduced two or three years ago by Professor James Thomson, who occupies the chair of Civil Engineering and Mechanics at Glasgow University.

'Professor James Thomson,' said Dr Spottiswood, 'has constructed an apparatus which by means of the mere friction of a disk, a cylinder, and a ball, is capable of effecting a variety of the complicated calculations which occur in the highest applications of mathematics to physical problems. By its aid it seems that an unskilled labourer may, in a given time, perform the work of ten skilled mathematicians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculation

of tidal, of magnetic, of meteorological, and perhaps also of all other periodic phenomena. It will solve differential equations of the second and perhaps even of higher orders. And through the same invention, the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is reduced to the simple process of *turning a handle*.' All this makes one think that the turning of a handle is a work more worthy of respect than the world is generally in the habit of supposing; the brain-work consists in determining and arranging what shall follow this merely mechanical process. Dr Spottiswood added: 'When Faraday had completed the experimental part of a physical problem, and desired that it should thenceforth be treated mathematically, he used irreverently to say: "Hand it over to the calculators." But truth is even stranger than fiction; and if he had lived until our day he might with perfect propriety have said: "Hand it over to the machine."'

All calculating machines of earlier invention are much more complicated than 'a mere disk, ball, and cylinder.' The Roman *abacus*, the Chinese *shwanpan*, the graduated rods called *Napier's bones*, and the *sliding-rule*, are, it is true, not very intricate in construction; but when calculating machines are spoken of, we understand something comprising a greater number of working parts, conjoined in action by various mechanical contrivances. Pascal constructed a machine for working out sums in the first four rules of arithmetic. It consisted of a series of cylinders working on a system through the medium of toothed wheels; each cylinder had figures or numerals marked on it. One wheel had twelve teeth to calculate pence; another had twenty to calculate shillings; while the rest had ten teeth each for the purpose of adding up units to make tens, tens to make hundreds, hundreds to make thousands, and so on. The apparatus was 'set' to its work as a boy would set a sum on his slate, and by turning one cylinder, the other cylinders and the wheels were set in action, producing a result which made its appearance as a sum, a difference, a product, or a quotient, according as the setting might be for addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division.

More than half a century ago the late Mr Babbage described before the Royal Astronomical Society two machines, which he had designed (not constructed) for working mathematical problems, and printing the results with inked type. The English government, after an investigation of the matter by a fully competent scientific committee, consented to bear the cost of perfecting one or both machines for performing and printing mathematical tables useful in navigation and other branches of science. So badly was the affair managed however, that the scheme has never been brought to a successful issue; the details were frequently being changed, the working drawings were exceedingly elaborate, new tools had to be invented, workmen had to be instructed, and Mr Babbage himself was a difficult man for the officials to deal with. First and last, the government advanced *seventeen thousand pounds* for this enterprise; and the result is an unfinished machine, placed in the keeping of King's College,

London. If finished, this machine, called by Babbage a *Difference Engine*, would have performed a vast number of arithmetical and algebraical calculations, presenting the solutions of problems with unerring accuracy. Another, which he called an *Analytical Engine*, but which only exists on paper, would have grappled with problems of a higher mathematical grade. To describe either of these inventions in a popular periodical is out of the question; the complexity of wheels, cylinders, axles, movable bolts, toothed gear, wedges, levers, pins, pivots, pointers, triggers, claws, cogs, spiral springs, ratchet wheels, &c., is such as to render the task hopeless.

Numerous other combinations of moving parts have been devised, less elaborate but more practicable than those of Babbage. Staffel has invented an arithmetical machine, in which three cylinders are so arranged that they can work all the simpler rules of arithmetic, carrying multiplication up to millions by millions; if the machine is required to solve an impossible sum, such as subtracting a larger number from a smaller, or dividing a smaller sum by a greater, it refuses, and rings a bell as an admonition! Colmar invented an arithmometer in which the action is rather by plates sliding in grooves than by rotating cylinders; like Staffel's, it can perform addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and evolution. Wertheimer, by means of a metal plate with indexes, notches, teeth, and holes, has contrived an apparatus for adding and subtracting sums of money. Baranowski's invention is for calculating wages, prices, interest, and other sums of money; it is known as the Ready Reckoner, and is worked by means of a handle which reveals figures or numerals in openings in a brass plate. Schott, Lalanne, Roget, Maurel, Roth, Slovinski, and Schentz have in like manner invented machines for solving arithmetical problems. Of these, Schentz's excites great admiration among scientific men; Mr Babbage highly extolled it, and deplored that it had found a purchaser in America instead of in England. It can compute mathematical tables, calculate to sixteen places of figures, and stamp on a plate of lead the result up to eight places, producing a matrix or mould from which a *châtré* cast in type-metal can be obtained, suitable for printing from; it does its work at the rate of twenty-five figures or numerals per minute, calculated, recorded, and stamped in metal—an error either in the calculating or the printing being almost impossible.

Professor James Thomson's machine is specially remarkable for its simplicity. Dr Spottiswood, as we have seen, characterised it as comprising little more than a disk, a ball, and a cylinder. From the inventor's own description, given before the Royal Society in 1876, it appears that the disk rotates on an inclined or oblique axis, that the cylinder rotates on a horizontal axis, and that the ball simply rests at one point on the inclined disk, and at another against the curved side of the cylinder. The cylinder is wholly disconnected from the disk, by any wheel, lever, or other mechanism. When the disk is made to rotate by turning a winch-handle, it gives a peculiar motion to the ball, and this imparts rotary motion to the cylinder. Simple as is the action, all simplicity departs when we come to the Professor's account of the mode in which abstruse mathe-

matico-physical problems are solved by its aid: we here enter a region into which the *Journal* humbly confesses its unfitness to accompany the accomplished inventor of the apparatus. When Board schools have had twenty years' operation, perhaps the boys will duly understand the achievement of 'finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories,' by merely turning a handle.

A few words on a somewhat allied subject—mental calculation as compared with machine calculation.

Mr George Bidder, (C.E., whose death was recently reported, attracted great attention while a mere boy by his amazing quickness of mental calculation. Many scientific persons visited and tested him, and from a contemporary record we extract the following as a few examples of the questions he answered, and the time taken to answer them: 'How many times does a wheel 7 feet 3 inches in circumference revolve in a distance of 13 miles 3 furlongs? Answer (in one minute), 9740½ times.—What is the product of 62,473,864, multiplied by 27,356? Answer (in three and a half minutes), 1,709,035,584. —What is the cube root of 122,615,327,232? Answer (in two and a half minutes), 4968.—If the Bible contains 743 pages, each page 57 lines, and each line 17 words, how many words are there in the book? Answer (in less than a minute), 719,967.—A statue stands between two trees; the pedestal of the statue is 90 feet from the top of each tree, the one tree is 60, the other 54 feet high; required the distance between the two trees? Answer (in one minute), 139 feet.'

A number of other questions put to the boy, he answered with astonishing rapidity and accuracy, the process being entirely mental. The numbers were in no case reduced to writing, but merely spoken aloud to him, and by repeating them to himself he kept them in his memory. It was noticed that in getting the product of two or more numbers, he generally found the highest numbers first, shewing that he did not work by ordinary rules. The answer to the second question given above is obviously wrong; but the error is probably in the newspaper report, as three figures are left out. This question, it may be noticed, can be done by an ordinarily quick arithmetician within the time taken by the famous 'calculating boy;' but the difficulty of arranging five long rows of figures in the mind and then adding them together makes the feat a remarkable one.

TO MY SWEETHEART.

THAT one and one make really two—
Most people will acknowledge true;
Yet even to this rule we find
Exception dear to lover's mind;
Thus, you and I, and I and you,
Are one and one, and still not two;
Least, so to me the figures run,
For surely, darling, we are One!

J. F.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 804.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

LOVERS of Art are becoming more numerous year by year; and—though not perhaps in exact proportion—there is in consequence a growing interest in the men who are producing and have produced the wonderful works which delight us so much. A number of very interesting facts and anecdotes about Art and Artists have been recently collected and published by Mr Diprose, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. A few of these we append.

Sir David Wilkie from the character of his delineations will always be a great favourite. We are here told how he became a painter. 'Sir John Sinclair happening once to dine in company with Wilkie, asked in the course of conversation if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired: "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?"

'To which Wilkie replied: "The truth is, Sir John, that *you* made me a painter."

"How! I?" exclaimed the Baronet. "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

'Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish; in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

'Never,' relates Haydon, 'was anything more extraordinary than the modesty and simplicity of Wilkie at the period of his production of "The Village Politicians." Jackson told me he had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to send this celebrated picture to the Exhibition; and said he: "I remember his bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the Exhibition, when it went May 1806."

'On the Sunday after the private day and dinner,

The News said: "A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work." I (Haydon) immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. We found him in his parlour in Norton Street, at breakfast. "Wilkie," said I, "your name is in the paper." "Is it really?" said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff *ore rotundo* (in a clear voice); and Jackson, I, and he in an ecstasy joined hands and danced round the table.'

We must not pass from Wilkie without relating the following amusing story. 'On the birth of the son of a friend—afterwards a popular novelist—Sir David Wilkie was requested to become one of the sponsors for the child. Sir David, whose studies of human nature extended to everything but infant human nature, had evidently been refreshing his boyish recollections of kittens and puppies, for after looking intently into the child's eyes as it was held up for his inspection, he exclaimed to the father with serious astonishment and satisfaction: "He sees!"'

'During the residence in England of Haydn the celebrated composer, one of the royal Princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his [Haydn's] portrait. Haydn went to the residence of the painter and gave him a sitting; but he soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, with his usual care for his reputation, would not paint a man of such distinguished genius with a stupid countenance, and in consequence he adjourned the sitting to another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Sir Joshua communicated the circumstance to the commissioning Prince, who contrived the following stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl who was in the service of the Queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time; and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native tongue with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly and successfully seized its traits.'

'Opie was once painting an old beau of fashion.

Whenever this gentleman thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quietly: "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

To return to Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are told of his 'Puck' that 'this merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character. When Alderman Boydell saw it, he said: "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my *Shakspeare Gallery*, I will give you a hundred guineas for it." The painter smiled and said little, as was his custom. A few hours' happy labour made the picture what we see it.'

'Sir Joshua once hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious marriage, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the case. The unfortunate artist told the melancholy particulars of his situation; adding that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua rose to take his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him. When bidding him adieu at the door, Sir Joshua took him by the hand, and after squeezing it cordially, hurried off with a benevolent triumph in his heart; while the astonished and relieved artist found in his hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds!'

Of Gainsborough we are told that 'both himself and his neighbours were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board, and painted him so inimitably well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighbouring gentry and farmers immediately recognised the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.'

Haydon's 'Mock Election' was painted in this wise. As many other artists have been both before and since, Haydon was in difficulties, and in July 1827 was an inmate of the King's Bench Prison. One day some of his fellow-prisoners got up a burlesque of an election. 'I was sitting in my own apartment,' writes the painter, 'buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing, at the darkness of my prospects and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to my window. In spite of my own sorrows, I laughed out heartily when I saw the occasion.'

Haydon sketched the grotesque scene, painted it in four months, with the aid of noblemen and friends, and the advocacy of the press in exciting the sympathy of the country. The picture proved

attractive as an exhibition; still better, it was purchased by King George IV. for five hundred pounds; and it was conveyed from the Egyptian Hall to St James's Palace. A committee of gentlemen then undertook Mr Haydon's affairs; and with the purchase-money of the picture and the proceeds of the exhibition, the painter was restored to his family. In 1828 he painted, as a companion to this picture, 'The Chaining of the Members,' which was bought by Mr Francis of Exeter for three hundred guineas.

"Not one in ten thousand perhaps," it has been said, "can move his ears." The celebrated Mr Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which he would move his ears very rapidly backwards and forwards. Albinus the celebrated anatomist had the same power, which is performed by little muscles not seen. Mr Haydon tried it once in painting, with great effect. In his picture of "Macbeth," painted for Sir George Beaumont, when the Thane was listening in horror, before committing the murder, the artist ventured to press the ears forward like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound. It is very effective, and increases amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.'

A very interesting fact, which will be new to many, is thus given. 'That Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands does not appear a whit more strange than that in the Foundling Hospital originated the Royal Academy of Arts. Yet such was the case. The Hospital was incorporated in 1739, and in a few years the present building was erected; but as the income of the charity could not with propriety be expended upon decorations, many of the principal artists of that day generously gave pictures for several of the apartments of the Hospital. These were permitted to be shewn to the public upon proper application; and hence became one of the sights of the metropolis. The pictures proved very attractive; and this success suggested the annual exhibition of the united artists, which institution was the precursor of the Royal Academy in the Adelphi, founded in the year 1760. Thus within the walls of the Foundling the curious may see the state of British art previous to the epoch when King George III. first countenanced the historical talent of West.'

'Among the earliest "governors and guardians" of the Hospital we find William Hogarth, who liberally subscribed his money, and gave his time and talent towards carrying out the designs of his friend the venerable Captain Coram, through whose zeal and humanity the Hospital was established. Hogarth's first artistical aid was the engraving of a headpiece to a power-of-attorney, drawn for the collection of subscriptions towards the charity. Hogarth next presented to the Hospital an engraved plate of Coram. Among the

other early artistic patrons of the charity we find Rysbrach the sculptor, Hudson, Allan Ramsay, and Richard Wilson the prince of English landscape painters. They met often at the Hospital, and thus advanced charity and the arts together; for the exhibition of their donations in paintings, &c., drew a daily crowd of visitors in splendid carriages; and a visit to the Foundling became the most fashionable morning lounge of the reign of George II. The grounds in front of the Hospital were the promenade, and brocaded silks, gold-headed canes, and laced three-cornered hats formed, with their wearers, a gay sight in Lamb's Conduit Fields.

We turn now from our own countrymen to foreign artists and the ancient masters. 'Vernet, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said: "The landscape and the cave are well made; but the saint is not in the cave."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernet. "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The purchaser took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure, and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he shewed the picture to strangers, he said: "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," the visitors would reply.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there; for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it!"

Rubens seems to have been a remarkably diligent painter. 'We are enabled to form some estimate of his astonishingly productive powers, when we consider that about one thousand of his works have been engraved. An extraordinary number of his paintings adorn the most celebrated public and private galleries, and many churches in different parts of Europe. Yet of the countless pictures everywhere attributed to Rubens, but a small proportion were entirely painted by his own hands; the others contain more or less of the workmanship of his pupils. Like many other great painters, Rubens was an architect too; his own house and the Church and College of the Jesuits in Antwerp were built from his designs.'

We shall conclude with the following amusing list of anachronisms in painting. 'These are to be found in works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's *periwigged* spectators of "Christ healing the Sick;" Abraham about to shoot Isaac with a *pistol*; an Ethiopian king in a *surplice*, *boots* and *spurs*; Belin's "Virgin and Child" listening to a *violin*; and in Albert Dürer's "Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise," the angel wearing a *flounced petticoat*. Then we have Cigoli's "Simeon at the Circumcision" with *spectacles on nose*; the Virgin Mary helping herself to a *cup of coffee* from a chased *coffee-pot*; and St Jerome painted with a *clock* by his side. N. Poussin

has represented "The Deluge" with *boats*; and "Rebecca at the Well" with *Grecian architecture* in the background. And in a picture representing "Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St Anthony of Padua," the lobsters are *red*; though yet it is to be presumed *unboiled*.'

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—IN WHICH LADY LARPENT RECEIVES A VISIT.

'A PERSON, my Lady, that very much wishes to see your Ladyship, please!' said the chief-butler, sliding deferentially on noiseless feet up to the corner of the Dowager's writing-table, in that study wherein the lady of Llosthuel, as has been mentioned, transacted most of the business that forms a necessary sequence to the possession of landed property.

'What sort of person?' asked Lady Larpent, putting down her pen.

The butler coughed. 'Very respectably dressed, my Lady. Did not seem to like giving his name. From another part of the country, he said.'

Now the butler-in-chief at Llosthuel Court knew his duty, as he would himself have modestly declared, and was as thoroughly imbued with the traditions of butlerdom as any member of the fraternity of men-servants within the compass of Britain. It would, to him, have been a labour of love to turn from the door any person of either sex, however decent in manner and apparel, who should presume to seek admission without stating a reason and giving a name. But Lady Larpent had some peculiarities. She was as easy of access as Dryden's rhymes record Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury to have been, and would rather have endured importunity than run the risk of shutting her ears against some well-founded complaint or cry of distress.

'You may shew the person in, Parker!' said the mistress of Llosthuel; and the obedient butler forthwith went in quest of the anonymous applicant for admission, ushered him into the Dowager's room of business, and retired.

'You wished to speak to me, Mr—Mr'—said Lady Larpent, to give the visitor an opportunity for self-introduction.

'I do, very much, wish to say a few words to your Ladyship,' returned the man with grave politeness; and there was something in the inflection of his deep voice, harsh, but modulated as those of the uneducated never are, which struck upon her ear, and made her eye the speaker more attentively than she had done before. At first sight she had set down the man, middle-aged, swarthy, ill-favoured of feature, and neatly clad in a suit of glossy black broadcloth, as a farmer seeking a farm, or perhaps a mining captain. Now, she was more disposed to consider him as a civil engineer, or possibly the promoter of some Company travelling in search of shareholders, to be recruited by the aid of a fluent tongue and an alluring prospectus.

'On what subject, may I ask? Please to be seated,' said Lady Larpent.

'I thank you, my Lady; but I prefer to stand,' replied the man, in whom the reader has no doubt recognised the Miller of Pen Mawth. 'And I will be as brief—knowing your Ladyship's time to be of value—as I can. All I ask is a fair and

patient hearing—yes, and one thing more, my Lady; that is, that you will be so kind as to bear in mind that, in doing what I do, I have no private object to gain, no selfish ends to compass, but act, in this instance, wholly and solely for the sake of truth and justice.'

This was very plausibly spoken, and with a weight of emphasis that would not have been thrown away upon any audience. Lady Larpent was impressed, in spite of herself, yet she did not altogether like the speaker, and did not by any means feel inclined to put implicit confidence in his assertions.

The Black Miller was not one of those who carry about with them that most ancient and natural of all letters of introduction which a frank and honest face affords. Still, the man might be honest. And Lady Larpent was not one of those rich persons who drape themselves in the comfortable mantle of indolence, and who would sooner be cheated, if only the cheating were decorously conducted behind their august backs, than submit to be pestered with unwelcome revelations. The Dowager had in her, in fact, somewhat of the turn of mind which has prompted kings and caliphs ere now to go about their capitals in mean disguise, and under the cloud of their incognito to feel, as it were, the popular pulse.

'I shall be happy to listen to whatever you may have to tell me, Mr—— By the way, you have not yet mentioned your name,' said the Dowager.

'I have not told you my name, my Lady,' answered Ralph Swart with perfect composure; 'and with your permission, I will continue to be nameless. My poor personality goes for nothing in what I have to say. I am well aware,' he continued, as his keen eye noted the signs of displeasure in Lady Larpent's face, 'that by withholding my own name I excite prejudice against myself and my story. The current of vulgar opinion sets strongly against those who blame others, and refuse to be confronted with the object of the accusation. Such persons are called by evil names. They are calumniators. They are base and malignant, and cowardly to boot. They are stabbers in the dark. Yet a man may have good and sufficient reasons for not backing up the word of warning which he finds it his duty to utter, by weighing his own credibility against that of the subject of it.'

This was very artfully imagined. It is sometimes good diplomatic policy to outstrip the judgment of an unfriendly critic, and to forestall, so to speak, all the severe things that he will be sure to think; just as Napoleon in a campaign was accustomed to discount the inevitable strategic blunders of his adversaries. The Black Miller, too, may have divined that Lady Larpent was precisely the person to pique herself on her own exemption from common prejudice. At anyrate, the stratagem met with at least a partial success, for the Dowager knit her judicial brows, and said calmly: 'I will hear whatever you have come to tell me, sir, although you do not give me your name.'

'I thank your Ladyship,' rejoined the Black Miller, in a voice as weighty as her own, 'for your courtesy.—And now to business. There is a young man in Treport here in the position, thanks to your Ladyship's patronage, of Captain of a coasting steam-vessel.'

'Are you speaking of Captain Ashton, of Hugh Ashton?' exclaimed the Dowager, half-incredulously, and opening her eyes a good deal wider than before.

'That is the name he bears,' replied the Black Miller, as composedly as before; 'Hugh—Ashton.'

'Do you mean to imply,' asked the Dowager, with feminine quickness, 'that his name is not Ashton?'

'I imply, my Lady, nothing of the sort,' returned Ralph Swart slowly. 'One thing I do say, and that plainly—Hugh Ashton is absolutely unworthy of your Ladyship's favour and protection. That much I know; and that much, and no more, I repeat. Hugh—Ashton, if you please—is not deserving of the station he fills, or of the confidence reposed in him.'

'Are you aware,' demanded the Dowager, in a glow of generous indignation, 'that the noble young fellow whom you traduce has rendered the very greatest service to our family—that he saved, at the risk of his own, the life of my niece, Miss Stanhope?'

'I never denied his courage, my Lady,' replied Ralph Swart, with a slight sneer, that made him even uglier than before. 'He is bold enough, and a smart lad in his way; and more's the pity that he should have deceived you, as he has done.'

'Deceived me!' repeated Lady Larpent, with an involuntary echo of the man's words, and then she looked the accuser full in the face. 'You must prove your words, and explain them, if you wish to be believed.'

'I beg your Ladyship's pardon, I am sure,' returned the Black Miller, with an affected humility which seemed genuine, so well did he control the voice in which he spoke. 'I have given offence, I fear, by unmasking the real character of one in whom your Ladyship feels an interest, and perhaps I had better go.' And Ralph Swart picked up his hat, which had been placed on the chair beside him, and seemed about to depart. Of course Lady Larpent bade him stay. She would have been more or less than woman if she had not. A secret undivulged, and this grim, stern, mysterious denouncer threatening to leave the whole problem an insoluble riddle!

At the Dowager's request, then, Ralph Swart of Pen Mawth Mill laid down his hat again, and addressed himself to speak. 'For the sake of truth and justice, my Lady,' he said, 'I have come here, and for the sake of truth and justice I will comply with your Ladyship's wish that I should speak out more positively than I have hitherto done. You think me a coward perhaps, my Lady, because I do not choose to make my charges in the young man's presence, face to face, and stand or fall according to their proved truth. Now, I am not good-looking—not nice, as you ladies call it—a queer, cross-grained lump of a man. But I ask your Ladyship, do I look the sort of person to flinch from the angry looks, or words, or blows of any man, be it even your fisherman hero—if I thought fit, my Lady, to confront them?'

As he spoke, he seemed, like some vulture or other bird of prey, to draw back the dull film that coated his fierce eyes, and all the defiant ferocity of his rugged and masculine nature kindled in them at once. Lady Larpent noted

the rigidity of the tigerish mouth, the black frown on the massive brow, and the ominous brightness of the strong man's terrible eyes; and, with female rapidity of logic, she jumped at the conclusion that as her visitor was palpably not a craven, so he was presumably not a rogue. 'I do not believe that you would be easily alarmed,' she said.

'Then credit me, my Lady,' answered the Black Miller, with his ponderous emphasis of diction, 'with telling the truth, until evidence proves me to be a liar. I say that young Hugh, there, is unworthy of your confidence. I intend the young Captain of the *Western Maid* to be his own accuser. Test him! Ask him if, in what he has told your Ladyship regarding his past life, he has kept nothing back. Ask him if it be not true that he is not what he seems. Ply him with fair, simple, straightforward questions, most easy for an honest man to answer, and mark the effect. His own conscience will do the rest. He will be uncertain as to the extent of your Ladyship's knowledge of his antecedents, and you will see him wince, and hear him stammer, and see the red of conscious guilt suffuse that bold forehead of his. If he give you the explanation you have the right—I feel your Ladyship has the right—to demand, then, Lady Larpent, say and think the worst of me that ever was thought. But, if not, thank me for my warning!'

As he spoke, the slouching attitude of the Black Miller grew erect and dignified, his arm was outstretched, and his voice almost lost its habitual harshness, to become sonorous and clear in its fierce earnestness. Then with a bow, not such as rustics give, Ralph Swart took his leave, briefly declining all offers of refreshment, and striding to the outer door before the hurrying servant could reach it in response to the summons of the bell.

'Done the trick, I reckon, unless the legacy of Mother Eve to her daughters has, for once, gone astray!' muttered the Black Miller to himself, as he strode rapidly down the well-kept winding road.

A GLIMPSE OF OVERSEERING IN DEMERARA.

FROM a gentleman of experience in the sugar-estates of Demerara, we have received the following useful and interesting observations. He says: 'As many young men go out to Demerara as overseers on sugar-estates, I purpose putting before those now contemplating such a step the following short statement of what they really will experience on reaching that colony. I am induced to do so from the fact that many young men arrive in the colony to become overseers who are totally unfitted for such a life, and who very soon acknowledge the truth of this themselves. I intend dealing with the profession of a planter only so far as it concerns Demerara—which includes Berbice and Essequibo—and my remarks do not apply to planting as a beginner would find it in the islands. I have, however, good authority for saying that the profession in Trinidad, Barbadoes, and Jamaica for instance, is very much more trying and less remunerative than in

Demerara. The writer has been a planter himself in Demerara for several years, and the information, which will now be placed before his readers may be relied on as correct.

'To commence then. What sort of a place is a sugar-estate in Demerara? A plantation is a piece of land having from three to fifteen hundred acres in cultivation. The usual size of an estate is about nine hundred acres; but the largest—as for instance the plantation Anna Regina in Essequibo—have as many as fourteen or fifteen hundred acres planted in canes; while there are some possessing only three hundred acres, or even less. I may remark here that a beginner should if possible try to avoid getting placed on one of these very small properties. On each estate there are always to be found the following buildings—generally situated close together. 1. A large and commodious manager's house. 2. An hospital for the indentured and resident labourers when sick. 3. The manufactory, termed in local phraseology the "buildings." 4. The labourers' cottages and ranges, including what is termed a Portugee shop. 5. And last, but not least, the overseers' house, about which I shall say a few words. This is generally a long one-storied building on brick pillars, from eight to fourteen feet high, containing four to eight rooms, with a gallery in front about eight feet wide, running the whole length of the house. On some estates these houses are very wretched and old; but they are generally improving.

'The estates are situated from one to eighteen miles distant from Georgetown in Demerara, and from one to nine from New Amsterdam in Berbice, with a few exceptions. The estates on the east coast of Demerara are the most conveniently situated for visiting, as there is a railroad running past them to Mahaica. Mail-wagons however, are in use all over the colony, and the roads, generally speaking, are very good.

'A young man reaches the colony either indentured to a certain employer or merely on speculation, carrying with him perhaps a few introductory letters. In the latter case, it is certainly probable that he may procure a situation as overseer; but in my opinion, a young man has a far greater chance of ultimate success and promotion if he lands in the colony under a three years' indenture to a certain firm. The Colonial Company, London, the Messrs Ewing & Co., Glasgow, and Mr St Quintin Hogg, himself a large proprietor, send out many young men thus yearly. An overseer going out from home under agreement will have his passage paid for him, and be supplied with the necessary articles of furniture for his room on reaching the estate to which he is assigned; whereas an overseer not under one of these three-yearly contracts will have to do all this for himself. The Southampton mail-steamers charge twenty-one pounds for the passage, and sailing-vessels less.

'The writer was not indentured himself, but

has had plenty of opportunities of seeing and judging of the advantage to be derived from such an arrangement. The salary for a beginner is seldom more than fifty pounds per annum, generally speaking only forty pounds; and this is paid quarterly. An indentured overseer usually receives fifty, sixty, and seventy pounds per annum for his three years' term of contract; while perhaps an unindentured man may be in receipt of a larger salary at the end of one and a half or two years' service, as the reward of his industry and steady application to work. In addition to the salary, a pound a month is allowed on all estates to each overseer to defray the expenses of a servant and for washing. The overseers board at the manager's table, who is allowed fifty-two pounds per annum for each. The Colonial Company however, make an exception to this rule, they being more generous, allowing sixty-two pounds, which enables their managers to afford a more liberal diet. This it must be clearly understood is over and above the salary each overseer receives. At the manager's house the overseers receive three meals a day. Few hard-working young men however, find this sufficient, and are obliged to provide themselves with something extra in the way of luncheon at their own expense.

Each manager of a sugar-estate boards the overseers under him exactly as he thinks fit; and I am sorry to remark that some try and do this as shabbily and economically as possible, so that the whole amount allowed them may not be expended, and the surplus serve to defray the cost of any extravagance in which they may have indulged. Those gentlemen, however, who act differently are well known in the colony, and are greatly respected as men who treat their overseers like gentlemen; while the less said about the characters bestowed on the former the better.

Each overseer is expected to be in the "field" in all weathers from seven in the morning, with intervals of rest, to four or half-past four in the afternoon. On large properties, where some of the fields are four and five miles distant from the buildings—the manufactory usually goes by the name of the "buildings"—each overseer is allowed a mule to ride "aback" on. When the field is reached, he dismounts, and the actual superintendence of the work is all done on foot. Some estates have not many mules, and allow *batteaux* (small flat-bottomed punts) instead, with a boy to haul each *batteau* "aback" along the navigation canals, while the overseer sits inside and steers with a paddle.

On Sunday or in the evenings the manager will generally be found willing to lend a mule to an overseer anxious to go off the estate on business or to visit a friend; but it is a distinctly understood thing that no overseer shall leave the estate he belongs to without having first received the express sanction of the manager, or in his absence that of the deputy-manager or head-overseer. Only the very large estates employ a deputy-manager; but every plantation has a head-overseer, who not only is in receipt of a better salary, but enjoys greater privileges than the other overseers. On returning from the field in the afternoon, the books have to

be made up—that is, the money earned by the labourers during that day entered up against their names in the pay-lists, and their names all called over, to ascertain if any have been absent from work without special leave. This occupation takes one or two hours, and sometimes much longer. On Mondays, and sometimes on other days, the work may be a little less arduous than I have described it above; but this is not often the case, and it is frequently much stiffer.

I have now to speak about the night-watches in the manufactory. During crop-time, when sugar-making—or "grinding" as it is called in the colony—is being carried on, the boilers, machinery, and other parts connected with the manufacture of the sugar and rum are constantly at work. Sometimes indeed fire may be hauled from under the boilers for an hour or two in the middle of the night; but generally speaking, the machinery is at work day and night during the period of "grinding." In the daytime an overseer specially set apart for this work takes charge of the manufactory; but the superintendence at night is carried on by each overseer in turn. For instance, if there are five overseers on an estate, each has one night-watch during five consecutive days, and so on for weeks together. If one or two overseers happen to be ill at the sametime, the watches follow each other in quicker succession, rendering the work doubly fatiguing. After an overseer has been at work all day and then up all night, one would imagine him unfit to go about his work at all on the ensuing day; but nevertheless he has to do it, and that with the best grace possible. It is needless to say that the consequences of the overseer in charge of the manufactory at night falling asleep may be very serious, and were he detected in such an act, he would receive instant dismissal. These watches are greatly dreaded by most overseers, and do more to make them ill and produce fever than anything else they experience. It is a striking fact that a manager only gets ill perhaps once in six months, whilst an overseer will have been laid up four or five times during a similar period; and it is during crop-time that overseers are nearly always taken sick.

The colony fever, though not often fatal, is a fearful thing in its consequences, utterly prostrating and reducing a man's strength after a few days' illness, and rendering him incapable of doing anything. A sick overseer receives medical attendance, such as it is, gratis; but if ordered wine or other luxuries with which to recruit his strength or tempt the appetite, he will have to provide them himself except in very rare instances. In cases of a very severe sickness or disease attacking an overseer, the manager sends him to an admirable institution in Georgetown called the Seamen's Hospital. A fee of thirty-three shillings a week in advance is asked; and there he receives attendance and every requisite. This hospital, which is open to every one who can afford to pay the above-mentioned fee, is attached to the Colonial Hospital, and a properly qualified doctor is always resident on the premises. There is a similar institution in Berbice, but not so well managed or comfortable as that in Georgetown.

All managers have been once overseers themselves, and a few have been fortunate enough to have obtained managements in so short a period as four and five years after embracing the profession.

The rub then is to keep them. The shortest time however, in which an overseer can hope to become a manager, unless favoured by extraordinary circumstances which seldom occur, is six years; and many have to wait eight, nine, and ten years before obtaining the coveted position. An overseer will have greater chances of accomplishing this by remaining in one employ and bearing up manfully against all trials and disappointments. The colony is full of disappointed planters, who are only too ready to attribute every imaginable thing as the cause of their ill success but the right one.

'He who contemplates becoming a planter should be physically strong, active, steady, and endowed with that rare gift which will be of more use to him than anything else—common-sense. Scotchmen are now and have been for a long time the most successful planters in Demerara, holding the best and most lucrative appointments all over the colony. Such were mostly farmers' sons at home; and young farmers have always appeared to me to be better fitted for, and more able to withstand and cope with the hard work and toil of planting than those reared in any other station in life. Some of the Creoles and coloured men of Demerara make very good overseers, and two or three hold managements in the colony; but they rarely possess the energy and smartness that belong to a European.

'A beginner must expect to meet with what may appear to be great hardships and disappointments in the profession. He may have to put up with indignities and insults from those over him in authority; be always liable to dismissal for trivial mistakes, according to the whim or fancy of the manager for the moment under whom he is situated; and then perhaps, after bearing up against these and other trials, lose his health, as many have done before him. If however, he can overcome all difficulties and keep his health into the bargain, which he will be most likely to do if he abstain from the every-five-minute drinks and swizzles of Demerara, he will surely succeed at last; and the reward it must be remembered is considerable, a manager seldom being in receipt of less than five or six hundred pounds per annum, besides everything found him.

'And now if the reader, being physically fit for the life and inclined towards it, should feel dismayed at this summary of evils, let him not be disheartened, but remember that all occupations carry with them their peculiar trials and drawbacks in possibly as great a degree as does the calling of a Demerara planter. Let him bear in mind that without energy of purpose he can never be successful anywhere.

'I have written this paper in the hope that it will be of use to those in doubt on the subject, by affording them a slight glimpse of what they will have to expect, and by enabling them to judge correctly if they are really fitted for the life they will have to encounter, should they determine to embrace the planter's profession. And lastly, I wish all old planters in Demerara who read this paper to understand that it was not written for their benefit, amusement, or criticism whether friendly or hostile, but solely for those who, not yet planters, are in doubt on the matter, and who do not really understand what Demerara and overseeing mean. And I think

it will be plain to any one from what I have written, that these words mean far more than I have either ability or inclination now to discuss.'

'BEST-MAN' AT A WEDDING.

CALCUTTA, June 8, 187-.

MY DEAR OLD CHUM—In a P.S. added to my letter as the last mail was closing, I told you I had just been foolish enough to promise to be 'best-man' at the wedding of my friend Captain A—, and I said I would give you an idea of how these interesting occurrences are conducted in India—or perhaps I should speak less generally, and say in the 'City of Palaces.' The wedding in question, however, having been a very quiet one, and not on the usual elaborate—and wearisome—scale of Calcutta *wallahs*, it will be necessary to digress a little from the details regarding Captain A—'s wedding, to give you an idea of the general routine.

Shortly before the close of last year, I acted in the same capacity as at this last wedding; and that having been on a large scale, I learned the order of things to be anticipated on getting married in Calcutta, which in addition to giving me the necessary information, created a wholesome horror of ever appearing as principal in a similar scene. Weddings in Calcutta are celebrated either early in the morning or late in the afternoon: generally at the latter time. Small wedding-parties in Calcutta would be considered very large ones in England. On the occasion I mention above, something over two hundred invitations were issued. This is the form, as nearly as my remembrance serves me:

'MR and MRS BROWN-JONES, with compliments to MRS SMITH and family, beg the favour of their attendance at St Timothy's Church on Saturday afternoon next at 5 o'clock, to witness the marriage of their daughter SUSAN MARIA JANE, to MR JOHN THOMAS TOMPKINS.

Cake and wine after the ceremony at No. 6 Guddahwallah Rustah.'

Then for the favoured many—you really cannot under the circumstances say few—who are to tread the light fantastic during the evening and knock themselves up for next day, a gentle hint is added to the invitation just given: 'An evening party at 8.30 P.M.'

The day having arrived, those interested in the couple to be married, or others having a weakness for cake and favours, find their way to church, where the ceremony differs not, I believe, from that performed in England. The subsequent rush for favours most certainly is not less. Those who have received invitations, make their way after the ceremony to the house of the bride's parents, where sundry toasts are proposed, cake and sim-pkin—Anglo-Indian for champagne—go the merry round, favours are stolen, bridesmaids worried, the clergyman surrounded as he does the correct thing

in saying something appropriate, and then every one leaves the house: those so invited, to prepare for the evening party; those who are not, to grumble over the omission and feel dissatisfied. Violinists—or rather, to be common-place, fiddlers—carry on the music during the evening; the bride and bridegroom leave later on; and the party is much the same as would be the case in England, excepting perhaps, that the heat is greater, and the dusky servants in attendance more troublesome. And there it ends.

So much for the generality of weddings. Now for Captain A——'s. On the evening preceding the day itself, I went in company with the bridegroom-elect to dine with the future Mrs A——. I saw much more of the family than of my friend and his bride. (I believe they went into the garden to study botany—it was a full moon—but I am not quite certain.) They appeared on the scene as we, remaining mortal, and not having been travelling mentally in ethereal regions, were beginning to get sleepy; so wishing all 'Good-night,' Captain A—— and I went home. (He didn't say a great deal on the way.) Arriving, inquiries of the kindest—yet somewhat peculiar—nature were made by two or three friends, and we sat up rather late, silently grieving over the last night of Captain A——'s bachelorhood. Although the wedding had been for some time on the *tapis*, its celebration was brought about rather hastily, in consequence of Captain A—— having to leave for another district.

On each side the river Hooghly, a few miles from Calcutta, are several small towns, favoured by newly married couples as resorts to pass that period of supposed felicity, the honeymoon. To one of these—we will say its name begins with Z—Captain A—— had telegraphed a few days previously for a purpose easily surmised. Up to the last night he had received no answer; so it was arranged that I should call upon him as early as possible next morning, and in the event of his not having then heard, that I should go to Z—— and make arrangements. About half-past five next morning, I was walking across the Maidán in Calcutta, and made my way to Captain A——'s quarters. No reply had been received. Taking a conveyance, I crossed the Hooghly into Howrah, and had the satisfaction of seeing the train I wanted leaving the station just as I entered it. In Calcutta railway arrangements, there is 'railway time' and 'Calcutta time'; the former being, I think, the same as Madras, and thirty-three and a half minutes behind the latter. The next train to Z—— left in about three hours' time; so making an early call upon a bachelor friend, I passed the interval. In time not to be too late, I was again at the Howrah railway station, where I found the train waiting.

After a small matter of forty minutes behind time, I arrived at Z——; and inquiring for the next return-train, found I might catch it if I hurried. I got into a gharry—a four-wheel conveyance very similar to a cab—drawn by as miserable a pair of three-quarter-starved, broken-down ponies as ever had the misfortune to behold the light of day. I told the driver to go quickly,

promise of a 'bucksheesh' (Anglicé, a tip) having the desired effect; and telling him to go to X——'s hotel, he did his best to exhaust his strength in 'larruping' the wretched ponies aforesaid most zealously. After driving about three-quarters of a mile, the conveyance stopped at a fair-sized building, but which was closed. This was a great disappointment; and I quite understood then how it was that Captain A——'s telegram had remained unanswered.

With the loss of as little time as possible, I made the best of my way to another hotel, Y——'s, whence after having completed the arrangements for the reception of the 'happy pair' in the evening, I hurried back to the station as fast as the miserable ponies were capable of taking me. I found I was too late. The station-master (a native) said the train had been late every day for the past fortnight, but to-day, for a wonder, had been up to time. I regretted its punctuality. There was no other train until five o'clock; at which hour it was expected that I should be standing at the altar of St ——'s Church, effulgent in a black coat, something nice in the way of neckties, and tender in pants. It was now a little past two o'clock. I knew a boat could not reach Calcutta in time, as the tide was contrary, and the road was far too long for a conveyance to be successful. Whilst considering the difficult situation, I thought I had better let Captain A—— know what was going on. There was a spirit of wickedness in me to frighten him on his wedding-day. I wrote out a message thus: 'X——'s hotel no existence—no other here—self delayed until six.' I imagined the tearing of hair and the distress of my friend as he sent word to his lady that the hour for her sacrifice had not yet come, as there was no place for them to go to. But I remembered the bright blue eyes of the bride, the long attachment, that Captain A—— had seen the roughest phase of this world's ups and downs, and that his own inconvenience or annoyance would be forgotten in regret for unnecessary trouble given to the good lady who was to be his wife that day; so I tore up the form and wrote another: 'Delayed—no X——'s hotel—arrangements made.'

Then came the necessity for making my own arrangements. The line of rail on which I had travelled that morning skirted the river Hooghly. I knew from previous roamings that another line also skirted the other side of the river, and in some places close to it. I sauntered outside the station, and asked the first man I met whether there was a railway station near to the other side. He said there was one directly opposite, and that there were lots of boats to take me across. I knew that on this line trains were frequent on Saturday, because the Volunteers came for rifle-shooting. I went to the station-master and said: 'Babu, it is absolutely necessary for me to be in Calcutta by half-past four, and as your train does not arrive until five, I am going to try the other line. Can you give me any idea when the first train leaves the opposite station?' No, he couldn't; he thought the first train went at half-past six. I called a gharry, and was telling the driver to go as fast as possible to where the boats were. Finding he spoke Bengali, of which I knew but a little, I asked the station-master kindly to tell the man what I wanted. The

station-master's advice, translated, was: 'Go slowly to where the boats are, and the Sahib will give you a bucksheesh beyond your fare.'

I didn't know much Bengali; in fact all I knew of it was from its similarity to another up-country language which I knew pretty well, and which was supposed to be a corrupted version of pure Bengali. By this I was able to understand what the station-master said. I therefore addressed him in what would probably be called the arrogant voice of the rampant Anglo-Saxon, and then drove off in the gharry.

Ah! that conveyance! Its memory haunts me as I write. Calcutta 'hackney carriages' are of three classes. Z—— possessed one of the first—always retained by the hotel at which I had arranged for my friend—none of the second, but a more than ample supply of the third. Riding in the last named reminded me of a description of travelling on a camel: 'sitting on a music-stool screwed up to its highest, placed on a heavy cart without springs, travelling on a newly macadamised road, and drawn by a stumbling blind horse.' My unlucky head was constantly coming into contact with the roof of the gharry; an intoxicated man in a superior conveyance would have sat still compared with how I sat; turning corners made me tremble visibly; and all things considered, I almost wished, with a view of equalising my personal misery that day, that I had allowed the first telegraphic message to go! Here was I being bruised and shattered, all because another man was to be married. Enduring that third-class gharry journey must have been as severe to my unfortunate person as I should imagine was the shock, at contemplated matrimony, to my friend's nervous system.

The distance was much longer than I expected; or perhaps, time being so precious, it seemed longer. Passing the hotel on my way, I went in and ascertained about a conveyance for Captain A——. The only 'first-class' one was to be sent to meet the mail-train that night; and lest any other passengers should take a fancy to it, I arranged with the coachman to retain my card until a gentleman accompanied by a lady asked for it, and they would be the right persons to take the gharry. Reaching the ferry station at length, I called for a boat. Several men offered to ferry me. All the boats save one were heavy and cumbersome-looking; so I took the exception, a very small narrow craft. Our destination was exactly opposite; but it was not possible to cross in a straight line. We crept along the bank against the tide for a long long way. The sun was dreadfully hot; my small hat afforded scarcely any protection; I had no umbrella; there was shelter of no description in the boat; so there I had to sit, exposed to the scorching sun of that hot May day, and nearly blinded by the intense glare from the water. It seemed as though an immense furnace had been let loose amongst us. After going a long distance up the river, we got into the middle of it, and then went down with the tide in a slanting direction to our destination. It was unnecessary to row in going down, for our speed was fast enough in itself.

When the boat stopped, I asked the boatmen the direction of the railway station, not seeing it from the river. They pointed it out, or professed to; but being no wiser than before, I asked them to

accompany me, that I might save time. O no! They couldn't think of going in such a sun!

'Very well,' I said; 'then I shall not pay you until I am in the station.'

This had the desired effect; for they rose to accompany me, and we reached the station, running, in about three minutes. I had time only to get my ticket when the Calcutta train was off. I was very tired indeed. What with being up late the night before, early this day, the anxiety, worry, and uncertainty, together with standing in the full glare of the sun in a small hat and without any shelter, I certainly had had quite enough of assisting other people to get married. The train, a slow one, stopping at every station, had nineteen or twenty miles to go, and so I went fast asleep. When I reached Calcutta, four o'clock had struck. I hastened to the house where I was staying, snatched up my clothes, got into a gharry, went off to Captain A——'s quarters—who said as a consolation that he was certain I should not be late—jumped into the black coat and the neat thing in neckties, and was alongside the altar precisely at 5 P.M.

I trust you will not be disappointed at my failing to give a few pages descriptive of the ladies' toilets. Let it suffice to say that every lady looked superlatively nice, and that amongst so much silk, lace, muslin, fans, and perfume, I was considerably confused. This I am sure you will take for granted.

The ceremony over, favours fastened on, names signed, and so forth, we hied to the bride's house. The simpkin had a very soothing effect; for to tell the truth, I felt rather upset. Glancing at the bride and bridegroom, I repented that I had ever been heartless enough to think for a moment of deceiving them with a telegram. Some one came and whispered that I should propose the health of the newly married pair. Speech-making is a thing I have never excelled in, for the simple reason—I have scarcely ever tried it, and I was at a loss to know what to say. Whilst considering, the bridesmaids gave me some cake. They had made me a victim. One refused to believe I was not married, so pinned the favour on the right side of my coat. Another—I fancy she hoped I wasn't—fastened it on the left; so I was resplendent in double rows. My coat-tails were similarly adorned; and according to a recently married lady, I looked like a sheep dressed for Christmas. This ceremony over, the toast again came forward.

'My dear friends?' No; that would not do, because several were present whom I now met for the first time. 'Ladies and gentlemen?' This scarcely reached the tender years of the bridesmaids. There was one resource left, and I availed myself of it as follows. 'Ahem! Never having been either a bride or bridegroom, I am quite at a loss to know what to say. I believe, however, that on painful occasions such as these'—Here came a small shower of corks from the gentlemen; the ladies threw pieces of cakes at me, or rather the icing, which I suppose they thought, being harder, would have a better effect upon my head, which was probably, &c.; and in the general confusion I proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

I almost forget how the evening passed. It was late before I began to prepare to get ready to

commence to think about the time. I remember there was music and singing. The wedding had been so hurriedly brought about that but few friends were present; otherwise I doubt not dancing would have been largely patronised. As it was, we enjoyed ourselves wonderfully. The next occurrence was going into supper, which passed in the pleasant manner that such things should. Shortly after, the bride and bridegroom took their departure. They were profusely pelted with rice; a sad proceeding, considering that there was a famine raging in Southern India at the time. Coming in from the veranda, it appeared that I was guilty of being a bride, bridegroom, or some other equally miserable being, for every one commenced to pelt me with rice in the most energetic and undignified manner. For some reason or other I appeared to be a fair object whereon to perpetrate pleasantries (!) of all kinds, which brought the evening's amusement to a happy issue. In fact I began to feel so used up with the duties pertaining to quartermaster in the first place, and master of ceremonies in the second, that I hailed the approaching break-up with secret delight.

Wishing my friends 'good-night,' I got into the carriage kindly reserved for me, and was driven home; and whilst dozing on the comfortable cushions, I thought that it was all very strange. I had gone to church a single being, and was returning home as such. My friends had gone a couple of singles, and left a single couple. Yes, it was strange. Here was I, tired and sleepy; whilst I supposed that the newly—

Excuse this abrupt ending. I did not expect to fill so much space. The postman is in the veranda, and I cannot longer stay. Salams to all.—Ever yours, S—B—.

RAILWAY CLAIMANTS.

A SERIOUS item on the debit side of the half-yearly balance-sheets of all big railway companies is the amount paid to the public as compensation for the loss or pilferage of, or the damage done to, merchandise in transit or while in the Company's possession. Many thousands of pounds have, as a rule, to be deducted from the current half-year's receipts on this account, although the companies do to some small extent recoup themselves by the periodical sale of all lost and damaged goods of which they find themselves the unwilling depositaries. Another more or less serious item on the wrong side of the balance-sheet is the compensation paid for personal injuries; but with that we have nothing now to do.

In addition to the amount paid in hard cash to the public, the Companies have to maintain a numerous and costly staff of clerks for the investigation and settlement of merchandise claims. This is an item of expense which might be very materially reduced if the claims sent in by the public were, as a rule, just and reasonable ones, or even if they were not in many cases actual breaches of commercial morality—little better, we are sorry to say, than barefaced attempts at

swindling. For even setting aside such claims as may be sent in by people who 'live by their wits,' which but too often means a habitual infraction of the eighth commandment, it would really seem that many otherwise respectable people, who would scorn to rob their neighbours of a penny, and would as soon think of committing suicide as of picking a man's pocket of his watch or purse, become strangely perverted in their views of *meum* and *tuum* when they have to deal with a corporate body like a railway Company. There is an old saying that a 'board' has no conscience; but there are many thousands of people in business who seem to think that every railway Company has a purse, and a long one too, into which, if they can only succeed in dipping their fingers without detection, they are rather to be congratulated than otherwise, as having done a smart thing for themselves without any one being the sufferer by it.

I have been led into these remarks by a little incident which happened to me the other day. I was travelling by railway, when, at a certain station, an old acquaintance, whom I had lost sight of for many years, rushed at the last moment into the compartment in which I was sitting. After mutual recognition and handshakings, we began to compare notes. It was then I learned for the first time that my friend Keene was employed in the Traffic Claims Department of a certain railway Company. In the course of our conversation he supplied me with sundry particulars concerning the duties of his situation, and gave me, in addition, several illustrations of the peculiar phase of commercial dishonesty commented upon by me at the beginning of this paper.

When a claim is sent in to the head-office (said Keene) for loss or detention of, or damage to, goods, annexed to the actual complaint of the public there come certain explanatory particulars from the chief of the station at which the claim has in the first instance been made. As soon as possible after a complaint has been made at a station, either the chief himself or a properly accredited officer goes down to the warehouse or wharf to inquire, on the Company's behalf, into the extent of the alleged loss. This inquiry having elicited a report, the next step is to ascertain where and how the loss or damage originated. It may have originated at the station from which the goods were sent, or even, as not unfrequently happens, before the goods were put into the railway Company's hands at all. It may have taken place in transit, or it may be due to carelessness or accident on the part of some of the Company's servants after the goods were received at their destination. In any case, further minute inquiries have to be made, and in the majority of instances, a number of letters to pass between the two points of transit, before the case can be finally summed up and reported on by the chief of the station, who recommends to the head-office, either that the claim be paid in full, that it be declined *in tota*,

or that the intermediate course be adopted of offering say one-half or two-thirds of the sum demanded by the aggrieved claimants.

It is now that the head-office takes the case in hand and decides what shall finally be done. Each batch of papers is carefully gone through, new points being raised, and fresh correspondence with the station entered into when necessary; and if, after all this, the claim seems to be a really fair and reasonable one, instructions are promptly sent that it shall be paid in full. But should the claim be an unusually heavy one, or should any element of doubt or suspicion have entered into it, some one is sent from headquarters (your humble servant, for instance), who traverses the whole question afresh on the spot, sees every one concerned in the matter, and generally winds up by visiting the person or firm making the complaint, and arguing or persuading them into some reduction of the sum originally demanded.

When a claim arises on goods which have been carried over more than one line of railway, if on investigation it cannot be decided on which particular line the damage occurred, the Companies concerned agree to divide the loss by a mileage proportion in accordance with the distance the goods have travelled over each line. The division in such cases is made by the Railway Clearing-house.

Persons who claim for damage or delay in transit, usually display a strong desire to throw the goods concerned on the hands of the railway Company, by which means they are enabled to claim for their full value. One great point with our officers is to induce the public to accept the goods, sell them to the best advantage, and make their claims for actual loss only. When we cannot succeed in so doing, the goods are stored away at headquarters, there to await the annual clearance sale of all lost and damaged property, unless they be of a perishable nature and require to be sold at once, in which case they are offered to the first likely customer, and the Claims Account debited with the balance of loss on the double transaction.

Some time ago we had two hundred quarters of wheat consigned to a certain firm with whom we had done business once or twice previously. Owing to bad sheeting, two truck-loads of the wheat were slightly damaged by wet. A claim was sent in for the full value of the grain. It then became my business to wait upon the consignee, with the view of inducing them either to receive the whole of the wheat and claim for actual loss only, or to accept that portion of it which was undamaged, and charge us with the value of that which the rain had partially spoiled. They positively declined to accede to either proposition. They threw the whole of the wheat on our hands, ordered a fresh consignment of two hundred quarters, and pocketed their profit on both transactions.

What was to be done? The damaged portion of the wheat would quickly deteriorate with keeping. A customer must be found without much delay. Now, it is a habit of mine, and one which I find rather useful for a person in my position, to keep an eye on the fluctuations of the produce and other markets as notified in the various published price-lists. I was aware that at this particular time grain was slowly but surely rising in

value, great fears being expressed that the coming harvest would be a partial failure. For several days I watched the prices go up a fraction *per diem*. Then, when I doubted the wisdom of waiting any longer, and taking with me samples of the wheat both damaged and undamaged, I made my way as fast as steam could carry me to certain large starch-works in the north where the purchase of inferior and partially damaged grain is a matter of frequent occurrence. I saw the manager, produced my samples, struck a bargain on the spot; and found that, leaving out of consideration the carriage which had to be allowed for, the Company were something like seven pounds in pocket by the transaction.

On one occasion a claim for fifty pounds was sent in, for damage in transit to a large driving-wheel consigned to a well-known firm of Yorkshire manufacturers. Subjoined to the claim came a report from our station-agent, who stated that he had seen the wheel; that the fracture in it was a very serious one; that before the wheel could be used it would either have to be sent back to the founders, or else some skilled workman be sent from there to repair it on the spot; that the manufacturers would be put to great inconvenience while such repairs were being effected, and that in his opinion the claim was perfectly just and legitimate.

Our people at headquarters were inclined to coincide with the views of the station-agent and to settle the claim off-hand. It was only by accident that I saw the papers. When I had read them through, I asked that they might be given to me for a few days, and that the settlement of the claim might be delayed till I had made my report. I hardly know what it was that roused my suspicions in the case, but roused they certainly were. I went down to the station and examined all our people there who were in any way connected with the affair, but still I found nothing tangible to lay hold of. Not satisfied, I went away for two or three weeks about my other business, letting my beard grow meanwhile. Then I went back to H—, and without letting any one at the station know of my arrival, I took up my quarters at a lowish public-house in the workmen's quarter of the town. I had previously rigged myself out in a second-hand slop, a pair of fustian trousers and an old travelling-cap. After this I had not much difficulty in finding out which were the two public-houses chiefly frequented of an evening by the hands employed at the works to which the wheel had been consigned. Being Yorkshire born, the dialect came natural to me.

It was only necessary that I should 'stand treat' now and then, and avouch myself as a 'chap' out of work, as a mate in want of a job, to find myself hail-fellow-well-met with the very men whose acquaintance I was just now desirous of making. Their talk naturally turned a good deal on the 'shop' and matters connected therewith, in all of which I professed to be greatly interested. Were they in want of hands? Was it likely I should get a job if I applied? They didn't know. I'd better see th' gaffer. Mappen, I might get takken on.

But the engineer was the man whose company I most affected. What sort of machinery had they? How many boilers? What was the dia-

meter of their driving-wheel? It came out at last what I wanted to hear, either on the third or fourth night after my arrival at H—.

'We had a new driving-wheel a few weeks ago,' said the engineer, a south-country man, as he rapped on the table for another tankard of ale. 'The railway Company contrived to break it, and it was thought at first it would have to be sent back to be mended. However, I persuaded the governor to let me try my hand at it; and with that I fitted a plate over the crack, and contrived to bolt it down so hard and fast that I believe it's now the strongest part of the wheel. Anyhow, there it is at work in the engine-house, and I'll wager my head that it lasts as long as the old one did.'

My friend the engineer was evidently proud of his handiwork.

Shaven and properly dressed, I called next morning on the manager. 'I am from the railway Company,' I said; 'and have called respecting your claim for damage done to your driving-wheel.'

'Yes, to be sure,' responded the manager smilingly. 'Fifty pounds. You gentlemen are rather long-winded in such matters; but better late than never. I will draw up a receipt in three minutes.'

'A receipt for five pounds,' I said.

'For fifty, my dear sir—fifty.'

'What!' said I; 'claim fifty pounds when I happen to know for a fact—a fact, mind you—that this very driving-wheel is now at work in your engine-house, and that the damage done to it was so trifling that one of your own hands repaired it without difficulty at a cost of certainly not more than a couple of pounds for labour, time, and material. We are willing to meet you in a fair spirit, but nothing more. I am empowered to offer you five pounds in full discharge of our liability. If that will not satisfy you, you may take the case into court and leave it for a jury to settle.'

For ten minutes the manager raved and stormed, but at the end of that time he gave me a receipt for the five pounds.

The next case to which I shall refer was one in which the Company were assessed for damage alleged to have been sustained by a printing-press on its way from London to a certain small market-town. The claim was for sixty odd pounds, and was accompanied as usual by the report of our agent at the station. It was stated that the press was so broken as to be utterly valueless, and would have to be replaced by an entirely fresh one. In this case everything seemed so reasonable and straightforward that the claim was paid in full and the matter looked upon as at an end. The conduct of the case had not been mine, and I had only a superficial knowledge of it; but for all that, when I was next at the London terminus and found myself with an hour to spare, I made it my business to find out the address of the senders of the machine. To those senders I went, introduced myself, and then asked them to be good enough to inform me whether such-and-such a press had ever been sent back to them for repairs, or whether another one had been sent to replace it. Neither one nor the other, they told me. They were not even aware that the press had been broken in transit.

A few days later, I found myself at the station to which the press had been consigned. Our agent, on being interrogated, was clearly of opinion that the press had been damaged beyond the possibility of repair, and had been sent back to London; but when requested to trace the back-entry through his books, he was unable to do so, neither could he trace that a second press had been sent to replace the first one. Inquiry in the town elicited that our friend the printer was doing a capital trade for so small a place, and that he seemed to be at no loss for machinery to carry out his orders.

Armed with the information thus obtained, I determined on taking an exceedingly bold step, and that entirely on my own responsibility. When I explained my views to the chief of our detective force, he agreed to join me in the adventure; so, on a certain fine afternoon, we marched together into the printer's shop. We were both utter strangers to the man.

'You do printing here?' I said interrogatively.

'Yes, sir; printing of all kinds.'

'If I were to give you an order of some magnitude, could I rely upon its being completed expeditiously?'

'Without a doubt, sir. No one in the town or neighbourhood has got such a plant as I have, or can turn out as much work as I can in the same space of time.'

'That will do,' said I. 'I am not here to give you an order, Mr —, but to ask you a few questions. I am in the service of the ——— Railway Company, and this gentleman is a detective officer.' Here my friend rattled the handcuffs in his pocket. 'I want to know what has become of the printing-press, for damages to which the railway Company paid you sixty odd pounds on the fourth of last month.'

'The press was so much damaged,' said he, 'that I was glad to sell it for a mere song.'

'Perhaps you can oblige me with the address of the person to whom you sold the broken press?'

The man was very pale by this time, but he answered brusquely enough: 'Perhaps I could oblige you, but I certainly won't.'

'Probably you replaced it with another?'

'I did.'

'From the same firm that supplied you with the first one?'

A moment's hesitation, and then: 'That's my business, not yours.'

'In any case, the second press would reach you by railway. On what date did you receive it?'

'My business again.'

'Am I to understand that you positively decline to answer any of the questions I have put to you?'

Another rattle of the handcuffs. He hesitated, pulled his beard, glanced from one to the other of us, and then spoke. 'Look here, Mr Whats-your-name, the railway Company settled my claim five weeks ago. If they hadn't been satisfied with my statement, they wouldn't have done that. The affair's at an end. I have got my money, and I mean to stick to it.'

'We shall see about that,' said I. 'Look you here, Mr —. The very printing-press for which we paid you over sixty pounds as being irreparably damaged, is now at work in these premises.'

You never obtained a second press either from London or elsewhere." Your claim was an utterly fraudulent one, and you have laid yourself open to a criminal prosecution by acting as you have. However, not to be too hard on you, my friend and I are willing to wait here for a couple of hours; and if at the end of that time, you bring us back the sixty odd pounds obtained by you under such dishonest pretences, I will engage that no further proceedings shall be taken in the matter. But should you decline to accede to this very reasonable request, I shall go from here to the nearest magistrate and obtain a warrant for your arrest.' His bravado vanished in a moment. He vowed and protested that he had not sixty pounds in the world, nor half that sum. He would remit it next week—in a day or two—tomorrow. But he failed to move me from the position I had taken up. Then he put on his hat and went out, presumably to see his friends; and before the two hours were quite over he returned with the money. My detective friend and I went on our way rejoicing.

LAND TELEGRAPH LINES.

WORKING.

IN a recent paper we gave an account of the nature and construction of land telegraph lines, especially those of our own country. It shall now be our aim to explain the modes in which they are worked for the conveyance of intelligence.

In each of our great towns there is one central office, through which all foreign and provincial messages pass on their way to their destinations; and a number of local offices for local traffic. At these central offices we see the working of the lines carried out on a great and varied scale; but the essential arrangement of apparatus is the same in all. In all countries the arrangements at central offices are much alike. We shall take as our chief example the metropolitan office at St Martin's-le-Grand.

An important feature of a central office is the *switch* or *connecting-board*. It is a contrivance on which all the lines centring in the office are made to focus. It is generally in the form of a mahogany board fitted with a number of screw terminals, to which the line-wires can be brought. The iron wires of the open-air lines are never themselves brought inside the building; but copper wires coated with gutta-percha or india-rubber are used as connecting-wires or *leads* between the iron line-wires outside and the various instruments within the office. The advantage of a switch is that it enables lines in different parts of the country to be connected-up together, or cross-connected as it is called, and permits a line to be connected to a different instrument for working, if its proper instrument should get out of order—all at a moment's notice, and by the mere shifting of metal pegs or plugs, without the need of disturbing a single wire. At the London Central Office as many as eight hundred lines thus centre on one board.

In the instrument-room the work of transmitting and receiving the messages is carried on. There are several different kinds of receiving instruments in use in the United Kingdom. On the most important circuits, for instance between London and Glasgow, or London and Liverpool, the ink-writing receiver of Morse is used in connection with the automatic transmitter of Wheatstone, and the line is in addition worked on the 'duplex system' of sending two messages *in opposite directions* at the same time. On less busy circuits the 'Sounder' is employed in connection with the duplex system. On circuits where the traffic is great only in one direction, there is no need of the duplex system, and the Morse or Sounder is sufficient in itself. On country and local town circuits, the Single Needle Instrument is used, with or without duplex as the case may be; and in some out-of-the-way places, the Hughes Type-printer or the Bell Instrument is still to be found at work, although they are relics of the days before the lines passed into the hands of the government.

The Morse and Sounder are the instruments principally to be seen in the Central Office, London. They are fixed upon long mahogany tables, at which the operators sit and manipulate them, or work the signalling-keys in sending messages. Twelve hundred operators, chiefly young ladies, are daily employed in the instrument-room, which contains two-thirds of a mile of tables. Batches of messages are distributed to the different operators by means of pneumatic tubes, so that the noise and bustle of messengers in the room are avoided. This large hall, over twenty thousand square feet in area, with its hundreds of beautiful instruments, worked by female clerks, its admirable order and stillness, is indeed one of the sights of London.

The telegraphic circuit is, as the reader knows, composed of the line-wire, the earth, and the apparatus connecting them at each end. At the sending end the wire is connected to the earth or ground by the signalling-key or sending instrument, the battery and the earth-plate all in circuit. At the receiving end the wire is connected to earth by the receiving instrument and the earth-plate there. The signalling-key is a lever or pair of levers worked by the fingers so as to complete or interrupt the circuit, according to the order of signals in the Morse code, and allow certain succession of currents to flow along the line to the distant station, where they will render themselves sensible by their effects on the receiving instrument, and be readily interpreted by the same code. The kind of key employed depends on the receiving instrument. All receiving instruments act by means of some well-known sensible effect of the current. The Morse instrument is one of the earliest of all. In the 'fall' of 1832, Samuel Morse, an American artist, conceived the idea of it while on a voyage from France to the United States, and entered it in his note-book. Three

years later he constructed the first rough working-model; and in 1837 it was first tried on an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. The principle of the instrument, discovered by Sturgeon, a Londoner, is, that when a current of electricity circulates in an insulated wire round about a piece of soft iron, it magnetises the iron; and the polarity of the magnetism depends on the direction of the current in the wire. When the current stops, the magnetism vanishes; but remains while the current flows. Morse applied this property in the following way. He took a soft iron core wound with a coil of insulated wire, and over one end of the core he pivoted an iron lever, so that when one end of this lever should be attracted downwards to the core, the other end should 'cant' upwards. To this end he attached a small metal disc, smeared in ink, and over the disc he caused to pass continuously a strip or tape of paper. With this contrivance, whenever a current was passed through the coil of the soft iron core, the armature end of the lever was attracted downwards to it; while the other end pressed the inky disc upwards against the paper, on which it left its mark in the form of a line drawn in ink. The length of this line corresponds with the duration of the current in the coil. A momentary current marks a dot on the paper; a longer current marks a dash. Morse combined these two elementary signals the 'dot' and 'dash' into a code of signals representing letters, which now goes by his name, and is even more universal than his instrument, for it is used in connection with all instruments except those which indicate with printed characters. A despatch by the Morse Instrument then, is simply—as we have on a former occasion indicated—a tape of paper with a series of dots and dashes marked along its middle. The speed by the Morse is from thirty to thirty-five words a minute by hand-sending.

The Sounder is merely a modified Morse. The ink and paper are dispensed with, as the clerk reads the message by ear. The free end of the lever is made to tap up and down between two stops of different material, and the difference in tone of the two sounds produced serves to characterise them to the ear. Strange as it may appear, the ear is more easily educated to read by the Sounder than the eye by the Morse; hence the Sounder is growing in favour; partly owing to this and partly because of its simpler nature.

The Bell Instrument—formerly introduced by Sir Charles Bright, and still in use on some Irish circuits—is also read by the ear. It consists of two bells of different tone, and the clapper of each is worked by electro-magnetism, like the lever of the Morse or Sounder. Unlike these instruments however, it is worked by 'double currents'—that is to say a positive current is made to strike one bell, and a negative current the other.

The principle of the Single Needle Instrument is the discovery of Oersted the Danish physicist,

that when a current flows in a wire round about a magnetic needle in the direction of its length, the needle tends to set itself at right angles to the wire. On reversing the direction of the current in the wire, the position of the needle is reversed. It is clear that by the use of positive and negative currents, and the corresponding movements of the needle to right or left of the wire, an intelligible telegraph could be arranged. In 1832 Baron Schilling of Cronstadt found that by coiling the wire a number of times round the needle the force of the effect was correspondingly increased. In 1836 Professor Münck of Heidelberg exhibited Schilling's discovery to his students, among whom was William Fothergill Cooke, a young Indian officer. His was the eye that saw the great value of the discovery as a telegraph. Fired with the idea of its importance, he devised and put in trial at Heidelberg, within three weeks after, a working system of telegraph. His instrument consisted of three coils of wire, each having a horizontal needle free to move on its pivot. He employed three circuits, one for each needle, and by the movements of these needles, made out an alphabet of twenty-six letters. In England he united his plans with those of Wheatstone, and together they brought out the first working system.

The first public line in England between Paddington and West Drayton was opened for traffic in 1838, just forty-one years ago. It was worked by Wheatstone's improved Needle Instrument, which had five vertical needles, required three circuits, and made each signal by the combined movements of two needles at a time. The clever capture of a murderer named Tawell by means of the new telegraph, soon gained for it a wide popularity. The Single Needle is, through the Double Needle, the direct descendant of Wheatstone's Instrument. In it there is only one coil and one vertical needle; it is operated by double currents in a single circuit, and the alphabet is the Morse code, a 'dot' being indicated by a right-hand deflection of the needle, and a 'dash' by a left-hand deflection. The deflections of the needle are curbed by stops. Over three thousand of them are in daily use in the postal service of the United Kingdom; and their well-known forms, resembling an American clock with a green face, are to be seen at almost every railway station. Its speed is from twenty-five to thirty words per minute.

On all long circuits an important instrument is the Relay. Owing to the leakage from a land-line, and the weakening effect of the resistance of the wires, a current in a long circuit is too feeble to work the ordinary receiving instruments such as the Morse and Sounder; but it is sufficiently strong to work a special instrument called a Relay. The Relay is merely a go-between, and enables the weak current in the line to work the receiving instrument by the help of a local battery at the receiving station. As early as 1837, Samuel Morse saw that a current far too feeble to move the

heavy lever and inking disc of a Morse, would be strong enough to move a very light lever, and thereby close the circuit of a local battery which should be strong enough to work the ordinary Morse. This is the principle of the Relay, and the Translator or Repeater, which is in reality an automatic sender. The Relay enables a weak message to work the receiver; the Translator forwards a weak message farther on by repeating it automatically with fresh battery-power. In America they work from New York to Chicago, a distance of one thousand miles, by the use of a single Translator at Buffalo. The most useful European Relay is Siemens' Polarised Relay. On the great Indo-European line it enables London to work with Teheran, a distance of three thousand eight hundred miles, without retransmission by hand.

We come now to Wheatstone's Automatic Transmitter. On lines where there is no great pressure of traffic, the ordinary hand-signalling suffices. A clerk can transmit at the rate of thirty words a minute, or even thirty-five. But there is no reason why the speed should be limited by the quickness at which a clerk can work the sending-key, since the speed of the current on land-lines is practically instantaneous, and automatic mechanism can be made to take the place of the clerk's fingers. All the clerk does in sending is to regulate the succession of contacts between the battery and the line, and this can be done equally well automatically. As far back as 1846, Alexander Bain, a well-known Edinburgh clock-maker, conceived the idea of regulating the succession of contacts by a strip of moving paper punched with a succession of holes, just as the cards in a Jacquard loom regulate the pattern of woven cloth. Bain's idea was taken up and brought to practical success by Wheatstone in 1855.

In Wheatstone's Automatic Transmitter, the message is first punched out in a double row of holes along a tape of paper; the right-hand holes correspond to dots, the left to dashes. This perforated tape is then passed through the automatic key or Transmitter, and regulates the succession of contacts. The contacts are made by two spring plungers, one for each row of holes. As each punched hole passes under the plunger, it falls into it, and makes contact with a metal plate underneath as a hammer falls on its anvil. When the paper space between two punched holes is passing a plunger, it is kept apart from the anvil, and contact with the line is for that time broken. Thus currents of definite length, and from one or other pole of the battery, can be transmitted automatically with great rapidity. The paper is moved by clockwork at any desired speed. The actual rate of sending between London and Edinburgh is sometimes as high as a hundred and thirty words a minute.

Without the Automatic Transmitter the Post-office could not forward the Press Association news. Sometimes as many as four intermediate stations are introduced in circuit, and supplied with news simultaneously at the rate of a thou-

sand words in twenty minutes. A number of clerks can be employed punching several portions of slip, which are one after another passed through the Transmitter in order, the same punched slip serving to send the message over several different lines.

As the Automatic Transmitter increases the speed of sending four-fold, so the Duplex system of working doubles the carrying capacity of a wire. By this system a message can be sent while another is being received, the messages seeming to cross each other on the way. It was invented by Dr Gintl, an Austrian telegraph director, as early as 1853; but subsequently modified by various electricians, and recently revived, after a period of neglect, by Mr Joseph Barker Stearns, an American. In duplex working, the ordinary apparatus slightly modified suffices, and the whole secret lies in the arrangement of it at each end of the wire. There is a receiver in circuit at each end; but it will be sufficient to confine our attention to one end of the line, since the arrangement at both ends is precisely similar. The essential feature of duplex consists in connecting-up to the real line an 'artificial line' or circuit in every electrical respect equivalent to it, and placing the receiving instrument intermediate between them in such a position that the sending current from the battery divides itself into two equal streams, which flow in opposite directions through the instrument, and neutralise each other's effect upon the needle or marker. In this way the sending current setting out from a station does not affect the receiver at that station; one half of it flows along the line to earth through the receiver at the distant station, where it signals, and the other half passes harmlessly to earth through the artificial line at the sending station itself.

The condition that currents sent out from a station shall not affect the receiving instrument there, but shall leave it quite free to be affected by currents coming in from the distant station, is the essential condition of duplex.

We have now to see how it is that currents sent out by the distant station produce their effect at the end we are considering. We have seen that so long as the sending current divides itself equally, and each half flows freely through the real and artificial circuits, no signal is made on the receiving instrument. If however, one of these currents were stopped either in whole or in part, this balance of currents would be disturbed, and the receiving instrument would be affected. This is what the sending currents from the distant stations do. Each signal current sent from the distant station stops, either wholly or partly, the sending current from the near station in the line, and disturbs the balance, so that the instrument at the near station makes a signal. Thus the sending of each station upsets the electric balance at the other, and in this way each station has power to make the receiver at the other to signal.

The duplex system is now in general use on land-lines in America and England. The quadruplex system is a more recent advance, and is also in use in America and England. In 1857, two years after Dr Gintl shewed the feasibility of duplex telegraphy, Dr Bosscha of Leyden expounded the possibility of transmitting two messages in the same direction simultaneously, and

pointed out that by the combination of this system with duplex, a quadruplex system of sending would result. In 1874 Messrs Edison and Prescott of New Jersey invented a thoroughly practicable system. It consists in employing two sending-keys at each end of the wire, so arranged as to give rise to four distinct electrical states of the line, when they are worked together in sending two separate messages simultaneously. These four distinct states are interpreted by two distinct receiving instruments. The duplex or counter system of Stearns is combined with this plan for double transmission; and thus two messages are sent both ways at the same time.

In the ordinary or simplex system of telegraphing, each station sends and receives messages by turns. The operator can by the mere turning of a handle or 'switch' connect-up his key to the line in order to send, or his receiver in order to receive. In the duplex system however, no switch is necessary, since no change in connections is required, and sending and receiving go on simultaneously. This is one incidental advantage of the system; and another is to be found in the facility with which operators can speak to each other and get words repeated. On the New York to Chicago circuit, one hundred and eighty-two American messages—equivalent to one hundred and thirty English messages—are sent per hour by the quadruplex system. On our own circuits worked by the Wheatstone Automatic Duplex, one hundred and sixty English messages are sent per hour; so there is a gain of thirty messages for our method. From thirty to forty thousand messages pass through the Central Telegraph Office, London, daily. Of the daily number, about one-sixth are foreign messages. The two busiest occasions of the telegraphic year are the Derby race-day and the sending of the Queen's Speech.

To provide for the exigencies of the Derby of 1878, a staff of thirty-five first-class hands were sent to Epsom. Six special wires besides the ordinary local wires were employed; and to 'put through' the enormous traffic to and from the field, as many as six Wheatstone Receivers, five Wheatstone Automatic Transmitters, six Morse Instruments, and two Single Needles, were kept at work. In the four days of the races, 15,519 messages—in value £750, 4s. 8d.—were taken. At Goodwood and Ascot, the traffic is almost as great. The Queen's Speech is however, the more important event; and telegraphists all over the country vie with each other in their eagerness to rapidly transmit the royal address. Arrangements are made beforehand to send it from the central station *direct* to as many places as possible. It is usual to send it to nearly two hundred towns, including such places as Wick, Oban, Tralee; and to about sixty of these it is sent *direct*—that is, without retransmission. 'The work of signalling,' says one of the Post-office officials, 'commenced at 2.8 P.M., that being the moment at which the signal to "start" was received from the House of Commons. In a twinkling, the fingers which had been nervously grasping their "keys" for some minutes, came down in the shape of "dots" and "dashes" to the tune of forty words a minute or more (punching); and the Wheatstone Transmitters, wound up to the highest pitch of eagerness, were let loose with their familiar "whir." While we were only as yet looking on to see what it

all meant, "Finished to Leicester!" shouted one excited operator, and "Ditto to York!" shouted another at the same moment. This was at 2.14 P.M. to the moment; so that the nine hundred and eighty-three words of which the Speech was composed were transmitted to these towns in six minutes, or at an average speed of nearly ten thousand words an hour.

'The great towns—Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds, and Bradford—received the Speech simultaneously, on what are called the "express circuits;" and to these the work of transmission was accomplished in the short space of eleven minutes. To Scotland and Ireland—including Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, Cork—the Speech was finished within twenty minutes; and to the great majority of places where transmission was effected direct, within half an hour.' In order to send these nine hundred and eighty-three words, fifty thousand separate holes would have to be punched on the Wheatstone slip, and fourteen thousand separate signals would have to be recorded in ink by the receiver at the receiving station.

SWEET VIOLETS.

SENT BY A LADY IN THE COUNTRY TO A FRIEND IN TOWN
(APRIL 29).

BIRCHEN boughs are leafless still,
And the wind is keen and chill;
On the hedges brown and bare
Scarce one bursting bud I see;
Only, in this sunny nook
Scented violets welcome me.

Ah, that fragrance! how it brings
Back old days on rosy wings—
Days when Life's blue sky was clear,
When the simple hearts of youth
Gathered treasures all the year
Of unfading love and truth!

Fragrant are they now as ever;
And as each small flower I sever
From its sheltered woodland home,
Forms beneath the cold earth sleeping
Once more down the pathway come
With glad eyes that know not weeping!

Violets! ye bring to me
Many a sunny memory;
And as one by one I gather
You, the first, best gems of Spring,
Seemeth it to me your sweetness
To sad hearts some cheer must bring.

Friends the token might receive
Your lowliness is meant to give;
So, with wishes true and kind,
I shall send you where the city—
Growing nothing half so fair—
Shall receive with tender pity,
Your small blossoms, sweet and rare!

J. C. H.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 805.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

ONE of the American humorists lays it down as a fundamental law concerning human nature, that we are each of us at some period of our lives subject to an intense desire to play a musical instrument. Upon this text he bases an amusing history of how he himself had once been bitten in that way, and had had in consequence often to shift his quarters, flying from unsympathising landladies and others whose savage breasts utterly refused to be charmed by his well-meant efforts to gain musical proficiency. Jestings apart—there is a substratum of truth in the 'fundamental law' referred to; and most of our readers will acknowledge that they have at some time of their lives really experienced a desire of the kind. It is doubtful whether our very first toys are not most prized if they be capable of making some kind of sound. The eagerness with which a baby will shake a rattle, or later on will blow away at a tin trumpet or knock a drum to pieces, is evidence that even at a very early age noise is far from being distasteful to us.

Watch an errand-boy in any of our crowded thoroughfares. Can he be quiet? Not a bit of it. Noisy he must be, or nothing. Whistling a popular melody with that earnestness of purpose peculiar to him, or with forefingers stretching wide his mouth, emitting a shriek only excelled by a railway engine, he goes on his way rejoicing. Perhaps he accompanies his performance by dragging a stick along the pavings which he happens to be passing, making them ring again. But in some way or other he will have noise, for he delights in it as part of his very nature. As he grows older, he is sure sooner or later to fulfil his destiny and procure some kind of musical instrument. A penny whistle is generally his first investment, and the National Anthem his first tune. Later on, when the period of hobby-hoyhood grows upon him, he affects that dreadful instrument of torture, a cheap concertina. With this, and one or two boon companions similarly armed, he parades the streets when

work is over, and enjoys himself in his own way.

If we examine the contents of a modern toy-shop, we shall find that nearly fifty per cent. of the stock is intended for the production of noise. First we may notice the corals, which no well-conducted baby would condescend to notice unless they were decorated with noisy little bells. Then we have several types of rattle. There is the rattle proper, made of basket-work, and containing some mysterious articles which tinkle whenever it is moved. Then there is the improved rattle, a kind of small drum fixed on a handle, and occasionally crowned with a cap and bells. Next we have drums of all sizes, made of real parchment, and capable of any amount of acoustic display. (By the way, we have remarked that toy drum skins are often covered with legal matter, reminiscences of forgotten lawsuits. It is a question therefore whether some of them were not very noisy subjects before being brought to the drum-head.) Trumpets galore—only capable of producing one solitary note; but that one note is of such distressing nasal qualities that it is more than sufficient to make good all deficiencies. Then comes the harmonicon tribe—plates of brass, glass, or even hard wood placed in a frame and tinkled into melody by little wooden mallets.

Our list is not half complete, for we have not yet touched upon the delicate subject of whistles. We have noticed in this connection with some sadness, that not content with the whistle *per se*, a degenerate custom has lately obtained of attaching surreptitious whistles to other toys. The baby's coral has often this exasperating addition. Riding-whips and pop-guns are also to be regarded with suspicion for the same reason. There is also a numerous class of vulcanised india-rubber dolls and animals which are squeezed into expressing their feelings through a small metallic whistle which forms part of their internal economy.

Another wide field for the invention of noisy toys is comprised in the wire-stringed class. These are generally in the form of carts or wagons, and the peculiarly aggravating feature of their con-

struction is not guessed at until the wheels revolve. This operation is accompanied by a most irritating tum-tumming on three or four wires, which are plucked by bristles on the axle of the wheels. Sometimes the same apparatus is inclosed in a box and is set in motion by means of a handle, with the same pleasurable result as that achieved by one of the old-fashioned London street organs with a monkey. (We mention the animal element with intention; for it is a fact that organs carrying monkeys are invariably more out of tune than those without such appendages. Why this should be the case, we cannot guess, unless it be that the itinerant musician is afraid of spoiling the public by giving too many good things at once.) It would be impossible in the space at our command to enumerate all the toys of a noisy character; but we have said enough to shew that there is an endless supply of them, and it is therefore fair to assume that the demand keeps pace with it.

Now it is a curious fact that the acoustic principles on which the construction of most of these toys is based, were known and utilised by savage nations all the world over for many centuries before intercourse with Europe became possible. Indeed some of their musical instruments—in use at the present day—are of unknown antiquity. Thus the North American Indians make rattles of dried gourds filled with pebbles, an instrument capable of making a formidable noise. Baked clay vessels are also turned to the same purpose. Gourds are used in another way by the Hindus, who attach them to a species of stringed instrument to increase its resonance, in the same way that we employ sound-boards in the present day. Pandean pipes made of reeds seem to be the common property of every nation under the sun; indeed all kinds of pipes and flutes are common to all countries, and in many cases the term flute is applied to all wind-instruments indiscriminately. Savage nations make their flutes either of pottery or bone, the tibia or perhaps the thigh-bone of a fallen foe often furnishing his enemies with music for many years after his decease. And this is not the only case of human remains being turned to musical account, for travellers tell us that drums are often stretched with human skin. Thus savages are not content with belabouring their foes during life, but continue the castigation after they have ceased to exist.

Instruments of percussion, whether adorned with human skin or not, seem to be very favourite things with primitive man. This is no doubt owing to the ease with which such instruments could be made and used. The same reasoning applies to instruments of the harmonicon class, which have been constructed of every conceivable substance from which can be extracted an atom of resonance. Stringed instruments are also found in different forms in all quarters of the globe. The most primitive form is a rough board with a few strings stretched across it. This is the parent of

the dulcimer, which in its turn is undoubtedly the prototype of most of our modern stringed instruments. The older method of procedure was to pluck the strings of all such instruments with a small pointed piece of bone or stick, the violin bow being of later date altogether.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which gives colour to the assumption that the love of music is natural and not acquired, that the various instruments used by savage tribes in widely separated countries are almost identical in character. This shews that the same ideas have arisen and have been acted upon by people who can have had no kind of communication. More than this; where the art has so far advanced as to give a definite structure to instruments, making them capable of affording a regular scale of notes, the particular arrangement adopted is the same in different countries. For instance, in Mexico and Peru we find an instrument which produces a scale of five notes (the Pentatonic scale), sometimes called the Scotch scale, because the arrangement is a characteristic feature of many of our northern melodies. In an opposite quarter of the globe altogether—namely in China, we also find a clay instrument having five finger-holes and giving the same scale.

These facts prove that musical ideas are not the result of civilisation, but are naturally acquired. The same delight with which a child shakes its rattle urges the savage to act in the same manner. It may be imagined that the first step in the process of musical education was prompted by the wish to imitate the calls of birds, either for the mere sake of imitation or as a help to snaring them for the purposes of food. The voice would naturally be the agent employed, until some accident, such as the whistling of the wind through the reeds, or past some favourably placed hole in the rocks, would suggest that art might be capable of producing sounds of louder quality.

It is probable that every nation under the sun has contributed in some degree to the various instruments used in our modern orchestras. We have arrived at a pitch of perfection in their manufacture which renders any great improvement in them simply impossible. Not only has the skill of the best workmen been devoted to them, but the aid of science has also been enlisted in their service. We now know the conditions under which sounds are made manifest to our senses. We can analyse them, and by suitable materials and mode of workmanship, can give them a certain quality or *timbre*, a judicious blending of which constitutes the charm of a complete orchestra. There is no more interesting field of inquiry than this question of the *timbre* of musical sounds. We have no English word to express this quality, and therefore we use a French one; but the great German physicist Helmholtz makes use of a far more expressive term for the same thing—that is, *Klangfarbe*, the English equivalent for which would be clang-tint. He tells us that the peculiar

clang-tint of every instrument by which we can identify it is due simply to the number of harmonics or over-tones which fill the air when any one note is sounded. It is difficult for even a practised ear to detect these superposed sounds; but by suitable apparatus their presence in all instruments is rendered audible. In the piano and violin these over-tones follow one another in a regular series. For instance, we will suppose that a certain note on the violin gives five hundred vibrations in a second of time. The over-tones to that note will give respectively twice, three times, four times, &c. five hundred vibrations; and such a series will form the octave, the fifth, the super-octave, the third, &c. of the note sounded. But in the clarionet and other instruments, the harmonics follow a different order, and therefore the *timbre* of the sounds produced is entirely changed. A curious fact in connection with this subject is that Helmholtz's beautiful theory was long ago anticipated in practice by the builders of church organs. In all old organs we find what are called *mixture* stops. In these stops, instead of one pipe to each note, there are three or four; so that when a single key is depressed, a full chord is sounded. Now these pipes are tuned to the harmonics or over-tones of the notes to which they are attached, and therefore add a richness of clang-tint to the full organ.

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

CHAPTER XXIX.—ON THE LEDGE.

THERE was one lofty cliff, known in local parlance as the Spanish Beacon, that overlooked Treport, and from the peak of which many a fire had probably gleamed forth through the blackness of the night to give warning that some floating castle, with high poop and gilded stern-gallery, and grinning cannon ranged in tiers, and the red and yellow standard of Castile at her masthead, was perilously near the ill-defended coast. In later and more prosaic days the Beacon had been a favourite patrolling place for Custom-house officers and coast-guardsmen, commanding, as it did, a view of more than one creek and cove, and especially of St Mary's Bay, which was screened by high crags from nearly every stand-point but this. To the Spanish Beacon, on the day succeeding that which had witnessed the last fruitless visit to Giles Treloar's lodging-house in Holloway, as well as the enforced self-expatriation of Jan Pennant the fisherman, Hugh Ashton, telescope in hand, made his solitary way.

It was a call of duty, in this case, which caused the young sailor to breast the steep hillside that overhung Treport. A merchant brig, heavily laden, was reported to have got aground in St Mary's Bay; and, although in no present danger, thanks to the fineness of the weather, might require assistance to get her fairly afloat again. Thanks to Hugh's own zealous efforts, the steamer was nearly ready for sea, and there was every chance that on the morrow the *Western Maid* should once more glide out of harbour to render aid to the embayed vessel.

Hugh's spirits rose at the prospect of a more stirring life than he had led of late, and it was with an elastic tread and a quick step that he

climbed the steep road, Neptune bounding cheerily by his side. The great Newfoundland had taken a remarkable fancy to the young stranger—Hugh Ashton was indeed one of those whom dogs and children love—and was fond of accompanying him when he went abroad.

Once on the highest point of the cliff—where a flagstaff, erected by command of H.M.'s Board of Revenue, occupied the spot where once, by sanction of the Queen's Highness, furze and fagots were stacked around the stout tar-barrel that was to apprise Elizabeth's liege subjects of the two religions that tyrant Spain, rich with the gold of Mexico and the silver of Peru, and drawing recruits for her ships and regiments from three European countries beneath the sceptre of the gloomy bigot of the Escorial, threatened their shores with his costly navy—Hugh adjusted his glass, and with a practised eye, surveyed St Mary's Bay. There was work going on, evidently, on board the brig. Carts and horses were busy on the beach, and a black line of men, busy as ants, could be seen to form a living bridge between the ship and the shore.

'They are landing a part of their cargo,' said Hugh, shutting up his glass. 'They will be light, and the rising tide will float them off without help from steam. I don't think, unless the wind shifts and freshens,' he added, taking that deliberate, steady look at the horizon which only shepherds and sailors take, 'that the *Western Maid* will be wanted in St Mary's Bay.—What ails the dog? Why, Nep! Nep!'

Hugh Ashton had some reason for his surprise, since Neptune, ordinarily as staid and majestic an animal, once the first moments of frisky enjoyment at sallying forth were over, as Cornwall could supply, suddenly began to run up and down on the very verge of the cliff, precisely as you may see an intelligent sheep-dog pace up and down an invisible boundary-line beyond which his woolly charge are not to pass. Presently Neptune came up to Hugh whimpering, and thrust his cold nose into the young man's hand; then with a quick hoarse bark, he bounded towards the edge of the cliff, and finding that he was not followed, lifted his head, and howled eloquently. 'What d'ye want Nep, boy?' asked Hugh, walking slowly towards the precipice. Again the dog barked, reproachfully, as Hugh fancied, as dogs do bark when they find it hard to impart their meaning to their human friends. 'I wish Nep could speak,' said the young sailor, as he reached the dizzy edge of the cliff. 'Why,' he exclaimed, as he looked down, and his very heart seemed to stop beating at the sight he saw, 'the dog was right!'

What Hugh saw was, forty feet below, a man clinging, as lizards cling, to a slanting and slippery ledge of splintered rock, jutting from the dull crimson face of the storm-beaten cliff; while, many hundred feet below, gleamed the white line of surf upon the narrow beach studded with jagged rocks, and resounded, hollow and hungry, the low roar of the sea. Some two yards off, beyond the reach of mortal arm, grew in a cleft a withered furze-bush, and this afforded the only branch, or root, or trunk, for a considerable distance to left and right, to which a desperate hand might cling. As for scaling the cliff in front, beetling as it did, a fly might have done it; but neither goat nor

man, nor even the sure-footed hill-fox. And, below, roared and yawned the hungry sea.

Hugh had seasoned nerves, and a sailor's steadiness of brain; but he felt sick and giddy for a moment as he saw the dire peril of the unfortunate one beneath. How the poor creature, whoever he was, had reached the place where he now hung suspended in mid-air, was explained by the rope that dangled, tantalisingly out of reach, above his head. Instinctively, Hugh looked for the other end of the dangling cord. It was made fast to an iron peg firmly driven into the earth near the verge of the cliff, close by which two other coils of slender rope were nestling amidst the rank couch-grass. The dog barked again. Then the man below lifted his pale young face, and Hugh and he knew each other at once. 'Why, Will Farleigh!' exclaimed the former.

'Yes, Captain!' gasped out poor Will, clinging to the ledge. 'All my own fault; I don't deny it. But you see I've had Death for a playfellow so long, that I am like the pitcher that went to the well once too often. These granite cliffs have got crystals in them as sharp as a glazier's diamond. One of them has cut the rope, that rubbed across its edge, as clean as a knife would have done. I went down because the red-legged choughs make their nests still among the fissures, and a Cornish chough is worth two gold guineas any day, at a London bird-stuffer's. And the mother wants port-wine and comforts that—— But I was a fool, wasn't I? Break it gently to her and to Rose, please!'

'Hold on, hold on!' cried Hugh encouragingly, as he hauled in the severed rope, and, with a sailor's dexterity, proceeded to splice it with one of the other coils of cordage. 'I'll lower away, and haul you up with the help of the coast-guard yonder. I see his glazed hat, and the gleam of the pistol in his belt, as he comes on his patrol along the path.'

'That's just what's impossible, Captain Ashton,' answered the bird-hunter despairingly. 'See how I've had to drive my fingers and feet into the earth, to hold on. As it is, they're getting main tired, and soon I'm thinking I shall have to give in, and let go. My hands are cramped and numbed, and I could not spare one to catch at the rope.'

'Then I'll try another plan,' returned Hugh; and, hastily making a running noose at the end of the cord, he lowered it over the cliff edge, and taking a firm hold of the rope, went boldly down, hand over hand, availing himself of every projection or angle of the crag on which his feet could rest.

'Ware! You'll go down two hundred yards into that murdering sea!' cried out Will Farleigh unselfishly, as he saw his rescuer swing himself over the giddy depths below. But in less time than it takes to write it, Hugh was kneeling among the gnarled roots of the withered furze-bush, and was leaning forward to pass the running noose around Will's body.

'Let it slip over, so as to take you beneath the armpits. It will never keep firm, else!' cried Hugh. It was a moment of deadly peril to both. There was a fatal fascination tempting the adventurers to look below, where the cruel rocks and the roaring sea awaited their victims, and where the giddy depths of air would have caused the soundest

brain to reel. With no slight risk and trouble the noose was at last slipped beneath the bird-hunter's arms. 'Now, go up, my lad!' said Hugh encouragingly. 'I shall do well enough until you let down the rope for me.'

'I can't do it, with these stiff hands, and joints racked with pain,' gasped out Will Farleigh, who was evidently much exhausted. 'God help me! Save yourself, Captain Hugh, and never mind me.'

'Keep your heart up, and hold on to stone and earth for a minute or two longer, to save a jerk on the line,' called out Hugh; and then, hailing the coast-guardsmen, who by this time were peering over the verge of the precipice, he begged him to make fast and lower away the third piece of cord. The man was quick in complying with his injunction. The rope was lowered; and once, twice, Hugh caught at it in vain; but, the third time it swayed near him, he succeeded in grasping it; and, with surprising boldness and agility, struggled upwards to the beetling brow of the cliff, where the coast-guard, kneeling and stooping over, caught him by the arm, and drew him safely over the edge.

Then came the work of hauling up Will Farleigh from his precarious post on the slippery ledge; a laborious task, since the bird-hunter, expert cragsman though he was, could do nothing in his spent condition to expedite the process; and when at last he stood on firm ground, and the tightened noose was withdrawn, he staggered from physical exhaustion, and was compelled to lean on Hugh's shoulder for support. 'If ever there comes the chance, Captain Ashton, that a man's life would need to be risked to do you a good turn, mine's ready and willing,' said the poor fellow, with moistened eyes, as, leaning on Hugh's strong arm, he walked slowly down the steep path that led to the town. 'But such a near shave as that almost sickens a chap of his trade!'

It was quite evident that Neptune, as with joyous bark and rough gambols he frisked his way down the hill, was perfectly well aware of his own share in the rescue. Once arrived at the cottage, Will told his tale, dwelling, characteristically, but little on his own sufferings, or the fearful suspense he had endured as he hung helpless in the presence of a terrible death, but painting in glowing colours Hugh Ashton's bravery and strength.

And Rose Trawl, coming suddenly forward, caught up Hugh's hand and pressed it to her lips. 'You have saved dear Will!' she said. 'You have been so good and patient with my grandfather! How shall I thank you enough, Captain Ashton, or how shall we all thank you as we ought to do? It seems but the other day that you came among us a stranger.'

Hugh laughed. 'Nep really does deserve some praise, Miss Rose,' said he, 'since but for him we should have known nothing. And Will Farleigh, in time of need, would have done as much for me.'

At this moment there was a knocking at the outer door; and Nezer, the dwarf factotum of the establishment, who went to answer it, returned, carrying a letter which one of the grooms from Llosthuel Court had just brought down.

'For you, skipper!' said the dwarf, handing the letter to Hugh.

'Lady Larpent wishes to see me instantly; she does not say why,' said the young man, as he finished the perusal of some half-dozen lines in the Dowager's bold black handwriting. 'I will go up to the Court at once.'

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

IN the absence of any complete biography of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, every anecdote regarding him has a certain value, in so far as it throws a light on his personal character and methods of work. Read in this light and in this spirit, all the tributes to his memory are valuable and interesting. Glancing over some memoranda connected with the life of the novelist, contained in a book which has come under our notice, entitled *Anecdote Biographies*, we gain a ready insight into his character. And from the materials thus supplied, we now offer a few anecdotes treasured up in these too brief memorials of his life.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. While still very young, he was sent to England; on the homeward voyage he had a peep at the great Napoleon in his exile-home at St Helena. He received his education at the Charterhouse School and at Cambridge, leaving the latter without a degree. His fortune at this time amounted to twenty thousand pounds; this he afterwards lost through unfortunate speculations, but not before he had travelled a good deal on the continent, and acquainted himself with French and German everyday life and literature. His first inclination was to follow the profession of an artist; and curious to relate, he made overtures to Charles Dickens to illustrate his earliest book. Thackeray was well equipped both in body and mind when his career as an author began; but over ten years of hard toil at newspaper and magazine writing were undergone before he became known as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and one of the first of living novelists. He lectured with fair if not with extraordinary success both in England and America, when the sunshine of public favour had been secured. His career of successful novel-writing terminated suddenly on 24th December 1863, and like Dickens, he had an unfinished novel on hand.

Thackeray's generosity to others in a struggling position is well known. The following are fair examples.

One morning Thackeray knocked at the door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, crying from without: 'It's no use, Horry Mayhew; open the door.' On entering, he said cheerfully: 'Well, young gentleman, you'll admit an old fog.' When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: 'By-the-by, how stupid! I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago.

I didn't expect it. So just hand to George; and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-bye.' He was gone! This was one of Thackeray's delicate methods of doing a favour; the recipient was asked to *pass it on*.

One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour, was to return twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been a loser by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark: 'My friend, will you do me the favour to accept a sovereign?' he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card: 'Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call.' Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health-restorer, he was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris, gravely placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: 'One to be taken occasionally.' When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill, and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. 'Dr Thackeray,' he remarked, 'intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together.' To a young literary man afterwards his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: 'I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again, I know you will pay it back; and I daresay somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service.'

Unlike Charles Dickens, he was never happy when he had the prospect of a speech to make or had to act as chairman at some public gathering. One morning his amanuensis found him in bed, and discovered that he had passed a restless night. He was to preside that evening at the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund. His assistant ventured to remark that he was sorry he did not seem well that morning. 'Well!' he exclaimed; 'no; I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night.' It is well known that his speech at the founding of the Free Library Institution, Manchester, which lasted for but three minutes, when he sat down, was a conspicuous failure. He good-naturedly remarked to a friend afterwards: 'My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator.'

When enjoying an American repast at Boston in 1852, his friends there, determined to surprise him with the size of their oysters, had placed six of the largest bivalves they could find, on his plate. After swallowing number one with some little difficulty, a friend asked him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped; 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.' Previous to a farewell dinner given by his American intimates and admirers, he remarked that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that such

things always set him trembling. 'Besides,' he remarked to his secretary, 'I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down, and I'll see if I can hammer out something. It's hammering now. I'm afraid it will be stammering by-and-by.' His short speeches, when delivered, were as characteristic and unmistakable as anything he ever wrote. All the distinct features of his written style were present.

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained towards his great rival Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, he would remark: 'Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But *Pickwick* is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale.' When *Dombey and Son* appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: 'There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!' When *Vanity Fair* was at its best and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: 'Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one half of ten thousand. Why, look at that lucky fellow Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers.'

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known *Cornhill Magazine*. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: 'London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!' said he, throwing up his long arms, 'where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress.' His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewellers' shops, and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and 'other trifles; for,' said he, 'how can I spend the princely income which Smith* allows me for editing *Corn-*

hill, unless I begin instantly somewhere!' He complained too that he could not sleep at nights 'for counting up his subscribers.' On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the *Cornhill*, he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: 'When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it.'

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, remarks on his appearance when they dined together. 'No one,' he says, 'can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.'

Thackeray sometimes made a good point in his replies. He was pestered on one occasion by a young American, who questioned him as to what they thought of this person and that in England. 'Mr Thackeray,' he asked, 'what do they think of Tupper?' 'They don't think of Tupper,' he quietly replied. At the weekly *Punch* dinners, Jerrold and he used to sit together, when the former seemed inclined to wrangle when everything was not to his mind. 'There's no use quarrelling,' said Thackeray; 'for we must meet again next week.'

Beneath his 'modestly grand' manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hammar's sketch, he expresses himself thus. 'I hate Juvenal,' he says. 'I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred*; and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones.' The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris, he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years, his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterwards sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines in the ballad of the *Bouillabaisse* are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the *Four Georges*, he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased

* Of Smith, Elder, & Co., the well-known publishers.

cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing; walking, or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and shewed no risible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and like 'George Eliot,' gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works. When he received an adverse criticism, he remarked in a letter to a friend regarding it: 'What can the man mean by saying that I am "uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue?" and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at.' That he felt the gravity of his calling is evident from a reply written in 1848 to friends in Edinburgh, who, presaging his future eminence, had presented him with an inkstand in the shape of a silver statuette of 'Punch.' 'Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind,' he wrote, 'and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it right, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel, and am thankful for this support.'

While Alfred Tennyson the future Laureate received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the university for the best English poem, the subject being *Timbuctoo*, we find Thackeray satirising the subject in a humorous paper called *The Snob*. Here are a few lines from his clever skit on the prize poem:

There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars,
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows;
His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts.

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he 'should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms.' Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of

the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: 'What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired *not* to do; and therefore, what am I to expect?' And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.

TOO LATE TO SAVE, BUT NOT TO AVENGE.

A STORY OF THE LAST BASUTO WAR.

It was evening, and for about the space of four hours the earth had been enveloped in almost Egyptian darkness. One by one the stars resumed their silent vigil in the dark canopy overhead, like so many sentinels mounting guard over the weary and travel-stained warriors who slumbered on the plain beneath. All day we had been scouring the country, under a fiery African sun, in quest of small parties of the enemy who might have felt inclined to cross the frontier on some marauding expedition. A small band we were—only about one hundred and fifty strong; and when darkness overtook us, many miles yet lay between us and the camp of our comrades. Inwardly bemoaning our hard fate, we turned our horses' heads towards an open part of the country where we could encamp for the night, safe from a surprise from our wily foes. We lighted no tell-tale fires; but each man, with the hard ground for his couch, his saddle for a pillow, and the sky his only covering, tired and supperless, stretched his weary limbs beside his jaded steed, and with the exception of those on guard—who lay in pairs upon their faces a short distance apart from the main body—were soon all fast asleep.

Two days before, we had left the town of Winberg behind, and marching in a south-easterly direction, fully intended to have reached the camp of Ta-Bosego on the night in question, where both troopers and horses might have reasonably expected better than their present fare; but before many hours passed away, we had reason to be thankful for our previously considered misfortune. The darkness had gradually given place to a comparatively clear starlight night, when suddenly the stillness was broken by the sharp clear challenge of a sentinel, accompanied by the ominous clicking of rifle-locks. A reply came back in the Dutch language: 'Do not fire. I am a peace Kaffir, and alone.'

He was allowed to approach; and a glance satisfied us he was really what he represented himself to be; but from some cause or other he was evidently in a state of great excitement. Inquiring

into the cause of his disquietude, his story was soon told. Within an hour or so of sundown, a band of over two thousand Basutos, under the command of Pollos Moperrie, a son of the chief, came up to the kraal where they were located, and under the guise of friendship, induced them to lay aside their arms and prepare some food for himself and his captains. A bullock and several sheep were immediately slaughtered by the unsuspecting peace Kaffirs; and within a short time after their arrival the Basuto leaders sat down to a comfortable repast, generously provided them by the friendly natives. Upon the conclusion of their meal, at a private signal from Moperrie, his savage host fell upon their entertainers, who, before they could obtain possession of their weapons, were murdered in cold blood, old men, women, and helpless infants being stabbed to death by the assegai, or hacked to pieces by their murderous chakas (battle-axes); finishing off by burning the huts and driving off the stock of their victims along with them. The only crime of which these poor people had been guilty was an enormous one in the eyes of Moperrie—namely that of living within the limits of Free State Territory and not rising in arms against its subjects. Our informant, who suspected treachery on the part of the Basutos from the outset, had been engaged at the time of their arrival in driving in some goats from the *veld*, and had contrived to slip into the cover of the friendly bush unobserved, whence he had been an eye-witness of the terrible scene.

During this recital, anathemas could be heard falling freely from the lips of the troopers upon the head of the savage commander, a fiend in human shape. A thrill of horror ran through the men when they learned from the Kaffir that the enemy had resumed their march in a north-easterly direction. The town of Brandfort lay in that quarter, only about three hours' ride from that last scene of slaughter, and no doubt could be entertained that it was their destination. The very thing we were here to prevent; and if darkness had not overtaken us when it did, we must have crossed their track, and gained at least six hours of valuable time; every moment of which, unknown to us, had been of the greatest importance. The town was utterly defenceless; women, children, old men, and invalids constituting at the time its entire inhabitants. All the men capable of bearing arms were then *on commando*, or in other words were volunteers and soldiers serving under the republican flag; and in fact the place contained all that was near and dear to many among ourselves. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sweethearts and wives rose up before our minds supplicating in vain for mercy at the hands of their savage foes, until blood-thirsty feelings sprung up in our breasts which would have done credit to the instincts of the sable warriors themselves. Ignoring our numerical inferiority as compared with the enemy, we sternly resolved that if too late to save we would at least avenge them.

On went the saddles; and away we sped across country in the direction of Brandfort, straining our eyes to catch the first glare of fire upon the sky,

which might proclaim we were too late to save. But our hopes began to rise as nearer and nearer we drew to the place without sighting that much-dreaded sign. Gray dawn was breaking as we halted our weary steeds upon the Winberg road surmounting the hills overlooking the valley in which stood the town of Brandfort. No sound came from the valley indicating the presence of either friend or foe; all was silent as the grave. Impatiently we awaited the return of the scouts who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, cheerful to a degree; for if the enemy was in the valley below, their escape was effectually barred. Before them lay a comparatively clear and level plain, stretching away towards Bloemfontein; while behind them were the mountains, the summits of which were in possession of their vengeful opponents. The scouts returned to inform us that they had actually entered some of the houses in the outskirts of the town, which in some cases betokened the hasty flight of their inhabitants, and in others the recent presence of the pilfering savage. The sun had by this time arisen which was to look upon a terrible and sanguinary lesson in store for the hoary chieftain of the Basutos, and whose setting rays were destined to view his chosen warriors stretched in death by hundreds upon the plain, and their leader and his favourite son a captive in the hands of his detested white foes.

Remounting our horses, we rode into the town, where we had plentiful indications of the presence of the enemy, in the shape of the household effects of the inhabitants strewn about the place. The residents had saved themselves by flight before the arrival of the enemy in the place, having suspected their presence and intentions through the glare of a recently burned kraal having been perceived by some of the native shepherds from the hill-top above the town. This circumstance had doubtless been the means of withholding the marauders from burning the place, so as to allay the fears of the fugitives, whom they expected—seeing nothing unusual occur during the night—to remain in the immediate neighbourhood of the town; when daybreak would disclose their whereabouts, and they with their cattle would become an easy prey. Too well skilled in the tactics of the Kaffirs however, the good folks of Brandfort had pushed steadily on through the darkness in the direction of Bloemfontein, and before daybreak had placed a good many miles between themselves and their deserted town. At dawn of day the enemy was on their track, little imagining he was hurrying on to his own destruction, and blissfully unconscious that the avenger was already close upon his heels.

Emerging from the south end of the town by the Bloemfontein road, we pushed smartly across the plain, and soon gained the top of a low range of hills a few miles distant, when, as we expected, we got our first sight of the enemy in the open country beyond them; and about two miles ahead of the Kaffirs we perceived at the same time the white-tented wagons of the fugitives. Overjoyed at finding them safe as yet, it was our intention not to charge the Kaffirs, who far outnumbered us, and thus imperil the safety of our friends, but to get between the two parties, and cover their retreat for a few miles; while the enemy could scarcely be so imprudent as to follow much farther in that direction. They awaited our onset in

silence; and making a feint at the left of their line, so as to concentrate their attention upon that one spot, we advanced towards them at a sharp trot, intending to wheel round by their right, and so attain our object. We had scarcely started, when our attention was attracted towards a body of men emerging from the bush skirting the banks of a river beyond the enemy, and who were instantly recognised by us to be the Bloemfontein Volunteers. The Kaffirs at the same time perceived that this sudden change of affairs had at once rendered their situation critical, if not hopeless. Their minds were soon made up; and in the vain hope of cutting their way through and gaining the hills, they advanced in our direction.

On they came, slowly at first, then with a rush, rattling their glittering assegais upon their shields, leaping and yelling as only Kaffirs know how to yell, and stopping within a few yards of us to let fly a shower of these deadly missiles; when we discharged our double-barrelled rifles full in their faces, the effect of which sent many a sable, ostrich-plumed warrior rolling in his tracks; then, with a ringing British cheer—we were mostly English Volunteers—we dashed into their shattered front. Breaking the shaft from the stabbing assegai short by the blade, so as to convert the weapon into a formidable dagger, they fought with the desperation born of despair. With these they thrust viciously at our horses and men, the once bright but now dimmed blade of whose sabres gave a good account of their savage opponents. Soon the steady crash of rifle-fire told the fight was raging fast and furious in another quarter of the field, and 'every man for himself' immediately became the order of the day with the Kaffirs.

They broke in disorder, and flying across the plain in all directions, were overtaken by our vengeful horsemen; while many rushed into an adjoining marsh, afterwards called Fir-Keirde Vley (the Wrong Spot), to escape their vengeance, only to add their numbers to those already slain, by the rifles of the Volunteers. Their rout was complete; and it was only the setting sun that staid the pursuit and put an end to this terrible fray which was mainly instrumental in bringing the war to a termination. Their leader had only saved himself from death by taking refuge in a wagon among some of the women and children, and there besought his intended victims to hide him from the vengeance of the soldiers; for had he attempted to escape from the field when the fight was at its height, he would have been marked out by his dress, and in all probability fallen a victim.

The opportune arrival of the Volunteers was in obedience to an order received from the seat of war to march at once to the defence of the town, information of an intended attack upon the place having been gained by two spies from some of the Basutos themselves. We bivouacked for the night upon the field, as the horses in some cases, owing to the great exertions so recently imposed upon them, actually tottered from fatigue under their riders; while the troopers themselves, from want of food since the previous day, now that the excitement and danger were past, were as far spent as their jaded steeds. There was abundance of stock at hand; and willing hands were soon at work preparing a meal for the rescuers; after which and

a good night's rest, they were ready by the rising of the sun to view the terrible battle-field.

Our loss was trifling; but in many places the ground was thickly strewn with the dying and the dead enemy. In the vley where they made their final stand, they lay across each other in some places to a depth of five and six. Some of the slain savages presented a grotesque sight, which under other circumstances might have drawn a laugh from our ranks. Here lay a young man whose only clothing was a lady's crinoline of bright scarlet, which he had donned for the adornment of his stalwart figure, having fastened it round his neck, and stuck his arms through between the bars. A few yards farther off, reclining against the body of a dead horse, sat another dead warrior, his head surmounted by a white dress-hat with a deep crape band round it; and within arm's-length of him lay one of his comrades, whose dress in all likelihood belonged to the original owner of his companion's hat, and consisted of a black dress-coat, a dirty paper collar fastened round his bare neck by a strip of skin passed through the button-holes, and a pair of silver-plated spurs strapped upon his bare heels; while fastened in his hair were a number of fine black ostrich plumes. These and nothing more constituted his rather peculiar costume; while others were masquerading in ladies' bonnets, hats, &c. Laughable as these grotesque uniforms might have appeared to us at another time, the effect was far different then. Their appearance upon the bodies of the now harmless warriors told of the dangers which their former wearers had escaped almost by a hair-breadth.

The enemy who survived that day of reckoning made their way with all haste back to Basuto Land, the bearers of far different news than was anticipated by their chief. Some of them coming across an outlying farm in their flight, made the attempt to secure some memento of their visit in the shape of the cattle which were shut up in a kraal adjoining the house. The peace Kaffirs about the place had each been supplied with a strip of white cloth to be worn round their hats, so as to render them distinguishable at first sight from the enemy. This, by means unknown, must have come to the knowledge of the enemy; for about midnight a Kaffir wearing that distinguishing badge approached the cattle kraal, and commenced to undo the fastenings of the gate; and if he had been successful in his object, the oxen would have walked quietly out one by one, and been driven away in the darkness. The design was frustrated however, and the attempt cost the would-be cattle-lifter his life. Crouching behind the wall on each side of the gate were two peace Kaffirs on guard, minus the white band, which rendered them less noticeable in the darkness, and who were attentively and suspiciously watching the movements of the wearer of that badge of peace on the outside. Stepping inside, he was recognised at once to be a Basuto; and in another instant he lay dead, pierced through the heart by the assegai of one of the peace Kaffirs. The alarm was raised, and a few shots were discharged into the darkness from the windows of the house, which had the effect of driving off the remainder, who although they had the courage left to steal, had none to fight, after the terrible lesson of a few hours before. That was the last we

heard of them upon that occasion. They retired within their own territory, after an unsparing measure of vengeance had been meted out to them for the slaughter of our black allies, whom we came too late to save, but not to avenge.

A NIGHT IN LLANTHONY CHURCH.

FOR the first time in his life the writer has experienced the sensation of spending a night in a church. How he came to do so he proposes to explain. The descriptions of Llanthony Abbey and of its singular site, given by the old chroniclers, as well as those of later authors, had long since excited his curiosity; but it was not till the occasion of which he has now to speak that he was able to put his design of visiting it in practice. Llanthony lies far from the ordinary track of tourists; and from the nearest railway station—that of Llanfihangel, on the line from Hereford to Abergavenny—the only means of transit to be procured was found to consist of a solitary farmer's cart. But this, after some difficulty, the writer and his companion secure. Our way lies up the deep valley of the Hondy, close beside the rushing river, and between the vast, steep, and in some places precipitous masses of the Black Mountains. The valley for some miles is little more than a defile, with little of interest except the rude, bold mountain-wall on each hand.

But presently the scene suddenly changes. As we turn somewhat to the westward, the valley opens before us to quite a respectable breadth. It now reaches, in the words of its oldest describer, to 'a bow-shot's width.' Fine forest trees are interspersed with green pastures; and above them, on a slight elevation north of the river, tower up great gray cliffs of stone which now mark the once famous minster of St John the Baptist of Llanthony. As we near it, we quit the main road, mount a somewhat steep ascent, and are driven into a large grassy court-yard. Everything around us wears an air of neatness, yet there are ruins on all sides. We have entered at the bottom of the court-yard, through a wall whose stones betray that they have once supported a groined roof. To the right, the rude architecture of comparatively modern farm-buildings contrasts strangely with the shapely shafts and sculptured capitals among which they nestle. To the left is a small house with its offices, old and quaint in themselves, yet things of yesterday compared with the massive Norman stone-work on which they are ingrafted. The upper side is bounded by a noble arcade, which once supported the nave of the great church.

We draw up before a low archway in the north-west corner of the quadrangle. Its door stands open, and admits us to a long low room, roofed with the stone barrel-vaulting of the twelfth century. It is cosily furnished in a rustic way, and is lighted at its farther end by a fine Norman window. It once formed part of the abbot's lodging, and is now the half-kitchen, half-bar of the little inn of Llanthony, one of the most curious houses of entertainment at which, in his journey through life, it has ever been the lot of the writer to halt.

As the sun is now fast sinking behind the Hatterills, we are well pleased to learn that some sort of shelter can be given us for the night; and whilst a meal is prepared, we take a quiet stroll among the ruins. The great roofless minster is no bad place for contemplation in the twilight hour. The turf within is short and even; one may pace it without being impeded by fallen stones, or one may sit and meditate on the defaced tomb of some old benefactor or abbot. Solemn the place may be, but it is at the same time beautiful in its decay. The crumbling walls are crowned with ivy, whilst from every chink and cranny hang festoons of tiny blue flowers. Hundreds of martins have hung their nests beneath the arches of the great tower; and they, with their twitterings and restless wings, alone break the quiet of this peaceful spot. We pass an archway in the southern transept, and find ourselves in a trim garden. It is gay with flowers, and fruit-trees are nailed to the old Norman walls. There are vegetables in abundance, and the leek still flourishes on, perhaps, the very spot where St David raised it for his hermit fare, and thus consecrated it to become a national emblem. We make some little circuit to obtain a view of the western front. Before it we find that there is a farm-yard, in which some fine Herefordshire cows are being milked by the farmer's pretty daughter and a maid. The young lady is as daintily dressed as if she were sitting for her portrait in a mock-pastoral by Watteau. But she is in earnest about her work, and only with difficulty is to be drawn into conversation. She in her light dress and hat, the red cows with their white faces, the gray Abbey towers, and the dark mountains as a background, form altogether a picture worthy of the art of a Royal Academician.

But the thin air of the hills makes us hungry. We return to the grassy courtyard, once doubtless the cloister garth. A flight of stone steps leads from it to an outhouse, a kind of storeroom, having a sloping roof. The most attractive of its contents are some sacks of fragrant malt. From this a door opens into our sitting-room, an old, low, but not uncomfortable apartment, with a large window looking into the quadrangle. And now we find that healthy appetites, edged by mountain air, can conquer the toughest mutton.

The meal finished, we again stroll forth. By this time the harvest-moon, full and round and red, is looking down upon us over the eastern ridge of the Hatterills. What fair Melrose may be when visited by the pale moonlight, the writer has never experienced; but he is of opinion that it can scarcely be more beautiful than Llanthony under similar circumstances. Hours pass, and we are still lingering among the ruins. Grand and picturesque as are these walls by day, they are doubly so under those sharp lights and deep shadows which the moon alone can cast. Nor by day is the vast belt of mountain, with its undulating outline, which on all sides incloses us like a colossal cloister, half so overpowering. By this dim light the summits of the hills seem even more closely than ever to shut in from all outer and less hallowed influences the chosen resting-place of the patron saint of Wales. Well might Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, seated at table with Henry L., declare that not all the gold in the

king's treasury would suffice to build so magnificent a cloister as that with which the monks of Llanthony had surrounded themselves!

Leaving the ruins, we descend the track by which we had at first approached them, and follow the main road in its upward course. After a short distance, however, it turns to the right and climbs the bank till it reaches the level of the Abbey. Here it seems suddenly to end at the high gable of a building which is overshadowed by a grove of trees, and has in front of it two ancient yews. We approach, and then find that the road, as if by an afterthought, abruptly turns to the left when it has reached this gable, and proceeds up the valley. But this was indeed its original termination; for this building, now a barn, was the great gateway of the abbey. Its broad archway is walled up, but not hidden from sight, and the ornamented windows above are still open. Standing in the shadow of its trees, with its dark yews before it, this old gateway has a mysterious interest in the moonlight.

Slowly we retrace our steps. All is silent except the ever murmuring Hondy, and the owls which are hooting dreamily to each other from wood to wood. The shattered minster stands gleaming and quiet in the moonlight. The martins are all asleep in their nests under the great tower. It seems hard to leave this scene of solemn beauty, but it is time that we, like the martins, were retiring for the night.

But, as regards the writer at least, this retiring to rest was a far less easy matter than with the martins. 'Here we go up; here we go down; here we go round, around, around,' would seem to be the rule by which to get to bed at Llanthony. To reach my allotted sleeping-place, I walk along a passage and ascend a crooked stair; then I traverse another passage, evidently across a vaulted ceiling, and descend a second stair; presently I find myself in the narrow corkscrew which threads the south-west angle of the south-west tower of the Abbey church, and then I begin to climb in earnest. The turnings of this spiral seem endless; but at last I reach its top, and enter a tiny room—my bed-chamber—in form something like a bee-hive, if a bee-hive could only be square at bottom instead of round. The door is placed in one of its angles. The arrangement of the solitary window-aperture is unique, being nearly triangular in shape, and reaching upwards from the floor some three feet. Through it, however, a bright ray of moonlight enters, and as I cannot look out in a standing posture, I fall on hands and knees and creep into the aperture. It is like creeping through a miniature tunnel, for the wall is several feet in thickness. Under these difficulties I reach the casement and peep out.

I am well repaid. My cell is in the very summit of the south-west tower, and my queer casement is the apex of the tall Gothic window in its eastern front. From this great height I am looking down into the south aisle, and aslant the nave of the ruined church, where the moon is throwing the long shadows of broken arches across the grass which covers the bones of abbots and Norman barons. The extremity of the aisle is beneath my feet; and now it first occurs to me that my lodging is actually within the sacred building, that my bed is above the graves of the dead, and that I am really about to spend the

night in a church. From this altitude the ruins form new and picturesque combinations in the moonlight. Under some circumstances I might be inclined to gaze upon them unwearied; but the fact is that I am less practised in kneeling than were the old ascetics of Llanthony. My position is decidedly uncomfortable, so I creep backwards from my tunnel. My bee-hive looks clean and cosy. The walls are the freshest of whitewash. The furniture of my small bed vies with them in purity. The bed itself does not feel uncomfortable. At least I shall rest more at ease than did the good knight, Sir William of Llanthony, who in the days of Rufus used his iron armour as a night-shirt, till it was eaten away by rust. Musing of him, and of St David, and of the monks, I fall asleep. Not one of the sainted dead who rest beneath rises to trouble my slumbers. No ghostly terrors attend my first night in a church.

Giraldus Cambrensis, writing of Llanthony towards the close of the twelfth century, observes that so great is the height of the surrounding mountains, that the sun rarely appears to rise before the 'first hour of the day.' At the stroke of seven I am again upon my knees in the tunnel at my airy look-out, when the first rays of the sun, as he rises above the Hatterills, fall on my face; and I am well pleased to note so exact a coincidence with the words of the old chronicler. I emerge from my cell and descend a few steps of my corkscrew stair. An opening presents itself to the left, and I explore it. It is merely a passage in the thickness of the wall, and so narrow that I have to move edgewise. It needs no history to tell us that these stairs and passages were built in those early and exacting times when the monks fasted much. Those jolly members of the brotherhood of whom we read in later days as feasting on the fat of Gloucestershire, could never have squeezed through such openings as these. Perhaps that was one reason why the brethren accustomed to the Gloucestershire Llanthony objected so strongly to this, their mother Abbey. I make my way through the western and northern sides of the tower, and see before me the open light of day, broken only by hanging curtains of ivy. These I push aside, and step out upon a projecting crag of masonry. Far beneath me to the left lies the nave; to the right, the southern aisle. I am high above the great arcade, above even the broken windows of the triforium; I am on a level with the long since vanished clerestory, with which this passage formerly communicated. Mine is a commanding position, but it is a giddy one, and I am not long before I leave it.

In the course of the morning we make a fuller examination of the ruins. The two massive towers which flanked the western front of the Abbey church are still entire. Little of the aisles remains; but the six fine pointed arches, with the rounded ones of the triforium above, which formed the northern side of the nave, still stand. The arches on the south are more broken. The western and southern sides only of the great central tower are left. Much of the northern transept is gone; but that to the south, with its fine double Norman window, is almost entire. To the east, the once famous great window is now but a shapeless gap between the two masses of stone-work, which, with their flat Norman buttresses, form the

corners of the building in that direction. Beyond the southern transept, and mostly converted into farm-offices, are considerable remains of the refectory and some other monastic buildings.

In one respect, Llanthony differs from almost every other great ecclesiastical structure of ancient date in the kingdom. In most of our cathedrals and minsters we can trace the several changes in architectural taste which developed themselves between the Norman Conquest and the Reformation. Here, however, everything is of a single period. It was in the twelfth century that this Abbey at once rose to its greatness, and that in a few years it as suddenly began to decline. Hence all its architecture is of that mixture of the Rounded Norman and Earliest Pointed styles known as the Transitional. The cause of the early decline of Llanthony was chiefly the troubled state of the Welsh Marches at the period. It became anything but the abode of peace, and the monks were forced to withdraw. Thus a second and more secure Llanthony sprang up at Gloucester, which from that time forward attracted the brethren and diverted the revenues from the older establishment. The mother-church was stripped of even its bells and ornaments; and Llanthony Prima becoming a mere hospital for the infirm, and place of discipline for the refractory among the brotherhood, dragged on but a lingering existence.

With these reflections we regain Llanfihangel and its railway. And thus will I end the reminiscences connected with my first and only night in a church, with the recommendation to those who are curious in such matters, to go and do likewise.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Council of the Royal Agricultural Society announce in their Report that their meeting for the present year, which will assume the form and proportions of an International Agricultural Exhibition, is to be held at Kilburn from June 30 to July 7th. The site chosen includes one hundred acres, easily accessible by railway, and not more than two and a half miles from the Marble Arch. Handsome prizes will be offered for sewage-farms and market-gardens, and 'in addition to the exhibition of British and Foreign Implements, Live-stock and Produce, it is proposed to enhance the interest and the instructiveness of the meeting by shewing some of the processes of foreign dairying in actual progress in the inclosure, as well as traction-engines and automatic implements in action.' There will also be an exhibition of ancient and modern farm-implements side by side, which will exemplify the great advance made in agricultural machinery since the Society was formed forty years ago.

Considering that London requires one hundred and twenty thousand gallons of milk every day, it is to be hoped that the promised foreign dairying will excite such a spirit of emulation as shall make dairy-farms more productive and profitable than ever. There will be prizes for the best butter, cheese, bacon, hops, cider; for bees, hives, and honey; and a separate prize for the competitor who shall in the neatest, quickest, and most com-

plete manner drive out the bees from a straw skep, capture and exhibit the queen, and transfer both combs and bees into a hive on the movable-comb principle. And fifty pounds and a gold medal are offered for the best wagon for conveying perishable goods, meat, poultry, fish, and the like, by railway, at a low temperature, a journey of five hundred miles. It is required that the temperature of the interior shall not exceed forty-five degrees Fahr. The Society's prizes are open to all the world, and any one may write to the secretary for particulars.

In a paper read to the Quekett Microscopical Club, Mr J. Hunter states that a fertile queen-bee will in four years lay a million eggs. Twenty-one days are required for the production of a worker-bee; 'but the same egg that produced the worker in twenty-one days could, had the bees been so minded, have been bred up to a queen in sixteen days. The bees,' continues Mr Hunter, 'only rear queens when necessity calls for them, either from loss of their old monarch or apprehended swarming. If I remove the queen from a hive, the first of these contingencies occurs, and after a few hours' commotion, the bees select certain of the worker-eggs, or even young larvae two or three days old. The cell is enlarged to five or six times its ordinary capacity; a superabundance of totally different food is supplied; and the result is that, in five days less than would have been required for a worker, a queen is hatched. The marvel is inexplicable. How a mere change and greater abundance of food and a more roomy lodging, should so transform the internal and external organs of any living creature! The case is without a parallel in all the animal creation. It is not a mere superficial change that has been effected; but one that penetrates far below form and structure, to the very fountain of life itself. It is a transformation alike of function, of structure, and of instinct.'

An important line of demarcation between the vegetable and animal world has been removed by recent investigation. Plants assimilate carbonic acid, give off oxygen, and form starch. By experiments on a species of *Planaria*, a flat worm, described as *Convoluta Schultzei*, Mr P. Geddes has demonstrated that that animal disengages oxygen in large quantity, decomposes carbonic acid, and produces starch. This worm abounds in the shallow water on the margin of the sea, and on exposure to sunlight pours forth a stream of bubbles containing, as proved by analysis, from forty-five to fifty-five per cent. of oxygen. And, on subjecting a number of *Planaria* to chemical treatment, a quantity of ordinary vegetable starch was obtained. Pointing out the significance of these facts in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, Mr Geddes says: 'As the *Drosera* and *Dionaea* [two species of well-known vegetable Fly-traps], which have attracted so much attention of late years, have received the striking name of Carnivorous Plants, these *Planarians* may not unfairly be called Vegetating Animals, for the one case is the precise reciprocal of the other. Not only does the *Dionaea* imitate the carnivorous animal, and the *Convoluta* the ordinary green plant, but each tends to lose its own normal character.'

Professor Hughes, whose microphone established his reputation as a scientific experimentalist and discoverer, has brought out an Induction Balance; that is an instrument in which the

weighing or testing is done by induction currents. There are a few cells of a Daniell's battery; primary and secondary coils, from which currents run in opposite directions; and connections with a telephone, or with an electric sonometer. So long as the currents are undisturbed they balance or 'neutralise' one another; but the slightest disturbance or alteration produces a sound in the telephone or sonometer, as the case may be. For instance, a sovereign is placed in the interior of one of the coils; a disturbance is at once indicated. Place another sovereign in the opposite coil, it restores the balance, and the disturbance ceases, provided the second coin be exactly of the same size and weight as the first. But should any difference exist, however slight, it is immediately indicated by a sound; and if shewn on a scale, offers a ready means of detecting 'sweated' or debased coins, with an accuracy never before attained. And the same with all other metals; consequently, metallurgists and chemists will be able to ascertain the exact molecular constitution of a metal, the amount of alloy, and the degree of chemical purity or impurity. That this instrument will render important, and as yet unforeseen, services to science may safely be predicted; for besides what is already stated, it will detect the changes, produced in the substances under examination by magnetism, strain, pressure, or heat. An instrument that can do so much will, we may assume, do more, when the best form shall have been discovered and tested by a variety of practical applications. Professor Hughes' first microphone was a rough and ready putting together of odds and ends, and his new Induction Balance is a similar exemplification of his skill and genius.

The sonometer or audiometer, as some practitioners will call it, promises to be useful to the medical profession, as well as to the physicist. It measures all gradations of sound, and may be employed to test ears as well as electric currents. In an examination for acuteness of hearing, it would prove infallible, would discover the slightest difference in sensitiveness to sound between the two ears, and detect the changes produced by ill-health. Just as we are going to press, we learn that by employing the sonometer the beating of the pulse can be heard.

Among recent inventions, the Writing Telegraph is remarkable for the combination of philosophical principles and ingenious mechanical devices by which its inventor, Mr E. A. Cowper, can excite a pen thirty miles distant, or more, from his hand to write in distinct and legible characters the message which he wishes to communicate. The sending instrument, at the hither end of the line wire, is provided with a coiled band of paper, which uncoils (by mechanism) as the operator writes his message with a vertical pencil. To this pencil are jointed 'contact rods,' which, as their name indicates, play an important part in the reproduction of the message at the farther end, where a glass pen moving up or down, backward or forward, in exact obedience to the hand of the distant sender, records it in ink, also on a revolving band of paper. So sensitive is the mechanism, that differences of handwriting are immediately shewn as different persons manipulate the pencil. In consequence of the continual uncoiling of the paper, new beginners find it difficult to avoid

leaving gaps in their *as*, *os*, and *ms*; but this is soon overcome by practice, and the words as they pass from under the mysteriously moving pen appear clear, bold, and unbroken. The result is so complete, that the instrument is, so to speak, invested with a charm which inspires an onlooker with surprise and admiration. The importance of this invention must be our excuse for thus again referring to it in these columns.

Can teeth be transplanted? If recent accounts of operations by dentists are trustworthy, the answer must be in the affirmative. But the question has been formally discussed at a meeting of the Odontological Society, and from this we learn that it was in *replanting* (which is not the same thing as *transplanting*) that the foreign dentists, whose names had been cited, achieved their success. Among them, a Frenchman, Dr Magitot, has published full particulars of cases in which diseased teeth were taken out, and the root or a portion of periosteum was cut away, and then were replanted in the same socket, where, after a few days or weeks, they became firm and serviceable. Out of sixty-three operations in four years, five were failures; but some of the cures were painful and tedious, owing to local discharge. In technical phraseology, Dr Magitot holds 'the indications for an operation to be the existence of chronic periostitis of the apex of the root, its denudation, and absorption of its surface. . . The resection of this, which plays the part of irritant, is the essential aim of the operation. And the extraction having been performed with due care, if no other lesion be detected save the alteration in the apex of the root, the tooth is to be replaced as soon as this has been excised and smoothed, and the hæmorrhage has ceased.'

From this it will be understood that the pulling of teeth from one human jaw in order to plant them in another is very far from being an accomplished fact. And it is fair to mention that some English dentists practised the replanting of teeth ten years ago; and there is an instance on record of a replanting successfully performed in 1853. For further information, the *Transactions* of the Odontological Society, the *Review of Dental Surgery*, and the *Bulletins et Mémoires de la Société de Chirurgie* may be referred to.

After many years of trials and experiments to convert iron into steel by a short and simple process, the endeavour has been crowned by success. In Cleveland, that north-eastern corner of Yorkshire, where iron ore is as abundant as salt in the sea, excitement prevails, and years of prosperity are anticipated; and it may fairly be assumed that all ironstone districts will be stimulated into activity by this last metallurgical discovery. As is pretty well known, the long-standing difficulty had been to get rid of the phosphorus present in the iron, and many were the ingenious devices put in practice to overcome it. At length Mr Sidney G. Thomas, F.C.S., commenced a series of experiments on the effect of different materials as a lining for the 'converter'—the receptacle in which the molten metal is subjected to the blast. Experience had demonstrated that the usual siliceous lining favoured retention of the phosphorus; but what other could be devised that would resist the intense heat? By perseverance the alternative—a mixture of limestone and silicate of soda—was discovered. This expelled the phosphorus. The

preliminary results, necessarily on a small scale, were confirmed by large experiments made at the Blaenavon Iron Works, in Wales; and now the process has been adopted by one of the leading firms in the Cleveland district, by whom it will be fully developed, and the conversion of 'pig' into good steel, free from phosphorus, will become an everyday operation. Shall we see as a consequence modification and quickening in the manufacture of machinery and ships; and will cheap steel have any effect on the trade of Sheffield and Birmingham?

National water-supply is a great question; and when the Crown Prince recommends it to the consideration of the Prime Minister with a view to a Royal Commission thereupon, we may assume that it will be attended to. Civilisation as developed in our day is not favourable to purity of water; and if some remedy be not applied, the deterioration of rivers will be accelerated with consequences that may be imagined. Of course when the inquiry is once started it will have to comprehend all available sources of water-supply, including those that lie deep underground, as well as those on the surface. Statements concerning the deep-lying reservoirs have already been given in this *Journal*: estimates of the quantity of water they contain, and systematic explorations for additional supplies will have to be made. Judging from past experience important discoveries may be expected to follow. Leamington may be taken as an example. The town is situated on an easterly extension of the saliferous deposits of Shropshire and Worcestershire, and derives thence the saline springs to which it owes its reputation. Until about six years ago the water-supply was drawn from the river Leam. The corporation then sought to substitute spring-water, and bored to a depth of three hundred and forty-six feet, but found so much salt water that the undertaking was abandoned. They consulted Professor Ramsay, Director-general of the Geological Survey, and on his advice began another boring at the foot of a hill a mile distant; and after penetrating mostly through sandstone to a depth of two hundred and two feet, they struck an enormous supply of fresh water (pure spring-water), which now yields two million gallons a day. From this it may be inferred that by a sufficient number of borings in the right places any quantity of water may be obtained. Rugby is an instance of a wrong place, for a boring there more than a thousand feet deep produced brine only. Coventry on the other hand gets a million gallons a day of clear spring-water from four bore-holes, the deepest of which is four hundred and fifteen feet.

Some time ago, Dr Stevenson Macadam pointed out in a communication to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts that the dirty condition of water cisterns in dwelling-houses was highly prejudicial to health, and he gave analyses of the sediments, which consisted of putrescent matters impregnated with lead. The water at the supply-pipe may be pure, but soon becomes impure if not properly cared for in the cistern. 'The remedy for the evil,' says the Doctor, 'lies in the periodic cleansing of the house cistern, which should be regularly done every month or two with a very soft brush, and every care must be taken that the natural skin of the lead be not disturbed. A wire or perforated zinc cover might be placed over the cistern, to keep

out mice, fragments of plaster, and so forth; but a tight cover, which hinders the aeration of the water, should not be used.'

From the official returns of minerals and metals for the year 1877, we learn that the quantity of coal dug out in the twelvemonth was 134,810,763 tons; of iron, 6,608,664 tons; of lead, 61,403 tons; of tin, 9500 tons; of copper, 4486 tons; of silver, extracted from lead, 501,435 ounces; and of gold, nearly all obtained from Merionethshire, one hundred and forty-three ounces. More than fifteen million tons of the coal were consumed in producing the more than six million tons of iron from the ore. The total value of these metals and minerals was L.58,398,071. Future years will see a falling off, for the Cornish mines are now so deep that the cost of working is enhanced; and every year greater quantities of copper and tin are brought to this country from Australia and the Straits' Settlements.

As is known to many readers, large masses of iron have been discovered by explorers in different parts of Greenland, and discussions as to their origin have ensued. Were they meteoric or not? The answer arrived at by recent researches is *not*. In the words of the Report above quoted, it is 'now shewn conclusively that the iron masses are all geological productions of the immense lava-field which covers to an enormous (and northwards to an unknown) extent the greater part of Northern Greenland.'

It has often been stated that the railway 'cars' built in the United States are much stronger than the railway 'carriages' of this country. An example occurred in Philadelphia during a tremendous gale, with wind rushing seventy-five miles an hour, in October last. A shed under which trains were drawn up ready for service was blown down. The cast-iron column, ten inches diameter and twenty-five feet long, supporting the iron girders of the roof, fell upon the cars; but the cars were bruised only, not broken. In one instance a column struck a car near the middle, and snapped off; but the framework of the car was not fractured. Most readers will agree with what has been remarked on this fact, that a car that will stand without injury the impact of a ten-inch cast-iron column, with six tons of extra weight, driven by a gale of seventy-five miles an hour, contains an excess of strength very assuring to the traveller.

WANTED, A HAT.

MODERN scientists are fully agreed that the Human Hat is not congenital, and many instances are on record of races totally devoid of any form of it. As a general rule, it may be laid down that a hat of any kind is unknown among barbarous tribes; while it is an indispensable adjunct of civilisation. But there are exceptions to this rule. Captain Cameron has told us that some of the natives of Central Africa cultivate a hirsute head-covering which is either typical or imitative; we have been told that in the Southern Seas some of the aborigines use a head-covering which serves alternatively as the family soup-tureen; and we of our own knowledge are aware that in this country

there are many educational institutions where youth is free to go unencumbered with artificial head-gear. In stating the rule we readily admit these exceptions, and proceed. The hat makes its appearance at a very early stage of existence. In a few weeks after birth, the first incipient growth appears in a soft concave form, enveloping three sides of the head. This develops in the course of years, and according to circumstances, into a somewhat harder and broader form covering only the top; then it extends a margin and stiffens; while ultimately it elongates and assumes a cylindrical form. It is a remarkable fact that in the earlier stages of its history, this latter form, which one may call the full maturity of the Human Hat, did not develop until about the age of twenty-one years; whereas now it makes its appearance occasionally at about the fourteenth or fifteenth year, although more generally at about the seventeenth or eighteenth. In many cases it is simultaneous with admission into church-membership.

That there is a sex in Hats is of course well understood; but here we treat only of the male gear. The female hat is too complex and various to be treated of within the limits of this article, and it is indeed questionable whether any member of the male sex is competent to treat of it at all. It is after passing the second and third stages that the hat begins to work its influence upon man. Then it becomes an inseparable necessity. To remove it forcibly calls up all the worst passions of his nature; while its voluntary removal argues the possession of a certain refinement of soul exhibiting itself in deference to age or beauty, tribute to worth, and in veneration for institutions. And the non-removal voluntarily indicates conversely the rude boorish animal which has assumed the outward signs without the inward grace of civilisation. Again however, we must note an exception. Among the many species of mankind, there is one which is never known voluntarily to remove its head-covering, and yet is devoid neither of grace nor of refinement. It is popularly supposed that Quakers sleep in their hats, but to this calumny we are enabled to give an authoritative denial.

A full-grown man without a hat of some sort is a *lusus naturæ*. His appearance in conventional garb in a public thoroughfare without this excrescence will produce almost as much sensation as a runaway horse. How inseparable the thing is from our daily thoughts and actions is evident from the multitude of common colloquial expressions referring to it. One phrase—'As mad as a hatter,' has often puzzled inquiring minds; but it is probable that its explanation may be found in the scientific theory with which we set out. If madness is traceable to the malformation of brain-cases, then it is directly traceable to the work of hat-makers.

There is this curious anomaly about the Human Hat, that while it is inseparable from man, who seizes it as one of his most precious inheritances, pressing it closely on to his head when abroad, and clinging tenaciously to it whether in the company of friends or enemies, yet its shape and colour and quality may be changed at pleasure. There are some men whose vanity enables them always to cultivate successive crops of new

glossy bright hats, and others whose vanity enables them always to maintain a supply of very bad old ones. There are some men who are always cultivating new hats, and some who never change their first growth. Some men, again, have the faculty of assimilating the hats of others very readily, and it is noticeable that these persons usually display a fine discrimination. In the abstract, one hat may be as good as another; but in the concrete, a good hat is certainly better than a bad hat. To enter a house or public place with an old hat and to leave it with a good new one, without pecuniary expenditure and without physical exertion, argues the possession of mental grasp and adaptive capacity very admirable from a certain point of view. The inheritors of the old hats may probably be disposed to characterise these traits differently; but their opinions are biased. The Human Hat is a capital index of character, as well as an infallibly professional indicator. Who, for instance, can mistake the Clerical Hat, the Sporting Hat, the Travelling Hat, or the Miller's Hat? So also in the often close assimilation of the female to the male head-gear in shape and material, we have striking evidence of that tendency whose aim is to equalise the sexes. It is idle to speak of the supremacy of man when he is fast losing even the distinction of his own head-gear!

But dearly as a man prizes, and carefully as he cherishes and fondles this precious inheritance, it is fruitful of much mental anguish and much physical discomfort to him. As evidence of the former, we need only remind our fellow-sufferers that the careful thought and diligent research of centuries have not yet determined what is the best method of disposing of a hat in church or in other place of public meeting where space is limited and female skirts abound. Nor has any amelioration been yet afforded to city possessors of the stove-pipe variety in the hot brain-oppressing days of summer, and in the wet gusty days of autumn and winter, when Boreas runs riot along the streets and down the cross-lanes. How many pious thoughts are checked, how many benevolent intentions are frustrated, how much evil language is engendered by these defects in this otherwise admirable human organ, it is beyond our power to calculate. Most people can associate some sin of omission or commission with a hat, and charge it as the very 'head and front of their offending.' It is truly lamentable that such a state of things should continue in these days of scientific research. That we have not yet passed the acme of mechanical invention, the telephone and the phonograph have assured us. There is still possible originality in the walks of science and in the appliances of daily life. What Stephenson or Wheatstone, or Hughes or Edison will now arise to supply a universally felt (or silk) want? That want is a Patent, Universal, Adaptable Hat—suitable for all climates, positions, and circumstances—which will enable man to dispense with umbrellas and physical discomfort, with hat-cases and mental torment—which will be brain-stimulating and not head-crushing—and which will be in all respects a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. For the inventor of a truly perfect Human Hat, there is an enormous fortune in store. The late king of Burmah we were told had devoted himself to cultivating a paper variety; but to this we can

see, in our climate at anyrate, many objections. In Hat-philosophy there is still room for a Teufelsdröck.

ABOUT LOCUSTS.

From a resident in Smyrna we have received the following interesting communication regarding these Eastern pests, the locusts. He thus writes: 'In the month of May 1878 I went by rail to a village situated about five miles from the town of Smyrna. On one part of the line there is an incline, which I noticed we were ascending at an unusually low rate of speed, and the engine was puffing and labouring in a most unaccountable manner. On looking out of the window to ascertain the cause, I perceived that the ground was literally covered with locusts; and scarcely a minute had elapsed ere the train ceased to move, owing to the rails having become wet and slippery from the number of these insects that had been crushed on the line. Sand was thrown on the rails, and brooms were placed in front of the locomotive, by which means the train was again set in motion; and we finally reached our destination in thirty-five instead of fifteen minutes, the usual length of the journey. On entering the village, I called at a friend's house, and found the inmates assembled in the garden, drawn up in battle-array, armed with brooms, branches of trees, and other implements of destruction, waging war against their unwelcome visitors the locusts, which, it appears, had scaled the outer walls of the premises, taking the place by assault, and were committing sad havoc on every green thing to be found in the garden. The united efforts of the household, however, were powerless against their enemies, which were momentarily increasing in number; so they were compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, and seek refuge in the house.

'I now propose to give some account of the nature and habits of these insects, which may possibly not be uninteresting to European readers. Locusts are first seen towards the end of April on the slopes of the hills, where the eggs of the females had been deposited the previous autumn. When born they are about the size of ants, but develop in a wonderfully short time to their full size. Early in May they are sufficiently strong to travel all day on foot, collecting together at night in dense masses. At sunrise they recommence their march—their heads invariably turned to the south—devouring every green herb that comes in their way, grass especially being their favourite food. In the rear of these advancing armies others are following, which subsist on what is left by their more fortunate companions of the advanced guard. Towards the end of May locusts are sufficiently developed to take short flights on the wing, and wherever they alight woe betide the unfortunate owners of the property! In June and July they rise to a considerable height in the air, their infinite numbers occasionally darkening the sun. As at this season of the year there is no more grass in the plains and the corn has been harvested, the vineyards are unmercifully attacked as well as the leaves of trees; and when hard pressed for food, even the bark of trees is not spared by these voracious insects. Locusts die off in August; but before this occurs the females bore holes in the ground on the slopes of the hills, sufficiently large

to insert their bodies; then the males—I am assured by eye-witnesses—cut off their wives' heads; and thus the eggs which are contained in the females' bodies—averaging about seventy in number—are preserved against the inclemencies of the winter season.

'It occasionally happens that locusts disappear for a number of years in succession; it is therefore presumed that in seasons of scarcity they are compelled—before the breeding season—to take long flights in search of food; and when this occurs, millions of their dead are found on the shores of the sea, and the effluvia from their bodies often occasion great sickness. In the year 1832 locusts lay two feet deep in the Bay of Smyrna. Shipping and typhus and other fevers became so prevalent in the town that many families in a position to leave, took refuge in the country villages. With a proper government, this Eastern plague could by degrees be done away with; but the Turks leave everything to Fate; and although occasional orders are given by the governors in the interior for their destruction when they first appear in the spring, only half-measures are taken, and little is gained by these futile attempts to destroy them. In former times, Cyprus was annually devastated by locusts; but of late years this great infliction has almost ceased to be a source of anxiety to its agricultural population, owing to the intelligence of a European who holds property on the island, and who invented the following simple method of destroying them in their infancy, which has been already alluded to in the public journals.

'Locusts, as mentioned before, are born on the slopes of the hills, and when they are sufficiently developed to commence their work of destruction, descend into the plains in long and regular columns, never deviating from their path. Anticipating this method of progression, trenches are dug at the base of these hills; and when the locusts are within a few yards of the pits, they are inclosed between two long strips of canvas placed perpendicularly in parallel lines leading to the mouths of the pits. A piece of oil-cloth is then spread on the ground, extending a few inches over these trenches in a slanting position, over which the locusts continue to advance, and are precipitated into these traps in innumerable quantities, and immediately destroyed. If the Turkish government followed the example set them by the inhabitants of Cyprus, Asia Minor would soon be free of locusts; but as there is little chance of this being the case, we must expect a yearly increase of these insects, and trust to natural causes for their destruction.'

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